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THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

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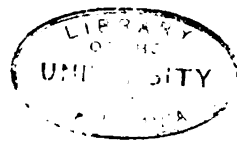
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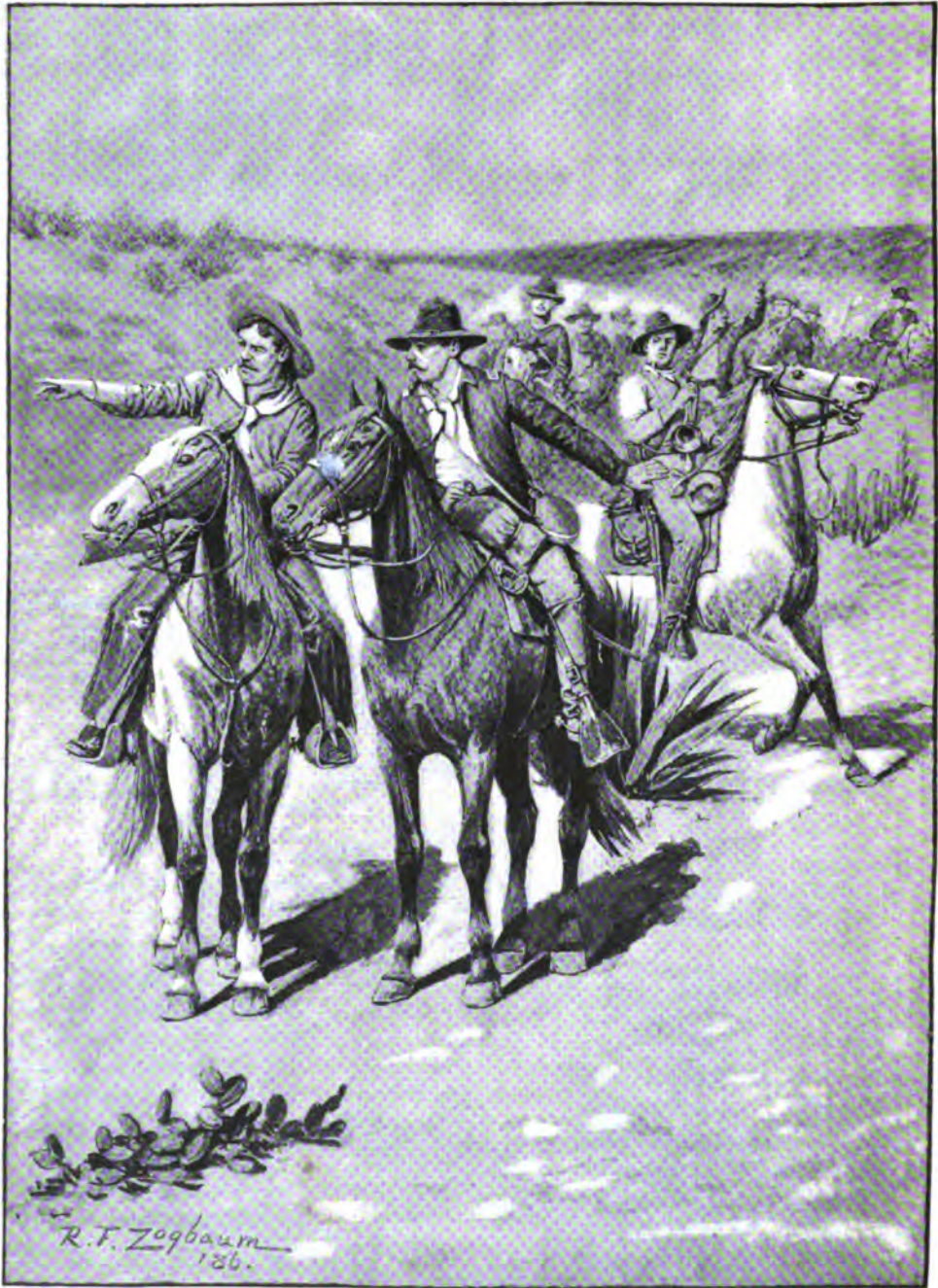
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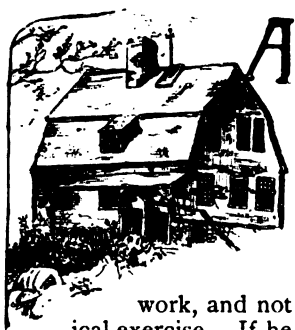
ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.

— By R. F. Zogbaum.



## ARTISTIC HINTS IN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.



A VIEW is not necessarily a picture. This is a distinction which the amateur photographer must draw in the beginning, if he desires to make an art of his work, and not a mere mechanical exercise. If he learns what constitutes this radical difference, his pursuit will be to him a source of unceasing pleasure, and he will become, within the limitations thereof, as truly an artist as though he were an adept with pencil, brush and palette. He needs but the artistic sense and the easily-acquired skill to manipulate his apparatus; nature does the rest. Many are attracted to amateur photography simply by the novelty of it; they are fascinated by the mysteries of the various processes, but as soon as the newness wears off, they abandon the whole thing as a child throws away a toy. One season almost invariably does the work for this class of enthusiasts, after which the camera is relegated to the lumber-room; and the dark closet, perhaps fitted up with great trouble and elaboration, is abandoned. We fortunately thus have a limit set to the production of the appalling array of staring clapboarded houses as expressionless as packing-crates, groups of grinning summer boarders stiffly drawn up on hotel verandas, and the other familiar attempts at view-catching characteristic of the average novice.

But the true amateur photographer is a different person. His artistic sense keeps his interest alive; the novelty of the beginning wears off, but his love for his work grows with practice, and observation and experience are ever teaching him new

things of artistic value. It is this which makes a true artist of the amateur, while the professional photographer, devoted to the technicalities of his calling, is apt to be but a highly proficient artizan. The latter, devoid of artistic perception, when he has a view to take, plants his camera at random before his subject and fires it off much as one would a cannon, demolishing, from a picturesque standpoint, whatever he aims at. The most awkward point of view may be taken, and, indeed, usually seems to be deliberately selected. This accounts for the commonplace dreariness characteristic of the general run of photographs of scenery found on sale along the beaten routes of tourist travel. They are merely "views" without the faintest suggestion of pictures. The idea of the photographer seems to be that all which the tourist cares for are reminders of the hotels where he put up, of the railway stations where he left the train, and the eating-houses where he took his meals, with an assortment of the biggest and ugliest railroad bridges, trestle-works and cuttings thrown in. There are few more hideous blotches upon American landscape than that formed by the summer-resort hotel, and yet think of the scores of White Mountain views, for instance, in which a great barrack-like caravansary, ugly as American carpentry can make it, is the central feature, taking all the repose out of the majestic heights above, and making one desirous for a providential landslide in that particular spot!

On the other hand, one occasionally sees examples of amateur photographic work at which the professional would sneer as rubbish, but which, though bad photographs, technically considered, yet form the most charming pictures. Perhaps the subject may have been somewhat out of focus, or the camera have slightly jarred when the picture was taken, just

blurring the outlines and giving a softness and suggestiveness just adapted to the subject, as a certain class of subjects is best adapted to the peculiar handling of Corôt, with his gray, silvery lights and indefinite outlines.

Professional photographers are, however, not to be condemned, as a class, as lacking in artistic sentiment. Not to mention the many thorough-going artists in portrait photography to be found in our leading cities, there are also professional landscape photographers whose exquisite sense of the picturesque gives them high artistic rank. Prominent among these is Mr. Muybridge, of San Francisco, celebrated for his experiments with instantaneous photography on the horse in motion,

photography is capable of. It is in Mrs. Jackson's "Bits of Travel at Home" that the following is found :

"The scenery of California is known to Eastern people chiefly through the big but inartistic pictures of Watkins. When it is known through the pictures which Mr. Muybridge is now engaged in taking, it will be seen in its true beauty and true proportions. Everything depends on standpoint; very few photographs of landscapes really render them. Of two photographs, both taking in precisely the same objects, and both photographing them with accuracy, one may be good and the other worthless, to all intents and purposes. No man can so take a photograph of a landscape as to render and convey the whole truth of it, unless he is an artist by nature, and would know how to choose the point from which that landscape ought to be painted. Mr. Muybridge is an artist by nature. His photographs have composition. There are some of them of which it is difficult to believe that they are not taken from

paintings—such unity, such effect, such vitality do they possess, in comparison with the average photograph, which has been made, hap-hazard, to cover so many square feet, and take in all that happened to be there. Mr. Muybridge's pictures have another peculiarity, which of itself would mark them superior to others. The skies are always most exquisitely rendered. His cloud photographs alone fill a volume; and many of them remind one vividly of "Turner's Studies of Skies." The contrast between a photographed landscape with a true sky added, and one with the usual ghastly, lifeless, pallid, stippled sky is something which it is impossible to overstate. Mr. Muybridge has a series of eight pictures illustrative of the California vintage, all of which are exquisitely beautiful, and any one of which, painted in true color simply from the photograph as it stands, would seem to be a picture from a master's hand. One of the first pictures in the series, representing the first breaking of the soil for the vineyard, is as perfect a Millet as could be imagined. The soft, tender distance, outlined by low mountain ranges; a winding road, losing itself in a wood; a bare and stricken tree on the right of the foreground; and in the center a solitary man, ploughing



THE DIVER.

—By W. T. Brigham.

an important scientific discovery which made his name deservedly famous. The late Mrs. Helen Jackson found Mr. Muybridge's work the most interesting thing in San Francisco, and her tribute to the same deserves quotation here, as showing what

the ground. Next comes the same scene with the young vines just starting. The owner is sitting on a bank in the foreground, looking off dreamily over his vineyard. Then there are two pictures representing the cutting of the grapes and the piling of them into the baskets and the wagons. The grouping of the vintagers in these is exquisite.





A NEW ENGLAND PASTURE.

—By George E. Davenport.

Then there is a picture of the store-houses and the ranges of casks; all so judiciously selected and placed that it might be a photograph of some old painting of still life in Meran. The last picture of all is of the corking the bottles. Only a group of workmen, under an open shed, corking wine-bottles; but every accessory is so artistically thrown in that the whole scene reminds one of Teniers. I am not sure, after all, that there is anything so good to do in San Francisco as to spend a forenoon in Mr. Muybridge's little upper chamber, looking over these marvelous pictures."

Mr. W. H. Jackson, of Denver, Colorado, is a professional landscape photographer of the greatest merit, uniting with rare technical skill the advantages of a thoroughly artistic nature. He composes his pictures with the judgment of a painter; his selection of foreground, his adjustment of relations between the various elements of his subject, and the delicate aerial perspective which he attains, the contrasts of light and shade, the strong, rich shadows and luminous atmospheres — sometimes of a dreamy softness, and again sharp and brilliant — these seem almost wonderful in view of the fact that a photographer has to portray nature as he finds her, and may not take the liberties which the painter or draughtsman may allow himself in shifting and in disposing the separate features of his subject as may best suit his judgment. Mr. Jackson's success in this is owing both to his nice perception of those aspects in nature most suitable to form his picture,

and his selection of the best point of view, and also to the nicety with which he prints and finishes his photographs. The same negatives in less skilled hands would present results decidedly inferior. The writer has heard the late Mrs. Helen Jackson eulogize the work of the Denver artist with enthusiasm equal to that which she bestowed upon that of Mr. Muybridge. Mr. Jackson's pictures of Rocky Mountain and Mexican scenery are justly celebrated among lovers of landscape art, and his photographs find their way all over the world. Another landscape photographer who takes high rank is Mr. John Hillers, of Washington, photographer to the United States geological survey. Mr. Hillers was the companion of Major Powell in the memorable exploration of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, making the trip down the river on a raft, and has probably seen more exciting adventure and wild life than has been the lot of any other man with a camera.

These men are worthy of emulation by all amateurs, though few of the latter would have the means or leisure to work on a scale so large and elaborate.

Look to your foregrounds! Amateurs should bear this particularly in mind, for it is one of the points most neglected. The tendency is to look to the distance and disregard the foreground entirely, so that

what might have been made a picture is left an empty, forlorn view. It is an easy matter to secure a good foreground. A clump of grass or weeds, a rock or a shrub, a tree with branches drooping from above, or dashed across a corner of the picture like a Japanese silhouette, or simply the curving lines of a road or path, may be availed of so as to give the desired balance or symmetry to the composition. If there be nothing else, a most excellent effect may be obtained, and an empty foreground filled out with a figure or a group of figures, utilizing one's companion, or the bystanders who are usually attracted by operations with a camera. Do not let them stand gaping, with arms akimbo, but dispose them symmetrically in an artistic group.

picture where there would otherwise have been an obtrusive vacancy, while their costumes of white cotton, touched by the sunshine, furnished high lights, in fine contrast to the wall, which was in shadow.

It requires considerable experience for the novice to learn what subjects are best adapted for photographic pictures. A most interesting landscape to look upon, a scene that would at once be seized by a painter, or even an artist in black-and-white, may make a thoroughly uninteresting photograph. The reason for this is to be sought in the element of color. A landscape may be glorious of aspect, and yet owe all its charm to color rather than to form. A beautiful verdant plain, its surface varied with different crops, smiling in the sunlight,



A STREET IN QUERÉTARO, MEXICO.

*By Sylvester Baxter.*

In a foreign country, where costumes are picturesque and postures inherently graceful, the most charming results may often be obtained by accident, giving the artist no trouble in arrangement. An experience of the writer's in Mexico may be instanced: a street view in Querétaro which he was photographing had too much of an expanse of blank wall on the left, but some passing peasants filled out the composition admirably, giving interest to a part of the

bordered with a selvage of dark forest, with a range of blue hills melting in the haze beyond; or it may be near harvest-time, and patches of golden wheat contrasting with broad expanses of meadow-land — what disappointment to find all this loveliness resulting in a stretch of dull sameness; the high tones of the wheat not to be distinguished from the low tones of the grass, while between the green of the meadows and the green of the distant



border of trees there is no difference in the photograph, and the hills have vanished utterly, transforming the picturesque valley into a level prairie!

The painter would have reproduced all this, and the artist in black-and-white would have translated the colors into their equivalents in light and shade. But in photography the colors act chemically, instead of according to their value in the scale of light. The dark and light tones in nature that are expressed respectively in blue and yellow, will be reversed in the photograph, the yellow becoming dark and the blue light. With what disgust has a photographer in the tropics seen his picture of an orange tree, with its load of beautiful fruit gleaming among the dark leaves like the firmament at midnight, develop without a single orange to be seen!

Another disappointment which one often meets is the loss of a beautiful distance, upon which chief dependence was placed for the effect of the picture. Possibly a noble mountain, crowned with a diadem of snow glittering sharply against the clear sky for fifty miles away, may have vanished utterly and left no trace. This mysterious disappearance is to be accounted for, not alone on the ground that blue becomes light in a photograph, and the dark blue of the mountain with its snowy crown are reduced to the same value as the light blue of the sky. With the proper distribution of light to the plate, the different tones of the same color may be preserved. It is the rule that the more light a picture has, the quicker the development of a negative. Now there is a vast deal more light thrown upon the upper part of a picture than upon the lower. In consequence, the upper part, which includes the sky and the distance, develops more quickly than the lower part, therefore in the development of the details of the latter, the features of the distance are



A WHITE MOUNTAIN INTERVAL.

— By Mr. Holmes.

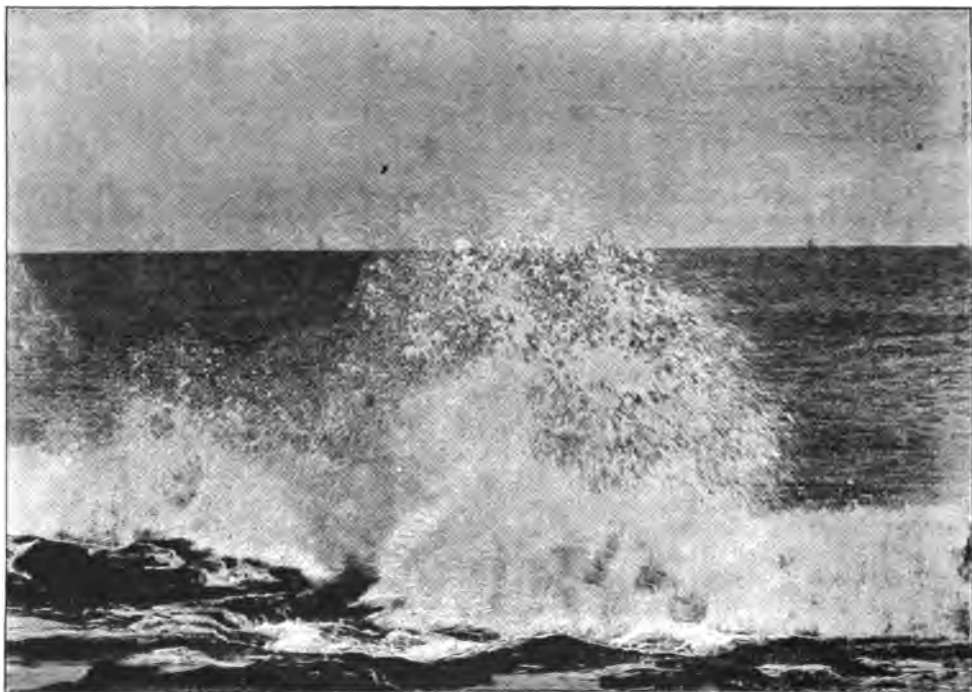
obliterated. This might be remedied if the development of the distance could be suspended while that of the rest of the negative went on, just as the etcher takes his plate from the bath, "stops out" certain portions which are finished, and then goes on and "bites in" the rest until the requisite strength is obtained. It would be difficult, if at all possible, to adopt a similar process with the negative, but the same result may be obtained in a different way; that is, in the exposure of the plate. To achieve this, the instantaneous process should be used in connection with the Prosch shutter. This latter device consists of two discs, united something like a pair of eye-glasses. One covers the aperture of the lens, and, on touching a spring, the other disc drops to take its place, admitting the light in the interval—which may be made a very small fraction of a second—so that the upper part of the plate receives a much less degree of exposure than the lower does; something like

one-tenth as much, I believe. It may be seen that the effect of this is that the sky and the distance are brought out in the developing-bath much more slowly than the objects nearer at hand, and therefore all the features of the former are preserved. The delicate cloud-effects, the distant mountains with their snowy summits and the lines of the ranges growing more aerial as they melt into the distance; in short, all the features of form and outline which enchanted the observer in the original, are retained.

Even with a slow plate the results may be greatly improved by following the same principle. Under such circumstances it

upon the upper part of the plate is thus reached. By some practice with an empty camera we may be able to cover the entire desired time of exposure while lifting and at once lowering the cap.

Instantaneous work is a fascinating feature for amateurs. It has its difficulties, but these may be overcome with care and practice. The most successful results with instantaneous plates are in water views. The effects thus depicted appeal to us as being more natural—that is, like what we are accustomed to see in nature—than those of other objects taken while in motion. The reason for this is that the sensitive plate is quicker to receive impressions than is our



TURBULENT WATER.

would be hardly possible to use the shutter, though it might, perhaps, be modified by devising some clock-work attachment by which the action of the shutter should be extended to any required number of seconds of exposure. But, for lack of such an invention, we shall have to content ourselves with carefully removing the cap from the tube and, instead of taking it away instantly, keep it close thereto and gradually lift it, taking heed not to let our fingers obstruct the view. Then, the exposure made, we as gradually lower it again. The end of diminishing the light

eye. The action of water in motion is comparatively slow, and when it is shown to us in instantaneous views it is just as we see it with our eye. The suspended motion in the picture, transferred from nature, coincides with the phases of water-movement which we actually see, and therefore we appear almost to behold motion itself in the reproduction. The forward sweep and thrust of waves, the fleecy crests and the foam flecks of the surface, the swirl of a current, the ripple of a stream, the surf rolling in upon a beach in long curving lines, or giant waves raging against monster



POPOCATEPETL.

rocks and tossing their angry manes high in the air, the varied movement of craft with their graceful sails caressed by the unseen wind—whose power is manifest in almost every detail of the scene, the curling foam beneath the vessels' bows telling the manner of their motion—all this is the most manifest triumph of instantaneous photography in artistic achievement; a distinct addition to our means of recording the beauties of nature. In the photographs of yachts in motion an artistic interest is given to objects beautiful in themselves, but which artists have found very difficult subjects to make anything of. Mr. David Mason Little, of Boston, is one of the pioneer amateurs in this branch, and his copyrighted series of yachting subjects, one of which forms the illustrations to this article, has gained deserved celebrity.

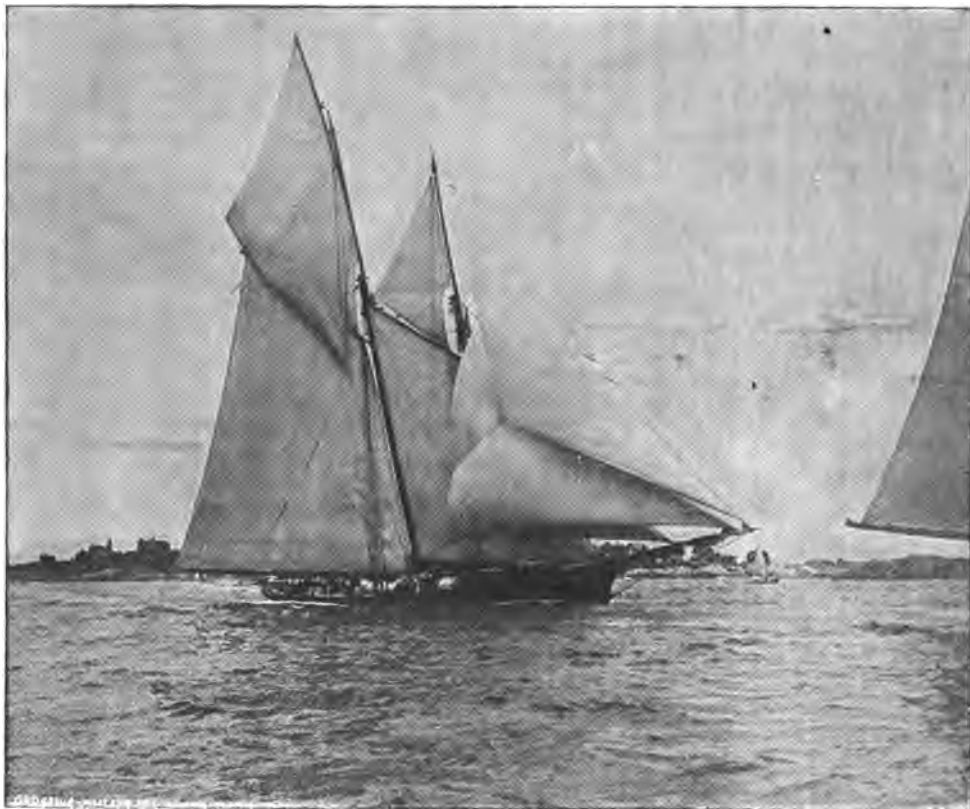
In rapid motion, however, the result of instantaneous photography is seldom artistic; its interest is usually that of the curious, and its value is chiefly scientific. Artists who have, for instance, attempted to draw or model horses in the positions which the experiments of Muybridge prove

that they actually do take, have only succeeded in making themselves the laughing-stock of the public. This is because what they do is artistically false. Those who attempt to depict nature as it really is, rather than as it appears to the nicest artistic perception—whether they be of the Ruskin school, niggling for months over every leaf of a tree, or the more modern experimentalists who attempt to be scientifically correct—have a false conception of the purpose of art. What we see in the action of a horse in rapid motion is the result of a series of moments of action—a compound manifestation of motion, as it were—rather than the simple manifestation which a slower movement makes to our eye. The master who models an equestrian statue shows us the consolidation of a series of actions just as they unite themselves in our vision, so that the suspended action portrayed strikes us as a motion itself. This constitutes the distinction between the inspired master in art and the clever imitator. The representations of animated objects, portrayed by the latter, always show the strain of effort to move,

the pose is evident, and the effect becomes painful and tiresome. The work of the master is without the effect of effort.

For this reason photographs of quick action cannot seem otherwise than unnatural, and therefore inartistic. Animated objects thus taken will appear curiously contortionate, while inanimate objects will look

the effects of motion, attaining satisfactory results under conditions when a good picture would be impossible with a slow plate. We thus need have no fear of working on windy days, when moving foliage would otherwise make an unsightly blur, and in the interesting field of animal-photography chance movements of our subjects need



THE YACHT "GITANA."

—By David Mason Little.

motionless, for the very quickness of the instantaneous process robs them of the attributes of motion. Take a view of a crowded street; the passers-by appear natural, in most instances, for their action is slow, but the passing vehicles seem to be standing still; their wheels are caught with each spoke just as it is, and not multiplied into countless spokes, as they appear to our sight. Even a railway train, photographed in motion, would appear to be motionless, did not the volumes of smoke and steam from the locomotive, with their slower motion caught as they really appear to us, furnish one of the visible attributes of its action.

The instantaneous method, however, has another value, and that is to guard against

not disconcert us; indeed, we welcome them, as giving greater fidelity to our picture as a portrayal of characteristics. In this field there is a wide range for delightful pictures; horses, cows and sheep in their pastures, poultry in a barnyard, birds, pet animals, etc., all afford an infinite variety of subjects.

Portraiture affords opportunity to the amateur for charming work. The problems of lighting, posing and grouping are almost endless in their possibilities for subjects fascinating to the artist. The writer has seen some fine silhouette portraits, made by placing the subject in profile against the light; the lines of the features being faintly indicated or hinted at in the transparency of the shadow.

Some of the best portrait work is done in the open air, with "properties" and scenic backgrounds furnished by nature. In nearly all landscape photography figures may be made a valuable accessory, heightening the interest and adding to the character of a scene.

The illustration called "The Diver," is an excellent example of artistic figure-work. It is a capital piece of simple and effective composition: a nude youth on a rock, posed against sea and sky in sharp relief, and hands raised ready to dive. Mr. W. T. Brigham, whose reputation as a naturalist is high, and who is one of the leading American photographic amateurs, has made a specialty of photographic studies of the nude, accumulating thereby a wealth of material in the way of measurements and

other anatomical data which will form a valuable contribution to anthropological science.

One of the best pieces of instantaneous figure-work which I have ever seen, both in the point of action and the grouping, is a picture by Mr. G. D. Bush—a party of bathers—several young men on the shore and throwing one of their number from a high rock into the water below. The flying figure and the positions of the others, just as their companion has left their hands—all are rendered with exceptional naturalness and distinctness.

Many amateurs take a pride in doing for themselves all the work of producing their pictures, and those who make a thorough study of the art in all its details often produce beautiful work. But the greater



AN AMATEUR.

number have not the leisure for this, and are content to have at least their printing done for them, particularly if they desire silver-prints, as is commonly the case, the process of toning being disagreeable and tedious. A favorite and easy way of taking proofs is by making blue-prints, as they are called, with the ferro-prussiate paper used by draughtsmen in reproducing engineering and architectural plans. The process recommends itself by the ease with which the prints are fixed, for they require simply a washing-out in water. After one gets used to the color, he perceives in some of these blue-prints a decided artistic quality, particularly in softness, depth, and luminosity. By using a paper of fine texture, a detail can be obtained as delicate as that of silver-prints. Blue-prints have the most telling effect mounted on yellowish, golden,

or golden-brown ground. Blue-prints may be turned dark, and given an effect something like some fine old drawings, by soaking them for several hours in a weak solution of pyrogallic acid. Platinum and carbon-prints have qualities of rich shadows and a soft delicacy which can hardly be obtained in silver-prints, but the most excellent results are obtained by using bromogelatine paper, which prints rapidly by lamp-light, giving pure black-and-white, as in charcoal drawings, with deep velvety shadows.

In the illustrations used with this article, all the delicacy of the originals is of course lost in the process by which they are reproduced, and they are chiefly valuable in giving a few examples of artistic subjects and composition in some of the departments of amateur photographic work discussed in the foregoing pages.



### AURORA.

WHAT airy form is this, all grace,  
That loiters down the walk,  
A-plucking in the garden-place  
The rose-bud from its stalk?

Uplifted, in her finger tips  
She holds a baby rose  
Close to her bow-shaped, scarlet lips,  
And in the pink leaves blows.

How soon it wakes; as if it knew  
A zephyr from the south,  
Or felt a drop of morning dew, —  
A breath, — a kiss, — her mouth!

How vain to hold, O foolish bud,  
Your rivals in such scorn  
Because her kiss has stirred your blood,  
— My sweetheart, and your Morn!

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*  
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## THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN YACHTING.<sup>1</sup>

BY CAPTAIN R. F. COFFIN,

Author of "OLD SAILOR YARNS," "THE AMERICA'S CUP," etc., etc.

### V.

#### FROM 1876 TO 1878.

1876, the Centennial of the United States, was a year of jubilee, and all out-of-door sports were immensely stimulated. Of course, yachting shared in the general prosperity, but in addition to the natural stimulus of the time of holiday, yachting had the extra excitement of an international contest, which, as we have recently, in 1885 and 1886, been made aware, is sufficient of itself to cause quite a yachting furore.

At the very beginning of the year — in January — and before anything had been done to release the pleasure fleet from its winter's seclusion, rumors began to be current that during this year there would come another challenger for the *America's* Cup. There did not seem to be any definite basis for the rumors, but they were floating around.

At a meeting of the New York Yacht Club, February 3, in this year, among the new members elected were Count Edward Batthyany, rear commodore of the Royal Albert Club, and Prince Maffeo Sciarra, of the Royal Italian Yacht Club, the owner of the schooner *Sappho*; and this gave rise to a rumor that the prince was intending to challenge with that vessel, and as was well known at that time, there was nothing in America that could beat her.

Rumors came also of a schooner building at Coburg, Ont., by a Captain Cuthbert, whose reputation as a builder of fast yachts was in Canada very prominent. He had, so it was reported, built a vessel named *Annie Cuthbert*, which had vanquished the *Cora*, one of Mr. McGiehan's productions, and it was believed in Canada that he had only to build his schooner, send his challenge, and come here and take the cup.

It was also current gossip that a British gentleman, undeterred by the experience of Mr. Ashbury, would bring a schooner here from England for the cup. As to a cutter coming for it, such a thing was not thought of in those days, although the cutter was

then, as now, the representative British yacht. All these rumors, however, had but slight basis. Meantime, the Centennial Commissioners at Philadelphia, desiring to have yacht racing on their programme, and having no course fit for it very near to the Quaker City, decided to have the races here, and they placed the matter in the hands of the following gentlemen: George S. Kingsland, commodore of the New York Yacht Club, chairman; John S. Dickerson, commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, secretary; John M. Forbes, commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club; W. L. Swan, commodore of the Scawanhaka Yacht Club; W. T. Garner, vice-commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and S. Nicholson Kane, rear-commodore of the New York Yacht Club. It will be noted that all of these gentlemen, except Messrs. Forbes and Swan, were prominent members of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Dickerson, although commodore of the Brooklyn, owed allegiance principally to the New York club, and if I remember rightly, was a member of its House Committee. Things in the yachting world have changed since then, and ten years after that no national committee would be considered truly representative that did not include a member from the Atlantic and American clubs.

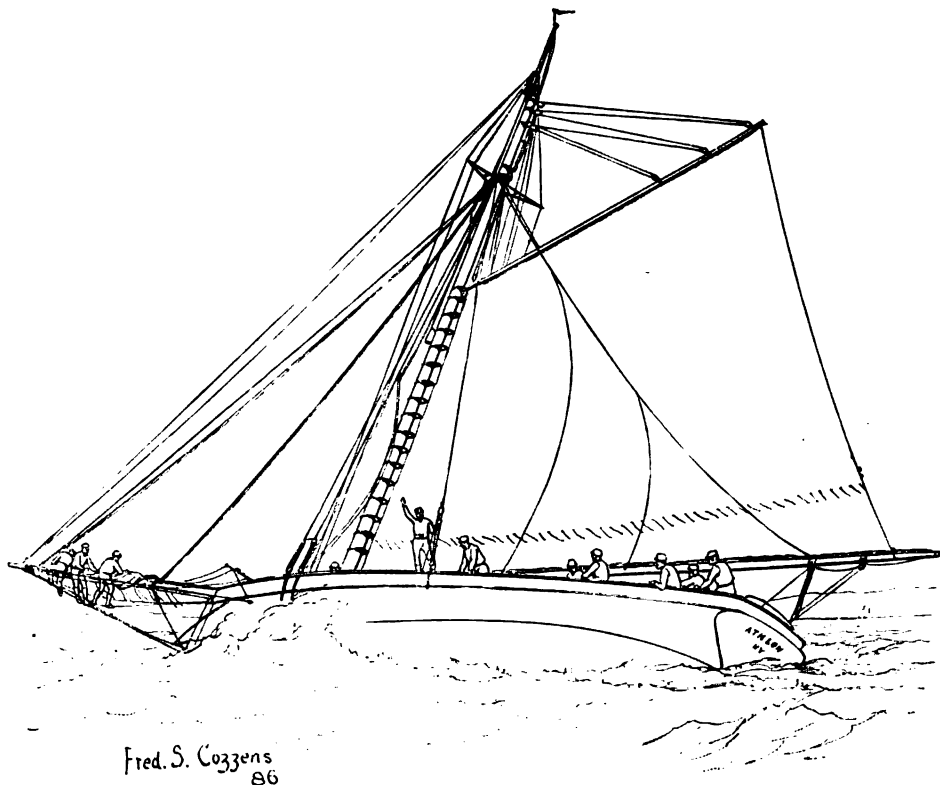
The New York, however, was still, as in 1876, the club of this country. A writer in one of the dailies, of March 31, of this year, alluding to the Eastern yachts, says: "There are clubs in and around Boston, with numerous yachts; but their fastest ones, with the exception of the *America*, are second-class vessels which have been purchased from the New York clubs."

This was correct in 1876, but in 1886 the Eastern Club of Boston has the *Fortuna*, probably the fastest keel schooner in the world; the *Mayflower* and *Puritan*, center-board sloops, that are superior to anything in the New York Yacht Club, and a fleet of smaller yachts that are unrivaled in their respective classes. While the conservative and eminently respectable New

<sup>1</sup> The first of this series commenced in OUTING for June.

York Yacht Club has been standing still, and living on its past, its sister organizations, the Atlantic, the Eastern, the American, the Seawanhaka Corinthian and the Larchmont, have been going ahead with spinnakers pulling. Some of them are fully abreast of it now in the number and character of their vessels, and unless the old club obtains some new blood from

the Canadian schooner-yacht *Countess of Dufferin*, for the *America's Cup*, was received and considered at a meeting of the club, held April 20, and as has always been the practice when this cup has been challenged, the club unanimously decided to waive the six months' notice, and to sail on any day most convenient to the challenger. Also, if he desired to sail in July,



"ATHLON." 1

somewhere, these other clubs will outrank it in popular estimation. The Eastern club, in 1885, and the Atlantic and Seawanhaka clubs, in 1886, by their spirited action in defense of the *America's Cup*, gained immensely in popular favor, and notified the New York Yacht Club that it was no longer considered able to defend this trophy, the emblem of the yachting supremacy of the world.

The building of open yachts, sloop and cat-rigged, was immensely stimulated by the action of the Centennial Commissioners, it being understood that one of the races would be for this class of yachts in New York Bay. In due time, the challenge of Major Charles Gifford, owner of

it was decided to give him two races — one over the New York club course, and one outside, and in case a third was necessary, the course to be determined by lot. If, however, Major Gifford preferred sailing in August, he was invited to join in the club's annual cruise, and to sail one race over the Block Island course, one race twenty miles to windward, the third, if a third race was necessary, to be determined by lot.

Meantime, the Centennial Yachting Committee decided to have three regattas, on June 22, 23 and 26, the first day over the New York club course, for yachts of fifteen tons and over; the second, in New York Bay, for all yachts under fifteen tons, and

<sup>1</sup> Sloop *Athlon*, owned by J. C. Barron, M.D., New York.

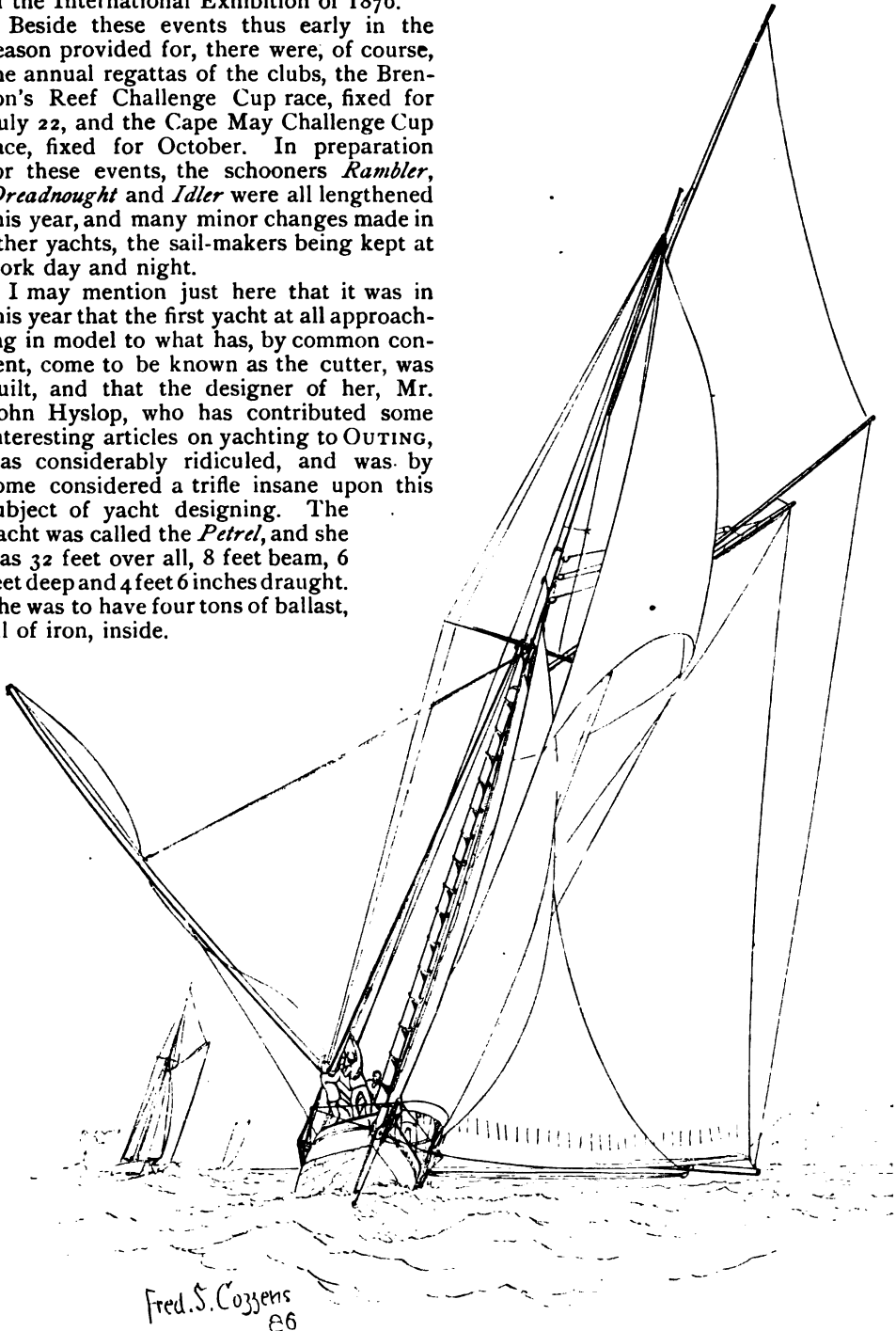


the third, a race from this port to and around the Cape May Light-ship and return. The prizes offered were the medal and diploma of the International Exhibition of 1876.

Beside these events thus early in the season provided for, there were, of course, the annual regattas of the clubs, the Brenton's Reef Challenge Cup race, fixed for July 22, and the Cape May Challenge Cup race, fixed for October. In preparation for these events, the schooners *Rambler*, *Dreadnought* and *Idler* were all lengthened this year, and many minor changes made in other yachts, the sail-makers being kept at work day and night.

I may mention just here that it was in this year that the first yacht at all approaching in model to what has, by common consent, come to be known as the cutter, was built, and that the designer of her, Mr. John Hyslop, who has contributed some interesting articles on yachting to *OUTING*, was considerably ridiculed, and was by some considered a trifle insane upon this subject of yacht designing. The yacht was called the *Petrel*, and she was 32 feet over all, 8 feet beam, 6 feet deep and 4 feet 6 inches draught. She was to have four tons of ballast, all of iron, inside.

It was in this year 1876, that the Seawan-haka club first came to New York from Oyster Bay, where it had been first organized,



"MADGE."

'Cutter *Madge*, owned by E. W. Sheldon, New York.

and it fixed on June 10 for a strictly Corinthian race, the course being the same as its present one, starting from off Fort Wadsworth and going around the Spit buoys to the light-ship. Always progressive, this club also arranged for a schooner race outside of the Hook, inviting entries from the New York, the Eastern, Brooklyn, Boston and Atlantic yacht clubs; yachts to

be steered by owner or member of the club to which she belonged, but she could be manned by her regular crew.

Meanwhile, a correspondence had been going on between Major Gifford and the Committee of the New York Yacht Club in relation to the proposed race for the cup, and finally, at a meeting held May 25, all of the

and its largest sloop, the *Undine*, 52 feet, 9 inches mean length. It had two classes of sloops, four in each class.

We were hearing about this time much of the new Canadian schooner. Her trial trip had been a glorious success, etc. I can remember no trial trip of a yacht which has not been gloriously successful. They all sail well alone, and are tremendously fast with champagne accompaniment.

The New York Yacht Club, at its annual regatta, June 8, started a fine lot: three classes of schooners with four in the first, two and five in the third; and two classes of sloops, among them the *Arrow*, afterwards so celebrated. This being her first appearance in a regular regatta, although she had sailed with the fleet in the cruise of the club the previous year. Those who insist that we have made no advance in yacht designing, may be undeceived by the fact that the *Arrow*, at this regatta considered a marvel, would probably be beaten to-day by any modern sloop of her length.

There was a strong breeze at this regatta, the *Gracie* and *Addie Voorhis* were obliged to withdraw, the *Arrow* and *Vindex* alone finishing in the first class of sloops, the *Arrow* beating the *Vindex* nearly 10m., winning class prize and also Bennett Challenge Cup prize. The schooner *Idler* made the best time on record over this course, viz., 3h. 54m. 48 1-2s. actual time, the start having been from off Stapleton, and the finish off buoy No. 15.

The actual time of the schooner *Comet* in this race was 4h. 5m.

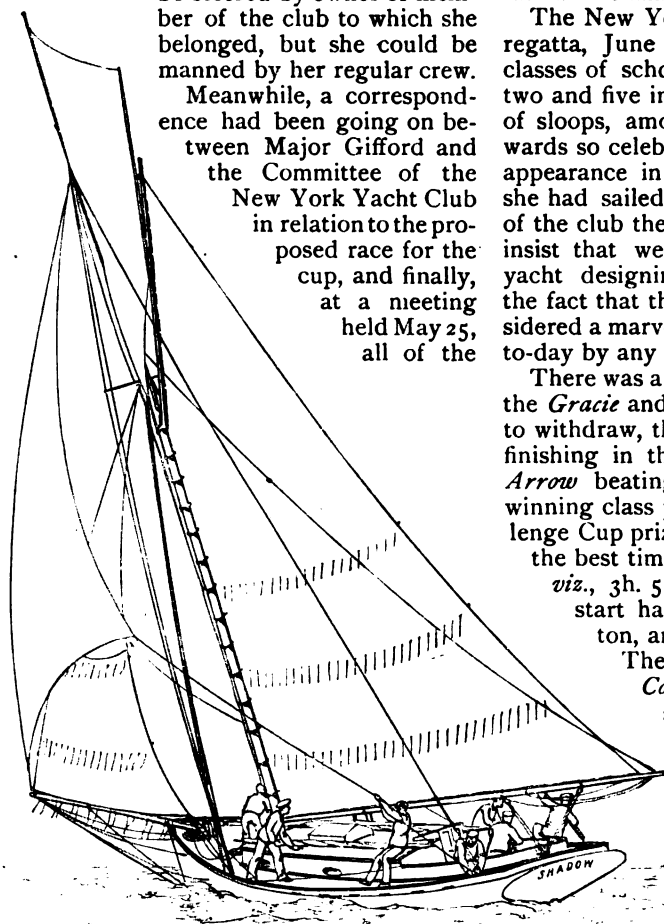
27 1-2s., but she took the Bennett Challenge Cup, her corrected time being 3h.

44m. 47 1-2s., showing that the cubical contents rule of the club for measurement for allowance of time was a perfectly fair one, enabling the smallest yacht in the schooner class to get in on even terms with one of the largest.

Canadian gentleman's propositions were agreed to, and the races were fixed for the 10th, 12th and 14th of July, the club to name its yacht by July 1.

The Atlantic Yacht Club, now so strong and important, was in this year just beginning to come into notice. It started in its annual match this season four schooners, the largest, the *Ariel*, 72 feet mean length,

June 10, the Brooklyn Yacht Club and the Seawanhaka each had their regattas, the latter allowing entries only of sloops, and sailing with Corinthian crews. The Brooklyn event was notable for the finish having been in front of the new club-house in Gravesend Bay. I don't think it ever finished there after this year. It mustered however, three second class schooners —



Fred S Cozzens  
86

"SHADOW." 1

<sup>1</sup> Sloop *Shadow*, owned by John Bryant, Boston.

the *Estelle*, *Comet* and *Gypsy*, four real good sloops in the first class, the *Gracie*, *Arrow*, *Undine* and *Kate* (now the *Whiteaway*), with fair entries in the other two classes of sloops; in the lower class, the *Victoria*, *W. T. Lee* and *Susie S.*, open sloops of unrivaled speed. The *Arrow* beat the *Gracie* nearly rom.

The entries for the first of the series of the Centennial races—that over the course of the New York Yacht Club, included eight schooners from New York, and one—the *Peerless*—from the Atlantic club. As Mr. J. R. Maxwell, owner of the *Peerless*, belonged also to the New York, it might be said that all of the schooners were from the old club. A similar race in 1886 would attract probably more schooners from either the Eastern or Atlantic clubs, than from the New York.

Of sloops, there were three from the New York, five from the Brooklyn, two from the Atlantic, and one—the *Schemer*—then owned by Mr. C. Smith Lee, from the Seawanhaka. The winners, I may mention, who captured the commissioners' medal and diploma, were the schooners *Dreadnought* and *Peerless*, and the sloops *Arrow* and *Orion*. They never got any other prize. There had been talk of valuable trophies in silver ware to be presented by the clubs, but so far as I remember, a "tarpaulin muster" scarce raised funds enough to pay the expenses of the committee.

There can be no doubt that the second day's racing was the event of the Centennial series; the owners of the open yachts were the only gentlemen that entered into the contest with the least enthusiasm. Owners of the large yachts had to be coaxed to start, but the men that had the small boats were eager for the fray, and cared for no prize other than the parchment of the commissioners. It will be a tolerable indication of the growing strength of the clubs, if I state the number of starters from each that came to the line, June 23. There were two from the Long Island club, five from the Williamsburgh, three from the Central Hudson, four from the Brooklyn, two from the Columbia, one from the Manhattan, four from the Pavonia, two from the Hudson River, one from the Seawanhaka, one from the Bayonne, one from the Mohican, two from the Jersey City, one from the Red Bank, one from the Perth Amboy, one from the Atlantic and one from the Providence Yacht Club; in all thirty-two yachts, many of them brand new.

The Providence entry was the famous catamaran *Amaryllis*, brought down to the city by the Herreshoffs. Some gentlemen who had seen this wonder sail, advised the owners of the second class boats to protest against her starting with them, but with calm confidence they replied, "Oh, let her come in, nothing can beat our sand-bag boats." So she started, and of course, beat the lot and could, I presume, had Mr. Herreshoff so minded, have gone twice over the course while the fastest of the sand-baggers made one circuit. After the race they protested, and curiously enough, the judges ruled her out. It made little difference to Mr. Herreshoff, however; he had introduced a new type of open yacht, and realized a favorite idea of yachtsmen for a half-century previous. It had always been a pet scheme with yachtsmen, that by a double hull, increased stability with a minimum of resistance could be secured; but it was not until Mr. Herreshoff applied the ball and socket joint, permitting each hull to accommodate itself to its own sea, that the speed was attained.

The *Amaryllis* has not had many successors, and this has seemed curious to me, for as an open yacht, the catamarans are superior to all others in every way. They are faster, safer, handier. They will not only sail fast; but they will lie still. There is one gentleman who has owned more of these craft than any one else, who is so expert in handling them, that he can do with them what cannot, without great risk, be done with any other description of open yachts; that is, weave in and out among the steamers and sailing craft of the most crowded part of the river front, and make a landing without the least damage. He has run side by side with the swiftest of the harbor steamers and beaten them, and has frequently gone the whole length of Long Island Sound with only a small boy as crew. Surely this cannot be done with any other description of open yacht. But ten years have passed since the *Amaryllis* came and conquered, and yet there are comparatively few catamarans, not above a score, I think, in the whole of the United States.

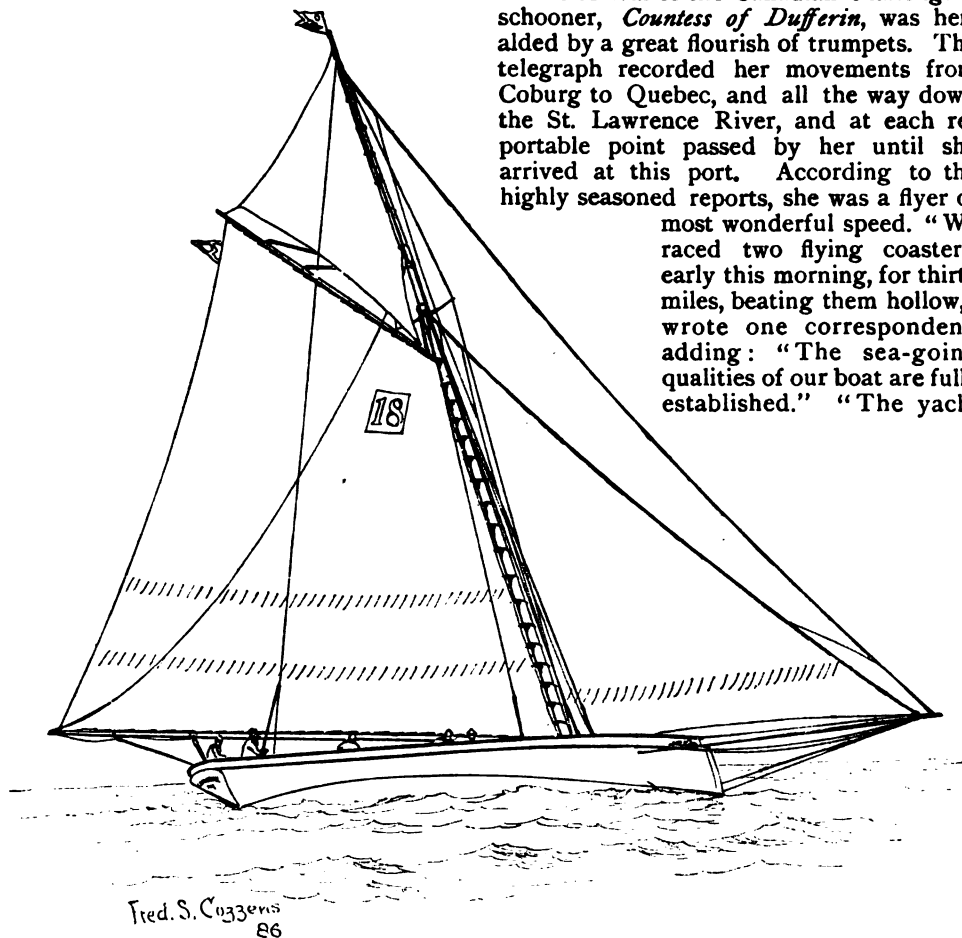
The third Centennial race came very near being an entire failure. Mr. Kingsland, owner of the schooner *Alarm*, being commodore of the New York club, and chairman of the committee, had to start her against the *America*, then recently purchased by General Butler, and the two sloops *Gracie* and *Arrow* were induced to start, and this was all. The *America* alone

finished of the schooners, and the *Arrow* beat the *Gracie* 41m. 50s.; and so ended the series of Centennial regattas. Except the second, they were miserable failures.

Meantime, the cup committee of the club had named the schooner *Madeleine* as the defender of the cup against the challenging Canadian schooner, and there is no doubt that the choice was a wise one, for, on the whole, her record was the best. She had begun her career as a sloop, having been built by David Kirby at Rye,

She was at this time owned by Com. Jacob Voorhis, Jr., for whom she had originally been built, and who had expended much money on her in the effort to make her a success. He sold her, in 1875, to Com. John S. Dickerson, of the Brooklyn club, who owned her for many years. The only other yachts considered by the committee were the schooners *Palmer* and *Idler*, but there were no trial races, the qualities of each yacht being well known; and, as stated, the *Madeleine* was the final choice.

The arrival of the Canadian challenging schooner, *Countess of Dufferin*, was heralded by a great flourish of trumpets. The telegraph recorded her movements from Coburg to Quebec, and all the way down the St. Lawrence River, and at each reportable point passed by her until she arrived at this port. According to the highly seasoned reports, she was a flyer of most wonderful speed. "We raced two flying coasters, early this morning, for thirty miles, beating them hollow," wrote one correspondent, adding: "The sea-going qualities of our boat are fully established." "The yacht



"CROCODILE." 1

Westchester County, in 1868, and had been successively altered, lengthened at each end and in the middle, and a second mast added, but never became at all famous for speed until 1873. This year, at Nyack, she was given a longer center-board, longer spars, and a new suit of canvas, and this season took position as queen of the fleet.

makes tremendous running," wrote another correspondent.

Meantime, in response to a request from Major Gifford, the cup races fixed for the 10th and 12th of July had been postponed to a later date.

I may mention here that on July 7, the old *America* had a narrow escape, having

<sup>1</sup> Sloop *Crocodile*, owned by J. G. Prague, New York.

struck on Brigantine Shoals, off the Jersey coast, and was taken off by the Coast Wrecking Company, in a leaky condition, requiring steam-pumps to keep her afloat. General Butler was on board of her. She was towed here and repaired.

The *Countess of Dufferin* arrived at New York July 17, and was found to have been a very poor copy of an American schooner yacht, and rough as a nutmeg-grater. The idea of putting a yacht like the *Madeleine* against her seemed absurd. There were scores of fishing schooners in this country more sightly than she, and doubtless more speedy. Her official certificate of measurement, from the Secretary of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, stated her length at 91 feet 6 inches; beam, 23 feet 6 inches, and her tonnage at 200 tons.

The Brooklyn Yacht Club began its annual cruise this year from Glen Cove Harbor, July 20, and that it had begun to decline in importance was evident by the small muster of yachts for its annual cruise.

Notwithstanding the fact that its flagship had been chosen as a defender of the *America's* Cup, there were only present at this annual gathering the schooners *Madeleine*, *Clio* (at that time owned by the vice-commodore, J. R. Platt), *Tidal Wave*, *Sea Witch*, and *Mystic*; and of sloops, the *Niantic* (afterwards the *Hildegard*), *America* (afterwards the *Kelpie*), and *Favorite*.

It was while assembling in Glen Cove Harbor, on this occasion, that the news of the capsizing of the schooner yacht *Mohawk* was telegraphed to the club, and was at first discredited by all who were acquainted with the yacht. It was the almost universal opinion that the masts would have gone out of the yacht before she could have upset, but later intelligence confirmed the first announcement, and a gloom was thrown over the cruise at its very beginning. The particulars of this sad accident were that the *Mohawk* was lying off Stapleton, Staten Island, with all after canvas set, even to her enormous club top-sail. The owner, Mr. William T. Garner, was on board, with his wife and a few friends. The yacht was just getting under way, her chain had been hove short, and her jibs had been run up, in order that, as she gathered way, she might break out the anchor from its hold on the bottom, the capstan being of insufficient power. The helm was a-weather, when a hard squall from the north-west struck the yacht, as she lay without way, and without the

possibility of gathering way, and she went down until she filled and sank. Mr. Garner was drowned while trying to rescue his wife from the cabin. Some ballast had shifted and pinned her fast, so that the effort was unsuccessful, and she also lost her life.

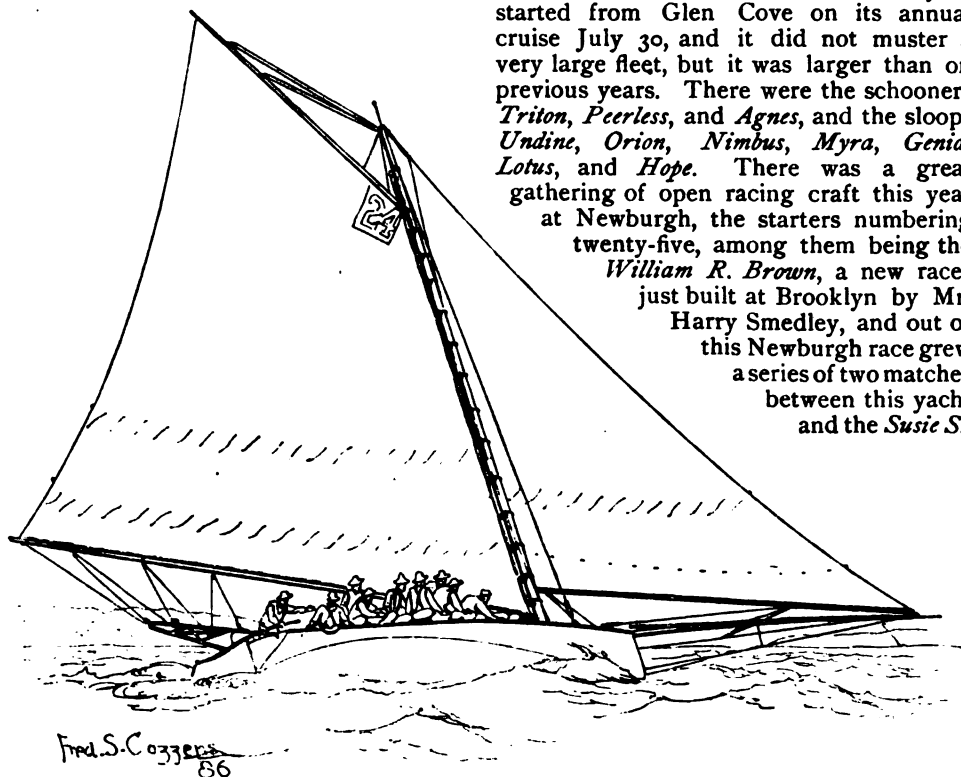
Much unmerited criticism was made upon the *Mohawk's* model, and upon center-board yachts generally, and a check was given to the sport from which it did not recover for years. In point of fact, the *Mohawk* was as safe a vessel as ever floated. She was lost through the grossest carelessness, and in consequence of the over-confidence felt in her stability. There has been no vessel yet built in this world that cannot be wrecked by careless handling, and that the *Mohawk* upset was in no wise due to any defect of model. Properly handled, she was more than ordinarily safe.

The third race for the Brenton's Reef Challenge Cup, afterwards happily carried away to Europe by the cutter *Genesta*, was sailed July 27 to 29, 1876. It was one of the four offered by Mr. Bennett when vice-commodore of the N.Y.Y.C., in 1872, the other three being the challenge cups for schooners and sloops over the regular course of the club, and the Cape May Challenge Cup, also captured later on by the British cutter *Genesta*.

This cup race had never been a popular one. It had been offered time and again, and no entries for the race had been received, and it had been sailed for but twice, each time by the schooners *Rambler* and *Madeleine*, one of the races being a return match growing out of the first. It would not have attracted any entries this year, had it not been that the owners of the *Wanderer* and *Idler* desired to give the Canadian visitor a chance. General Butler desired to exhibit the *America* as a winner, and the owner of the *Tidal Wave*, desiring to sell her, thought it would add to her value if she could win this race. Right here I may say that, if he had expended a few hundred dollars for new ropes and sails, it is very probable that she would have been the victor; certainly she would have had a long lead at the Brenton's Reef Light-ship, as she showed a better turn of speed on the reach along the coast than either of the other yachts, and although continually breaking down, she was the first to turn the mark.

The *Countess of Dufferin* did not enter for this race, but she started with the

yachts "just to see what she could do," her owner said. In his heart of hearts, he believed he was going to come home at the end of the race far in advance of any other yacht.



"202." 1

So the starters were the schooners *Idler*, *Wanderer*, *Tidal Wave*, *America*, and *Countess of Dufferin*. The *Idler* won, with the *Wanderer* second, the rest nowhere. When the *Idler* was sold, the cup reverted to the club, and was never again competed for until the schooner *Dauntless* and the cutter *Genesta* sailed for it, in 1885. In all probability it never would have been sailed for, for the owners did not like the course. They were, therefore, very willing that the British cutter should take it over, because it gives them an opportunity of a race in British waters, unhampered by British rules of measurement. For the races for this cup there is no allowance of time, and the beamy yacht can't be discriminated against. Just before the start on this race, the Canadian yacht was measured on the dock by Mr. A. Cary Smith, at that time measurer of the N.Y.Y.C., and he made her somewhat different from the measurement

of the secretary's certificate, already given. By Mr. Smith's tape-line, she was 100.85 feet over all, 95.55 feet water-line, 23.55 feet beam, 7.4 feet deep.

The Atlantic Yacht Club this year started from Glen Cove on its annual cruise July 30, and it did not muster a very large fleet, but it was larger than on previous years. There were the schooners *Triton*, *Peerless*, and *Agnes*, and the sloops *Undine*, *Orion*, *Nimbus*, *Myra*, *Genia*, *Lotus*, and *Hope*. There was a great gathering of open racing craft this year at Newburgh, the starters numbering twenty-five, among them being the *William R. Brown*, a new racer just built at Brooklyn by Mr. Harry Smedley, and out of this Newburgh race grew a series of two matches between this yacht and the *Susie S.*,

for \$500 a side in each race, one at Newburgh, and the other in New York Bay. I may add that only one was sailed—that at Newburgh, where the *Brown* belonged—and her owner paid half forfeit, and did not come down the river to be beaten.

August 3, Major Gifford, owner of the *Countess of Dufferin*, asked for a further delay of the races for the cup until August 14, but finally agreed to be ready August 11, and it was arranged that this should be the date of the first race, the other to be sailed August 13, and the third, if necessary, August 14.

The first race for the cup was sailed on the day appointed, the entry being :

| NAME.                  | WATER-LINE<br>LENGTH. | CUBIC<br>CONTENTS.<br>FEET. | ALLOW-<br>ANCES. |
|------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Countess of Dufferin.. | 95.53                 | 9,028.04                    | M. S.<br>allows. |
| Madeleine .....        | 95.02                 | 8,499.17                    | 1.1              |

<sup>1</sup> Sloop *Zoe*, owned by H. A. Sanderson, New York. (One of the Larchmont cracks.)

The Canadian yacht showed much better in this first race than had been expected. But she had been much improved since her first arrival. Captain Cuthbert, her builder and sailing master, was a friend of the Elsworths, of Bayonne, N.J., expert yacht racers from their boyhood, and under their advice, the *Countess* had been placed upon the dock at Port Richmond, and scraped and sand-papery, and made as smooth as was possible, and she was then given a coat of pot-lead and tallow. All her sails, also, with a few exceptions, had been made in New York, and so, as a daily paper remarked, whichever way the contest terminated, it would be a victory for the American model.

The race, however, attracted much interest, although not a tithe of that evinced when the *Cambria* and *Livonia* came, or when the *Genesta* appeared as a challenger. Still there were a dozen excursion steamers and a couple of dozen of yachts present at the start ready to go over the course with the racers. The start was a pretty one, and that the reader may judge of the quality of the two yachts, the following table of times is given, the wind being south, a moderate breeze, and the tide last quarter flood :

| NAME.                          | START.   | BUOY 10. | LIGHT-SHIP. | BUOY 10. | FINISH.  |
|--------------------------------|----------|----------|-------------|----------|----------|
|                                | h. m. s. | h. m. s. | h. m. s.    | h. m. s. | h. m. s. |
| <i>Madeleine</i> .....         | 11.16.31 | 1.19.19  | 2.51.52     | 3.57.28  | 4.41.26  |
| <i>Countess of Dufferin</i> .. | 11.17.06 | 1.26.32  | 2.56.33     | 4.06.48  | 4.51.59  |

The *Madeleine*, therefore, won by 9m. 58s. actual time, and by 10m. 59s. corrected time.

The second and concluding race was sailed the next day, and the course was twenty miles to windward from Sandy Hook and return, the wind light throughout from south-south-east, and the water smooth. The old yacht *America*, the original winner of the cup, stripped for a contest, sending all weight ashore that could be spared, and in racing fettle went over the course with the other two yachts, beating the Canadian yacht, but being in turn beaten by the *Madeleine*; and as a matter of comparison, I will give the times of all three schooners over the course :

| NAME.                           | START.   | OUTER MARK. | FINISH.  |
|---------------------------------|----------|-------------|----------|
|                                 | h. m. s. | h. m. s.    | h. m. s. |
| <i>Madeleine</i> .....          | 12.17.24 | 5.01.52     | 7.37.11  |
| <i>Countess of Dufferin</i> ... | 12.17.58 | 5.13.41     | 8.03.58  |
| <i>America</i> .....            | 12.22.09 | 5.04.53     | 7.49.00  |

It will be seen that to the outer mark, the *America* beat both the other schooners. The difference in time between the *Madeleine* and *Countess of Dufferin* at the finish does not accurately represent the distance between them, as after the *Madeleine* finished, the wind failed, and the tide being ahead, the *Countess of Dufferin* was a long time doing a short distance. She was, however, decidedly beaten.

August 14, the fleet of the New York club assembled in Glen Cove Harbor to begin the annual cruise. Of schooners, there were the *Alarm* (the flagship), *Restless*, *Wanderer*, *Dreadnought*, *Estelle*, *Rambler*, *Palmer*, *Idler*, *Foam*, *Vesta*, and *Meta*. Sloops *Arrow*, *Vindex*, *Vision*, *Windward*, and *Wayward*.

The programme agreed upon was an extended one, and included a visit to Greenport, Vineyard Haven, Marblehead, the Isle of Shoals, Portland, Provincetown, Vineyard Haven, and Newport, sailing races there August 28 and 29, and disbanding the 30th. All this was changed later on, and the new schedule was from Shelter Island to New London, Newport, and Vineyard Haven, and the participation in the regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club at Swampscott was abandoned. The cruise was a very tame one, and the fleet broke up at Edgartown August 21.

Probably if the Canadian schooner had accompanied the fleet, it would have taken her around Cape Cod, and the original programme would have been adhered to; but Major Gifford had had enough of it. The funds of the syndicate of club members which had built and sent her to the contest were running low, some new sails purchased in New York were yet to be paid for, and things were in no condition for a junketing excursion.

As it was, although the cruise was practically at an end at Vineyard Haven, some of the yachts went on to the east as far as Provincetown, returning to Newport August 27, where they finally separated.

It was about the last of August that Mr. J. E. Loubat, owner of the schooner-yacht *Enchantress*, presented to the New York Yacht Club a \$1,000 cup to be sailed for October 12, open to all schooner-yachts of 100 tons and upward, belonging to any organized club in the world, on an allowance of twelve seconds to the ton; New York Yacht Club rules to govern in all other respects. The course to be from off Owl's Head, to and around Sandy Hook Light-ship, thence to and around the Cape

May Light-ship and return. I may mention that the only entries for this prize were the schooners *Idler*, owned by Mr. Samuel J. Colgate, and the *Atalanta*, owned by Mr. William Astor. The start was made October 12, and the *Atalanta* won, beating the

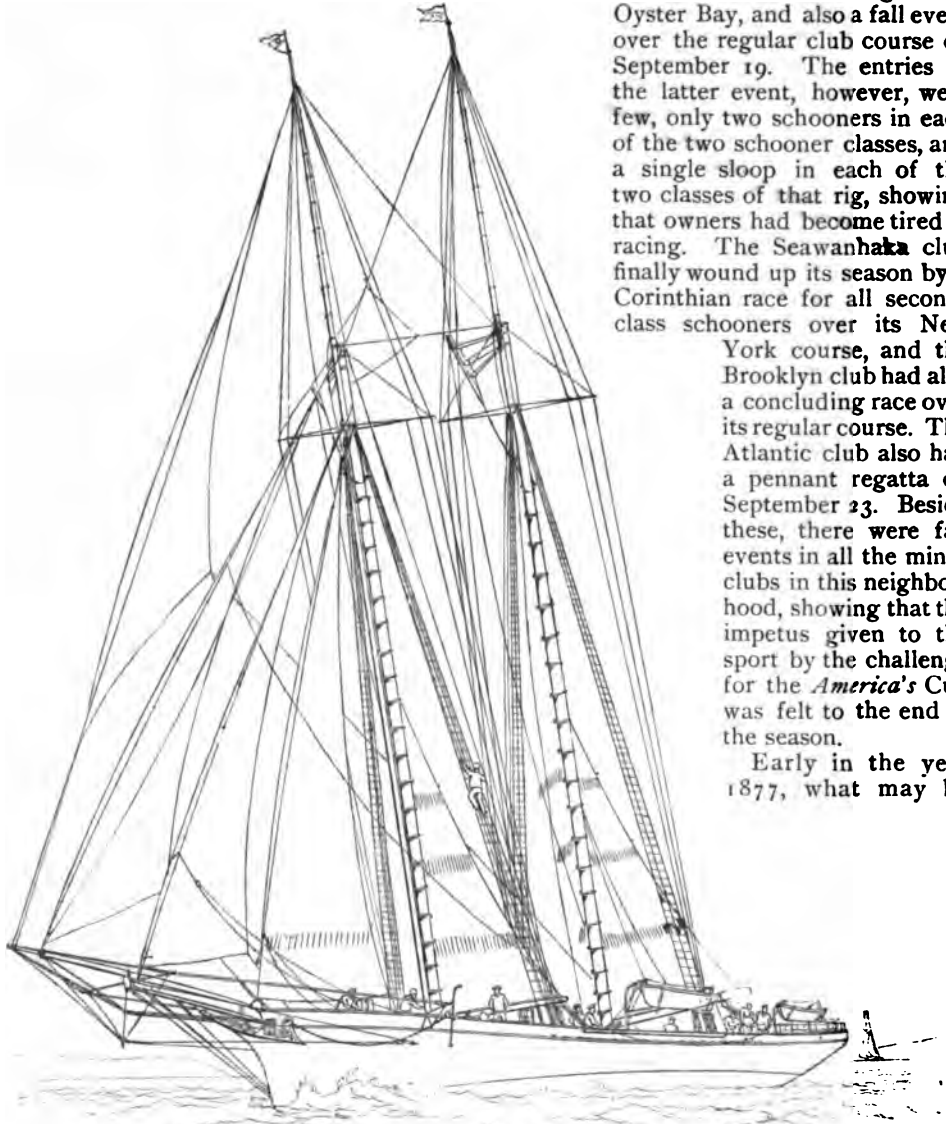
determined mainly by chance, that they have proven so distasteful to yacht owners.

This race concluded the racing of this remarkably active yachting year, but previous to this, on September 16, the Seawanhaka

club had a fine fall regatta at Oyster Bay, and also a fall event over the regular club course on September 19. The entries to the latter event, however, were few, only two schooners in each of the two schooner classes, and a single sloop in each of the two classes of that rig, showing that owners had become tired of racing. The Seawanhaka club finally wound up its season by a Corinthian race for all second-class schooners over its New

York course, and the Brooklyn club had also a concluding race over its regular course. The Atlantic club also had a pennant regatta on September 23. Beside these, there were fall events in all the minor clubs in this neighborhood, showing that the impetus given to the sport by the challenge for the *America's Cup* was felt to the end of the season.

Early in the year 1877, what may be



Fred. S. Cossens  
86

"GITANA." 1

*Idler* 3h. 10m. 3s. It was a fluky race, and the result did not correctly show the relative merits of the two yachts. It is because these long races have always been

called the second "cutter" ever built in this country, was begun by Mr. John Mumm, at the foot of Court street, Brooklyn, from a design by Mr. Robert Center.

<sup>1</sup> Schooner *Gitana*, owned by Wm. F. Weld, Jr., Philadelphia.



She was 40 feet on the water-line; 12 feet beam, and 6 feet 10 inches deep, and she had a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ton of lead outside. She was more like the British cutters in her model and rig than the *Petrel* had been, for her jib set flying, and the bowsprit was a sliding one. Later on, when what had been aptly called the "cutter craze" became virulent, there were writers who assumed all the credit of the introduction of yachts of this type into this country, but the fact is patent that Mr. Hyslop and Mr. Center were the first two gentlemen who brought practically to the notice of the American yachtsmen the British cutter, and claimed for it a superiority over the ordinary center-board sloop. The name of this keel-sloop or cutter was the *Volante*, and she proved a much greater success in the matter of speed than her designer ever believed possible, his only aim in her design being to produce something entirely safe for two young relatives to sail in.

I think it must be admitted that the Seawanhaka Yacht Club has done more to promote yacht racing than any other organization during the time of its existence. It has never aimed at being a social club, but always a racing one, and in March of this year it adopted its racing programme for the season, appropriating \$900 for a Corinthian race June 16, for first and second class schooners open to all clubs. An Ocean race for first and second class schooners, June 23, owners to steer, open to all clubs, appropriating \$585 for prizes; an annual regatta at Oyster Bay July 4, \$425 for prizes; a race for open boats at Oyster Bay, July 28, \$50 for each class; four races for open boats at Oyster Bay, the last four Saturdays in September, \$50 for each class, and a Ladies' day in September, at an expense of \$200. With the exception of the two last fixtures, all the races were sailed as arranged.

The Seawanhaka club also during this winter initiated a series of lectures on yacht designing etc., which have proved to be of immense benefit to its members, starting many of them on a quest for information in this direction, the result being apparent in a much better class of yachts in the succeeding decade.

The Brooklyn Yacht Club disposed of its house on Gravesend Bay this year, and took one more step backwards by not providing itself with another. I think it may safely be assumed that if a yacht club has no head-quarters and anchorage, it will drop astern of its sister organizations.

The New York club may perhaps be cited as an exception to this rule, but that club has not progressed as it should have done, since its house on Staten Island and its anchorage off Stapleton were given up, and, therefore, the rule holds good even in regard to that organization.

Meantime, yachting in the harbors of the New England States had been making great advances. The total number of American yacht clubs in 1877 was fifty-three, of which number twelve were in the New England States and mostly in Boston and its neighborhood. In and around New York City there were twenty-three. There were eight on the Lakes, and ten in Southern waters. In the aggregate membership were 772 owners.

Among the New England clubs, the Eastern was in 1877, as it is in 1886, the principal, and it then had twenty-nine schooners, twelve sloops and two steam yachts on its rolls, but it must be noted that of their schooners, all the large ones were New York rather than Eastern club yachts. For instance, there were among them the *Dauntless*, *Alarm*, *Columbia*, *Faustine*, *Enchantress* etc. It had an aggregate of 233 members, but as with the yachts, many of them owed their principal allegiance to the New York Yacht Club. It may be interesting to know that the commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club, in 1877, was Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes, who in 1886 owned the celebrated sloop yacht *Puritan*.

Next to the Eastern in importance, and its senior in age, was the Boston club with 258 members, who were all, or nearly all, Boston yacht club men. Its muster roll comprised seventy-eight yachts, of which fourteen were schooners, and sixty-one sloops, with three steamers.

The Dorchester club, like the Seawanhaka of New York, was from the first a racing organization. It had averaged six races each season since 1870, when it was first organized.

The South Boston club had about thirty yachts in 1877 and a membership of 150.

The Beverly club had ninety-six members and fifty-four yachts, mostly small, open cat-rigged affairs, handled almost invariably by their owners, and requiring more skill than any other class of yacht that can be named.

The East Boston club organized in 1874 had in 1877 twenty-five members.

The Portland club in 1877 had 140 members and twenty-five yachts.

The Bunker Hill club, organized in 1869, had in 1877 twenty-six yachts, nine of which were schooners, the largest of which, however, was but 39 feet 9 inches in length, and the smallest 18 feet.

The New Bedford club was organized in 1877, and as is well known to yachting men, has been one of the most prosperous in the country since that time.

The Lynn club, organized in 1870, with eleven yachts and sixteen members, had in 1877 thirty-seven yachts and 132 members.

The Haverhill club, organized in 1874, with about a dozen members and some half dozen yachts, had in three years grown to thirty members and thirteen yachts, two of which were steamers.

The Quincy club, also organized in 1874, had grown to be an active and flourishing organization in 1877, and has since that time gone ahead with a spinnaker breeze.

The above bare mention of the New England clubs, will show how the sport of yachting had broadened out. Each of these clubs had at least one, and some six and eight races during the season, and builders and sail-makers in Boston were kept busy for the whole year round.

1877, however, was a dull yachting year. It was the natural reaction from the animation and excitement of the centennial year which preceded it, and at its beginning, there were only three new yachts building in all the United States, if the open boats be excepted; and of these, there were much fewer than usual.

A feature of yachting in 1877 was the building of the double-hulled schooner yacht *Nereid*, for Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, at Staten Island, by Mr. "Lew" Towne. She came afterwards to be known as *Stokes' Folly*, but when first built, she frightened the owners of second class schooners so much that a special meeting of the New York Yacht Club was held, in order to take measures to bar her out of the races, and the movement came very near succeeding. The hulls were three feet wide and placed ten feet apart, she was schooner rigged, with masts 43 feet and topmast 20 feet, boom 28 feet and gaff 14 feet, the hulls were 5 feet deep and each had a 5 foot center-board. She was steered with one rudder hung between the two hulls; in one hull were accommodated the officers and crew, and in the other the owner and guests. Not having the Herreshoff ball and socket joints, and the connections between the hulls being rigid, she was an entire failure.

Mr. Charles A. Meigs, of Staten Island, was quite an enthusiast on the subject of double-hulled yachts, and he had one built this year at the foot of Court Street, Brooklyn. The hulls were 46 feet each, of 3 feet 6 inch beam. The connection between them was rigid, and of course the usual result, flat failure, followed. Any one looking at a Herreshoff catamaran as she bounds along, each hull having its own independent motion, will realize what the hulls of the boat rigidly connected desire to do and are unable; one of two things must surely happen, either there will be no speed or the connection will break, to permit the desired motion. In the case of Mr. Meigs' boat, she was built in the most flimsy manner, and went all to pieces.

I ought not to omit to mention, in a history of American yachting, that the sport of racing miniature yachts attained quite a prominence during the years 1876 and 1877, the principal head-quarters for this sport being the lake in Prospect Park. The lessons learned there have been apparent in many changes in model and rig adopted since. It would have been well if the sport had been encouraged, but after a year or two it fell into disuse.

The annual June regatta of the New York Yacht Club, this year, was memorable for the squall at the finish, which caught the schooners *Rambler* and *Wanderer*, with all sail set, and obliged them to let everything go by the run, the *Wanderer* forging over the line a winner, with her club top-sail flying far out to leeward like an immense flag of triumph, and her balloon main topmast staysail dragging under the lee counter. The *Rambler*, in a hardly less disheveled condition, was but one minute behind her. The scene is well portrayed in a picture by A. Cary Smith, a copy of which is to be seen in all collections of yachting pictures.

All the clubs had their annual events as usual, but for the most part they were tamer affairs than usual, and there was nothing especial to note about them. Perhaps the most noteworthy was the Corinthian match of the Seawanhaka club, which mustered two second-class schooners, two first-class sloops, and nine second-class sloops. There was a fresh breeze, and during a portion of the race, a hard rain, the amateurs doing their work with all the efficiency of professional seamen.

June 22, a novel accident occurred during a race between the catamarans *Amaryllis* and *John Gilpin*, both Herreshoff

boats, the former, the original one, introduced at the Centennial regatta the preceding year ; while going at a very rapid rate, the bows of the two hulls ran under, and her momentum was so great that she turned completely, end over end. Since that time, the hulls have been built with a rank sheer forward, in order to counteract this tendency to run under.

The cruise of the Brooklyn Yacht club this year was a miserable failure, only seven yachts putting in an appearance at the start, which was diminished to five at the close of the cruise, two schooners and three sloops.

The New York Yacht club, however, had a fine muster of yachts, and left Glen Cove, August 8, visiting New London, Greenport, Block Island, Vineyard Haven, New Bedford and Newport, disbanding there August 17.

A race for the Bennett Cape May Challenge Cup, and the last contest for this prize previous to its being captured by the British cutter *Genesta*, was sailed September 4 to 6 ; the starters having been the schooners *Idler*, *Rambler*, *Vesta* and *Dreadnought*. The *Idler* was the winner with the *Rambler* second. When the *Idler* was sold, the cup came back to the club, which

held it until 1885, not having been able to obtain any entries for it, although it was frequently offered and days set for the race. As an interesting incident of this year's yachting, I may mention the launch of Mr. William Astor's schooner *Ambassador*, the largest sailing yacht ever built in this country. She was built by Mr. David Carll, at City Island, and launched September 19, and is 148 feet long, 29 feet beam, 12 feet 3 inches deep, and 11 feet draught.

September 27, the Atlantic Yacht Club's fall regatta was sailed with three schooners and seven sloops as starters. Most of the time during the race the fog was extremely dense, and on the return off Sandy Hook, the committee's tug, *Cyclops*, ran into the Richmond steamer, *Isaac Bell*, damaging her seriously, so that she had to return to the city for repairs. I close the record of the year 1877, and this article, already too long, by recording that on November 9, the schooner yacht *Ariel*, a sister vessel to the *Clio*, started on a voyage to San Francisco, having been purchased by a gentleman there, and that she arrived there all right in due time, proving once more, if any proof was needed, that center-board yachts, even of the smallest size, can safely make an ocean voyage.

[To be continued.]

### "PROCUL, O PROCUL ESTE, PROFANI!"

O, WHEN all the air is perfumed with the breath of budding clover,  
And vibrant with the melody of notes that gayly chime,  
What wonder that the poet finds his full heart running over,  
As the seething of his fancy effervesces into rhyme !

Like the bobolink's cauzone soars aloft his tuneful measure,  
With the shimmer and the sparkle of the sunlight streaming through.  
Each syllable is instinct with the universal pleasure  
As his soul reflects creation, like the morning drop of dew.

Who would break the charm that holds him, who dispel the radiant vision,  
Send a jarring note of discord through his soul's harmonious strings ;  
Lose the rapturous strains of music, echoes of the songs elysian,  
That are wafted softly earthward when the poet finds his wings ?

*Ella W. Ricker.*

## AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS STEVENS,

[*Our Special Correspondent.*]

### XIII.

#### THROUGH ERZINGAN AND ERZEROU.

FOR mile after mile, on the following morning, my route leads through broad areas strewn with boulders, and masses of rock that appear to have been brought down from the adjacent mountains by the annual spring floods, caused by the melting winter's snows; scattering wheat fields are observed here and there on the higher patches of ground, which look like small yellow oases amid the desert-like area of loose rocks surrounding them. Squads of diminutive donkeys are seen picking their weary way through the boulders, toiling from the isolated fields to the village threshing floors, beneath small mountains of wheat



THE ARMENIAN EGG SPOON.

sheaves. Sometimes the donkeys themselves are invisible below the general level of the boulders, and nothing is to be seen but the head and shoulders of a man, persuading before him several animated heaps of straw. Small lakes of accumulated surface-water are passed in depressions having no outlet; thickets of reeds and bull-rushes are growing around the hedges, and the surface of some are fairly black with multitudes of wild ducks. Soon I reach an Armenian village; after satisfying the popular curiosity by riding around their threshing-floor, they bring me some excellent

wheat-bread, thick, oval cakes that are quite acceptable, compared with the wafer-like sheets of the past several days, and five boiled eggs. The people providing these will not accept any direct payment, no doubt thinking, my having provided them with the only real entertainment most of them ever saw, a fair equivalent for their breakfast; but it seems too much like robbing paupers to accept anything from these people, without returning at least a fair equivalent, so I give money to the children. These villagers seem utterly destitute of manners, standing around, and watching my efforts to eat soft-boiled eggs with a pocket-knife, with undisguised merriment. I inquire for a spoon, but they evidently prefer to extract amusement from watching my interesting attempts with the pocket-knife. One of them finally fetches a clumsy wooden ladle, three times broader than an egg, which, of course, is worse than nothing.

I now traverse a mountainous country with a remarkable clear atmosphere. The mountains are of a light cream-colored shaly composition; wherever a living stream of water is found, there also is a village with clusters of trees. From points where a comprehensive view is obtainable, the effect of these dark green spots, scattered here and there among the whitish hills, seen through the clear, rarefied atmosphere, is most beautiful. It seems a peculiar feature of everything in the East—not only the cities themselves, but even of the landscape—to look beautiful and enchanting at a distance; but upon a closer approach, all its beauty vanishes like an illusory dream. Spots that from a distance look, amid their barren, sun-blistered surroundings, like lovely bits of fairy-land, upon closer investigation degenerate into wretched habitations of a ragged, poverty-stricken people, having about them a few neglected orchards and vineyards, and a couple of dozen straggling willows and jujubes.

For many hours again to-day I am traversing many mountains, mountains, nothing but mountains; following tortuous camel-paths far up their giant slopes. Sometimes these

<sup>1</sup> OUTING for April, 1885, contained the first number of this series.

camel-paths are splendidly smooth, and make most excellent riding. At one place particularly, where they wind horizontally around the mountain-side, hundreds of feet above a village immediately below, it is as though the villagers were in the pit of

three hundred yards; when they return and discover the coin they will wish some cyclist would happen along and frighten them away on similar conditions every day. Later in the afternoon I find myself wandering along the wrong trail; not a very unnatural occurrence hereabouts, for since leaving the valley of the Geomeli Chai, it has been difficult to distinguish the Erzingan trail from the numerous other trails intersecting the country in every direction. On such a journey as this one seems to acquire a certain amount of instinct concerning roads, certain it is, that



THE PERSIAN IDEA OF BUTTER.



a vast amphitheatre, and myself were wheeling around a semi-circular platform, five hundred feet above them, but in plain view of them all. I can hear the wonder-struck villagers calling each other's attention to the strange apparition, and can observe them swarming upon the housetops. What wonderful stories the inhabitants of this particular village will have to recount to their neighbors, of this marvelous sight, concerning which their own unaided minds can give no explanation!

Noontide comes and goes without bringing me any dinner, when I emerge upon a small, cultivated plateau, and descry a coterie of industrious females reaping together in a field near by, and straightway turn my footsteps thitherward with a view of ascertaining whether they happen to have any eatables. No sooner do they observe me trundling towards them than they ingloriously flee the field, thoughtlessly leaving bag and baggage to the tender mercies of a ruthless invader. Among their effects I find some bread and a cucumber, which I forthwith confiscate, leaving a two-and-half *piastre métallique* piece in its stead; the affrighted women are watching me from the safe distance of

I never traverse a wrong trail any distance these days ere, without any tangible evidence whatever, I feel instinctively that I am going astray. A party of camel-drivers direct me towards the lost Erzingan trail, and in an hour I am following a tributary of the ancient Lycus River, along a valley where everything looks marvelously green and refreshing; it is as though I have been suddenly transferred into an entirely different country.

This innovation from barren rocks and sun-baked shale, to a valley where the principal crops seem to be alfalfa and clover, and which is flanked on the south by dense forests of pine, encroaching downward from the mountain slopes clear on to the level greensward, is rather an agreeable surprise; the secret of the magic change does not remain a secret long; it reveals itself in the shape of sundry broad snow-patches still lingering on the summits of a higher mountain range beyond. These pine forests, the pleasant greensward, and the lingering snow-banks, tell an oft-repeated tale; they speak eloquently of forests preserved and the winter snow-fall

thereby increased ; they speak all the more eloquently because of being surrounded by barren parched-up hills which, under like conditions, might produce similar happy results, but which now produce nothing. Whilst traversing this smiling valley, I meet a man asleep on a buffalo *araba* ; an irrigating ditch runs parallel with the road and immediately alongside ; the meek-eyed buffaloes swerve into the ditch in deference to their awe of the bicycle, and upset their drowsy driver into the water ; the man evidently stands in need of a bath, but somehow he don't seem to appreciate it ; perhaps it happened a trifle too *impromptu*, as it were, to suit his easy-going Asiatic temperament ; he returns my rude, unsympathetic smile with a prolonged stare of bewilderment, but says nothing.

Soon I meet a boy riding on a donkey, and ask him the *postaya* distance to Erzingan ; the youth looks frightened half out

*route* to Erzingan with donkey-loads of grain, and ask them the same question. From them I learn that instead of one, it is not less than twelve hours distant, also that the trail leads over a fearfully mountainous country. Nestling at the base of the mountains, a short distance to the northward, is the large village of Merriserriff, and not caring to tempt the fates into giving me another supperless night in a cold cheerless cave, I wend my way thither. Fortune throws me into the society of an Armenian whose chief anxiety seems to be first, that I shall thoroughly understand that he is an Armenian, and not a Mussulman ; and secondly, to hasten me into the presence of the Mudir, who *is* a Mussulman, and a Turkish Bey, in order that he may bring himself into the Mudir's favorable notice, by personally introducing me as a rare novelty on to his (the Mudir's) threshing-floor. The official and a few



I PRODUCED THE SMITH & WESSON.

of his senses, but manages to retain sufficient presence of mind to elevate one finger, by which I understand him to mean that it is one hour, or about four miles. Accordingly I pedal perseveringly ahead, hoping to reach the city before dusk, at the same time feeling rather surprised at finding it so near, as I haven't been expecting to reach there before to-morrow. Five miles beyond where I met the boy, and just after sundown, I overtake some *katir-jees en*

friends are sipping coffee in one corner of the threshing-floor, and, although I don't much relish my position of the Armenian's puppet-show, I give the Mudir an exhibition of the bicycle's use, in the expectation that he will invite me to remain his guest over night. He proves uncourteous, however, not even inviting me to partake of coffee ; evidently, he has become so thoroughly accustomed to the abject servility of the Armenians about him—who would

never think of expecting reciprocating courtesies from a social superior — that he has unconsciously come to regard everybody else — save those whom he knows as his official superiors — as tarred, more or less, with the same feather. In consequence of this belief, I am not a little gratified, when, upon the point of leaving the

acknowledge it, though ; consequently, his friends miss, perhaps, the only opportunity in their uneventful lives of seeing a bicycle ridden.

Owing to my ignorance of the vernacular, I am compelled to drift more or less with the tide of circumstances about me, upon entering one of these villages, for



THE PASHA'S CHESS IS INTERRUPTED.

threshing-floor, an occasion offers of teaching him different. Other friends of the Mudir's appear upon the scene just as I am leaving, and he beckons me to come back and *bin* for the enlightenment of the new arrivals. The Armenians' countenances fairly beam with importance at thus being, as it were, *encored*, and the collected villagers murmur their approval ; but I answer the Mudir's beckoned invitation by a negative wave of the hand, signifying that I can't bother with him any further. The common herd around regard this self-assertive reply with open-mouthed astonishment, as though quite too incredible for belief ; it seems to them an act of almost criminal discourtesy, and those immediately about me seem almost inclined to take me back to the threshing-floor like a culprit. But the Mudir himself is not such a blockhead but that he realizes the mistake he has made. He is too proud to

accommodation, and make the best of whatever capricious chance provides. My Armenian "manager" now delivers me into the hands of one of his compatriots, from whom I obtain supper and a quilt, sleeping, from a not over extensive choice, on some straw, beneath the broad eaves of a log granary adjoining the house.

I am for once quite mistaken in making an early, breakfastless start, for it proves to be eighteen weary miles over a rocky mountain pass before another human habitation is reached, a region of jagged rocks, deep gorges, and scattered pines. Fortunately, however, I am not destined to travel the whole eighteen miles in a breakfastless condition — not quite a breakfastless condition. Perhaps half the distance is traversed, when, whilst trundling up the ascent, I meet a party of horsemen, a turbaned old Turk, with an escort of three *sapchiehs*, and another traveler who is keeping

pace with them for company and safety. The old Turk asks me to *bin bacalem*, supplementing the request by calling my attention to his turban, a gorgeously spangled affair, that would seem to indicate the wearer to be a personage of some importance ; I observe, also, that the butt of his



A WELL MERITED CHASTISEMENT.

revolver is of pearl inlaid with gold, another indication of either rank or opulence. Having turned about and granted his request, I in turn call his attention to the fact that mountain-climbing on an empty stomach is anything but satisfactory or agreeable, and give him a broad hint by inquiring how far it is before *ekmek* is obtainable. For reply, he orders a *saptieh* to produce a wheaten cake from his saddle-bags, and the other traveler voluntarily contributes three apples, which he ferrets out from the ample folds of his waist-scarf, and off this I make a breakfast. Towards noon, the highest elevation of the pass is reached, and I commence the descent towards the Erzingan Valley, following for a number of miles the course of a tributary of the western fork of the Euphrates, known amongst the natives in a general sense as the "Frat," this particular branch is locally termed the Kara Su, or black water. The stream and my road lead down a rocky defile between towering hills of rock and slaty formation, whose precipitous slopes vegetable nature seems to shun, and everything looks black and desolate as though some blighting curse had fallen upon the place. Up this same rocky passage-way, eight summers ago, swarmed thousands of wretched refugees from the seat of war in Eastern Armenia ; small oblong mounds of loose rocks and boulders are frequently observed all down

the ravine, mournful reminders of one of the most heart-rending phases of the Armenian campaign ; green lizards are scuttling about among the rude graves, making their habitations in the oblong mounds. About two o'clock I arrive at a road-side *khan*, where an ancient Osmanli dispenses feeds of grain for travelers' animals, and brews coffee for the travelers themselves ; besides furnishing them with whatever he happens to possess in the way of eatables, to such as are unfortunately obliged to patronize his cuisine or go without anything ; among this latter class belongs, unhappily, my hungry self. Upon inquiring for refreshments, the *khan-jee* conducts me to a rear apartment and exhibits for my inspection the contents of two jars, one containing the native idea of butter, and the other the native conception of a soft variety of cheese ; what difference is discoverable between these two kindred products is chiefly a difference in the degree of rancidity and odoriferousness, in which respect the cheese plainly carries off the honors ; in fact these venerable and esteemable qualities of the cheese are so remarkably developed, that after one cautious peep into its receptacle, I forbear to investigate their comparative excellencies any further ; but obtaining some bread and a portion of the comparatively mild and inoffensive butter, I proceed to make the best of circumstances. The old *khan-jee* proves himself a thoughtful, considerate landlord ; for, as I eat, he busies himself picking the most glaringly conspicuous hairs out of my butter with the point of his dagger. One is usually somewhat squeamish regarding hirsute butter, but all such little refinements of civilized life as hairless butter or strained milk have to be winked at to a greater or less extent in Asiatic traveling, especially when depending solely on what happens to turn up from one meal to another.

The narrow, lonely defile continues for some miles eastward from the *khan*, and ere I emerge from it altogether I encounter a couple of ill-starred natives, who venture upon an effort to intimidate me into yielding up my purse. A certain Mahmoud Ahley and his band of enterprising free-booters have been terrorizing the villagers and committing highway robberies, of late, around the country ; but from the general appearance of these two, as they approach, I take them to be merely villagers returning home from Erzingan afoot. They are armed with Circassian guardless swords and flint-lock horse-pistols ;



upon meeting they address some question to me in Turkish, to which I make my customary reply of *Turkchi binmus*; one of them then demands *para* (money) in a manner that leaves something of a doubt whether he means it for begging, or is ordering me to deliver. In order to the better discover their intentions, I pretend not to understand; whereupon the spokesman reveals their meaning plain enough by reiterating the demand in a tone meant to be intimidating, and half unsheaths his sword in a significant manner. Intuitively the precise situation of affairs seems to reveal itself in a moment; they are but ordinarily inoffensive villagers returning from Erzingan, where they have sold and squandered even the donkeys they rode to town; meeting me alone, and, as they think in the absence of outward evidence that I am unarmed, they have become possessed of the idea of retrieving their fortunes by intimidating me out of money. Never were men more astonished and taken aback at finding me armed; and they both turned pale and fairly shivered with fright as I produced the Smith & Wesson from its inconspicuous position at my hip, and held it on a level with the bold spokesman's head; they both look as if they expected their last hour had arrived and both seem incapable either of utterance or of running away; in fact, their embarrassment is so ridiculous that it provokes a smile, and it is with anything but a threatening or angry voice that I bid them *haidy*! The bold highwaymen seem only too thankful of a chance to "*haidy*," and they look quite confused, and I fancy even ashamed of themselves, as they betake themselves off up the ravine. I am quite as thankful as themselves at getting off without the necessity of using my revolver, for had I killed or badly wounded one of them it would probably have caused no end of trouble or vexatious delay, especially in case they prove to be what I take them for, instead of

professional robbers; moreover, I might not have gotten off unscathed myself, for whilst their ancient flint-locks were in all probability not even loaded, being worn more for appearances by the natives, than anything else, these fellows sometimes do desperate work with their ugly and ever-handly swords when cornered up, in proof of which we have the late dastardly assault on the British Consul at Erzeroum, of which we shall doubtless hear the particulars upon reaching that city. Before long the ravine terminates, and I emerge upon the broad and smiling Erzingan Valley; at the lower extremity of the ravine, the stream has cut its channel through an immense depth of conglomerate formation, a hundred feet of boulders and pebbles cemented together by integrant particles which appear to have been washed down from the mountains—probably during the subsidence of the deluge; for even if that great catastrophe were a comparatively local occurrence, instead of a universal flood, as some profess to believe, we are now gradually creeping up towards Ararat, so that this particular region was undoubtedly submerged. What appear to be petrified



AN UNPROVOKED ATTACK.

chunks of wood are interspersed through the mass; there is nothing new under the sun, they say, peradventure these may be sticks of cooking-stove wood indignantly cast out of the kitchen window of the ark by Mrs. Noah, because the absent-minded patriarch habitually persisted in cutting them three inches too long for the stove; who knows? I now wheel along a smooth level road leading through several

orchard-environed villages; general cultivation and an atmosphere of peace and plenty seems to pervade the valley, which, with its scattering villages amid the foliage of their orchards, looks most charming upon emerging from the gloomy environments of the rock-ribbed and verdureless ravine; a fitting background is presented on the south by a mountain chain of considerable elevation,



upon the highest peaks of which still linger tardy patches of snow.

avenue is alive with officers and soldiers going and returning between Erzingan and the camp. The astonishment of the valiant warriors of Islam, as I wheel briskly down the thronged avenue can be better imagined than described; the soldiers whom I pass, immediately commence yelling at their comrades ahead to call their attention whilst epauletted officers forget for the moment their military dignity and reserve, as they turn their affrighted chargers around and gaze after me stupefied with astonishment; perhaps they are wondering whether I am not some supernatural being connected in some way with the celebration of

the Sultan's birthday—a winged messenger, perhaps, from the Prophet.

Upon reaching the city, I repair at once to the large custom house caravansary, and

Since the occupation of Kars by the Russians, the military mantle of that important fortress has fallen upon Erzeroum and Erzingan;

the booming of cannon fired in honor of the Sultan's birthday is awakening the echoes of the rock-ribbed mountains as I wheel eastward down the valley, and within about three miles of the city I pass the head-quarters of the garrison; long rows of hundreds of white field-tents are ranged about the position on the level greensward; the place presents an animated scene with the soldiers, some in the ordinary blue, trimmed with red, others in cool white uniforms especially provided for the summer, but which they are not unlikely to be found also wearing in winter, owing to the ruinous state of the Ottoman exchequer, and one and all wearing the picturesque but uncomfortable fez; cannons are booming, drums beating, and bugles playing. From the military headquarters to the city is a splendid broad macadam, converted into a magnificent avenue by rows of trees; it is a general holiday with the military, and the



BROKEN SLUMBERS.

engage a room for the night; the proprietor of the rooms seems a sensible fellow, with

nothing of the inordinate inquisitiveness of the average native about him, and instead of throwing the weight of his influence and his persuasive powers on the side of the importuning crowd, he authoritatively bids them *haidy!* locks the bicycle in my room and gives me the key. The Erzingan caravansary—and all these caravansaries are essentially similar—is a square court-yard surrounded by the four sides of a two-storied brick building; the ground floor is occupied by the offices of the importers of foreign goods and the custom house authorities; the upper floor

is divided into small rooms for the accommodation of travelers and caravan men arriving with goods from Trebizond. Sallying forth in search of supper, I am taken in tow by a couple of Armenians, who volunteer the welcome information that there is an "*Americanish hakim*" in the city; this intelligence is an agreeable surprise, for Erzeroum is the nearest place in which I have been expecting to find an English-



AN UNWELCOME OFFER OF PROTECTION.

speaking person. Whilst searching about for the *hakim*, we pass near the *zaptieh* head-quarters; the officers are enjoying their *narghalis* in the cool evening air outside the building, and seeing an Englishman, beckon us over. They desire to examine my *teskeri*, the first occasion on which it has been officially demanded since landing at Ismidt, although I have voluntarily produced it on previous occasions, and at Sivas, requested the Vali to attach his seal and signature; this is owing to the proximity of Erzincan to the Russian frontier, and the suspicions that any stranger may be a subject of the czar, visiting the military centers for sinister reasons. They send an officer with me to hunt up the resident Pasha; that worthy and enlightened personage is found busily engaged in playing a game of chess with a military officer, and barely takes the trouble to glance at the proffered passport:—"It is *visé* by the Sivas Vali," he says, and lackadaisically waves us adieu. Upon returning to the *zaptieh* station, a quiet unassuming American comes forward and introduces himself as Dr. Van Nordan, a physician formerly connected with the Persian mission. The Doctor is a spare-built and not over robust man, and would perhaps be considered by most people as a trifle eccentric; instead of being connected with any missionary organization, he nowadays wanders hither and thither, acquiring knowledge and seeking whom he can persuade from the error of their ways, meanwhile supporting himself by the practice of his profession.

Among other interesting things spoken of, he tells me something of his recent journey to Khiva (the Doctor pronounces it "Heevah"); he was surprised, he says, at finding the Khivans a mild-mannered and harmless sort of people, amongst whom the carrying of weapons is as much the exception as it is the rule in Asiatic Turkey. Doubtless the fact of Khiva being under the Russian Government has something to do with the latter otherwise unaccountable fact.

After supper we sit down on a newly-arrived bale of Manchester calico in the caravansary court, cross one knee and whittle chips like Michigan grangers at a cross-roads post-office, and spend two hours conversing on different topics. The good Doctor's mind wanders as naturally into serious channels as water gravitates to its level; when I inquire if he has heard anything of the whereabouts of Mahmoud Ahley and his gang lately, the pious Doctor replies chiefly by hinting what a glorious thing it is to feel prepared to yield up the ghost at any moment; and when I recount something of my experiences on the journey, instead of giving me credit for pluck, like other people, he merely inquires if I don't recognize the protecting hand of providence; native modesty prevents me telling the Doctor of my valuable missionary work at Sivas. After the Doctor's departure I wander forth into the bazar to see what it looks like after dark; many of the stalls are closed for the day, the principal places remaining open being *kahway-khans* and Armenian wine shops, and before

these petroleum lamps are kept burning ; the remainder of the bazar is in darkness. I have not strolled about many minutes before I am corraled as usual by Armenians ; they straightway send off for a youthful compatriot of theirs, who has been to the missionary's school at Kaizareah and can speak a smattering of English. After the usual programme of questions, they suggest :—"Being an Englishman, you are of course a Christian," by which they mean that I am not a Mussulman. "Certainly," I reply ; whereupon they lug me into one of their wine shops and tender me a glass of *raki* (a corruption of "arrack ;" raw, fiery spirits of the kind known among the English soldiers in India, by the suggestive pseudonym of "fixed bayonets.") Smelling of the *raki*, I make a wry face and shove it away ; they look surprised and order the waiter to bring cognac ; to save the waiter the trouble, I make another wry face, indicative of disapproval, and suggest that he bring *vishner-su*.

"*Vishner-su ! ?*" two or three of them sing out in a chorus of blank amazement ; "*Ingilis ? Christi-an ? vishner-su ! ?*" they exclaim, as though such a preposterous and unaccountable thing as a Christian partaking of a non-intoxicating beverage like *vishner-su* is altogether beyond their comprehension. The youth who has been to the Kaizareah school, then explains to the others that the American missionaries never indulge in intoxicating beverages ; this seems to clear away the clouds of their mystification to some extent, and they order *vishner-su*, eyeing me critically, however, as I taste it, as though expecting to observe me make yet another wry countenance and acknowledge that in refusing the fiery, throat-blistering *raki* I had made a mistake. Nothing in the way of bedding or furniture is provided in the caravansary rooms, but the proprietor obtains me plenty of quilts, and I pass a reasonably comfortable night. In the morning I obtain breakfast and manage to escape from town without attracting a crowd of more than a couple of hundred people ; a remarkable occurrence in its way, since Erzingan contains a population of about 20,000. The road eastward from Erzingan is level, but heavy with dust, leading through a low portion of the valley that earlier in the season is swampy, and gives the city an unenviable reputation for malarial fevers. To prevent the travelers drinking the unwholesome water in this part of the valley, some benevolent Mussulman or public-spirited Pasha has

erected at intervals by the roadside, compact mud huts, and placed therein huge earthenware vessels, holding perhaps fifty gallons each ; these are kept supplied with pure spring water and a wooden drinking-scoop provided. Fourteen miles from Erzingan, at the entrance to a ravine from whence flows the boisterous stream that supplies a goodly proportion of the irrigating water for the valley, is situated a military out-post station. My road runs within two hundred yards of the building, and the officers, seeing me evidently intending to pass without stopping, motion for me to halt. I know well enough they want to examine my passport, and also to satisfy their curiosity concerning the bicycle, but determine upon spurting ahead and escaping their bother altogether. This movement at once arouses the official suspicion as to my being in the country without proper authority, and causes them to attach some mysterious significance to my strange vehicle, and several soldiers forthwith receive racing orders to intercept me. Unfortunately, my spurting receives a prompt check at the stream, which is not bridged, and here the doughty warriors intercept my progress, taking me into custody with broad grins of satisfaction, as though pretty certain of having made an important capture. Since there is no escaping, I conclude to have a little quiet amusement out of the affair, anyway, so I refuse point blank to accompany my captors to their officer, knowing full well that any show of reluctance will have the very natural effect of arousing their suspicions still further. The bland and childlike soldiers of the crescent receive this show of obstinacy quite complacently, their swarthy countenances wreathed in knowing smiles ; but they make no attempt at compulsion, satisfying themselves with addressing me deferentially as "Effendi," and trying to coax me to accompany them. Seeing that there is some difficulty about bringing me, the two officers come down, and I at once affect righteous indignation of a mild order, and desire to know what they mean by arresting my progress. They demand my *teskeri* in a manner that plainly shows their doubts of my having one. The *teskeri* is produced. One of the officers then whispers something to the other, and they both glance knowingly mysterious at the bicycle, apologize for having detained me, and want to shake hands. Having read the passport, and satisfied themselves of my nationality, they attach some deep, mysterious

significance to my journey in this incomprehensible manner up in this particular quarter ; but they no longer wish to offer any impediment to my progress, but rather to render me assistance. Poor fellows ! how suspicious they are of their great overgrown neighbor to the north. What good-humored fellows these Turkish soldiers are ! what simple-hearted, overgrown children ! what a pity that they are the victims of a criminally incompetent government that neither pays, feeds, nor clothes them a quarter so well as they deserve ! In the fearful winters of Erzeroum, they have been known to have no clothing to wear but the linen suits provided for the hot weather. Their pay, insignificant though it be, is as uncertain as gambling ; but they never raise a murmur. Being by nature and religion fatalists, they cheerfully accept these undeserved hardships as the will of Allah.

To-day is the hottest I have experienced in Asia Minor, and soon after leaving the out-post, I once more encounter the everlasting mountains, following now the Trebizond and Erzingan caravan trail. Once again I get benighted in the mountains, and push ahead for some time after dark. I am beginning to think of camping out supperless again, when I hear the creaking of a buffalo *araba* some distance ahead. Soon I overtake it, and, following it for half a mile off the trail, I find myself before an inclosure of several acres, surrounded by a high stone wall with quite imposing gateways. It is the walled village of Houssenbegkhan, one of those places built especially for the accommodation of the Trebizond caravans in the winter. I am conducted into a large apartment, which appears to be set apart for the hospitable accommodation of travelers. The apartment is found already occupied by three travelers, who, from their outward appearance, might well be taken for cut-throats of the worst description. And the villagers swarming in, I am soon surrounded by the usual ragged, flea-bitten congregation. There are various arms and warlike accoutrements hanging on the wall, enough of one kind or other to arm a small company. They all belong to the three travelers, however ; my modest little revolver seems really nothing compared with the warlike display of swords, daggers, pistols and guns hanging around ; the place looks like a small armory. The first question is — as is usual of late — “ Russ or Ingilis ? ” Some of the

younger and less experienced men essay to doubt my word, and on their own supposition that I am a Russian, begin to take unwarrantable liberties with my person ; one of them steals up behind and commences playing a tattoo on my helmet with two sticks of wood, by way of bravado, and showing his contempt for a subject of the czar. Turning round, I take one of the sticks away and chastise him with it until he howls for Allah to protect him, and then, without attempting any sort of explanation to the others, resume my seat ; one of the travelers then solemnly places his forefingers together and announces himself as *kardash* (my brother), at the same time pointing significantly to his choice assortment of ancient weapons. I shake hands with him and remind him that I am somewhat hungry ; whereupon he orders a villager to forthwith contribute six eggs, another butter to fry them in, and a third bread ; a *tezek* fire is already burning, and with his own hands he fries the eggs, and makes my ragged audience stand at a respectful distance whilst I eat ; if I were to ask him, he would probably clear the room of them *instantly*. About ten o'clock my *impromptu* friend and his companion order their horses, and buckle their arms and accoutrements about them to depart ; our “brother” stands before me and loads up his flint-lock rifle ; it is a fearful and wonderful process ; it takes him at least two minutes ; he don't seem to know on which particular part of his wonderful paraphernalia to find the slugs, the powder or the patching, and he finishes by tearing a piece of rag off a bystanding villager to place over the powder in the pan. Whilst he is doing all this, and especially when ramming home the bullet, he looks at me as though expecting me to come and pat him approvingly on the shoulder.

When they are gone, the third traveler, who is going to remain over night, edges up beside me, and pointing to his own imposing armory, likewise announces himself as my brother ; thus do I unexpectedly acquire two brothers within the brief space of an evening.

The villagers scatter to their respective quarters ; quilts are provided for me, and a ghostly light is maintained by means of a cup of grease and a twisted rag. In one corner of the room is a paunchy youngster of ten or twelve summers, whom I noticed during the evening as being without a single garment to cover his nakedness ; he has partly inserted himself into a large, coarse,

nose-bag, and lies curled up in that ridiculous position, probably imagining himself in quite comfortable quarters. "Oh, wretched youth!" I mentally exclaim, "what will you do when that nose-bag has petered out?" and soon afterwards I fall asleep, in happy consciousness of perfect security beneath the protecting shadow of brother number two and his formidable armament of ancient weapons.

Ten miles of good rideable road from Houssenbegkhan, and I again descend into the valley of the west fork of the Euphrates, crossing the river on an ancient stone bridge; I left Houssenbegkhan without breakfasting, preferring to make my customary early start and trust to luck. I am beginning to doubt the propriety of having done so, and find myself casting involuntary glances towards a Koordish camp that is visible some miles to the north of my route, when upon rounding a mountain spur jutting out into the valley, I descry the minaret of Mamakhatoun in the distance ahead. A minaret hereabouts is a sure indication of a town of sufficient importance to support a public eating-*khan*, where, if not a very elegant, at least a substantial meal is to be obtained. I obtain an acceptable breakfast of *kabobs* and boiled sheeps' trotters; killing two birds with one stone by satisfying my own appetite and at the same time giving a first-class entertainment to a *khan* full of wondering-eyed people, by eating with the *khan-jee's* carving knife and fork in preference to my fingers. Here, as at Houssenbegkhan, there is a splendid large caravansary; here it is built chiefly of hewn stone, and almost massive enough for a fortress; this is a mountainous, elevated region, where the winters are stormy and severe, and these commodious and substantial retreats are absolutely necessary for the safety of Erzingan and Trebizond caravans during the winter.

The country now continues hilly rather than mountainous. The road is generally too heavy with sand and dust, churned up by the Erzingan mule caravans, to admit of riding wherever the grade is unfavorable; but much good wheeling surface is encountered on long, gentle declivities and comparatively level stretches. During the forenoon I meet a company of three splendidly armed and mounted Circassians; they remain speechless with astonishment until I have passed beyond their hearing; they then conclude among themselves that I am something needing investigation; they come galloping after me, and having

caught up, their spokesman gravely delivers himself of the solitary monosyllable, "Russ?" "Ingilis," I reply, and they resume the even tenor of their way without questioning me further. Later in the day the hilly country develops into a mountainous region, where the trail intersects numerous deep ravines, whose sides are all but perpendicular. Between the ravines the riding is oftentimes quite excellent, the composition being soft shale, that packs down hard and smooth beneath the animals' feet. Deliciously cool streams flow at the bottom of these ravines. At one crossing I find an old man washing his feet, and mournfully surveying sundry holes in the bottom of his sandals; the day is hot, and I likewise halt a few minutes to cool my pedal extremities in the crystal water. With that child-like simplicity I have so often mentioned, and which is nowhere encountered as in the Asiatic Turk, the old fellow blandly asks me to exchange my comparatively sound moccasins for his worn-out sandals, at the same time ruefully pointing out the dilapidated condition of the latter, and looking as dejected as though it were the only pair of sandals in the world. This afternoon I am passing along the same road where Mahmoud Ahley's gang robbed a large party of Armenian harvesters, who had been south to help harvest the wheat, and were returning home in a body with the wages earned during the summer. This happened but a few days ago, and notwithstanding the well-known saying that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, one is scarcely so unimpressible as not to find himself involuntarily scanning his surroundings, half expecting to be attacked. Nothing startling turns up, however, and at five o'clock I come to a village which is enveloped in clouds of wheat chaff; being a breezy evening, winnowing is going briskly forward on several threshing-floors. After duly *binning*, I am taken under the protecting wing of a prominent villager, who is walking about with his hand in a sling, the reason whereof is a crushed finger; he is a sensible, intelligent fellow, and accepts my reply that I am not a crushed-finger *hakim* with all reasonableness; he provides a substantial supper of bread and *yaort*, and then installs me in a small windowless, unventilated apartment adjoining the buffalo stall, provides me with quilts, lights a primitive grease lamp, and retires. During the evening the entire female population visit my dimly-lighted

quarters to satisfy their feminine curiosity by taking a timid peep at their neighbor's strange guest and his wonderful *araba*. They imagine I am asleep, and come on tip-toe part way across the room, craning their necks to obtain a view in the semi-darkness.

An hour's journey from this village brings me yet again into the West Euphrates Valley. Just where I enter the valley the river spreads itself over a wide stony bed, coursing along in the form of several comparatively small streams. There is, of course, no bridge here, and in the chilly, almost frosty morning, I have to disrobe and carry clothes and bicycle across the several channels. Once across, I find myself on the great Trebizond and Persian caravan route, and in a few minutes am partaking of breakfast at a village thirty-five miles from Erzeroum, where I learn with no little satisfaction that my course follows along the Euphrates Valley, with an artificial wagon-road, the whole distance to the city. Not far from the village the Euphrates is recrossed on a new stone bridge. Just beyond the bridge is the camp of a road-engineer's party, who are putting the finishing touches to the bridge. A person issues from one of the tents as I approach, and begins chattering away at me in French. The face and voice indicates a female, but the costume consists of jack-boots, tight-fitting broadcloth pantaloons, an ordinary pilot-jacket and a fez. Notwithstanding the masculine apparel, however, it turns out not only to be a woman, but a Parisienne, the better half of the Erzeroum road engineer, a Frenchman, who now appears upon the scene. They are both astonished and delighted at seeing a "velocipede," a reminder of their own far-off France, on the Persian caravan trail, and they urge me to remain and partake of coffee. I now encounter the first really great camel caravans, *en route* to Persia with tea and sugar, and general European merchandise; they are all camped for the day alongside the road, and the camels scattered about the neighboring hills in search of giant thistles and other outlandish vegetation, for which the patient ship of the desert entertains a partiality. Camel caravans travel entirely at night during the summer; contrary to what I believe is a common belief in the Occident, they can endure any amount of cold weather, but are comparatively distressed by the heat; still, this may not characterize all breeds of

camels any more than the different breeds of other domesticated animals. During the summer, when the camels are required to find their own sustenance along the road, a large caravan travels but a wretched eight miles a day, the remainder of the time being occupied in filling his capacious thistle and camel-thorn receptacle; this comes of the scarcity of good grazing along the route, compared with the number of camels, and the consequent necessity of wandering far and wide in search of pasturage, rather than because of the camel's absorptive capacity, for he is a comparatively abstemious animal. In the winter they are fed on balls of barley flour, called *nawalla*; on this they keep fat and strong, and travel three times the distance. The average load of a full-grown camel is about 700 pounds.

Before reaching Erzeroum I have a narrow escape from what might have proved a serious accident. I meet a buffalo *araba*, carrying a long projecting stick of timber; the sleepy buffaloes pay no heed to the bicycle until I arrive opposite their heads, when they give a sudden lurch sidewise, swinging the stick of timber across my path; fortunately the road happens to be of good width, and by a very quick swerve I avoid a collision; but the tail end of the timber just brushes the rear wheel as I wheel past. Soon after noon I roll into Erzeroum, or rather, up to the Trebizond gate, and dismount. Erzeroum is a fortified city of considerable importance, both from a commercial and a military point of view; it is surrounded by earthwork fortifications, from the parapets of which large siege guns frown forth upon the surrounding country; and forts are erected in several commanding positions round about, like watch-dogs stationed outside to guard the city. Patches of snow linger on the Palantokan Mountains, a few miles to the south; the Deve Boyun Hills, a spur of the greater Palantokans, look down on the city from the east; the broad valley of the West Euphrates stretches away westward and northward, terminating at the north in another mountain range. Repairing to the English consulate, I am gratified at finding several letters and copies of *OUTING* awaiting me; and furthermore by the cordial hospitality extended by Yusuph Effendi, an Assyrian gentleman, the *chargé d'affaires* of the consulate for the time being, Colonel E ———, the consul, having left recently for Trebizond and England, in consequence of numerous sword-wounds



received at the hands of a desperado who invaded the consulate for plunder at midnight; the colonel was a general favorite in Erzeroum, and is being tenderly carried (Thursday, September 3-'85) to Trebizond on a stretcher by relays of willing natives, no less than forty accompanying him on the road. Yusuph Effendi tells me the story of the whole lamentable affair, pausing at intervals to heap imprecations on the head of the malefactor, and to bestow eulogies on the wounded consul's character.

It seems that the door-keeper of the consulate, a native of a neighboring Armenian village, was awakened at midnight by an acquaintance from the same village, who begged to be allowed to share his quarters till morning. No sooner had the servant admitted him to his room than he attacked him with his sword, intending—as it afterwards leaked out—to murder the whole family, rob the house and escape. The servant's cries for assistance awakened Colonel E——, who came to his rescue without taking the trouble to provide himself with a weapon. The man, infuriated at the detection, and the prospect of being captured and brought to justice, turned savagely on the consul, inflicting several severe wounds on the head, hands and face. The consul closed with him and threw him down, and called for his wife to bring his revolver. The wretch now begged so piteously for his life, and made such specious promises that the consul magnanimously let him up, neglecting—doubtless, owing to his own dazed condition from the scalp wounds—to disarm him. Immediately he found himself released, he commenced the attack again, cutting and slashing like a demon, knocking the revolver from the consul's already badly wounded hand, whilst he yet hesitated to pull the trigger and take his treacherous assailant's life. The revolver went off as it struck the floor, and wounded the consul himself in the leg;—broke it! The servant now rallied sufficiently to come to his assistance, and together they succeeded in disarming the robber, who, however, escaped and bolted up stairs, followed by the servant with the sword. The consul's wife, with praiseworthy presence of mind, now appeared with a second revolver, which her husband grasped in his left hand, the right being almost hacked to pieces. Dazed and faint with the loss of blood, and moreover, blinded by the blood flowing from the scalp-wounds, it

was only by sheer strength of will that he could keep from falling. At this juncture, the servant unfortunately appeared on the stairs, returning from an unsuccessful pursuit of the robber. Mistaking the servant with the sword in his hand for the desperado returning to the attack, and realizing his own helpless condition, the consul fired two shots at him, wounding him with both shots. The would-be murderer is now, September 3, 1885, captured and in durance vile; the servant lies here in a critical condition, and the consul and his sorrowing family are *en route* to England.

Having determined upon resting here until Monday, I spent a good part of Friday looking about the city. The population is a mixture of Turks, Armenians, Russians, Persians and Jews. Here I first made the acquaintance of a Persian *tchai-khan* (tea-drinking shop); with the exception of the difference in the beverages, there is little difference between a *tchai-khan* and a *kahvay-kahn*, although in the case of a swell establishment, the *tchai-khan* blossoms forth quite gaudily with scores of colored glass lamps. The tea is served scalding hot in tiny glasses, which are first half-filled with loaf sugar. If the proprietor is desirous of honoring or pleasing a new or distinguished customer, he drops in lumps of sugar until it protrudes above the glass. The tea is made in a *samavar*; a brass vessel, holding perhaps a gallon of water, with a hollow receptacle in the center for a charcoal fire. Strong tea is made in an ordinary queensware tea-pot that fits into the hollow; a small portion of this is poured into the glass, which is then filled up with hot water from a tap in the *samavar*. There is a regular Persian quarter in Erzeroum, and I am not suffered to stroll through it without being initiated into the fundamental difference between the character of the Persians and the Turks. When an Osmanli is desirous of seeing me ride the bicycle, he goes honestly and straight-forwardly to work at coaxing and worrying; except in very rare instances they have seemed incapable of resorting to deceit or sharp practice to gain their object. Not so child-like and honest, however, are our new acquaintances, the Persians. Several merchants gather round me, and pretty soon they cunningly begin asking me how much I will sell the bicycle for. "Fifty liras," I reply. Seeing the deep, deep scheme hidden beneath the superficial fairness of their observations, and thinking this will quash all



further commercial negotiations. But the wily Persians are not so easily disposed of as this. "Bring it round and let us see how it is ridden," they say, "and if we like it, we will purchase it for fifty liras, and perhaps make you a present besides." A Persian would rather try to gain an end by deceit than by honest and above-board methods, even if the former were more trouble. Lying, cheating, and deception is the universal rule among them; honesty and straightforwardness are unknown virtues. Any one whom they detect telling the truth or acting honestly, they consider a simpleton unfit to transact business.

The missionaries and their families are at present tenting out five miles south of the city, in a romantic little ravine called Kirkdagheman, or the place of the forty mills; and on Saturday morning I receive a pressing invitation to become their guest during the remainder of my stay. The Erzeroum mission is represented by Mr. Chambers, his brother—now absent on a tour—their respective families, and Miss Powers. Yusuph Effendi accompanies us out to the camp on a splendid Arab steed, that cavorts gracefully the whole way. Myself and the—other missionary people (bicycle work at Sivas, and again at Erzeroum) ride more sober and decorous animals. Kirkdagheman is found to be near the entrance to a pass over the Palantokan Mountains. Half a dozen small tents are pitched beneath the only grove of trees for many a mile around. A dancing stream of crystal water furnishes the camp with an abundance of that necessary, as also a lavish supply of such music as babbling brooks coursing madly over pebbly beds are wont to furnish. To this particular section of the little stream, legendary lore has attached a story which gives the locality its name, Kirkdagheman, meaning, the place of the forty mills:

"Once upon a time, a worthy widow found herself the happy possessor of no less than forty small grist-mills strung along this stream. Soon after her husband's death, the lady's amiable qualities—and not unlikely her forty mills into the bargain—attracted the admiration of a certain wealthy owner of flocks in the neighborhood, and he sought her hand in marriage. 'No,' said the lady, who, being a widow, had perhaps acquired wisdom; 'no; I have forty sons, each one faithfully laboring and contributing cheerfully towards my support; therefore, I have no

use for a husband. I will kill your forty sons, and compel you to become my wife,' replied the suitor, in a huff at being rejected. And he went and sheared all his sheep, and, with the multitudinous fleeces, dammed up the stream, caused the water to flow into other channels, and thereby rendered the widow's forty mills useless and unproductive. With nothing but ruination before her, and seeing no alternative, the widow's heart finally softened, and she suffered herself to be wooed and won. The fleeces were removed, the stream returned to its proper channel, and the merry whir of the forty mills henceforth mingled harmoniously with the bleating of the sheep."

Two days are spent at the quiet missionary camp, and thoroughly enjoyed. It seems like an oasis of home life in the surrounding desert of uncongenial social conditions. I eagerly devour the contents of several American newspapers, and embrace the opportunities of the occasion even to the extent of nursing the babies (missionaries seem rare folks for babies), of which there are three in camp. The altitude of Erzeroum is between 6,000 and 7,000 feet; the September nights are delightfully cool, and there are no blood-thirsty mosquitoes. I am assigned a sleeping-tent close alongside a small water-fall, whose splashing music is a soporific that holds me in the bondage of beneficial repose until breakfast is announced both mornings; and on Monday morning I feel as though the hunger, the irregular sleep, and the rough-and-tumble dues generally of the past four weeks were but a troubled dream. Again the bicycle contributes its curiosity-quickenings and question-exciting powers for the benefit of the sluggish-minded pupils of the mission school. The Persian consul and his sons come to see me ride; he is highly interested upon learning that I am traveling on the wheel to the Persian capital, and he *visés* my passport and gives me a letter of introduction to the Pasha Khan of Ovahjik, the first village I shall come to beyond the frontier.

It is nearly 3 P.M., September 7, when I bid farewell to everybody, and wheel out through the Persian gate, accompanied by Mr. Chambers, on horseback, who rides part way to the Deve Boyon (camel's neck) Pass. On the way out he tells me that he has been intending taking a journey through the Caucasus, this autumn, but the difficulties of obtaining permission, on

account of his being a clergyman, are so great — a special permission having to be obtained from St. Petersburg — that he has about relinquished the idea for the present season.

Deve Boyon Pass leads over a comparatively low range of hills ; it was here where the Turkish army, in November, 1877, made their last gallant attempt to stem the tide of disaster that had, by the fortunes of war and the incompetency of their commanders, set in irresistibly against them, before taking refuge inside the walls of the city. An hour after parting from Mr. Chambers, I am wheeling briskly down the same road on the eastern slope of the pass, where Mukhtar Pasha's ill-fated column was drawn into the fatal ambushes, that suddenly turned the fortunes of the day against them. Whilst rapidly gliding down the gentle gradient, I fancy I can see the cossack regiments advancing towards the Turkish position, the unwary and over-confident Osmanlis leaping from their entrenchments to advance along the road and drive them back ; now I come to the Nabi Tchai ravines, where the concealed masses of Russian infantry suddenly sprang up and cut off their retreat ; I fancy I can see — chug ! wh-u-u-p ! thud ! — stars, and see them pretty distinctly, too, for whilst gazing curiously about, locating the Russian ambushment, the bicycle strikes a sand-hole, and I am favored with the worst header I have experienced for many a day. I am — or rather was, a minute ago — bowling along quite briskly ; the header treats me to a fearful shaking up ; I am sore all over the next morning, and present a sort of a stiff-necked, woe-begone appearance for the next four days. A bent handle-bar and a slightly twisted rear wheel fork, likewise forcibly reminds me, that whilst I am beyond the reach of repair shops, it will be Solomon-like wisdom on my part to henceforth survey battle fields with a larger margin of regard for things more immediately interesting.

From the pass, my road descends into the broad and cultivated valley of the Passin Su ; the road is mostly ridable, though heavy with dust. Part way to Hassan Kaleh I am compelled to use considerable tact to avoid trouble with a gang of riotous *katir-jees* whom I overtake ; as I attempt to wheel past, one of them wantonly essays to thrust his stick into the wheel ; as I spring from the saddle for sheer self-protection, they think I have dismounted to attack him, and his comrades

rush forward to his protection, brandishing their sticks and swords in a menacing manner. Seeing himself reinforced, as it were, the bold aggressor raises his stick as though to strike me, and peremptorily orders me to *bin* and *haidi* ! Very naturally I refuse to remount the bicycle whilst surrounded by this evidently mischievous crew ; there are about twenty of them, and it requires much self-control to prevent a conflict in which I am persuaded somebody would have been hurt ; however, I finally manage to escape their undesirable company and ride off amid a fusillade of stones. This incident reminds me of Yusuph Effendi's warning, that even though I had come thus far without a *saptieh* escort, I should require one now, owing to the more lawless disposition of the people near the frontier. Near dark I reach Hassan Kaleh, a large village nestling under the shadow of its former importance as a fortified town, and seek the accommodation of a Persian *tchai-khan* ; it is not very elaborate or luxurious accommodation, consisting solely of tiny glasses of sweetened tea in the public room and a shake-down in a rough, unfurnished apartment over the stable ; eatables have to be obtained elsewhere, but it matters little so long as they are obtainable somewhere. During the evening a Persian troubadour and story-teller entertains the patrons of the *tchai-khan* by singing ribaldish songs, twanging a tambourine-like instrument, and telling stories in a sing-song tone of voice. In deference to the mixed nationality of his audience, the sagacious troubadour wears a Turkish fez, a Persian coat, and a Russian metallic-faced belt ; the burden of his songs are of Erzeroum, Erzingan and Ispahan ; the Russians, it would appear, are too few and unpopular to justify risking the displeasure of the Turks by singing any Russian songs. So far as my comprehension goes, the stories are chiefly of intrigue and love affairs among Pashas, and would quickly bring the righteous retribution of the Lord Chamberlain down about his ears, were he telling them to an English audience.

I have no small difficulty in getting the bicycle up the narrow and crooked stairway into my sleeping apartment ; there is no fastening of any kind on the door, and the proprietor seems determined upon treating every subject of the Shah in Hassan Kaleh to a private confidential exhibition of myself and bicycle, after I have retired to bed. It must be near midnight,

I think, when I am again awakened from my uneasy, oft-disturbed slumbers by murmuring voices and the shuffling of feet ; examining the bicycle by the feeble glimmer of a classic lamp are a dozen meddlesome Persians. Annoyed at their unseemly midnight intrusion, and at being repeatedly awakened, I rise up and sing out at them rather authoritatively ; I have exhibited the *marifet* of my Smith & Wesson during the evening, and these intruders seem really afraid I might be going to practise on them with it. The Persians are apparently timid mortals ; they evidently regard me as a strange being of unknown temperament, who might possibly break loose and encompass their destruction on the slightest provocation, and the proprietor and another equally intrepid individual hurriedly come to my couch and pat me soothingly on the shoulders, after which they all retire, and I am disturbed no more till morning. The "rocky road to Dublin" is nothing compared to the road leading eastward from Hassan Kaleh for the first few miles, but afterwards it improves into very fair wheeling. Eleven miles down the Passin Su Valley brings me to the Armenian village of Kuipri Kui ; having breakfasted before starting, I wheel on without halting, crossing the Araxes River at the junction of the Passin Su, on a very ancient stone bridge known as the *Tcheban-kerpi*, or the bridge of pastures, said to be over a thousand years old. Nearing Dele Baba Pass, a notorious place for robbers, I pass through a village of sedentary Koords ; soon after leaving the village, a wild-looking Koord, mounted on an angular sorrel, overtakes me, and wants me to employ him as a guard whilst going through the pass, backing up the offer of his presumably valuable services by unsheathing a semi-rusty sword and waving it valiantly aloft. He intimates by tragically graphic pantomime, that unless I traverse the pass under the protecting shadow of his ancient and rusty blade, I will pay the penalty of my rashness by having my throat cut. Yusuph Effendi and the Erzeroum missionaries have thoughtfully warned me against venturing through the Dele Baba Pass alone, advising me to wait and go through with a

Persian caravan ; but this Koord looks like anything but a protector ; on the contrary, I am inclined to regard him as a suspicious character himself, interviewing me, perhaps, with ulterior ideas of a more objectionable character than that of faithfully guarding me through the Dele Baba Pass. Showing him the shell-extracting mechanism of my revolver, and explaining the rapidity with which it can be fired, I give him to understand that I feel quite capable of guarding myself, consequently have no earthly use for his services. A tea caravan of some 200 camels are resting near the approach to the pass, affording me an excellent opportunity of having company through by waiting and journeying with them in the night ; but the fact is, that warnings of danger have been repeated so often of late, and they have proved themselves groundless so invariably, that I should feel the taunts of self-reproach, were I to find myself hesitating to proceed on their account.

Passing over a mountain spur, I descend into a rocky cañon, with perpendicular walls of rock towering skyward like giant battlements, inclosing a space not over fifty yards wide ; through this runs my road, and alongside it babbles the Dele Baba Su. The cañon is a wild, lonely-looking spot, and looks quite appropriate to the reputation it bears. Professor Vamberg, a recognized authority on Asiatic matters, and whose party encountered a gang of marauders here, says the Dele Baba Pass bore the same unsavory reputation that it bears to-day, as far back as the time of Herodotus. However, suffice it to say, that I get through without molestation ; mounted men, armed to the teeth like almost everybody else hereabouts, are encountered in the pass ; they invariably halt and look back after me as though endeavoring to comprehend who and what I am, but that is all. Emerging from the cañon, I follow in a general course the tortuous windings of the Dele Baba Su through another ravine-river battle-field of the late war, and up towards its source in a still more mountainous and elevated region beyond.

[To be continued.]

## THE SUNSET LAND.

A TALE OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

BY CAPTAIN EDWARD KEMEYS, JR.

### VIII.

ALL effects of my broken arm had disappeared ; once more myself, I ran, rode and hunted as of yore, though while the keen life stirred in nerve and tissue, still the dreamy spirit held its sway and threw oblivion o'er the flight of time. One morning I had walked with Mononah to the sculptured rock, to imprint some last touches upon its surface.

These being nearly completed, we had withdrawn a little distance to note the effect. Settling herself in the hollow of a large root which curved outward from a tree above the surface of a clear spring below, she leaned forward and, resting her arm against the main stem, let her eyes dwell upon the deep pool. So long and motionless she gazed that I came nearer and took place at her side, also searching the clear spring's depth for that which held her glance. Deep, dark and mysterious it seemed. Finally our reflected figures appeared therein. Mononah then pointed downward and said :

" You — see — our — face ? "

" Yes, Mononah, I see. "

" Well — you see — how — clear — how strong *you* face, an' — how mine — all faint — an' dim ? Now — see ? "

Yes, certainly there was a strange variance in the clearness of the two reflections. Her face and form actually seemed several shades dimmer than mine. What could it mean ? I looked toward her.

" Me — know — what — mean. Me — goin' — long way — off — an' — never — come — 'gain. See ! Gettin' very dim — Mononah — most — gone. "

" Oh ! Mononah, don't talk so ; we never know when that time will come. "

" Me — feel — 'em very near. Me — have — no secret. You — look — down — deep in heart, same — like flower-heart — open — you see — life-breath soon they gone ! "

She leaned back against the root and let her supple form mold itself to the roughness of the limb.

Her eyes went over my face with a softness in them which touched my heart—then were turned away.

" Mononah, dear Mononah ! You won't leave me—you *mustn't* leave me ; " and I lifted the small brown hand and pressed it to my breast.

" Me no want leave you — no — never. "

She had turned her face, alight with joy at my words—then—suddenly she looked about.

" You no hear something ? "

" No, Mononah, I heard nothing. "

" There ! 'tis again. Look. "

Above a thicket appeared a face red with war paint ! An Indian, his arrow to the head, covered my heart, when Mononah with a wild scream, threw herself upon my breast, her arms around me just as the bow-string twanged ! I heard the hiss and thud of the shaft as it found its mark in the fond heart of the Indian girl.

I felt her gasp, quiver, and then—drop forward.

Still supporting her, I snatched my carbine close at hand, and as the savage foe-man sprang away, glanced along the barrel, fired, and saw with the flash the blood leap up where the true ball sank. Backward he rolled, moved once among the bushes, and then—lay still forever.

But Mononah ! I dropped the gun, and lifting, laid her upon the bank, her arms still clasped about me, and sought to staunch the wound. She only shook her head.

" You — kiss — me — now ? "

" Mononah, this for me ? "

And as the salt tears came fast I pressed my lips to hers, but ere they loosed the bubbling blood had left its stain. As it welled slowly from her mouth, she smiled.

" Me — give — you — Mononah's—best — heart's-blood. So — happy — now — spring — tell — me — goin' — long — way — off. Kiss — Mononah — once — more — she — most — gone — "

That kiss was for eternity ; for when I raised her she smiled, then shuddered, her arms unclasped, and, with our first and last embrace, she died.

How long I looked I know not. There she lay, with no thought of death upon her fair face and her lips unclosed in her last smile ; never again would she stand among the flowers waving cups of flame, or sweep

her dark eyes westward to the towering mountains. Gone, was Mononah. All Nature opened its arms to take her back again, though gone from earth forever.

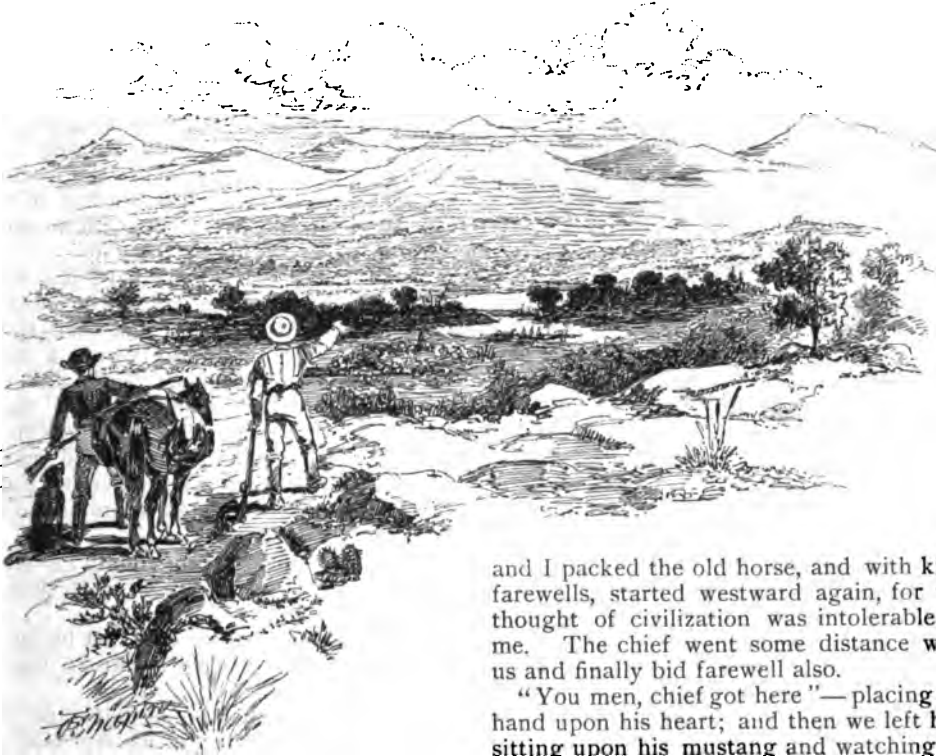
Slowly rising, I went into the dense thicket. There he lay, doubled, face downward, the bullet-hole behind his shoulder. Spurning him with my foot, I turned away, as a distant hail came to my ears. It was the chief coming to view my rock, but ah! what a sight met his gaze!

He did not weep as he looked at her, but when he came to the dead Indian his

Slowly passed the days, for I was bowed in sorrow.

My work, hunting, the very surface of the plain, all recalled the image of her who had given her life for mine. The Indians were kind, while they did not seek to rouse me, and each one went and came upon his duties with a single thought in their hearts, and I could not help but feel that the time of my separation from them was at hand. I spoke to "White Buffalo" and told him my thoughts.

"Better so," he said, and one day Dick



FIRST VIEW OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

fierce nature swept for a moment all softer tracings from his face, as the deep-toned voice muttered:

"Cheyenne! Me know who. Him see Mononah once — then trace long time."

The scalp he took, and handed it to me, but the gory trophy I hung on a dead limb near by, and we left the body to the crows and vultures. Carefully then "White Buffalo" made a litter of boughs, and placing the dead girl upon it we turned to the village. From those tall lodges came the wailing cries, mourning for the loved and lost. Lost! With my calumet and bag about her neck she was laid to rest.

and I packed the old horse, and with kind farewells, started westward again, for the thought of civilization was intolerable to me. The chief went some distance with us and finally bid farewell also.

"You men, chief got here" — placing his hand upon his heart; and then we left him sitting upon his mustang and watching as we went on our way toward the setting sun.

## CHAPTER IX.

WITH the wild mountains ever beckoning us onward, we traveled day by day. I only knew that we journeyed farther westward. I only cared to leave behind me all remembrance of the sad and tragic ending I had known. Dick cast many an anxious look upon my face, for he plainly felt that to continue would be to plunge us yet deeper in the wilds, and might break forever all that bound us to our Eastern home. But always came the same answer, "We must keep on, Dick."

With the horse we were able to cover much ground, and at last, after many days, gained the approaches to the mountains. Yet grander they seemed, as we reached their foot-hills, and I felt that could we but climb those vast ranges, crested with

e'en at the very gate, and enter all strong to that which was beyond.

What dangers, pleasures, hopes and fears lay within that savage tract for whom might enter! An awful land, whose very cliffs and cañons seemed black—hung with all the storied superstition of the past. As the plains had seemed bleak, open and limitless, so the mountains looked wild, dark, and mysterious; forever tempting an entrance into their gloomy fissures! What wonder, then, I paused before the granite portals of those mighty steeps?

With the sighing of the wind among the spruces of the cañon, and the murmur of the stream beneath, we slept before the gate.

I dreamed I had long been among the mountains, so had their spirit held my own; a land thick-set with dangers it seemed; wild men, fierce beasts, perils from hunger, cold and snow; yet we seemed to press

forward in face of all, as my mind sailed amid this tumultuous sea.

Once, into a clear spring's depth I looked, and there a face—not dim—all fresh as if in life—"Mononah."

The mountain magpie had sent his grating note abroad, when I awoke to find it day.

Dick was among the boulders of the stream, and the whir-r-r of his reel told me his sport; the trout were swarming upward; the water seemed fairly alive with fish.

Breakfast over, Dick lighted his briar-root, and turned his gaze upward to the face of the great cliff, while he studied it silently, and then said:

"What do you expect to see, Ned, when you get well into this wonder-land? You know as yet you're only half done with the wild game."

"I know it, and feel somehow that some strange adventures are yet in store for me."

"Yes; after you have added all the new game to your list, you may stumble across a 'grizzly-bear.' Nay, more, you may even kill one."



TAKING THE CHEYENNE'S SCALP.

snow, and swept by drifting cloud, that a yet newer life would begin, and the past there be deadened of its pangs.

We were not yet, however, to touch those jagged peaks, but crossing the range, by Great South Pass, held our course beyond into the wild Wind River country, never stopping till this was gained, for we well knew that naught but the wildest would touch our present mood.

We little thought where our trail would lead us, Ned.

The East, its great panorama of men and motion, seems to have drifted beyond my remembrance, almost as if they never had been.

At last we halted before the gateways of that land we had toiled to reach—they were in nowise like the trails over the upheavals of the great divide—but fiercer, denser, and showered thick with pines. Before us, towered a stupendous cliff of gray stone; a jagged cañon cleft its face, and it was before this vast gateway that we rested for the night. Behind us lay the world—thick sown with men and memories—that world we hoped to leave

*To kill a grizzly.* How all Mayne Reid's stories came back to me! I had dreamed long years of this, and now it seemed possible. No further could a hunter's ambition go, to see the great beast in his strength, and then prone upon the earth from the tiny ball of your rifle.

But also came the sight of men's bodies crushed, torn, or still in death upon the side of some lone cañon, where they had sought and met their game. The paleness of death's picture faded though before the flush of possible victory, and I realized how, on the plains, I had only in part accomplished the desire of the hunter; for before me lay the wilder land, whose denizens, none but the bravest might hope to face.

"You go first, Ned, my guidance ends here, I'll follow, and keep the old horse up."

So, with a glance upward, I took the step, entered the gate—and felt all the world grow dim behind me—from the mountains rose a hum—it seemed of greeting from the streamlet's rocky bed, it surged upward to the sigh of the pines, a grand harmony; with the minor of the wind it changed.

And, as we threaded the defile, each massive rock attuned its chord. The sweet pines gave out their balm, as I brushed them from my path, which followed the windings of the stream. Above a deep pool, now darting through the blinding spray, or poising on some glistening rock, were two water-ouzzels. These quaint little birds, ever twitching their compact bodies from point to point, would one moment plunge boldly beneath the surface, and then reappearing scatter the glancing drops by a sharp buzz of the wings, which settled them once more upon the boulder intent upon their prey beneath.

Ever ascending, we at last reached a point where the trail was almost level. We

had noticed before, a parallel trail, only a few yards distant, though the two paths were quite dim, and had evidently not been used for a long time, yet they both possessed the same characters—quite narrow. They showed mules must have traveled them; and from the scattering pieces of ore met with, we concluded, must lead to some mine.

"I've a notion, Dick, let's each take a trail, follow it, and camp at sundown, wherever we may be. What do you say?"

"Agreed!" he replied, and branched off to the left, while I continued with the old horse, just as I had been. After diverging more and more, Dick shouted:

"Good-night, Ned! This ridge divides the trails a little way ahead; I'll see you in the morning, though I don't think we shall sleep very far from each other; but if you want me before then, just fire your carbine."

"Good-night!" I shouted after him; "and be sure you have a brand-new adventure all ready for me in the morning."

Slowly I led the old horse over the road till sundown; then choosing a sheltered spot for him and me, camped without delay; then, having watered and picketed



THE LAST OF WHITE BUFFALO.

him, cooked supper, made my bed, and with the ever-ready carbine close by, turned in for the first night among the mountains. Far away a hill-fox was yelping, while nearer by, an owl kept hooting to himself. A wind had sprung up just before camping,



DICK'S ADVENTURE.

and the clouds looked almost ready for snow, which came. After a time this abated, but the gusts kept moving among the great spruces, and I wondered where Dick could be; this thought became dimmer, then more real. I seemed to feel that he was in some way connected with a murder, when, with a start, I awoke. Broad daylight, and "Old Hungry" gave a loud neigh to rouse me.

Once more *en route*, I looked ahead, discerned a man leaning against a cedar tree by the trail. A near approach showed it to be Dick, now evidently an adventurer, if one might judge by his appearance; it seemed to say, I've looked on sights. The change was more apparent, as he was not the man to let anything by day or night disturb him in the least.

"Sit down, Ned, I'm going to commence at the beginning."

"Then you are an adventurer, sure enough?"

"The laugh's all gone out of me, whatever that makes me," said he.

#### DICK'S ADVENTURE — THE MINER'S CABIN.

Some time after I left you, Ned, I came to a most peculiar formation; the trail led me across a regular natural bridge, formed by a great boulder, which was jammed in a narrow gulch, at whose bottom a roaring torrent foamed; I crossed this, and found

the trail kept alongside a high ridge thickly covered with cedars and pines. This I followed until the sun went down, and a sudden coldness seemed to warn me that a snow flurry was coming, which it would be well to avoid; so I began to look about for shelter, and found a little distance from where I was, stood a sort of rude cabin, but so weather-beaten and tumble-down, I had failed to notice it before, thinking it must be a mass of rock from the hill. Closer inspection proved it to be a veritable cabin, walled strongly with quartz-rock, and not nearly so "tumble-down" as I had at first supposed; but it looked old and desolate enough to repel any one who might wish to stay there. "Why not," I queried, "stay there?" It is nearly, if not quite weather proof, may be it was before ordained that I should stay there? While asking myself these questions, I felt a strange desire come over me to enter. Whenever I yielded to this, the wind helped me, almost pushing me forward without volition; and when I resisted, met me in my face, while the river roared in fury. But now a biting north wind warned me of the coming snow, as I paused before the door still undecided, with my hand upon the latch, thinking of an odd story about just such a tumble-down old place. All at once something made me pull the string, the door flew open, in I walked; in rushed the wind, banged the door shut behind me,





PAUL LA ROSE.

and raised such a queer, gray cloud of ashes on the hearth, that with the old, smoky smell, made me feel as if I had almost raised a ghost. The gray ash-cloud twisted upward above the hearth into something strangely like a man's form, then slowly settled backward to the great flat stone, only a heap of ashes after all. Down went my blankets in one corner with my

gun, and a struck match showed how bare the place was — "literally empty, except so far as I was concerned," I said aloud; but here another blast from somewhere, seemed to rise in protest, and again that strange heap of ashes circled about the room, so life-like in motion, that I caught myself turning over my shoulder to follow its movement. After it had died away, the

wind outside kept up a kind of hoarse sobbing, while the branches of the great hemlock overhead, made a dismal creaking. However, light, and a good fire reconciled me to the place, and I proceeded to cook and eat my supper. This done, I concluded to lay in a small supply of firewood, though a number of sticks yet remained, and was going outside, when I found the door *immovable*. The gust of wind had jammed the heavy oak boards in such a way, that to open it was impossible. A while I wrenched and strained, then gave it up till morning. Evidently I *was* here for the night. So, unrolling my blankets, made my bed at some distance from the fire, with my back to it in order that its light might not disturb my sleeping; and, as the cabin was most comfortable by this time, threw off coat and moccasins and lay down. I amused myself for a long while watching the shadows play upon the wall, right in front of me, in listening to the troubled wind, which I heard keep going round and round the old cabin, then fade off into a mournful tone, which I knew was a gray wolf howling; then almost die away, and only a sound as of some one whispering could be heard; my thoughts now took a retrospective turn, in which you seemed to appear, but so dim, that I soon lost you, and myself also. Then I awakened. No doubt long hours had passed, for the fire was burnt almost away. I blinked at the shadowed wall, and realized it appeared very strange; the more so, the longer I looked. You know, Ned, I don't care a fig for anything supernatural; but I asked myself as I do now, what could produce such a shadow as I saw? I think to a man of my temperament an indefinite horror has infinitely more terrors than something even tangible. I lay and looked, as the fire-light's flickering ember rose from time to time in flame, and threw upon the wall, right in front of where I lay, the shadow of a man, lying upon its back, with both hands raised upward from the elbows, and fingers stretched. I looked, Ned, till I felt I was gradually losing all power of self-control. I knew the shadow must be thrown by something—a something I did not dare to name—for upright in the middle of the figure's breast stood a long *bowie-knife*. I closed my eyes only to open them upon the same terrible shade. There he was, and I feared to turn and look backward to where the real body lay behind me. Could I do it? Yes, I would. Slowly I turned; great heaven above me, he was

there; and as I looked with gaping mouth and stiffening hair, the dead face, splashed with red, turned toward me, wagged a moment, and then stopped, while the lean hand turned its forefinger downward, and then fell back in aimless twitchings upon the cloven breast. My heart ceased beating, the cabin seemed to whirl upward, before me, and I knew nothing. . . . Morning found me there, stretched alone upon the floor, and everything exactly as undisturbed as when I entered the place; but the impression of the awful vision remained, and I made my way here without delay. Strange to say, the door in the morning yielded without the least trouble to my hand.

"You are a hero now, Dick. If you go on like this in the mountains, you'll have enough yarns to fill a book before long."

"Laugh away. I knew you would; but the fun of the whole thing is, I knew all about it beforehand. The only trouble was, I didn't recognize the place at first."

It was my turn to look a little blank.

"I can prove it," said Dick. "You know I have some papers with the general load, in the old horse's pack, that I never take away from there?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, go and unpack them yourself, and you will find a poem of mine dated 'Kingston-on-Thames, England, 18—,' entitled, 'The Miner's Cabin,' which gives a very fair description of my last night's adventure."

I did so, and found it just as he had said, even to the type of country, the two diverging trails, time of year, day, threatened snow-storm, and all.

"When I wrote that in England I said: 'Whatever possessed me to write such trash?' but the realization seemed anything but that."

"You make your traveler find some money in the poem."

"Yes; but I have such a horror of the spot, I never want to think or talk of it again."

At the end of the second day's travel from that point, Dick discovered that he was about to have an attack of rheumatism. It was in vain that I used all sorts of arguments to quiet his fears—and mine also. Said he:

"Neddy, I shall have to lay up. I seem to get my adventures all at the commencement. No doubt you will have yours at the end of the journey. However, I've had

enough of old damp cabins for one while, just the same."

Meanwhile, I did everything to help the poor fellow which lay in my power. He was cheered, tended, and ministered to in every way, but to no purpose; he daily grew worse.

"Hold out a little while longer, Dick, and I'll anchor you in the Great Sulphur Spring, which must be hereabouts."

It was a very tall man who spoke, with a long red beard and sharp gray eyes.

"Ah, I see; climate kinder gone back on ye, hey? Tell ye what, jist climb onto my pony, an' we'll pike fer the spring. My cabin's there, an' ye kin stay till ye're healed up fresh as paint."

Gladly we complied with this invitation. Dick was helped upon the pony, and we set forward at renewed speed.



A STRANGE MEETING.

"If I can only strike that, your troubles will be over."

It was the very next day, as we were toiling patiently along, that, in a valley which had suddenly opened before us, I saw a great mass of smoke arising. At first it looked as if it might proceed from a fire; but no flame showed itself, nor did it grow any larger. Out came my small pocket-glass, and bringing the strange object within its field, I saw beside it numbers of conical structures; and a moment divined all: they were the tepees of the Indians, and were grouped about the Great Boiling Spring.

"Cheer up, Dick, you can rest your fill when you get there."

But we were destined yet further to be encouraged. A voice hailed us, as we were passing a group of rocks, with:

"What's the matter, bin pawed by a grizzly, stranger?"

"You look like white men," our new friend said, "and they're too scarce ter pass by in these parts. My name's Anderson. Who be you?"

I completed the introduction, and also gave Anderson some additional information which he was too polite to ask. So we traveled, and at length found ourselves halted at the great spring, which rose from the level plain, without rock or tree about it, nearly circular in form, and about fifty feet in width. The green water boiled upward in great, bursting bubbles, that filled the air with the smell of hot sulphur, and sent its clouds of steam drifting completely over you, then towering upward in a great column high above the plain. We were soon surrounded by the Shoshone Indians, to whom the spring belonged. They averred it had always belonged to their tribe, an hereditary right. Dick was promptly conducted into Anderson's house,

and within an hour had taken his first bath. He felt much refreshed, though it takes many weeks to complete a cure of rheumatism.

"I think I shall remain here, Ned, and eradicate all the accumulated poison in my system. That must not stop you, though, who are here for a different purpose. You have the deer and elk to look after."

"Elk! what about them?" chimed in Anderson. "My pardner'll be here in two days, and will take ye where the woods are overrun with 'em, if thet's yer lay."

Wait I did, meanwhile arranging all with Dick, who was to remain where he was until my return. For various reasons, it was decided that the old setter, Fan, should stay with Dick, of whom she was nearly as fond as myself, while I, with the horse, was to strike northward with Anderson's partner. The second day, he appeared; and, mounted upon our ponies, with the pack-horse following, we drifted away from the healing spring, enveloped in its rolling steam clouds, till it faded from my sight, and plunged into the Wind River Mountains.

My companion was named Woodruff, a fine-looking man, with a very deliberate manner, and, without exception, the best rifle-shot I ever saw.

He jogged slowly by my side, and told all sorts of interesting stories and legends of the Indians.

"That tall, sharp cone's called 'Washakie Needle,' after the great Shoshone chief; and I must tell you about this lake, it's named 'Bull Lake.' The way it was, was this:

"A small party of young Shoshone braves once were hunting near there, hunting buffalo, and, not having had good sport, were turning homeward, when a very old bull was discovered. He was so old that he had lost the power to keep up with his herd, and had strayed off by himself. Some of the Indians were for allowing him to go free, but the majority had their way, and, pressing him upon their horses, showered his sides with arrows, seeking rather to torment, than to kill him. The poor animal, goaded almost to death, and hoping to cool the sting of his wounds, plunged into the lake, and, swimming to the center, there found a bar of solid earth, which enabled him to stand upon it only half submerged. A few of the hunters, seeing their game comparatively safe, threw aside shirts and leggings, and, knife in mouth, plunged after. They reached him, and, grasping the long brown hair of

the hump, swarmed close around; then, rising half out of water, to give impetus to the stroke, drove the shining knives into his vitals. He dropped backward, then rolling sidewise into deep water, reared for an instant his great head above the waters, sent forth a hollow, booming roar, and sunk beneath the surface. But that vengeful roar still sounded on. Up from the lake's deep bosom it came in smothered tones. The Indians trembled, for it seemed echoed and answered from the great mountains, where the storm spirits dwelt. The thunder rolled along their sides, and, as if to avenge the old bull's death, the tempest burst. It lashed the lake in fury, and, when the red men strove for land through blinding lightning and seething waves, the angry lake drank their lives. One by one they sank to the same grave with the murdered bull; and the legend says that always before a storm comes the hollow murmur of the old bull's roar, down deep beneath the lake's blue mirror."

Crow-heart Butte loomed up to the north-west, a great land-mark, and, leaving this behind us, we reached and crossed the Owl Mountains, and descending their sides, encountered two miners, who said the night before an *elk* and a *bear* had appeared on one of the hills. It sounded strangely to know of large game so near.

Woodruff's cabin at last! Gladly I threw myself down to rest, for the long ride had tired me. That evening he said:

"Now, captain, you wish to kill some big game, and you shall. But you will have to go a distance off. I'd guide you myself, but haven't the time. I'll lend you a good horse, and start you on your way. You have about seventy-five miles to make, and then you'll find great hunting. There isn't much of a trail, but you're a pretty good backwoodsman, and will not get lost. I'm going to set you to find a little log-house. It's in a mighty lonesome part of the mountains, and no one lives there but a hunter named Paul La Rose. He's a talkative old fellow, but all right; and a better hunter don't walk these hills."

"How does he look?"

"Well, rather tall and stout, browned face, dark hair, and thin beard; dressed sort of half Indian, half white hunter's style, in buckskin. I think you'll find the old man at home. Do you care to try?"

"Give the beasts a good rest, and I'll start to-morrow."

Another strange turning point it seemed, as we sat upon our horses, in the morning,

before his cabin door, and soon afterwards lost sight of it among the cottonwoods of Owl Creek Bottom.

"Woodruff, look at that coyoté! Give him a shot!" Almost blown away by the wind, he stood upon a high sand-hill above us.

"What's the use?—well, if you say so, here goes."

Down he sat, saying as he did:

"Hard critters to kill, if ye don't—aim—just—so." Bang!

The bushy tail flew upward like a plume, and coyoté disappeared.

"Climb up, if you want to see him."

Rapidly I scaled the mound. There he was, on his side—dead; and the bullet-hole exactly behind his foreleg, through the heart.

"Such shooting makes me feel nowhere, Woodruff. Do you think I shall ever be able to make such a shot?"

"Can't say; but among all the misses some hits find their way, and I've no doubt in the place where I'm sending you you'll upset a fair share of game. You'll get elk, black-tail, possibly a *bear*, though—sleep? I should say *not*."

How my heart fell at the words, but I kept it to myself.

"Good-bye!" shouted Woodruff, "and all sorts of good luck. You'll have it, I'm sure. Your trail is two miles away. Keep straight for that aspen thicket, and you will strike it. 'Tis rather faint, but will lead you to the old cabin, Paul La Rose, and all the great game of the mountains."

Alone now for the first time; but the moving air fanned the leaves, and seemed to whisper: "Come."

"Yes, 'come,' and realize all the wild visions that throng the hunter's brain. In that dim country I shall meet its denizens. Hurrah! There is the trail! That will guide me true." And mile after mile fled backward, as I pressed on to the north. We climbed, then descended, a long slope toward the west. The sunlight lay upon it, and showed each feature of its wild front. Nothing above, beyond, but the still blue sky and piercing mountain peaks. Yet a strange elation made me feel I was nearing a place of mysteries; and though no living creature moved upon all the wide expanse, something seemed to say my first sight of mountain game was at hand. Easily downward dropped the trail, until my pony and pack-horse bathed their fetlocks in a small stream below, fringed with tall yellow grass, and turning to the right, followed its course between low hill-ranges

on either side. Anon, the valley widened its sweep, and became thickset with cedar clumps at intervals. Then the land broke away to the right in a low warm dip, where I saw five bison grazing. "You shall not be disturbed, old friends," I thought. "In memory of the Arrickaree River and the Omahas, graze at will in your own warm, quiet valley." Mile after mile drifted away under the tireless trot of the mustangs, and their long shadows began to steal down the mountain flanks. Away ahead, I seemed to catch a glimpse of some animal standing under a clump of cedars. A single glance showed it was not a buffalo, though quite as tall. Then slowly it turned, and was lost to view among the trees upon the hill-side. Again the trail changed, this time up a beautiful grassy hollow fringed with brush, and here it was that I had my first sight of the American elk. Four of them stood directly in my path, grouped together, and kept changing positions continually, by passing in front and rear of each other with a peculiarly elastic walk. It seemed, from the way in which they moved, they aimed to give an impression of being more numerous than they actually were; for, if you allowed yourself to look at their graceful limbs, as they crossed and wheeled, they seemed interminable. They kept up such a bold front, that I rode close to them, crouched behind my horse's neck, then they turned, as if loath to leave, and moved away up the hill, uttering a whistling as they went. Further, eight black-tailed deer sprung away from a leafy covert, and went bounding up the hill. I counted them, even raised my rifle, for it was a sore temptation, but held back the red flame, and let them go, remembering Woodruff's words of caution, not on any account to waste my time in hunting till safe at the old cabin. It was like an enchanted forest, where the hunter is forbidden to kill, if he would be successful at the end, and each denial on my part seemed to add to my chances of success thereafter. Down went the sun in his flaming field, and between me and it, upon a sweeping knoll, stood the king of all deer, a great bull elk. Those I had seen were only part grown, but he, the bull before me, was a monster, all alone. He turned his beamed head, crowned with spreading antlers, toward me, like strange crooked tree limbs, naked and sharp, which might well carry death upon their tines when driven by the swelling neck below. It was the last and best temptation to stop



my journey, and I resisted ; for now, as if the forerunner of some event, the deep red clouds seemed suddenly swept together into a strange mass, resembling a vast human head—the *head of an Indian*; its bold features were turned an instant downward, then a gale caught the vapor, and swept the fragments, in torn lines, yet farther westward, till lost in the deepening gloom. All sunset glow was now gone in the darksome defile wherein I entered, and the faint trail scarce was visible ; so, dismounting, I followed on foot, leading the horse, and hurried on, for the wind was beginning to sway the cedars around me, and each darkling shadow seemed a barrier to my path. But they fled away backward, one by one, until forth from the cañon's opened jaws I rode, upon an almost level plain, where the sound of rushing water met my ears, and told me it was my camping ground.

Woodruff had so described its approach, that I did not fail in recognizing it at once. At the junction of two small creeks, I halted, and the weary horses were eased of their loads. Then came a sage-brush fire, then my bed, with a saddle for pillow, was laid, and soon beneath the brilliant stars, sleep came. That great enclosing space held me, an atom upon its bosom, and breathed a whisper of safety more perfect than if sleeping 'mid an armed host. When I wakened, long yellow lines were beginning to streak the eastern sky, and the voices of morning rose to life about me. The strong air swept over the rocky bastions of the mountain forts, as it had for countless ages. As I left the plain and urged me on, 'twas nearly sundown, when I came suddenly upon a man descending the steep trail, which I climbed. He was mounted upon a piebald mustang, and his general appearance, coupled with his half-Indian garb, made me feel I had heard of him before. We halted. "Are you Paul La Rose?"

"Yes, I'm Paul. How'd you come to that conclusion?"

"I came from Woodruff's. My name is Captain —, and to tell you the truth, I was 'pikin' for your cabin. When you hear my intention you'll understand at once. I am hunting and studying the North American animals, and working from these studies to produce models of them in clay and bronze. The great plains I've crossed, hunted and killed the buffalo and all the animals that range there. Now I've come to the mountains for the elk, bear and others —"

"Say no more, captain, I'll help ye, take ye ter the elk and all ; I'm glad to see some one startin' out fur himself. Let's see, you aint more'n five mile from my cabin ; foller the trail. It'll run ye butt up agin the door, open it — walk in — and make yerself ter home. I'll be along in an hour or so. What's that arrangement ye got strung ter the pack horse? Looks like a contribution box, or a warmin' pan."

"Neither ; it's a musical instrument of an older origin even than the harp. It's a real wild thing, and all wild people like it. If it had its way 't would never play, save to the gray coyoté's wail, or pine tops echoing to the gale."

"Golly! 't must be a good un. Let's hear it."

The pony had often faced this sort of music before, and when the reins fell upon his neck, only dropped his head and stood quietly. The sun was going slowly down as we sat there facing each other. To right and left the steep descent sought its dark canons ; under foot the narrow trail scarce kept our horses' feet — the air of golden Indian summer all around. What wonder that the mountains' voices exalted as they echoed mine, and gave to the banjo's notes more than their own harmony. A legion of wild creatures seemed rising up from the gorge and swirled, and galloped around us till I felt their touch, and heard their stealthy and pattering foot-falls.

Paul crouched to his saddle bow like a panther upon a spring. The Indian horses raised their heads, with pricked ears and dilated nostrils, snuffed the air, as if they listened for the whoop. Then slowly the minor crackle died away among the rocks, farther still it fled — then drifted off, till all was gone.

Paul drew a deep breath. "Seemed as though all the Inguns and wild ones come ter meet ye. The whole canon seemed full of 'em. 'Peared like I could see their crests springin' up all 'round, and how wild the wind swept by!"

"That's the reason I like the banjo best of all instruments. It has a will of its own, and you can never make it give its best, unless you take it to some place like this. Then it plays of itself."

As there was not room for us to pass on the trail, Paul backed his pony to a wider part to let me by.

"Go on, captain. Do what you will with my cabin and all it contains. 'Tis the best I kin offer."

Through the golden dust of the sunset, till a wide rushing river came to view, the trail turned along its bank, and I followed. Finally it stopped, and the cabin was before me!

Its outside walls were well decorated with many a trophy of the hunter's skill, from elk to grizzly bear skins. Large cottonwoods grew about, but no underbrush of any sort. Fastening and relieving the horses of their loads, I picketed them and entered. A sweet scent of smoldering cedar logs and Indian tan greeted me. There was only light enough to show the dim interior. It was indeed a very den of the hunter, where the spirit of the chase might brood and call from each dusky corner, the conjured shapes of savage life in wild conflict as they lived and died. Dead gray ashes blown away showed the coals beneath, and fanning these, up leaped the flame; then fed by more cedar, it spread and filled the chimney. Soon the door opened, and Paul came in.

"I'm glad ter see ye here. How d'ye like the place?"

"It suits me perfectly. The majority of people have progressed, as they call it, and think they need the whole collection of progressive implements to get along with. They never stop to think how much liberty they lose, or how much care is expended to keep the aforesaid implements in order. And then they are only imitators after all. A very small number ever originate anything, and if they ever do get stirred up for a moment, have to go to nature to light the sacred fire."

"I think I get yer drift, though I never put it in ter words. Here I am any way, an' if I was the only man on earth, couldn't be more independent. When I want clothes and food, I go to the hill and kill a

deer, build a log cabin, and sit down and live.

"Speaking of deer, the Inguns hev a currus sort a story 'bout a snow-white buck that lives in these mountains. They say when huntin' near the canon, where he runs, they always try and have the hunter's moon shine on 'em when they sleep; fur, if they wake and find the moon gone down, they kin never kill anything that hull season. The Shoshones are great deer hunters, and I met two of 'em once. They said they'd seen the 'spirit deer,' es they call him. They happened ter get ketched where he stays and had ter camp; but before mornin' they woke, ter find the moon hed set. Then they war all uv a tremble, fur right before 'em stood the white deer. The dark woods all around only made him seem more white. He was an enormous buck, with great tined horns. Tho' he looked like marble, thet would break if he stirred, his limbs all ter once commenced ter move, an' he came right through the trees and brush without springin' one of 'em. One Ingun reached his hand fer his bow, but felt an awful shock in his arm, an' when he looked, the deer was gone, and they never hed a bit of luck huntin' all thet season —"

"May be ye don't give heed ter sich talk!"

"There you're mistaken. There wouldn't be much pleasure, if everything were understood and defined.

"It's one reason I like Indians, there is always a mystery about them, no matter how well we know them. Always something more to find out."

Paul went to a wide, low sort of a window, and opened it.

"Hear the old 'gray bull' rush by," he said. "It's the name of the river, and I love to hear it pouring eastward to the 'big horn.' You're well in ter the mountains now."

[To be continued.]



THE SPIRIT DEER.

## AFTER GERONIMO.<sup>1</sup>

BY LIEUT. JOHN BIGELOW, JR., U.S.A.

Author of "MARS LA TOUR AND GRAVELLOTTE."

### VIII.

*Mowry Mine, Arizona, December 21, 1885.*  
—Doctor Terrill arrived this afternoon from Captain Hatfield's camp, escorted by one private. I was especially glad to see him, as Blacksmith Giles had complained to me early in the day of a pain in the stomach, for which I had no remedy. Among the doctor's visitors at sick call, which was sounded a half an hour after his arrival, was Private B—, who had his head cut with a bottle, and his finger badly bitten by Private P—, the waiter and domestic of the officers' mess. These men were at the store of Hall & Haddox, last night, after taps, and got into a quarrel and then into a fight over a game of cards. They are now both under charge of the guard. I thought seriously of sending them to Fort Huachuca for trial, but concluded afterwards that the offenses would hardly warrant it. They did not seem to think it a breach of discipline to be out of camp after taps, at which I was not surprised, as they were not taught to respect that call in the post. It appears from the investigation that I have made that they were playing what is called *Rush Ruben*. B— played on P—'s hand, and put a bean down, which rolled into P—'s pile, whereupon P— called B— the worst of names, B— retaliating in kind. P— then took up a bottle that was serving as candlestick, and struck at B— with it, but missed him. Both men then clinched and tussled. P— got B—'s head in a barrel, and B—'s thumb in his mouth, but he could not make him holloa "Enough!" The two men being separated, P— threw a bottle at his antagonist, but missed him, whereupon he threw another, which struck and dazed him. Thereupon B— went out and lay for P— by the side of the door with a pole; and P—, getting wind of it came out by a window, and creeping up behind B—, threw two bottles at him again, the second of which struck him in the head, inflicting the fore-mentioned wound. The doctor said that the man's thumb was bitten

through to the bone. When he was brought over to the guard tent last night by the corporal of the guard, his head was bleeding badly, the blood running down over his shoulder. I had gotten up on hearing him asking to see me. I thought then I should have to send him into the post for surgical treatment. I was not a little surprised, therefore, to see him at stables this morning without a bandage or a plaster on his head, grooming with the rest of the men.

The Indians had a war dance this evening, very much like the one I have already described. The step was mincing as compared with that of the latter, and the dancers were in their ordinary dress. Every now and then the corporal, who was the principal performer, would stop short, and, standing on one leg, work the other convulsively up and down, suggesting Galvani's experiment with the frog; at the same time holding his gun up at his shoulder, taking aim. The musicians marked time with the tom-tom and their throats, their bodies bobbing in unison with it. I could not but wonder what their throats were lined with.

Such pastime as this furnishes our aborigines the excitement, and some of the intoxication, derived by their civilized guardians and custodians from balls and dinners and champagne suppers.

*Mowry Mine, December 23, 1885.* — Brevet General Forsyth, of the Fourth Cavalry, commanding this part of the Arizona line, arrived in camp this afternoon on a tour of inspection. He had with him Captain Hatfield, of the Fourth Cavalry, and Colonel Green, whom he probably picked up at Washington Mine. After a short talk, during which we in turn performed our ablutions, I took the party around the Mowry estate, showing them first the new store. The stock-in-trade was sampled by Colonel Green and Captain Hatfield. After dinner, the general walked around the corral, looking at the stock, which he remarked was looking very well. I think the horses have improved in appearance, in consequence of the mounted

<sup>1</sup> This diary of a United States army officer in the field against the hostile Apaches, was commenced in the March number.



drills. They have lost some flesh, but their coats are smoother and brighter.

Having seen active service during the war, and since, and traveled abroad, the general's conversation was most interesting and instructive. I remember especially two pieces of advice he gave me for active service. 1. Endeavor to put into practice

seemed at first to take some interest in the matter, but finding himself detailed for guard on Christmas day, had seemed to lose it all. "Some of these men, sir," said the sergeant, "if they go in for anything of that kind, will expect to be excused from duty for a week afterwards." Finding out from him that Cropper and Hazard



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

were still interested, I sent for them, and with their aid drew up a programme of exercises. I then told them to get what men they could as competitors, and to let me know how many they got. About one o'clock, having then a small number, they informed me that some of the men wanted to know, before entering, whether there would be prizes, and that others said that they had enough exercise drilling (they have one drill a day); they did not want any running and jumping. I told my committee to go ahead and make the necessary preparations, and gave the corporal of fatigue orders to assist them.

Yesterday evening I drew up the final programme, as follows :

each day what you have learned by experience the day before. 2. Always be a little ahead of time and of the enemy. "That," he said, "is a great point. If you are ordered to attack at four o'clock, attack at 3-59."

*Mowry Mine, December 25, 1885.* — This being Christmas day, I had no drill, and no duty but the necessary guard and fatigue duty: The horses, not being put on herd, were watered at nine o'clock instead of eight, the usual hour. At ten o'clock began a series of physical contests among the men, which I had arranged and prepared with no little trouble. I told the first sergeant, the day before yesterday, that I wanted to have something of the kind on Christmas day, in lieu of drill, and told him to have some five or six men come to me as a committee. No one came. I asked the sergeant about it the next day, and was told that the men were great growlers, that very few seemed to care anything about my scheme; that Private — had

|                                    |               |
|------------------------------------|---------------|
| One-fourth of a mile run . . . . . | Prize. \$1.00 |
| 200 yards dash . . . . .           | 1.00          |
| One mile walk . . . . .            | 1.00          |
| Straight running jump . . . . .    | 1.00          |
| Straight standing jump . . . . .   | .50           |
| Hop, skip, and jump . . . . .      | .50           |
| Running high jump . . . . .        | 1.00          |
| Three single jump . . . . .        | 1.00          |
| Tug-of-war . . . . .               |               |

The quarter of a mile run fell through; all the other contests, however, came off, many participating who had before shown no interest in them.

The athletics being put through, the next thing that claimed my attention was the roast pig for dinner. There being no one in camp who knew how to make a barbecue, I had got the packer, who had had some experience, he said, in cooking beef's heads, to undertake the cooking of my piece of pork. He had a hole dug in the ground about eighteen inches deep, and a layer of bright embers put in the bottom. On this he put a layer of gunny sacks, and on this the meat. He then covered the meat

with gunny sacks and the sacks with embers and ashes and earth. This was accomplished about "taps" last night. At 1.15 to-day, when the cut was taken out by means of cords passed under it—the operation suggesting the reversal of a burial—it was done to a turn, and exhaled a delicious aroma. A piece presented to me for dinner proved the most savory pork viand that I have ever tasted.

I was visited this afternoon by my Mexican neighbors, man, woman, and two children. I took them to see the pig unearthed and treated them in my tent to cigarettes and canned peaches. The latter were enjoyed especially by the children. The little boy having eaten all I gave him, which was more, I thought, than was good for him, helped his sister finish hers.

Like myself, these good people spent their Christmas eve at home. It was a more cheerless evening than the ordinary one to me, a howling wind flapping my loose canvas, and making my candles flicker, so that I could hardly read. The illumination of my tent consists of two stearine candles stuck through a hole in the top of an yeast powder can filled with sand to give it stability.

*Mowry Mine, December 26, 1885.*—The Indians had another war dance last night with the usual accompaniment of song and tom-tom. They went around the camp-fire with their rifles as if on a trail, symbolizing now a rapid, now a slow and cautious advance, and now a retreat. I wish that my men had the predilection for the use of their arms that these Indians have. Fondness for a soldier's weapon and for military exercise is an excellent criterion of military spirit, which, applied to the Indians and the soldiers in this camp, is as favorable to the former as it is unfavorable to the latter. Our men hardly ever touch a gun unless they have to. They rarely even go hunting—sometimes not a man going out for weeks and months. Rarely, on the other hand, does a week go by that there is not a party of Indians out.

Below is the schedule of calls established by the captain :

Reveille, sunrise ; stables, immediately after ; breakfast, 15 minutes after stables ; water and fatigue, immediately after breakfast ; drill call, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 10 A.M. ; recall from drill, 11 A.M. ; recall from fatigue, 12 M. ; dinner call, 12.30 P.M. ; guard mounting, 3.45 P.M. ; supper, 4 P.M. ; water and stables immediately after supper ; tattoo (roll call), 8.30 P.M. ; taps

(lights out), 9 P.M. ; Sunday morning inspection, 9 A.M.

The above drills are dismantled. I have interpolated a mounted drill on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The horses are watered at nine o'clock. Upon coming in from drill they are allowed time to cool off, and then watered and put out on herd. It is my rule to have Sunday morning inspection mounted. Without any first sergeant's call, the first sergeant reports to me every morning after the troop comes back from water to receive such orders or instructions as I may



AN APACHE ENTERTAINMENT.

have to give him for the day. I endeavor never to send for him, noting down for the occasion of his reporting to me anything that I have to communicate to him. I know from experience the annoyance of being repeatedly sent for.

As taps went off last night I noticed that it was very badly sounded, and upon inquiring the cause of it this morning of the trumpeter, I learned that he had allowed Corporal — to sound it for him, the corporal having repeatedly asked him, he said, to let him do it. In consequence of his amiability the trumpeter is now at hard labor under charge of the guard ; as for the corporal, I only told him that I was disgusted with his want of self-respect as a non-commissioned officer, and that I supposed his having gotten a man into trouble—he whose duty it was to keep men out of trouble by keeping them from doing wrong—was sufficient punishment for him.

*Mowry Mine, December 27, 1885.*—It has been raining off and on all day, beginning at about eleven o'clock. This is the first

good rain I have seen here. After inspection I had the troop formed a short distance in front of my tent (every man present except the sentinel over the spring), and read the articles of war ; or rather those that I think of special importance to enlisted men, namely, the 2d, 16th, 17th, 19th, to 28th incl., 30th to 40th incl., 42d to 48th incl., 50th, 51st, 55th to 58th incl., 60th, 62d, 64th, and 66th. My idea was to read only those that impose obligations upon enlisted men, hence the omission of all those relating to courts-martial, to commissioned officers, and to civil employees. It was not two hours after I finished reading the articles of war that I had to put two privates under charge of the guard for violating them. Private —, in charge of the prisoner, allowed himself to be relieved by Private B— without the presence or the authority of the corporal of the guard or anybody else ; and between them they allowed a horse to get out of the corral.

I am afraid we are not going to receive any more hay for some time, Mr. Sydow, the contractor, having lost his mowing machine. He sent it across the line to cut some hay, without paying duty, and it was confiscated by the Mexican custom officials. It is held as security for the payment of a fine, the amount of which is not yet determined.

*Mowry Mine, December 28, 1885.*—Looking out of my tent, as I crawled from between my blankets this morning, I saw the ground covered with snow. It is the first I have seen in Arizona, that is to walk on. I have often seen

it from Fort Grant, on the top of Graham Mountain. It has snowed off and on all day. I had to send out an extra strong detail to bring in wood, it having to be hauled as usual by the men in our escort wagon. Chopping and gathering wood, and pushing and pulling it is pretty hard work in a driving snow storm. I was

amused this morning observing a party coming into camp with an immense log, which they were carrying after the manner of pall bearers, whistling and keeping time to Chopin's funeral march.

I had a long visit to-day from four of my Indians. I feel for the poor fellows, with nothing to sleep under but a long shelter tent. Two of them are barefooted. They asked when their boots were coming, but I could not tell them. It seems wrong that they should have to suffer as they do. While there may be some excuse for our inability to capture or kill the hostile Chiricahuas, owing to their peculiar advantages of training, instincts, knowledge of country, etc., I see none for our inability to keep our little force along the line properly supplied.

This is the second time in the three weeks that I have been in command here that we have been out of grain. We issued our last sack this morning, and we are not to have any more the rest of the month. My horses are in an open corral, exposed to driving snow ; they cannot go out and graze, the grass being all under snow and ice.

The quartermaster at Fort Huachuca says in his last letter : "I can get no more grain until new contract goes into effect, January 1, so the chief quartermaster says. I have made an equal division among the troops."

*Mowry Mine, December 29, 1885.*—For some reason or other, the buck-board driver, who usually brings us our mail, did not bring it yester-

day; nor would he take our mail to Crittenden, having, he said, no place to put it in. I suppose it being cold and wet, he did not want the bother of taking and securing it. I wanted especially to send a letter by him over Crittenden to Fort Huachuca, ordering provisions for the officers' mess, which will be out on the first



THE RACES.

of January. I sent it this morning directly to the post by courier. I also sent a party to Crittenden to bring back the captain, if he is there, and wants to come. My horses made a sorry sight this morning, standing in the cold, wet wind, whinnying in vain for something to eat. I sent them out after breakfast to herd on the sunny side of a hill east of camp, where the snow is largely melted or driven off. I have taken the responsibility of requesting Mr. Sydow to furnish me, on receipt, with grain to last me till the end of the month.

The men have had no target practice since the 18th of last May, the day before the battalion set out from Fort Grant after the renegades from Fort Apache. It is thought imprudent, on account of the



A JOYOUS PRIVATE.

notice it might give to hostile parties of our whereabouts, to have target practice in the camps on the line. I think that the hostiles are more advantaged by the unskillfulness of our men consequent upon the neglect of this exercise, than they would be by any information they might gain through it. In the forty men now under my command, there are six who have not fired a shot at a target since they joined the troop, and one who went to target practice just once by mistake. So there are seven men who may be said to know nothing about shooting. And in the whole troop there is not one marksman, let alone sharpshooter.

The School of Application at Fort Leavenworth has not yet made itself generally felt through the line of the army. It

is to be hoped that it will do so ere long, and, together with the projected cavalry school at Fort Riley, bring about the thorough instruction and discipline of our cavalry. It cannot do so, however, without a new system of drill regulations. A number of our officers have done what they could towards providing one, but the War Department has not seen fit to adopt any yet presented to it. The question of the instruction of our cavalry is an especially unsettled one; the relative merits of the sabre and the pistol, and of the carbine and the rifle, not being officially settled; and it being, moreover, a matter of mere conjecture whether our cavalry is going to have principally to do with Indians, mobs, or troops—regular, militia, or partisan. It should be qualified to meet any of these classes of enemies, through thorough training as cavalry proper, and as dragoons. In the five years of an enlistment, if not in less, a man worthy of being an American soldier would become an expert cavalryman in both capacities. The drill regulations necessary for such training can hardly be the work of one man. Cavalry officers should work together to produce jointly by contribution to their several specialties, the material for a complete system of drill regulations, one that shall fit the dismounted soldier for stealthily advancing in his own way upon an Indian village, or obediently springing forward and firing, and springing forward again, upon a line of troops; and the mounted soldier, for dashing in open order through the woods and thickets and over broken ground, rapidly to dismount and fire, and as rapidly remount and dart off, to dismount elsewhere; or to charge in serried ranks over open ground, with sabre or pistol in hand, up to and through the opposing formation. In order that the method of instruction to be employed shall have the unity of a system, the contributions for its composition must undergo a certain revision and rearrangement, and the whole be finally arranged by a single person. Being trained in such a system in time of peace, our regular cavalry would be ready in time of war to fight according to the method that should then appear to be the best, and to instruct our volunteer cavalry in it.

*December 30, 1885.*—We heard to-day from the mail-carrier that a party of troops crossed the railroad at Elgin Station, west of Huachuca Siding, yesterday evening in pursuit of Indians, heading for the Santa Ritas. We knew nothing as to the number

or other particulars. The captain gave the driver one man as escort to Lochiel and back. Our Indians are ordered to keep a sharp lookout over the San Raphael Valley. As the buckboard passed our tent this evening on its return trip, we asked the driver and his one passenger into our tent and treated them to a drink of first-class mescal from a quart bottle presented to me by an American coming from Mexico. The driver strongly advised me to "take in" the *baile* to be given by the La Noria Goose Club to-morrow night, to which I am invited.

*Mowry Mine, December 31, 1885.*—Having made up my mind to go to La Noria, I

detachment, taking me with him. I did not yet give up all expectation of going to the ball. While the horses were coming in and the mules being packed, etc., we had lunch and discussed the probabilities of a chase. At about two o'clock we moved out of camp with twenty-one men and three Indian scouts. Arriving at the Washington camp, about four miles from the Mowry, without seeing any Indian signs, we interviewed some of the people whose statements had started Colonel Green for our camp. The man who had seen moccasin tracks and was prepared to show them to us was soon convinced that those tracks were made by our own scouts. One of the men who stated



AN APACHE DANCE.

got Trumpeter Hayne to shave me shortly after breakfast, and a little before noon took a bath and had my boots blacked and fixed myself up generally. I had hardly finished my bath, however, when I was called to by Colonel Green and informed that Indian fires were seen last night from Washington camp on Washington Peak. The captain first thought of sending me alone with a small party to see what foundation there was to this report, but afterwards determined to go himself with a

that he had seen the signals, described them to us as a succession of four bright lights, each being raised as if on a pole, once, and then lowered and put out. The very spot, between two bushes in a notch near the top of the peak where they appeared, was pointed out to us. We marched on up the mountain to within about a quarter of a mile of this spot and dismounted. Colonel Green, the captain, and myself proceeded thence on foot, taking three Indians with us and leaving the men behind. As we



scrambled on our way, we looked closely and diligently for signs of a fire or of a moccasin, but saw not the slightest. Circumstances were most favorable, too, to our seeing them: the earth was almost covered with the snow of a few days ago, and where bare, it was soft from the melting of it.

As for myself, and I think it was the case with the captain, I was so little surprised at the result of our search that I was scarcely annoyed at it; and upon a full realization of the situation I proceeded calmly and hopefully to consider the practicability of my participating with the La Noria Goose Club in the celebration of New Year's eve.



AN INDIAN COMPLAINT.

The captain thought of going on to the San Antonio Pass, with a view to reconnoitering from there in the morning, but soon gave up the idea. So, as we stopped at Washington camp on our way back to the Mowry, Colonel Green stepped into his house to put on his ball suit, and I meanwhile got my toilet case and light shoes out of my roll of bedding.

We then cut loose from the column and, accompanied by Private T——, set out on the road to La Noria. The weather was perfection for a brisk ride, just cool enough for overcoat and gloves, which both of us had.

As we trotted through the oak-grove covering of the Patagonia footslopes towards the open bottom of the San Raphael Valley, we feasted our souls upon the grandeur of the Huachuca Mountains, whose

heights were extrinsically signalized by the still conspicuous remnant of their winter mantle. We could see the *peñaseo* of Captain Hatfield's camp, and over in Sonora the soft-hued San José, San Lazaro, and Cananea (Caanan) Mountains.

We passed a party of Mexicans cutting hay for our camp with a hoe, picking out tall bunches without regard to kind or quality, getting, of course, the rankest and poorest.

Arriving at La Noria about sunset, we proceeded with our host, Mr. Sydow, whom we met at the entrance of the town, to his principal store. Here our orderly put up our horses in the corral, and we were led through the kitchen where supper was being prepared, into the bedroom, between the store and the kitchen. I was told that I was to sleep in the bedroom with Mr. Sydow, who offered me his bed, he having a cot for himself. While we were talking around the bedroom fire, he happened to think of one or two Mexican acquaintances across the line whom he had not invited, and immediately despatched a mounted messenger to them with an invitation. Supper being announced, we adjourned to the kitchen where some eight or ten of us, guests and regular messmates of Mr. Sydow, sat down to a spread of

cold fresh pork, and canned stuff of various kinds, of which I partook with the avidity to be expected of me after the riding and climbing that I had done.

About an hour after supper, having shown T—— the corner of Mr. Sydow's bedroom where he was to make down his own bed, and furnished him with a stock of cigars with which to see the new year in, I adjourned with Colonel Greene to the ball room. Finding nobody there but the fiddler and guitar player we walked through into the little room at the back, used as office and bedroom by Mr. James, the custom house officer, where we joined the circle of talkers around the stove. About nine o'clock the pattering of feet and starting up of music in the adjoining room announced the arrival of the *Señoritas*; and about two minutes after I was putting my

best foot forward to the sound of a "valsa." The room in which we danced was not the one used at the *baile* I attended here last summer. It was, however, very much like it. Both of the long walls of this room had shelves all the way up to the top on which were stowed cans, boxes, kegs, and other such commodities, the room being used by Mr. Sydow as a store-room. The building, of which it forms a part, was at the time of my last visit here the property of his mercantile rival, who has since had to sell out.

There were not more than eight or ten lady guests, and I was assured that the entertainment this evening had fallen short of that given on Christmas eve; a distinctive feature of which was, in the language of my informant, that the girls would "talk back at ye." This occasion proved suf-

ficiently enjoyable, however, to be protracted until three o'clock in the morning, at which hour we adjourned to Mr. Sydow's for supper. The company there discussed, along with more palpable matters, whether the dancing should be resumed. The question being decided in the affirmative, we were starting to go out of the door, when the musicians, whom, it seems, nobody had thought of in connection with supper, made their appearance and calmly but firmly objected to playing any more without something to eat. It being then a quarter of four, sober second thought, thus unexpectedly occasioned, determined us to revoke our former decision and retire in search of rest.

The ladies from Santa Cruz having no other place to go to, Mr. Sydow, of course, offered them his room. So having waked up T——, whom I found coiled up in his corner, and moved him into the front room, I went off with Colonel Green in search of other shelter, which we obtained under the hospitable roof of Judge Harrison.

[To be continued.]



INDIAN SCOUTS ON THE TRAIL.

## THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE SURPRISE.<sup>1</sup>

(Being the Diary of a Trip Around the World by a College Boy.)

Illustrated by the Author.

### VI.

#### IN CHINA.

*Tuesday, March 7, 1876. — Yellow Sea, bound for Peking.* — Reached the bar of the Woosung River last Saturday night. This stream is a branch of the Yang Tse Kiang, and Shanghai, the New York of the East, lies a short distance up. We had to anchor all night in the swift current on account of the tide, and it was not until next morning that we made fast to the massive quay that protects the city from the stream, much as Montreal is protected from the St. Lawrence. This strange city is built in the substantial manner of a European town with a degree of splendor assumed in other parts of the world only by princes. The stream is full of men-of-war, steamers from all quarters, clipper ships and innumerable junks. But for the junks and coolies you might think yourself in Hamburg or Antwerp. The streets of the town are excellently macadamized, cleanliness is the rule, and the dress and equipages one meets bespeak a large and wealthy colony.

The Shanghai cab is the oddest, perhaps because the first, thing one meets with on the streets. It is a species of wheelbarrow and Irish jaunting car combined. There is room for a person on each side of the wheel, while the driver gets between the shafts and pushes from behind. I did not care to try it, for it not only looked very uncomfortable, but made me think of Pickwick's trip to the Pound on a wheelbarrow.

During the Taiping Rebellion, about twenty years ago, the citizens had to enroll in a fighting corps and to fight for their lives as well as their money bags. They routed the insurgents in a pitched battle, but it taught them the importance of keeping up a military organization, which subsists now in flourishing condition.

The community is at present much worked up over the murder last year of two Englishmen who were on a surveying party. A strong fleet is also gathering in these waters to demand indemnity for the

murder of the officers of a bark by the Chinese crew. The cool thing about the business is that this piratical crew afterward entered a native port, sold the cargo under the nose of the Mandarin, although that functionary knew of the condition under which the vessel had been secured.

Dined with a full-blooded negro last night, a most agreeable, cultivated and in some respects talented, man. As I entered his suite of rooms on the fashionable drive, he rose from the piano to greet me. His dress is that of a gentleman, neither careless nor conspicuous. I noticed on the bookshelves that covered one side of the room the works of Thucydides, Fénelon, Goethe, Taine and Rousseau. On the table lay, among others, Littré's great dictionary and the Doré Bible. He had many languages represented on his shelves, and what is more could read them all. His French and German, at least, were excellent. We dined at the French hotel, a German gentleman who was here for some linguistic research being the third of the party. My host drove me in a phaeton behind two beauties of ponies.

Now this man would have difficulty in getting a night's lodging in a first-class American hotel, and all because his color is not that of the dominant race.

*March 9. — On board the "Shing King."* — Still on the Yellow Sea on a 700-mile sail due north from Shanghai to Tientsin. As the weather is milder than yesterday the Chinese passengers are crawling out from their quarters in the hold, gazing about in stolid style at the resources of modern civilization. How unlike their neighbors the Japs they are, who delight in novelties and seek for information from all sides.

In fact, the principal reason why no railroad can be built in this country is that the ground is so thickly strewn with graves that no road could be laid that would not disturb one or more of them. A line had been attempted for the few miles between Shanghai and Woosong, but had to be torn up on account of the fanatical

<sup>1</sup> The diary was commenced in May.



opposition of the natives. In the same way telegraphs are impossible, for the people fear lest the spirits be disturbed by the wires in the air.<sup>1</sup>

The native passengers are all of a high class. I am told that the majority are on their way to Peking to try for the great examinations for Mandarin. Their clothing is certainly of the most sumptuous kind, mostly of fine silks lined with fur. They wear a baggy kind of trousers fastened at the ankles and thickly wadded. Their shoes are lined with fur. No better illustration than this need be given of their inactive temperament. To be sure fuel is an expensive commodity in the north of China, and the absence of fires has to be made good by encasing the body to an extra degree. These garments are of every imaginable color and most pleasing to the eye.



THE PEKIN CAB.

The captain says they are so exclusive that they will pay sixty dollars for one of the officers' state-rooms opening out on to the Chinese steerage rather than take a first-

class passage with the hated "foreign devils."

The captain, a splendid specimen of a Maine skipper, took me into the great space between decks reserved for the Chinese. The smell of opium greeted us as we started down the hatchway, and I saw a number of little opium lamps quickly extinguished as our presence became known.

The burning of lights between decks is strictly forbidden by the company, but it is a rule almost impossible to carry out while opium holds its own in the country. The deck on which we stood was littered with recumbent forms of Chinamen who gazed stupidly at us, like so many seals. Each man had a mat under him and appeared as contented as a dog before the fire after a good feed.

Now here was a beautiful day, and yet at high noon the great bulk of native passengers were lying huddled together in a dark pen like so many pigs in a shed. Ugh!

*Sunday, March 12, 1876. — Tientsin on the Peiho River, eighty miles from Peking.* — Tientsin at last. The Piræus of the East; the port of Peking. It lies fifty-four miles up the crookedest, muddiest, shallowest and most treacherous little river imaginable. A ram's horn is straighter, the Mississippi at New Orleans is filtered water compared to it. The corners are so sharp that our steamer could not get around them without stopping and backing, as steamers do in entering a dock slip.

Three times did our steamer run her nose into the opposite bank, and make irreverent havoc with chunks of celestial soil. More times did she run aground and have to be worked off by sending the crew ashore with a hawser, which they made fast to some stumps, and thus gave the windlass a chance to aid us.

From the steamer's cross-trees, where I spent a large part of the time, nothing was to be seen but flat flatness, and no end of

<sup>1</sup> Herr Kiepert, perhaps the greatest of modern geographers, gives the following particulars, in the *Geographical Review*, published at Brunswick, of a short line of railway in China, which did not share the fate of the line between Shanghai and Woosung. He says that the line in question, which is only seven and a half miles long and which was constructed almost by stealth, is in the province of Tcheli, and is used for conveying the coal from the mines of Kaiping, situated about seventy miles to the north-east of Tientsin and 105 miles to the east of Peking. The Viceroy Li Hung Chang was anxious that this coal should be used for the Imperial navy, for the arsenals in the province of Tcheli, and for the vessels of the Chinese Merchant Steam Navigation Company, instead of the Japan coal. The simplest plan would of course have been to connect Tientsin and Kaiping by means of a railroad, but the Chinese would not allow the English engineers who had been called in to do this, and insisted upon a canal being cut. This canal, which has indirectly been of some service, as it has had the effect of draining the very marshy district through which it is cut, could not be brought right up to the mouth of the

mine, so the English engineers were allowed to make a railway over the last few miles. But when the line was made the authorities insisted upon the trucks being drawn by mules, for they would not hear of a locomotive which the engineers of the line had procured being employed. This went on for some time, but they have now given way, and two or three fresh engines have been brought over from England. The Kaiping mine is worked upon very scientific principles, being provided with all the most approved safeguards. The galleries are twenty miles in length, and there are seven miles of tramway. The supply of coal is practically inexhaustible, but the quality of it varies very much, and the Tientsin steamers have to get theirs from Japan. The mine from which they might have got the coal they wanted is only safe with patent lamps, and as the Chinese will always break the glass in order to light their pipes, the workings have been abandoned. The cost of the coal at the pit's mouth is only \$2.25 a ton, so that several manufactories have been established in the neighborhood. The mine gives employment to 1,000 men, nine-tenths of whom work underground, and, though not yet a success financially, it seems likely to be very beneficial to the district.

the same. The definition of a plane surface must have come from a North China geometrician. The only visible elevations were a forest of junk masts and the massive mud mounds known as the Taku forts, the same which the allied French and English fleets demolished in 1860, when they marched up and battered Pekin. I am told by a Chinaman that no Europeans are employed in these forts, but that for the sake of secrecy, Chinamen alone, with Chinese models, do everything. During the rainy season, the land about the mouth of the Peiho is under water, and the forts then become an important landmark.

As our great paddles forced us up the narrow river, everything of a Chinese type scattered before us. Junks made way, and even the people on shore ran to escape the wash from our paddles. The river is so narrow and the banks so low, that our little steamer going up the Peiho caused about the same degree of discomfort as might be occasioned by putting the *Mary Powell* into the Erie Canal. Those who owned junks ran to hold them steady; in some instances forty or fifty men would be employed to save one junk from the action of our wash. One native boat we washed clear out of the river, and up into a cultivated field. Our whole course was marked by battered junks, frightened Chinamen, and flooded banks.

#### CHINESE DRY-DOCKS.

The Peiho is a noted ship-building and repairing region, and should be investigated by those of our Congressmen whose laws have "protected" American shipping interests until they have died in the treatment. We passed many dry-docks between Taku and Tientsin, and they are about on this plan: A big hole is dug into the bank of the river, as though it was intended to form a ferry slip. This hole forms a basin into which the junk is floated at high tide. When the tide has receded the junk rests on the bottom of the basin. A gang of laborers is then set to work. They build a pike across the entrance of this quasi ferry-slip, and afterwards pump out from the inside of the artificial mud basin what water there is left. There you have your junk landed high and dry, ready for the ship carpenter, and there you have the Chinese and only original dry-dock.

When night came on we anchored until morning. Just to think of it, only eight miles from the Port of Pekin, and not a light-house, or any other facility for navi-

gating the only stream that leads to it. We got under way at daybreak, and at six next morning made our landing. Three gunboats lay close to us, British, French, and Russian. I wondered how they managed to get up the river, considering the difficulty we had experienced.

In strolling about the town, I saw a street fight. Two young men, apparently about eighteen years of age, faced each other with blood in their eye. Hissing monosyllables passed sharp and fast between them. Each moment I expected to see a dagger drawn and the ground suck up somebody's gore. A small group surrounded these celestial gladiators, and gazed stolidly at the two frenzied men, not displaying by their features the remotest interest in the event of the struggle. The two monosyllabic furies soon tackled, however. One grabbed a pigtail, the other got his opponent's ear in his mouth. The one who had his tongue free redoubled his monosyllabic anathemas, until the pain in his ear was too much for him, when he shrieked for mercy, and the ear was set free.

Still the spectators showed no interest.

The man with the liberated ear then jumped at the man who had released him, and a scrimmage took place such as cats alone can counterfeit. Pigtailed, finger-nailed and silk gowns seemed revolving in a cyclone as the fight thickened. At last one mouth fastened over an ear, and a pigtail once more came into the enemy's possession. This time the shrieking became, if possible, louder than at first. Before I had time to see how they were locked, a third party came up and boxed one of the men soundly on the ears before proceeding to do the same to the other. One of the excited duellists resented the blows by mumbling something hardly audible. At this the third party deliberately spat in his face. This act, it seems, vindicated the majesty of the law, for the man whose face was subjected to this unpremeditated ablution turned and walked away quietly, mopping his features with one end of his sleeve.

The spectators from beginning to end looked upon the proceeding as altogether devoid of special interest.<sup>1</sup>

*Pekin, Thursday, March 16.*—Such filth, such smells, such misery, such bumps and thumps I never before experienced,

<sup>1</sup> The name of this place recalls the 21st day of June, 1870, when nine Sisters of Charity were murdered here, by a fanatical riot of natives, who not only destroyed the missionary buildings, but killed seventeen Europeans, including the French consul. Yet no sooner had this piece of news reached France, than the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul clamored to come out and take the places of those that had fallen.

as I did on entering Pekin last night in my mule cart from Tientsin.

Last Monday night, all my preparations were complete for an early start for the capital on Tuesday morning. The distance was 80 miles by land and 120 by water. I choose the land way and left the friendly shelter of the United States Consulate at seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th of March.

My traveling outrig was about as follows: First came the indispensable "boy." This so-called Chinese "boy" was a well-worn old interpreter, full of wrinkles, good humor and endurance. His duty it was to pilot me to the proper inn, to make my purchases, prepare my food, pack my valise and wait upon me generally. On starting, this "boy" was duly impressed with the fact that if I did not return in safety within a given period, his body would be sawn into small bits and hung up to dry over the gates of Tientsin. Our Consul took pains that it should be clearly understood that if a hair of my head was hurt, at least a million men-of-war would sail to China and massacre every man, woman and child there. Whether the said "boy" did, or did not, credit all the Consul told him, the effect, at least, was as desired.

Next in order must be mentioned a mule cart, without springs, the regular native conveyance, to which were hitched, tandem, two diminutive mules. These indispensable vehicles are instruments of torture, creditable to a race famous in such contrivance. It has a cover, but no seat. The wheels are such as are seen in Mexico, or were seen 2000 years ago in Bœotia. The victim sits in the bottom of this pen, either with his legs curled up under him, or as in my case, with his feet protruding towards the mule's tail. A wheelbarrow going down stairs, I fancy, would give its occupant a fair idea of my sensations in the national vehicle of China, as I experienced it for many a long day on my trip from the Port of Pekin to the Great Wall, and back.

The next thing in order is my pony and pony "boy." These I engaged for the

relief they would afford me when I should get tired both of my cramped position in the cart, and of walking. Then, of course, I had a driver for the mules. My bedding I took along with me, as well as provisions for several days. The cost of this cart, two mules, and the driver, for two days, on a journey of eighty miles, was only five dollars; the pony and pony boy three dollars. This seems cheap enough for the



A CHINESE TRAVELING CARRIAGE.

work done, but I am told that the charge for this would have been but half of what it was, had I not been a foreigner.

And yet, cheap as this trip was, gauged by the amount of labor involved and the time consumed, it is a very expensive one when I consider that I was going eighty miles from a populous seaport town to the capital of three hundred millions of people. The cost of such a journey by rail would have been less than two dollars in England or America, and the time consumed would have been two hours instead of two days. Besides, I should have been traveling in comfort on a railroad, while in China I was bruised up to such a degree that I was nearly a week getting over it. So much for what Chinese cheap labor is worth.

#### THE START.

The air was bright and cold when I started, and a light crust of snow was on the ground. I walked nearly all of the first day, alternating now and then by a canter on my pony, who turned out a tough and lively little fellow.

The first night we spent at Yang-tsum, which we reached late that night. All our movements were slow, for in China mules do not seem expected to go off of a walk.

The inn we sought was closed for the night, but a series of thumps and yells from my three "boys" soon called forth an answer from behind the massive gates that shut us out. These creaked on their hinges, and by the light of little paper lanterns we entered the great court-yard, about which a long, low, straggling building runs. This central yard was filled with donkeys, mules, chickens and vehicles of all descriptions. The animals were lying down on the bare ground resting for the night, and the attendants were evidently doing the same under shelter.

After a long, and what seemed a very furious debate between the host and my "boy," I was shown to my quarters. It was

my mattress and a blanket I had brought with me. Undressing was out of the question; so, curled up in my big ulster, with my cap down over my ears, I turned in for my first night in a Chinese tavern.

*March 15.*—At four o'clock next morning, it was bitterly cold and a pitch-dark morning it was, too, my "boy" woke me out of a sound sleep by bringing me my breakfast, and telling me that we must all be off in half an hour if we were to reach the gates of Peking before they closed at sunset. The discordant sounds emanating from drivers and donkeys in the central yard assured me that the inn was astir. Had I not been sternly warned against native diet, I should have indulged in a nameless mess of greens, dough and pieces of flesh. My "boy," however, had been trained to Caucasian tastes, and improvised a dish of eggs, accompanied by some toasted bread, that

I soon disposed of, while he in the meanwhile was stowing away my luggage. In less than half an hour from the first call my little train was filing out through the gates of the inn, guided by the glimmer of the driver's lantern, which he swung in one hand, while he led his animals by the other.

My men had no change of clothing with them. What they wore served for bedding as well as apparel. The drivers wore heavy sheepskin with the woolly side in, after the style of Bryan O'Lynn. On their legs they had heavy quilted bags that

were gathered at the ankles. Their dress does not seem to interfere with their work, but to a European looks as though they were stuffed out with bed clothing.

My antiquated "boy," who looks down upon inn-keepers and mule drivers, as a minister plenipotentiary looks upon secretaries and consuls, wore a most gorgeous pale lavender-colored silk gown, generously wadded and quilted. Over this he wore a short tunic of blue silk, likewise quilted. A row of gilt buttons ran down the tunic, and a satin skull cap adorned his pig-tailed head. To me he was a more magnificent creature than any high celestial officer I had ever seen — and yet all this for about fifty cents a day.



WHAT I SAW OF THE GREAT WALL.

evident that I had been given a state chamber. An iron bowl filled with grease served as a lamp. A feeble light flickered at the end of an attenuated thread, that served as a wick. A table and one chair made up the furniture. Cold and bare brick walls surrounded me. A mud roof was overhead. My bedstead was a raised brick platform. This was soon converted into a Dutch oven by building a fire in a hole at one end of it. The fire was made of millet stalks, which gave out dense clouds of smoke, which filled the room until it found egress through the cracks in the wall. On this mound of warm bricks my bed was then made, which consisted of

I suppose a Chinaman coming to this country would think a drum major a vastly more important personage than the chief justice of the Supreme Court.

CLEANLINESS.

An old Chinese resident told me the following, which I repeat, without vouching for its truth: As summer closes, the Chinaman begins to clothe himself with one garment after the other, according to the thermometric progression of the season. By the middle of winter, he looks like a bloated smuggler, or a peripatetic bed quilt. Under no circumstances can he take off these garments until the mild weather returns, when he peels himself, one article at a time, until he reaches summer and his undershirt. At this point, he takes his first bath since last season, and prepares his wardrobe for the coming one. They always appear scrupulously clean as to their faces and hands, and their clothing and head-dressing, even among the laborers, never seem to be untidy. Yet to the tourist, there seems no evidence that bathing, or even washing, is a national custom.

On this point it is curious to note that no extensive order for soap has ever been given by a native firm of merchants. As soap is not an indigenous product, the inference is striking.

As we dragged our train along in the darkness, the dust marked our course, and persecuted us into Pekin and beyond. I have never seen worse roads, have never heard of worse, and cannot imagine such totally bad means of communication as what passes for highways up here. The roads of Norway and the wilds of the New York Highlands are too good to be named in comparison.

In fact, they are not made at all. Like the poet: "*Nascitur, non fit.*" They are mere tracks over a vast desert of alluvial soil, and each track is made, apparently, according to the fancy of the last traveler, as on some of our prairies.

All the traffic between Pekin and the sea coast passes here. We are never five minutes without meeting a team, and yet there is not a road, not even a straight track leading from the capital of China to its nearest seaport.

This is the dry season, which seems to be the regular season, with the exception of the four summer months, when it rains. I am told that, with the exception of the light snow that fell the night before I left Teintsin, there had been nothing like rain

since last fall. The dust, in consequence, is everywhere. A strong wind seemed always blowing from one quarter or the other, and the effect on me was that of being spattered full between the eyes by huge and continued shovelful of dirt. The teams that we meet are indicated miles ahead by the dusty escort that broods over them in the heavens. Moses would not have done badly, had he commuted his pillar of smoke by day for one of Chinese dust. It would have been money in the pockets of the chosen people. Why, no words can tell you what these dust storms are. They carry the fine particles of soil as with an almighty dredging machine, and deposit them in great mounds to windward of buildings and cities. They change the complexion of the country in the course of a few weeks. Some city walls I have seen so banked up that the traveler thinks he is approaching a city on an eminence. The air is made so thick by these dust storms that the sun is obscured, and lights are used at noon as in a London fog.

As the afternoon wore on, my mule train seemed to be going slower and slower, while the dust whirled faster and faster. The dread of finding the city gates closed on reaching them, was present to my mind. But by means of an extra tip all around, and a consequent acceleration of our rate of speed, we came under the lofty Pekin walls and passed their mighty portals at about dusk, having taken forty-eight hours of almost incessant travel to go eighty miles.

On entering Pekin, our cart got on to—ye gods, what? I know now what we traveled over, but how I felt at the time, no words can paint. It seems that a few hundred or a few thousand years ago, it matters little which, an ambitious emperor, wishing to anticipate the great Appius, laid out some paved roadways in and about the capital with blocks of stone several yards square. They were doubtless useful in their day. As Chinamen, however, worship tradition, and love a thing because it is old, these roadways, which have become a loose assortment of mutilated stone blocks, are in their eyes holy relics of antiquity. What is more, the degree of holiness they may be presumed to possess is largely measured by the degree of badness which they unquestionably exhibit, and which is no doubt an incident of their antiquity. This explains why any heretical repairs have been forbidden on these highways. This explains why the Chinaman who travels

these streets in his cart has to hold on to the sides with all his might to keep his brains from being dashed out on the top or sides, or his shoulder dislocated. The foreigner, unless he be a missionary, takes it out, I fear, in swearing. The ruts in these city pavements were often a foot deep, and of course, abrupt. Our tough little springless cart thumped and banged about in a way that would have shivered any Anglo-Saxon vehicle. A buckboard ride in the Adirondack wilderness in the midst of fallen trees, rocks and bog, is a good beginning for one who wishes to lead his mind up to a conception of what it means to take a drive in Pekin.

And yet I was after experience, and I got it. In the intervals between the cart thumps, I noticed that I was in a crowded thoroughfare, made up of screaming Chinese of all ages and sexes. Some were steering wheelbarrows, piled high with vegetables, baskets and boxes. Some wheelbarrows had donkeys pulling on ahead, and a man to each side steadying the load. Bad luck to the man that got his little wheel in a rut, as happened not infrequently. Lord, what a jabbering and gesticulating goes up then, not only from the disabled parties, but from the dozens of others who cannot get by!

Then we passed long trains of camels, swinging along in their patient and powerful way, not noticing anybody in particular, but apparently satisfied that everything means to get out of their way, as it does. These great trains of camels come down from the northern plains of Mongolia, burdened with what that country furnishes, furs and coal principally. They are picturesque features of the city, especially the attendant Mongolian, who stalks ahead in his fierce dress of furs, looking like some grim Norseman entering a city of effeminate southerners.

Donkeys, and mule carts innumerable, struggled along in the ruts and dust, while what chinks were left fairly swarmed with Chinamen on foot, carrying burdens on the ends of their bamboo-poles, or skipping from stone to stone in their incessant efforts to avoid cess-pools, that seemed part of the streets, and camels that knew no yielding of the right of way. Side-walks seemed unknown. But the stench that greeted me from time to time was a most painful proof that the same spirit that forbade any change in the street pavement, allowed the sanitary arrangements of the city to take care of themselves.

By six o'clock I found myself the third guest in a hotel—we will call it one out of courtesy—kept by an ex-Prussian guardsman, who had been a domestic about the German legation in times past, and conceived the idea of closing his days as the proprietor of the first and only European hotel in the capital of China. After my forty-eight hours of real, unadulterated China, I looked upon this "hotel" as the handsomest building I had seen to date; I praised his supper as worthy of Delmonico; I deemed my bed worthy of Versailles, and felt toward my host as toward a benevolent hero.

#### FIRST DAY IN PEKIN.

*March 16.*—Shortly after daylight, and a breakfast of the almost invariable tea, toast and eggs, the "boy" and I started out for a look at the wall of Pekin. We climbed to its top by a dilapidated stone approach, and found ourselves on a huge brick road, running for twenty miles around the city. This roadway is as bad as the rest of the roads I have seen. Bushes sprout from between the huge bricks that make up this great pile. We are fifty feet high, and look over all the city as though from a tower. If I had been guessing, I should have said that the wall was at least 150 feet high by reason of the smallness of the houses that cluster below it. We seemed higher above the city on this wall than looking over New York from the top of the Equitable Building. As far as view goes, however, outside of the wall itself nothing of interest attracts the eye. The city, as a whole, is a monotonous sequence of commonplace houses, devoid of architectural individuality. All those features that illumine the tea chests and lacquer boxes of European houses, were wanting. The heavy dust that brooded over the city like a mud-colored veil, did its best to soften commonplace outlines into indefiniteness.

This wall is forty feet wide, and at places fifty-seven feet. The bricks of which it is made weigh sixty pounds each. Four chariots could easily drive abreast on top. It is pronounced by Dr. Wells Williams the finest city wall extant.

There is not a piece of artillery on it, there is not a garrison that any ordinary eye can detect; and the bricks are rapidly being forced apart by the thorn bush, which is gradually taking possession of the whole structure.

From time to time we passed little guard-houses, some very dilapidated, and some in

ruins. Doors were off their hinges and roofs caved in. Occasionally I passed a knot of ragged and "tramp"-looking men lounging about, whom my "boy" pointed out to me as soldiers. But they had no accoutrements of any sort—nothing to frighten with but their filthy appearance. If there was anything to mark these men as differing from other Chinamen I saw, it was simply that they were dirtier. Not one of them beside whom my "boy" did not appear to very great advantage.

Pekin is a city of walls, which we might look for in the capital of a country whose people are famous as wall builders. Walls to the Chinese mind represent protection—not only against foreign armies, but against foreign goods and foreign ideas. Our Pennsylvania high tariff apostles have much to learn from the celestials in the way of commercial legislation—although, to give the devil his due, they do the best they know how to reduce us to the Chinese.<sup>1</sup>

Pekin has, in fact, four walls, walls within walls. And as though that was not enough in the wall line, the districts of the city are walled off at night, so as to guard against insurrections. Houses, in turn, are walled in all around like a hacienda on our southwestern frontier. When in 1260 the great Kublai-Khan made this his capital he kept his Tartar city distinct from the Chinese city by a wall. It is odd to note that the side originally occupied by the Tartars is a cleaner place than that peopled by the Chinamen. Inside of the Tartar wall is the wall surrounding the Imperial city, within which princes and high dignitaries live. In the centre of this walled enclosure is another wall guarding the Sacred City, beyond which no European has ever penetrated since the days of the first Jesuit missionaries. The popular notion is that gold and precious stones are at a large discount in that neighborhood, but if that is the case, it has not had a perceptible good influence on Chinese currency. The stories heard to-day about this sacred palace are of a kind with those that Marco Polo told in the thirteenth century, when he inflamed Venice with the marvels he pretended to have seen at the Khan's palace. Here is supposed to be the "dragon's throne," the seat of the Emperor, whatever that may be. Two square miles of pleasure

grounds are here in the heart of a populous city, obstructing passage from one side to the other.

It would be interesting for an engineer to compute the cost of replacing these great piles of useless brick with modern appliances. If the Chinese should invite bids for this purpose from all the world, it would be found, I think, that with all the cheap labor at their command they could not build these monuments again, in competition with the more costly but vastly more effective labor of Europeans.<sup>2</sup>

There is no mistaking the aversion that all Chinamen feel for foreigners. Every crowd you pass on the street is suggestive of it. You feel yourself surrounded by it wherever you move. Your only comfort is in the reflection that these people are too cowardly to fight you openly, and too wary to put you out of the way secretly. Experience has shown that one or two gunboats on the Yellow Sea are enough to guarantee the life of a foreigner, even as far off as the Great Wall.

#### OFF FOR THE GREAT WALL.

*March 17.*—Leave Pekin; started at 7.30 A.M. in a mule litter from Pekin for the Great Wall. From the pictures that adorned my school geographies, I had been taught to expect prancing steeds and chariots, twenty abreast, bounding along the parapets, while swarthy archers bent their curious bows towards Mongolian myriads that perpetually threatened the peace of the celestial empire.

My mule litter is like an ordinary ambulance litter, except that the handles are arranged like shafts fore and aft, into which docile mules fit. There is a receptacle for my baggage under the litter, but none for my poor legs, which I must either curl under me or stretch along flat. After leaving the hotel we had miles of dreary country in which walls, walls and more walls followed, until I thought to myself if these are the walls of Pekin, what shall I see when I reach those of the empire?

#### OLD ROADS OF THE EMPIRE.

Not long, however, after leaving the north gate of Pekin behind us, the rich clay soil of the plains changed to a wilderness of rocky hills. We were evidently

<sup>1</sup> For instance, what could be more absurd, from a national standpoint, than for the Government of the United States to lay a tax upon the material of which we make our ploughs, our reapers, our steam engines, our sewing machines, and the hundreds of ingenious contrivances we seek to ship to foreign countries?

<sup>2</sup> Our American Chinese-wall protectionists keep warning us against the competition of the so-called "pauper labor" of Europe. These cranks do not seem to know that our severe competition does not come from countries like Germany or Spain, where wages are among the lowest paid, but from free-trade England, where wages are higher than anywhere else in Europe.

getting into the mountains along which the Great Wall snakes its way. We passed remains of massive stone roadways, ruined bridges, ruined forts and ruined walls of ruined cities. The old roads had been laid in blocks larger than the stones of Broadway sidewalks, but had so grown out of joint that pack animals and carts went across the fields and made roads of their own rather than risk their necks on these treacherous quarries. The bridges we saw were of marble ornamented with most elaborate carvings, but weeds were growing in the cracks of the stone, and the wayfarer could but wonder how such monuments to human ingenuity should have been raised in this desert. The fortifications we passed were of massive proportions and suggested a time in the past when there must have been something here worth defending. In fact, though I was traveling in a solitude as complete as though crossing a southwestern Texas prairie, I was on all hands struck by monuments that indicated the former existence here of a dense population. If it is true that the globe tends to overpopulation, it is certain that China is resisting this tendency most successfully. If anything can be said with certainty about a people of which scarcely anything is known outside of the country itself, it is this, that China has a much smaller population than it had 100 years ago. And if cause and effect mean anything, it can with equal confidence be asserted that her vicious system of government is the best known check to an increase of population there. China is only overpopulated in the sense that there are always too many people when the government is a bad one. China is not probably as densely peopled as Holland, Belgium or England, but if these latter countries had over them a rule that placed a premium upon ignorance, retrogression, stolidity and extortion, how long would it be till these countries would suffer like China from the evils of apparent overpopulation?

*Nankow.*—The first night from Peking, after a long day's travel at a slow walk, I reached Nankow. I began making a sketch of my quarters, when one by one the neighbors trooped into the room, each with a would-be friendly leer, as much as to say, "Now do let us have a look at a real live 'foreign devil!'" The Tartar type is strong here, a simple and more rugged one than what is seen further south. These people would feel of my clothing, smell of my food, examine my valise and watch my

motions very much in the same way as they would be treated themselves if they happened to put up for a night in a United States hotel, somewhere off the beaten track. There would be probably less timidity shown by our Yankees, however, in the ceremony of investigation.

*Nankow, March 18.*—At four in the morning, in the face of a sharp wind that seemed to breathe straight from the ice plains of Mantchuria, and with no light but the bright stars, Chung, the guide, my "boy" and myself left the Nankow gate and entered the defile in the Sishan Mountains that leads to the Great Wall. We had fifteen miles before us, and though I walked the whole distance at a rapid rate and wore a heavy ulster, these fifteen miles were as chilly ones as I ever tramped. Down the middle of this mountain pass ran a swift stream, frozen over in many places. Great drifts of ice and snow had to be crossed at intervals. There was no path to guide us. We picked our way as best we could along the edge of the mountain, clambering over and around rocks, dragging weary feet through loose stone, and treading carefully along ice ledges that exposed us every moment to a tumble down into the stream at our feet. It was impossible to get a mule litter over this country, and even the two little donkeys we drove ahead of us seemed to have a pretty lively scramble of it between the rocks, the ice and the cutting wind.<sup>1</sup>

And yet this pass is the great highway from China to Russia and Mongolia. The mountain sides seemed alive with trains of mules, sheep, goats, pigs, ponies, donkeys and camels. A magnificent military road was once kept up through this ravine, but that has been completely washed away, and at present land communication between Peking and St. Petersburg is over a country full of risks, even to a pretty sure-footed pedestrian. The tantalizing stream that rushes down the middle of the defile had to be frequently crossed, often sending our animals in over their bellies. Twice I saw little pack donkeys fall in fording the stream, and, on account of their burden, tumble over on to their backs. In that position they had to lie until their drivers

<sup>1</sup> It is hard to realize that these very villagers were the ones who in 1867 set upon Count Beavor and his four companions with stones and clubs; afterwards plundering them of all they had, letting them go barely with their lives.

<sup>2</sup> My account book says that for two donkeys and a driver on this trip, going and returning, the charge was ninety cents. This approximates the market rates, and comes from the fact that I did not care for any such assistance on this short trip, and the muleteer consequently offered himself at a rate ridiculously small to our ideas.



jumped in and set them on their legs again. The weather was so cold that before these animals had made ten rods, their coat was a mass of icy quills.

THE WALL.

At last our hard climb was over and I placed my Yankee foot, cased in a British double-soled walking shoe, upon the wall that is typical of the "High Protection" policy and the Chinese mind. As I looked off over the great mountainous wastes of Mongolia and watched the line of towers grow smaller as they trended away over one hill after the other, I almost imagined that I was on the back of a huge dragon that would soon start with me and carry me off to be punished for my temerity. There was no end to this endless vertebrated brick elongation. It seemed the spinal cord to the old man of the mountain whose head and feet must meet around the globe. No human habitation was to be seen in any direction. This tremendous backbone or ringbone to China, that was conceived more than 2000 years ago, and that stretches its monotonous length for 1500 miles, is now but a pile of waste brick. Shrubbery is here doing the same mischief on a large scale that it is on a smaller at Peking. The parapet and towers are gradually crumbling away, as brick after brick is forced from its place by the roots of these silent and insidious invaders. Old cannon lay around in rust and profusion, but no one can afford even to steal them. One brick would be load enough for a pack mule.

This wall, that was intended to keep out barbarians from China, seems to have had the effect of only intensifying the historic dread of barbarians which the Chinese have always entertained. So little did this wall do for China that when in 1234 Kublai Khan overran the country it was looked upon by him as a mere military excursion. The present Mantchoo dynasty do not appear to have been troubled by the existence of this wall when they conquered the country later on, and not only established themselves in the government, but forced their own dress and customs upon the people of China.

The man who conceived this wall, conceived an equally magnificent idea, which was to burn every book in existence, including those of Confucius. History says that he put to death four hundred scholars who sought to evade the latter part of this provision. The great Emperor's idea was that

history should begin with him. None of his plans seem to have been successfully carried out. The wall is incomplete to-day, and what has been completed is rapidly going to ruin. His literary iconoclasm did no harm, to speak of, and I venture to say that none but the very erudite have ever heard the name of this stupid tyrant.

CHATOW.

On the way back from the Great Wall I stopped to lunch in a small but grimly fortified little village called Chatow. The single inn consisted of a single room, one side of which was taken up by the raised brick platform that serves equally well as bed or oven. The stove is part of your bed, and the same fire that serves you in lieu of blankets, cooks your meal while you sleep. On this bed-stove were stretched a row of wild-looking Tartars fast asleep in their great fur coats. They had probably just come down the pass with a pack train of camels, and were catching a bit of a nap while the meal was preparing. Overhead were some swinging shelves on which was stored what looked like the domestic supply of bedding and spare clothing. At the feet of these sleeping Mongolians sat a shriveled old crone who worked a pair of bellows with one hand while she stirred a savory mess in a pot on the fire before her, with the other. She would interrupt her work every now and then to stir the fire or throw on some fuel that lay at her feet. This fuel consisted of coarse straw and horse dung. She used the same hand for stirring the victuals as for handling the fuel.

The articles this woman used as fuel serve to indicate the painful absence of wood and coal in this region, and the great cost of transportation. Along the roads my mule litter was frequently followed for miles by boys and women whose sole object was to collect the manure from my animals. It was a most painful sight to see Chinese women, with their little deformed feet, hobbling along the dusty highway engaged in work of this kind, and yet this sort of work represents in volume quite a national industry. These poor women of China, in spite of their deformed feet, often carry heavy loads.<sup>1</sup> Their dress looks like that

<sup>1</sup> The Chinese Government is thinking of working some rich coal mines in the north of China, and to do so successfully will have to construct a railway. There is a strong opposition to this enterprise, and the good protectionists of the Pennsylvania school will readily sympathize with the reason. Simply this—if the railway were built, and coal made cheap to the people, the horse dung collecting industry would suffer, and—well—Chinamen must look out for "infant industries."

of a man — tunic and quilted trousers. At a distance they can always be distinguished from men, however, from the fact that they are under the necessity of leaning forward, as if to relieve the weight upon the heels of their deformed feet. Such women as I saw, were certainly of a most repulsive appearance, with blood-shot eyes, squat and fat bodies, and of a generally degraded physiognomy. It is difficult to think of them as women in our sense of that word.

#### FROM CHATOW TO PEKIN.

*March 19.*—Started back to Peking this morning, and took in, on the way, the monuments to the thirteen great Ming Emperors who reigned in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and tried to do for China what Louis of Bavaria attempted in his little country. It was under this dynasty that the Jesuits gained a foothold, and introduced much of European learning into the kingdom. The Jesuit Father Ricci, about this time, founded the Peking Astronomical Observatory, and placed on the walls of the capital the wonderful instruments, whose ruins are still to be seen, to remind the Chinese of a time when they once attempted to learn something from others. These instruments, which I saw at a deserted angle of the Peking wall, were on a most extensive scale and elaborately ornamented with dragons and equally national designs. I was told that this collection of instruments was in charge of a board of 100 learned Pekinese. That probably explains why the telescopes, glasses, and everything else susceptible of transportation have been stolen, and nothing can be seen now but the skeleton frames of bronze. Each of these Ming tombs forms

one of the many monuments to human labor and ingenuity, so common in China. You are in the midst of wonderful bridges, roadways, palaces and temples — all evidence of former luxury, while rapid decay is going on through sheer neglect.

Further on, at the ruins of the famous Summer Palace, called Yuen-Min-Yuen, I found, in the midst of a flat and desolate waste, every variety of landscape created by artificial means. Lakes, lawns, hills, grottos, and rocky precipices were so arranged as to deceive the visitor into believing himself in a natural country — a very Chinese *Sans Souci*. In the centre of all this beauty is the wonderful porcelain palace that was destroyed in 1860 by the French and English troops. The grounds are strewn with exquisite bits of marble carving and porcelain. Bushes were sprouting amid the ruins of this wonderful work, and no attendants were about to protect these precious relics from depredation. If the wonders of this neighborhood were in Greece or Egypt, books would be written about them.

#### PEKIN AGAIN.

At length in Peking, profoundly thankful once more to hear a civilized tongue, albeit that tongue was German and very bad German at that. I had travelled 110 miles on my great wall excursion, half of it, at least, on foot. Although the discomforts from the severe cold and the irritating dust have been great, yet on the whole, considering the nature of the quarters you get in these native by-ways, as regards cleanliness, I was probably as well off as I could have been at any other season of the year.

[To be continued.]

#### LONGING.

Oh, to hear the rippling laughter of the brooks among the meadows ;  
 Oh, to hear the bonnie thrushes and the blackbirds caroling ;  
 Oh, to rest where slumbrous woodlands fling their cool and dusky shadows ;  
 Oh, to see the sunlight broken by the blue-bird's glancing wing !

Firm and true, like stalwart soldiers, stand the pine woods' marshaled legions ;  
 Blue the rosary of lakelets gemmed with ferns and clinging moss ;  
 Fearless leap the mighty rivers in the mystic Northern regions ;  
 Cataracts trail their silvery splendor rocky rifts of hills across.

Hark ! I hear the herons calling and the halcyon's voice of greeting ;  
 Misty wraiths of ships are speeding o'er the quivering azure sea ;  
 Through the valleys slanting downward, slow I see the spring retreating :  
 Oh, my North-land ! Oh, my home-land ! heart and soul are now with thee.

*Sarah D. Hobart.*

## THE NEXT CANOE MEET.

It so happened that two members of the New York Canoe Club met in August near the eastern end of Long Island, and agreed in thinking that a four-days' cruise around Peconic Bay would be a good salt water test for their boats, as well as a means of determining whether that sheet of water could be recommended to their brother canoeists as a fit place for the meet of 1887.

On a beautiful Monday morning, therefore, *Tramp* and *Outing*, for by these names were our boats known, were let down, stern foremost, from the end of the high Sag Harbor dock. *Tramp* assisted *Outing* and *Outing* assisted *Tramp*. The spirit of co-operation worked with us from the start, and to it the success of our expedition is due.

No canoe is so light but that it can be better carried by two than one alone. It should be made a rule of the good canoeist never to go alone, for reasons too many to enumerate. Some of these reasons are obvious to any one, while others can be best appreciated by those who have first tried the solitary method, and learned by experience that it is not well for the canoe man to be alone.

The process of putting a canoe in the water from a pier head suggests to the beginner a derrick, perhaps davits, at least plenty of rope, and three or four men. As a matter of fact, we took each boat in turn, pointed her stern straight away from the dock, shoved her out until half of her hung over the water, gradually let her stern sink down until it buried itself over the after watertight bulkhead; then, as that end floated, let down the bow gently by means of the painter. The operation occupied less time than it takes to pen this, and caused not a single scratch.

A canoe is a rare sight about Sag Harbor, and many were the warnings we received from sage, weather-beaten mariners who watched us handling our little craft. Many showed sympathy with us; none, I am sure, conceived that there could be any safety, let alone pleasure, in such voyaging. We passed for a species of marine eccentricity not wholly devoid of human ambitions.

Paddling from the Sag Harbor dock, across the end of the harbor and under a bridge, we skirted the southern end of Hog Neck, past Judge Daly's summer residence

to the narrow sand strip that just saves that bit of land from being some other island than Long Island. Here we had our first carry—perhaps 100 yards in all.

Launching again on the other side, we stepped our masts and scudded along the shores of Noyack Bay for three miles, to an inlet at the southern end of Jessup's Neck, where a venerable fisherman, Wiggins by name, sat in a boat, patiently holding one end of a line. From him we learned many things:

*First*—That he was the proprietor of the said Jessup's Neck;

*Second*—That he was going to close up some marshes there next spring, and drive away all mosquitoes;

*Third*—That he was going to put up a house of entertainment at the northern end of the point, where the best of all things would be furnished, at reasonable prices;

*Fourth*—That we were welcome to camp out on his neck of land, and for that matter as many as chose to, so long as they are respectable;

*Fifth*—That the best bluefishing was to be had right there.

Paddling off, we landed at the first pleasing point, and made a lunch of canned meat, bread and butter, while we talked over Jessup's Neck as a camping ground.

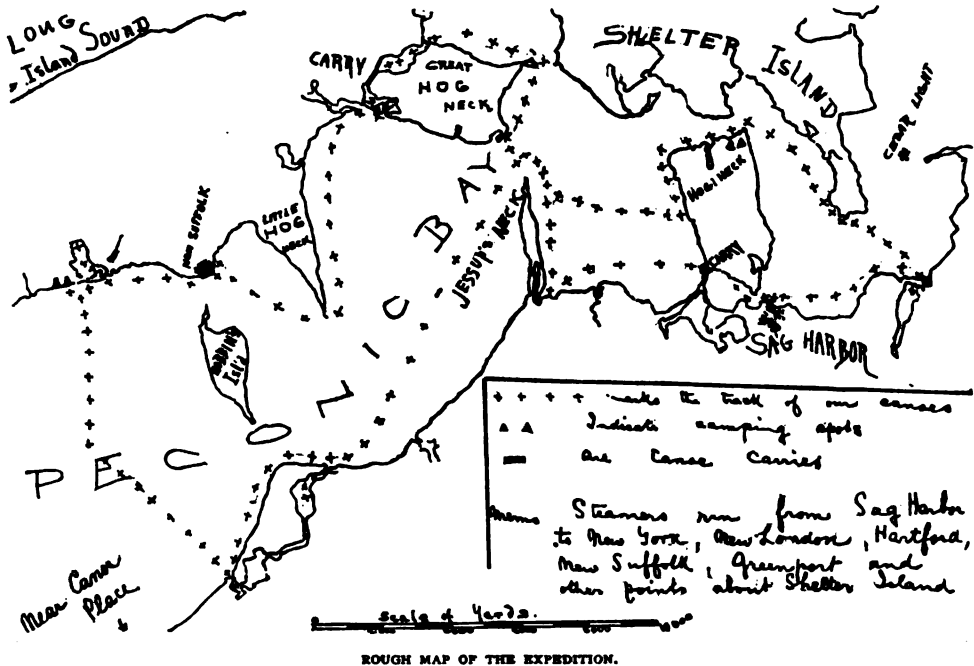
As is shown in the map, it is a narrow tongue of land, half of it perhaps wooded, the rest cultivated or pasture. The southern end is so narrow—possibly 100 yards wide—that canoeists could carry across when not desirous of going around the neck. As the prevailing winds are south and west, the Peconic Bay side would, of course, be preferable. We noted the proximity to Sag Harbor, also the fact that the steamer *Shelter Island* is an excellent night boat running to New York, making once a week a special trip past Jessup's Neck on its way to New Suffolk, opposite Robbin's Island, on Peconic Bay. The captain of the *Shelter Island* is spoken of as not only one of uncommon experience and judgment, but as a gentleman inclined to be accommodating. The freight of my canoe from New York to Sag Harbor was one dollar. The secretary of the A. C. A. could probably arrange for a reduction in favor of canoeists, or, better still, get the privilege of having their canoes dropped over the side near Jessup's

Neck, as the steamer comes around the western end of Shelter Island on her way to Sag Harbor. This would give the canoeist, bound for Jessup's Neck, a short paddle and a spice of adventure before getting into camp.

Leaving our lunching ground, we sailed along the eastern side of the neck, intending to round it to westward and go down the other side. But when my boat got into the waters where the incoming tide met the strong westerly wind, there was such a lively sea with such short and high waves that my forward hatch went under at nearly every one. The elements were in conjunc-

inlet at the western end of Southold Bay, follow it as far as it went, and try and get a carry across by some means. The plan succeeded, and for one dollar a genial farmer took our canoes on a wagon the quarter of a mile that separated us from an inlet leading into Little Peconic Bay.

The sun was down when the farmer left us at the head of a salt marsh studded with reedy islands, in the midst of which was one channel that led to the open water and dozens that led nowhere. The tide was running in; so was the wind. The moon helped us grope our way out, but not before we had run our canoes into most of



tion to bar our passage into Peconic Bay at this point, so paddling about out of the rip we stood once more to northward to Hallock's Point, on Great Hog Neck, where another tide rip awaited us for a little tipping and spattering. And here it is worth mentioning that neither of us shipped more than a dipper full of water in both these rips together.

Once around the eastern point of Great Hog Neck in the shelter of Southold Bay, we locked canoes, pulled out chart and compass and held a council. It was clear that we could not get through the rip at Jessup's Neck with a south-west wind, and yet we did not propose to stay out of Peconic Bay. We concluded to run to an

the impossible channels, and brought the time around to a point where sleep was hardly less important than supper.

We determined to camp at the mouth of this cove, on what proved to be a strip of land but a few yards wide, without so much as a spear of grass to harbor a mosquito. Fortunately for us, the wind blew fresh all night from the westward, making it impossible for such pests to reach us from the land side.

Hauling our boats well up, so that high tide could not touch them, we banked the sides in sand that they might not rock with us as we shifted in our sleep. We then took out our stores and wraps and made the boat ready for night. Gathering a mass

of dry seaweed, I laid it smoothly in the bottom, covering it with a rubber blanket. A bag filled with more seaweed made my pillow. A blanket completed the bed. Then I stretched the painter to half way up the mast of the dandy sail, and over this threw a rubber blanket that would serve to keep me dry in case of rain. *Tramp* had an elaborate tent of most modern pattern, and had we had prolonged bad weather I might have found occasion to envy him.

Next, one of us prowled along shore in the moonlight, gathering driftwood for the fire, while the other prepared the kitchen. We had bought milk and eggs of a farmer, and had brought with us coffee, butter, bread, and a can of potted meat. *Tramp* made splendid coffee and scrambled eggs, while I flattered myself that I could give him lessons on milk toast and broiled fish.

The simpler your cooking utensils the better, was our experience. A couple of tin cans in which to boil milk or water, a couple of dippers, a broiler and a couple of tin plates, are an abundance. Above all things avoid *patent* appliances, unless vouched for by a veteran camper-out. They are usually heavy, awkward to handle, and liable to get out of order.

Our first meal was delicious, and with good reason, for not only were the cooks sober and competent, but we had had nothing since our seven o'clock breakfast excepting a meagre lunch at Jessup's Neck. The waves of Peconic Bay were beating in childish fury on our little beach, the moon was shining gloriously overhead, and the clear, strong salt air blowing fresh into the embers of our camp-fire when we slipped into our canoes for the first night of our trip.

He who has not had a salt-water cruise in a canoe is not yet fit to die. His existence has been of the vegetable order, largely wanting in the qualities of which poets can sing. This is particularly true of that point of the canoe trip which consists of working yourself out of your canoe and your clothes at six in the morning, and splashing about in the water until you wonder that there is such a thing known as drowsiness. On this second morning, when we have freshened up for the day and taken our bearings, we conclude to wait breakfast until after prospecting in the direction of a comfortable-looking farmhouse, a mile west of camp. So off we hurry, sail down the coast, run up a short creek, and ask if we may have some breakfast. The kind

lady of the house not only gets up a sumptuous meal, but declines any payment. She exacts a promise from us, however, that we shall always treat others as she treated us, which we intend keeping, as well as our kitchen may allow. The treatment of us by this gentle old lady is typical of what gentlemen, and therefore canoeists, may expect in unfrequented parts of the country. I have received proof of this from many of my friends who have knocked about in out-of-the-way places. Those whose experience is otherwise, may have had exceptional circumstances to deal with, or—what is not unlikely—have not behaved in a manner likely to procure for themselves the most favorable welcome.

After inspecting the good lady's ice house, creamery and grounds, we paddled away down the creek, followed by a smile and God-speed from one who, thirty minutes ago, was unknown to us.

From here we made along shore to the end of Little Hog Neck, about four miles, and ran through a heavy sea to New Suffolk, a straight leg to windward of two miles. The spray came dancing over the sides, and now and then my windward arm would be struck by the water as a heavy roll would throw the lee side up. But her course was kept beautifully; she rose and fell as gracefully as a clipper, and reached the lea of the steamer wharf with barely a spongeful of water to squeeze out.

At this little town, which we reached a little before one, we had a poor dinner at what was termed the finest hotel in the place, and hurried back to our canoes to see how far to windward we could get that afternoon. But the wind was strong against us, the sea heavy, and all our tacking helped us but little. Near Mattituck we ran up a quaint, tortuous creek full of crabs and clams, and after grounding half a dozen times, *Tramp* went ashore and procured milk from a farmer at six cents a quart. By the time we got out of this creek into Great Peconic Bay, the sun was down, and we paddled to the first beach fit for camping. A huge sign was conspicuously displayed near by, threatening all trespassers with extreme penalties, but as we did not see this until the following morning, we had nothing on our minds to mar the charm of our night's camp.

One night's camp is to the reader much like another. There is, however, no monotony to the campers, for the element of uncertainty is always present as regards fire-wood, dry seaweed, the result of the

cooking, the character of the beach, the whereabouts of mosquitoes. As to these latter pests, they will not bother you in a strong wind, if woods and marshes are to leeward; but the canoeist had better take some kind of netting for his head to be safe.

The morning of our third day brought with it the same refreshing swim, the same cheery blaze and breakfast, and, best of all, a splendid six-mile sail to windward across Great Peconic Bay. The bay did indeed seem great when we were in the middle, the shores faint in the distance, and the fresh west wind blowing up such a sea that to our canoes the waves appeared as big as a Cape of Good Hope swell to a tea clipper. On we rushed, keeping our sails well full, the spray washing our decks, and the lee coaming getting well wet. Between watching the wind in the sails, and saving her now and then from a too heavy sea, the sport was so exhilarating, that the run over was accomplished in all too short a time. After that one experience *Tramp* and I voted that others might take all the river sailing they chose, but that salt water was good enough for us for some time to come.

After running in and exploring one of the many creeks or inlets of the south side of the bay, we made up our minds to run around to North Sea Harbor. This we made with fresh breeze and heavy sea, *Outing* running wing and wing with reef in dandy. After dinner at the hands of a hospitable farmer, we set sail for another good six-mile run down Little Peconic Bay to the narrows of Jessup's Neck, then across Noyack Bay to near the south end of Hog Neck, and then up to the north-east end of that point of land, where we camped our last night out, after a run of more than twenty miles, all of it in rough water and strong breeze. The power of our canoes to stand rough water was well tested, and to the entire satisfaction of their respective skippers.

The fourth day of our cruise took in a sail to the south-eastern end of Shelter Island; thence a run across to Northwest Creek, from which point we worked back laboriously with head wind and tide to the steamer dock at Sag Harbor, satisfied that four days had never before been filled with more invigorating recreation, or more valuable canoeing experience.

We sought everywhere for a better camping ground than Jessup's Neck, but found none that on the whole met the varied requirements of an A. C. A. Meet so completely.

There is no part of Peconic Bay that does not offer some attraction, and for a canoe-cruising ground, it is almost ideal. Being out of the beaten track of commerce, the life of the people around about savors of the pastoral and homely pleasures usually led by those who have not been brought up to think that prosperity is secured by successfully fleecing the stranger. To appreciate the Peconic population, a canoeist should first have sampled some of the citizens of Long Branch or Niagara.

The scenery about the eastern end of Long Island is not striking, there being no elevations beyond a hundred feet or so; but so great is the diversity of the shores, so many the alluring creeks, coves and inlets, that an inquisitive paddler can spend weeks in delightful exploration, and never find monotony.

A glance at the map will show that Jessup's Neck is central to numberless excursions extending westward to New York, and eastward to Montauk Point. The journey is but a pleasant night's sail on a steamer that leaves from near the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge, carrying your canoe with the least possible harm. The Long Island Railroad runs to Sag Harbor, but will be wisely avoided by all such as travel for recreation. We sometimes have to travel over it, and speak therefore from convincing experience.



## ARCHERY AMONG THE INDIANS OF VIRGINIA.

WRITERS upon archery have discussed most tediously the fabled shafts of Hercules and of Ulysses, and have speculated with many vain repetitions as to the probable force and accuracy attained in shooting with the bow in various times and countries. But trustworthy accounts of the weapons or the prowess of bowmen of any race must be of interest to modern archers. The following descriptions of the weapons of the Indians of Virginia seem to be accurate, as far as they go; and the quaintness of the language must interest and amuse even readers who care nothing for archery.

That honorable gentleman, Master George Percy, writes as follows in "A Discourse of the Plantation of the Southerne Colonie in Virginia by the English, 1606":

"One of our Gentlemen having a Target which he trusted in thinking it would beare out a slight shot, hee set it up against a tree, willing one of the Savages to shoot: who tooke from his backe an Arrow of an elle long, drew it strongly in his Bowe, shoots the Target a foote thorow, or better: which was strange, being that a Pistoll could not pierce it. Wee seeing the force of his Bowe, afterwards set him up a steele Target: he shot again, and burst his arrow all to pierces. He presently pulled out another Arrow, and bit it in his teeth, and seemed to bee in a great rage: so hee went away in great anger. Their Bowes were made of tough Hasell, their strings of Leather, their Arrows of Canes or Hasell, headed with very sharpe stones, and are made artificially like a broad Arrow: Other some of their Arrowes are headed with the ends of Deeres hornes, and are feathered very artificially."

Captain John Smith, doughtiest of adventurers, gives the following account of Indian archery in his "Description of Virginia," printed at Oxford in 1612:

"For fishing and hunting and warres they vse much their bow and arrowes. They bring their bowes to the forme of ours by the scraping of a shell. Their arrowes are made, some of straight young sprigs, which they head with bone some two or three inches long. These they vse to shoot at squirrels on trees. Another sort of arrowes they vse, made of reeds. These are peeced with wood, headed with splinters of christall or some sharp stone, the spurs of a turkey, or the bill of some bird. For his knife he had the splinter of a reed to cut his feathers in forms. With this knife also, he will ioint a Deare or any beast; shape his shoes, buskins, mantels, etc. To make the nock of his arrow hee hath the tooth of a beuer set in a stick,

wherewith he grateth it by degrees. His arrow-head he quickly maketh with a little bone, which he ever weareth at his bracer, of any splint of a stone, or glasse in the forme of a hart; and these they glew to the end of their arrowes. With the sinewes of Deare, and the tops of Deares-hornes boiled to a jelly, they make a glew that will not dissolue in cold water.

"They vse also long arrowes tyed to a line wherewith they shoote at fish in the rivers.

"One Savage hunting alone, vseth the skinne of a Deare slit on one side, and so put on his arme, through the neck, so that his hand comes to the head which is stuffed; and the hornes, head, eies, eares and every part as arteficially counterfeited as they can devise. Thus shrouding his body in the skinne, by stalking he approacheth the Deare, creeping on the ground from one tree to another. If the Deare chanches to find fault, or stands at gaze, he turneth the head with his hand to his best advantage to seeme like a Deare, also gazing and licking himself. So watching his best advantage to approach, hauing shot him, hee chaseth him by his blood and straine till he get him."

## CRICKET.

THE leading cricket event of August in the United States was the annual contest between representative twelves of Canada and the United States, which was played on the new grounds of the Seabright Cricket Club of Seabright, N. J., near Long Branch. The series of annual meetings, of which this match was the eighth, was commenced in 1879, when a picked twelve, selected under the auspices of the Philadelphia cricket clubs, visited Ottawa, Canada, and there met and defeated a picked Canadian team, with five wickets to spare. The second contest was played in 1880, at Philadelphia, with the result of a drawn match, rain preventing the completion of the game within the specified time. The third match took place in 1881 at Hamilton, Ont., on which occasion the opposing sides comprised twelve players. This time, too, the United States team won almost in one inning, they having eleven wickets to spare. In 1882, Philadelphia was again the scene of the annual match, and once more the American team won, this time with eight wickets to spare. In 1883, the match was played at Toronto, and the result of the contest was the signal defeat of the Canadians in one inning with forty-nine runs to spare. This was a rather discouraging record. The Canadians, however, nothing daunted, were on hand at Philadelphia again in 1884, and this time they were rewarded with a victory won by a majority of 100 runs. In 1885, the United

States team went to Toronto again, and the Canadians, encouraged by their success of the year before, took the visitors into camp to the tune of a victory with thirty-five runs to spare. This last match of 1886 also resulted in a most creditable success for the visiting Canadians, who now have a credit of winning a series of "three straight," as the United States had done from 1881 to 1883 inclusive. Thus far, therefore, in this new series of matches, Canada *vs.* United States, in which the contesting teams have been native American cricketers against Canadians and English cricketers resident in Canada, the Americans have won four, the Canadians three, with one game drawn. Prior to the inauguration of this series of international games with Canada, the contests which took place at odd intervals from 1844 to 1875, had resulted mostly in favor of the United States, Canada winning from 1844 to 1853, and the United States from 1853 to 1875 inclusive, except in 1854 and 1857, when Canada was successful. Thus, out of twenty matches played, the United States teams have won ten, the Canadians eight, and two have been drawn. From 1875 to 1885 inclusive, the United States teams have always included two or more of those famous cricketers of the Young America Club of Philadelphia, the Newhalls. On this last occasion, however, not one of this noted cricket family put in an appearance, and it cannot be said that the American team was out in their full strength, with neither Daniel, Charles or Robert Newhall in its ranks, not to mention the elder brother, George. For a picked twelve, the Canadian team this year was the strongest the Dominion has ever presented in a match; especially was the fact noteworthy as regards the bowling. Another fact worthy of record in this match was that the Canadians for once excelled the home team in their usually strong point of fielding, an element of success in a match in which the Canadians in the earlier contests were sadly deficient. Hitherto these international matches, when played on this side the St. Lawrence, have taken place in Philadelphia, on the grounds of the Germantown Club at Newtown, where assemblages of spectators numbering upwards of eight or ten thousand people have been gathered to see them. In the match of August last, however, the little watering-place village of Seabright was selected, and the result was that the attendance was limited to as many hundreds as there were thousands in Newtown in 1886. As an English visitor remarked, "there was plenty of style, you know, but a beastly small gate." The *Toronto Mail*, in an editorial paragraph on the victory achieved by the Canadians, says:

"The Canadians defeated the Americans, for the third time in succession, in the international cricket match, played at Seabright, despite the fact that the wicket was a hard and therefore an American one. Our players deserve the highest credit for their performance. A considerable proportion of those who play cricket across the line are men of means and leisure, and they have the immense advantage of being coached by imported professionals. Our men, on the other hand, have but little time for practice, and our clubs are too poor to admit of the employment of professionals. The victory at Seabright was won by superior all-round playing, luck taking no part in the match."

The *New York Times*, in an editorial on the match, winds up by saying that:

"The notable fact is that international cricket has now become an established feature of American summer amusements. The first visit of a transatlantic eleven, Parr's professionals, in 1859, was not repeated till nine years after, by Willsher's, in 1868; then came an amateur eleven in 1872; then nothing more until 1879. Now we not only have the established Canadian match, but can almost count on a cricket tour of some sort from the Old World every summer. All this is equivalent to saying that cricket has taken strong root and is flourishing even in this land of baseball."

#### YACHTING.

THE merits of the four leading American yachts have been discussed pro and con, and this, that and the other of the "big four" — as the *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, *Priscilla* and *Atlantic* are called — are quoted as alternate favorites. And yet, up to the latter part of August, no intelligent idea could be formed as to the respective merits of at least two of the four competitors for the honor of racing with the *Galatea*. The result of the races in New York over a month ago proved nothing, as the winds were light and streaky, and there was considerable chance about the races. In the Eastern Yacht Club race, the wind was steady and heavy, and the victories of the *Priscilla* in New York were wiped out by the *Puritan*, which easily defeated the New York craft. The *Mayflower* did well in this race, but her sails were not right, and she had too much top hamper. After the Eastern Yacht Club's race, the *Mayflower's* spars and mainsail were reduced, and nearly five tons of lead were added to her keel, besides over a ton of lead being run into her deadwood aft. These changes materially improved the yacht.

As to the *Atlantic*, it is acknowledged even by the syndicate that built her, that she is not the equal of either of the white sloops, though they are not so willing to concede that she is inferior to the *Priscilla*. The *Atlantic* has too much displacement, and there is too much of her both above and below the water-line. She is an able boat, and in a rough, dirty time would prove a safe, comfortable and fast yacht, but she does not average well. Judging her from the races in which she has started, one is forced to the conclusion that she is the slowest of the four big ones. The iron boat *Priscilla* is improved over last year, and Gen. Paine thinks she is at least fifteen minutes faster over a twenty-mile windward course and return. She certainly is more able than she was last year, and it is a mistake to say that she is good only in light weather and nothing else. She has carried her sails as well as any of the other big sloops, but is not quite so fast as the two white ones. In a sea she shows up unsatisfactorily, and does not seem to be able to go through it with either of her three rivals. Her headway in a seaway is deadened greatly; she slides off to leeward, and she cannot hold the wind with either the *Puritan* or *Mayflower*. This year the *Puritan* is much faster in "reaching" and "running" than the *Priscilla*, and in the New York Yacht Club cruise, and also in the Eastern Yacht Club race, she more than held her own with the *Priscilla*, and actually beat her "boat for boat," although the *Priscilla* is nearly four feet longer



on the water line. In a seaway the *Puritan* is much superior to the *Priscilla*. Comparing the *Puritan* with the *Mayflower*, the prophecy made by a gentleman (who was on board the *Puritan* in her races last year) "that the *Puritan*, off Marblehead, had won her last race from the *Mayflower*," is promising to come true. The *Mayflower* to-day, over the same course, is at least ten minutes faster than she was June 29.

THE older the yacht *America* becomes, the more the interest attached to the earlier reminiscences of the veteran Yankee craft. From the period of her brilliant victory in 1851, over England's choicest yachts, is to be dated the rise and successful progress of yachting in the United States. An incident connected with the building of the *America*, nearly forty years ago, is worthy of preservation in the columns of OUTING. At the present time, Mr. George R. Schuyler, a grandson of General Schuyler of the revolutionary days of '76, is the only survivor of the original owner of the *America*. Mr. Schuyler is a hale and hearty old gentleman of seventy odd years of age, and he is as deeply interested in yachting affairs now as in the old days. In a recent interview with a city journalist Mr. Schuyler related the following incident concerning the arrangements for the construction of the *America*. He said: "W. H. Brown, a ship-builder of those days, proposed to me to build a yacht that would beat everything else. If she succeeded he was to get a big price for her, but if she failed he was to get nothing. I and my associates agreed to the proposition. I knew pretty well, of course, that he would get Steers to model the boat. She was built and launched and named the *America*. We had a trial with the sloop *Maria*, owned by Commodore Stevens, and the *America* was beaten. W. H. Brown, Steers, and 'Dick' Brown, the sailing master, were not satisfied, and so we went down one night to Sandy Hook and met the *Maria*. Then we had some private trials, and even they were convinced that the *Maria* could beat us badly. Then I went to Brown, and said: 'See here, the *America* has failed to come up to the conditions of the contract and we had better call our old agreement off and we will pay you a fair price for the yacht.' So it was arranged. We were rather doubtful about sending the *America* over to England, she had been so badly beaten by the *Maria*. But we finally decided to do so, and before she sailed I presented the yacht with a suit of old sails to go over under, for I was afraid if any of the racing sails were carried away they could not be replaced in Europe. We sent her to Havre, where she was put in racing trim, and went over to Cowes, where she won her great victory."

#### FISHING.

A CORRESPONDENT of OUTING, writing from Bath, N. Y., makes special mention of the waters of Kenka Lake, of that district of our State, as presenting a striking example of the beneficial work of the State Fish Commission in restocking our lakes and streams with choice edible fish. He says:

"Six years ago an angler who succeeded in hooking a fair-sized salmon trout in Kenka Lake considered himself fortunate, for indiscriminate and unrestricted fishing with any means that might suggest itself to the pot fisherman had done its natural work. By restocking, by strict protection, in spite of the opposition of a class of fishermen who had for years had their own way, and who, strangely enough, were supported in their opposition by many reputable and prominent citizens of the lake region, and by the introduction of the favorite food of the salmon trout, that noble fish is now as abundant as it ever was, and it only needs knowledge and a skillful use of tackle for the angler to enjoy the rare sport of salmon trout fishing from early in the season until its closing days.

"It is a fact not generally known that the salmon trout's natural *habitat* is the clear, deep cold waters of the lakes of New York and some Canadian waters, and that wherever else it is now found, it was introduced from those waters by fish commissioners or private parties and clubs. It is also a fact that Kenka Lake is the nearest water to New York City where this fish may be taken successfully with the hook and line. There are plenty of salmon trout in Seneca Lake, immediately adjoining Kenka, yet they, for some reason, rarely reward fishermen with a bite or strike. The next best place for fishing for the salmon trout is in the Adirondack waters, notably Saranac Lake. A favorite place for fly fishing for this noble fish is at the outlet of that lake. The salmon trout is not a ready striker at the fly, but will take the troll readily. The most successful method of fishing for it in Kenka Lake is by baiting with the food it loves the best, the succulent little alewife or saw belly. It was not known until a few years ago that this fish would breed in the inland lakes, its natural waters being the great lakes. In 1871 Seth Green planted a few of them in Kenka as an experiment. Eight years later he was netting in the lake for minnows, and was surprised to find among his catch many young alewives. Investigation showed that the lake was swarming with the fish. No other kind of food is now found in the stomachs of salmon trout in this lake, and they prove to be the very best bait yet known for black and rock bass, perch and pickerel. Mr. Green discovered that it takes the spawn of the alewife but three or four days to hatch, and it has the advantage of spawning in the spring, while the fresh-water herring and young whitefish are fall-spawning fish, and it takes all winter for them to hatch. An alewife hatches 1,000 eggs to every one hatched by the fresh water herring. They constantly keep the salmon trout and other fish in Kenka Lake in endless supply of their favorite food, and cause them to thrive and wax fat accordingly. The surroundings of Kenka Lake are so delightful that the enjoyment of the sportsman is enhanced tenfold by them. Hammondsport, at the head of the lake, surrounded by vine-clad hills, is the headquarters for all who seek the shores of Kenka for the rare sport of salmon trout fishing."



### IN THE PARK.

CYCLING in the park, they say,  
 Eyes of blue met eyes of gray.  
     Whirling, wheeling,  
     Lightly stealing  
 Glances soft as break of day.  
 Cycling in the park, 'tis told,  
 Eyes of gray grew sweet and bold,  
     Coming, bending,  
     Gently sending  
 Pleading wishes manifold.  
 Cycling in the park, 'tis true,  
 Eyes of gray saw eyes of blue  
     Upward gazing,  
     In amazing,  
 With the lovelight shining through.

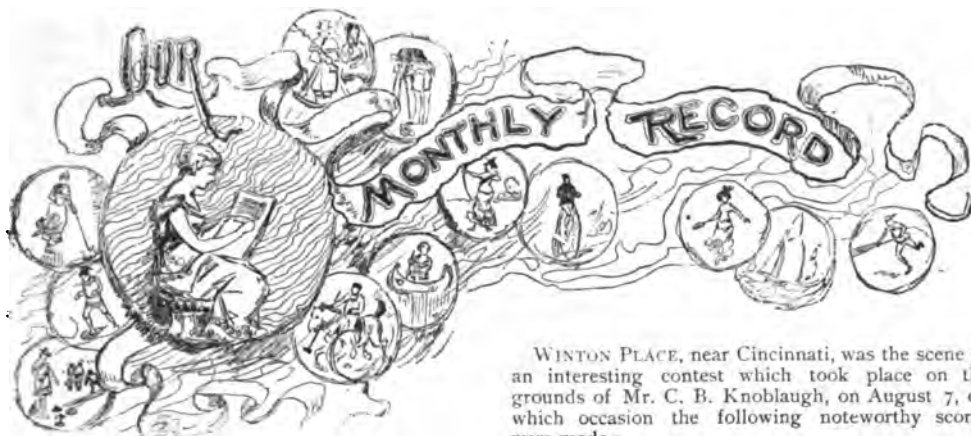
*M. C. S.*



"PAYING FOR IT."

Dedicated to our subsidized "amateurs" whose glowing tributes to the merits of the wheels they use fill the waste baskets of the editors.

—From *Wheel Life*.



This department of OUTING is specially devoted to brief paragraphs of the doings of members of organized clubs, engaged in the reputable sports of the period; and also to the recording of the occurrence of the most prominent sporting events of each month of the current season. On the ball fields it will embrace *Cricket, Base-Ball, Lacrosse, Foot-Ball and Lawn Tennis*. On the bays and rivers, *Yachting, Rowing and Canoeing*. In the woods and streams, *Hunting, Shooting and Fishing*. On the lawns, *Archery, Lawn Tennis and Croquet*. Together with *Ice Boating, Skating, Tobogganing, Snow-Shoeing, Coasting*, and winter sports generally; as also the in-door games of *Billiards, Chess, Whist, Draughts*, etc.

Secretaries of clubs will oblige by sending in the names of their presidents and secretaries, with the address of the latter, together with the general result of their most noteworthy contests of the month, addressed, "Editor of OUTING," 140 Nassau street, New York.

RECORD CLOSED SEPTEMBER 1.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editorial Department should be addressed to "The Editor," and not to any person by name. Advertisements, orders, etc., should be kept distinct, and addressed to the publisher. Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.

### ARCHERY.

MR. WALLACE A. BARTLETT, the worthy president of the Potomac Archers, of Washington, D. C.—the most lively archery club we have this side of the Alleghanies—has organized a movement looking to an October archery tourney in Washington. The following circular gives the idea of the Potomac gentleman on the subject:

#### TO THE ARCHERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 7, '86.

At a regular meeting of the Potomac Archers of the District of Columbia, it was unanimously resolved to hold an archery meeting at Washington, D. C., about October 6 and 7, 1886, and to invite all archers, whether belonging to clubs or not, to meet with us.

Arrangements will be made for a diversity of shooting, and a sufficient number of prizes will be offered to give interest to the contests.

In order that we may make the best hotel arrangements for our guests, it is desirable that the names of those who will be present should be sent to our secretary (Fred. Kennedy, Treasury Department, Washington,) as early as convenient, but no archer will fail of a cordial welcome who appears before the close of the meet. Our matches are open to any lady or gentleman who will come armed with a bow and six arrows. No fees of any kind will be received.

Archers who may know of this invitation are earnestly requested to repeat it to others.

Very respectfully,  
WALLACE A. BARTLETT,  
President Potomac Archers.

WINTON PLACE, near Cincinnati, was the scene of an interesting contest which took place on the grounds of Mr. C. B. Knoblaugh, on August 7, on which occasion the following noteworthy scores were made:

#### DOUBLE AMERICAN ROUND.

|                      | 60 yds. | 50 yds. | 40 yds. | Total.  |
|----------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| W. S. Gwynn.....     | 53-233  | 57-305  | 60-312  | 170-950 |
| C. B. Knoblaugh..... | 54-248  | 58-344  | 57-347  | 168-939 |

#### OHIO ROUND.

|                      | 24.    | 24.    | 24.    | 24.    | Total. |
|----------------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| W. S. Gwynn.....     | 20-88  | 22-112 | 22-98  | 22-104 | 86-402 |
| C. B. Knoblaugh..... | 23-199 | 22-110 | 22-112 | 20-112 | 87-443 |

### ATHLETICS.

THE BANKERS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION at Toronto at their tenth field meeting records the following events:

|                                   |                        |               |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|---------------|
| 100-yards dash, open.....         | F. Staunton.....       | 10 3-55.      |
| One-mile run, club.....           | G. M. Gibbs.....       | 4m. 46s.      |
| One-mile walk, open.....          | R. Irving.....         | 8m. 3 3-55.   |
| 100 yards, club.....              | R. F. R. Strange.....  | 11s.          |
| One-mile bicycle race, open.....  | Foster.....            | 3m. 3s.       |
| Running high jump.....            | J. S. C. Saunders..... | 5ft. 2 1-2in. |
| One-mile run, open.....           |                        |               |
| Quarter-mile run, club.....       | J. N. Gordon.....      | 53 3-55.      |
| 220-yards dash, open.....         | R. F. R. Strange.....  | 22 2-55.      |
| Quarter-mile run, open.....       | G. F. Gray.....        | 55s.          |
| Hurdle race, 120 yards, club..... | J. G. Wells.....       | 20s.          |
| Half-mile run, club.....          | G. M. Gibbs.....       | 2m. 18 1-25.  |

THE BEST ON RECORD in a 100-yards race was recorded on July 31, at Cleveland, O. The distance run was two inches over the 100 yards. All the conditions were guarded and exact. Five watches, carefully adjusted, were held by men familiar with the niche work of catching the start and finish in a sprint race. Three of them showed that Johnson ran his distance from the pistol's flash to the tape in 9 3-55.; the other two marked 9 4-5, which according to the rule, stands as the record. That there was only one-fifth of a second between the five watches proves the expertness of the timers, and guarantees the correctness of the record. It has long been evident that Johnson was the man to beat the record if it was to be done in the present generation. He runs with magnificent strength and speed. His spring is great and his average stride at top speed 7 feet and 7 inches—tremendous. With him, as with all really good runners, the strides in a sprint race measure almost exactly the same after the first momentum is attained. Speed, then, comes with the number of times the runner can hit the ground with his toes in the distance. Johnson struck it something like forty times. It was a great feat and gives him a standing among athletes that can hardly be eclipsed, for he has accomplished what thousands have been trying to do.

THE FOLLOWING RULE has been adopted by the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, to take the place of article six of the laws of athletics: Time-keepers—Each of the three time-keepers shall time every event, and in case two watches agree and a third does not agree, the time marked by the two shall be the official time. If all the watches disagree the time marked by the watch giving the middle time shall be the official time. If there should be but two time-keepers, and their watches do not agree, the time marked by the slowest watch shall be the official time. Time shall be taken from the flash of the pistol.

AT SEA GIRT, on August 24, a number of cottagers and hotel guests assembled on the Beach House lawn to witness the annual athletic games. Duer Irving won the first prize in the 100-yards dash, and George Carson the second prize. Clarence Sinnott won the hand drill. The other prizes were won by George Tilford, J. B. Titus, George Boldt (two), Alfred Earnshaw, Duer Irving, Harry Rogers, James Hinckney, John Sinnott, and the tug-of-war was won by Percifer Frazer, Jr., George Carson and Frederick Sinnott.

THE WAYSIDE ATHLETIC CLUB, a new organization of Brooklyn, though unknown to most athletes, flourishes apace, and has a membership of nearly forty. Its grounds, which contain an eleven-lap track and an 80-yard straightaway, are nicely situated, amidst woods, near Eighty-fourth Street and Tenth Avenue, Bay Ridge.

THE BROOKLYN ATHLETIC CLUB on August 14 held their midsummer athletic meeting on their grounds on DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, and the games and winners were as follows: 130-yards run handicap—W. C. Adams, scratch, in 13 3-5s.; W. H. Struse, second. One-mile walk, handicap—E. A. Kraft, scratch, in 7m. 7 1-5s.; W. Willett, second. Running broad-jump—won by Mr. W. Ford, who covered 23 feet and 3 inches, beating by 6 inches his own record, and beating by 3 inches the best amateur record of the world. When the distance was announced there was loud cheering. The 440-yards run, handicap—A. Peverelly, 9 yards start, in 52 4-5s.; Walter Smith, scratch, a close second. The 352-yards relief race—H. W. Kraft and D. Moorehouse in 1m. 38 1-5s. Throwing the 12-pound hammer—W. B. Young, 94 feet 3 inches. The 220-yards hurdle race—S. D. See, 28 1-5s.; F. H. Babcock, second. The 880-yards run, handicap—A. Peverelly, 30 yards start, 2m. 5 3-5s.; Walter Smith, scratch, second.

Mr. C. A. J. Queckberner gave an exhibition throwing of 12-pound and 56-pound weights. He beat his own and all previous 12-pound records by a throw of 114 feet 3 3-4 inches, but he failed to throw the big weight more than 25 feet 2 inches, 4 feet less than his record.

A CHANGE HAS OCCURRED in the Brooklyn Athletic Club which has created considerable talk in Brooklyn athletic circles. Early last spring Mr. M. W. Ford, of the New York Athletic Club, accepted the captaincy of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, and, although retaining his membership in the New York Athletic Club, has competed during the season in the colors of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, and worked faithfully, intelligently and successfully in furthering their interests. But he finds that the duties pertaining to his office demand more time than he can spare, and has resigned the captaincy, although remaining a member of the Board of Management. Mr. Ford feels that the Association is

now strong enough to dispense with his help, and he therefore returns to his original club.

THE NEW DEFINITION OF AMATEUR, recently adopted by the English Amateur Athletic Association is as follows: "An amateur is any person who has never engaged in, nor assisted in, nor taught any recognized athletic exercise for money, or who has never, either in public or in private, raced or exhibited his skill for a public or for a private stake, or other remuneration, or for a purse or for gate money, and never backed or allowed himself to be backed either in a public or private race."

AT A MEETING of the Board of Governors of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, Col. John N. Partridge resigned the presidency and Malcolm W. Ford the captaincy of the club. Thomas Clark, Jr., was then elected president; Charles H. Wilson, superintendent, and Duncan B. Cannon, treasurer.

RECORD BREAKING in jumping was a feature of the past summer's athletic events in both England and this country. From Ireland comes the intelligence that at a monster amateur athletic meeting held at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, July 31, J. Purcell, a member of the team that visited America last year, cleared 23 feet 11½ inches in a running long-jump without weights, which was nine and a half inches farther than P. Davin's previous record. Unfortunately, however, there was an appreciable declivity in the ground between the take-off and landing spot, and this prevents the acceptance of the figures as a record. Purcell, who has good cause to find fault with the management for thus rendering it possible for him to be deprived of the fruit of his labor, proposed to make another onslaught on the record, jumping over the same ground, at Monasterevan, on which Davin scored 23 feet 2 inches. He was believed to have the record at his mercy. At the same meeting Purcell was credited by the measurers with clearing 48 feet 4 inches in the running hop-step and jump, which was 9 inches better than he did last year—a big advance, but the same objection that prevailed against his other jump will probably prevent the figures going on record, although no report that we have seen says so. As it is, the latest achievement of that enthusiastic, persevering, and ambitious all-around athlete, Malcolm W. Ford, Captain of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, takes precedence of all other feats in amateur broad-jumping without the use of weights.

THE MIDSUMMER GAMES of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, which took place on the club grounds on DeKalb and Classon avenues, August 14, were marked by some noteworthy record breaking. In the running broad jump M. W. Ford got over 22 feet 11¼ inches, lowering the record ¾ inches. The previous record for throwing the 12-pound hammer was 95 feet 6 inches. On this occasion A. J. Queckberner cast it 114 feet 3¾ inches. M. W. Ford, as the "Amateur mustang Jack," performed some fine fancy jumping. He jumped over a horse 17 hands high. In the 880 yards running handicap Walter Smith, scratch, was beaten by A. Peverelly, 30 yards, in 2m. 5 3-5s.

A MILE RACE took place, August 15, at Gravesend Bay, L. I., against time, in which A. Meffert of the Manhattan Athletic Club lowered the record; his time for the mile was 34m. 55 4-5s. Meffert's times for 220 yards, 440 yards, 660 yards, 880 yards, 1,540 yards, 1,650 yards, and 1 mile are now the fastest American amateur records, supplanting those made by himself a week before. Judge, H. E. Buermeyer; timekeepers, G. A. Avery and W. B. Curtis.

BASE BALL.

THE RECORD OF THE League pennant race up to August 31 inclusive, left the eight clubs occupying the following relative positions according to the percentage of games won to games played, the rule which decides the championship:

|                   | Chicago. | Detroit. | New York. | Philadelphia. | Boston. | St. Louis. | Kansas City. | Washington. | Won. | Per Cent. |
|-------------------|----------|----------|-----------|---------------|---------|------------|--------------|-------------|------|-----------|
| Chicago.....      | 5        | 7        | 5         | 10            | 10      | 11         | 13           | 11          | 67   | .736      |
| Detroit.....      | 5        | 7        | 9         | 9             | 9       | 13         | 12           | 10          | 65   | .705      |
| New York.....     | 6        | 6        | 6         | 6             | 9       | 12         | 10           | 9           | 61   | .670      |
| Philadelphia..... | 5        | 8        | 6         | 9             | 9       | 9          | 9            | 9           | 52   | .604      |
| Boston.....       | 5        | 8        | 6         | 9             | 9       | 7          | 10           | 13          | 41   | .460      |
| St. Louis.....    | 5        | 8        | 6         | 9             | 3       | 4          | 7            | 10          | 34   | .365      |
| Kansas City.....  | 1        | 1        | 3         | 3             | 3       | 3          | 5            | 1           | 23   | .264      |
| Washington.....   | 1        | 1        | 3         | 3             | 3       | 3          | 5            | 1           | 15   | .172      |
| Lost.....         | 24       | 27       | 30        | 34            | 48      | 55         | 64           | 70          | 358  |           |

A careful estimate of the above figures, taking into consideration, also, the superior management of the Chicago team, leaves it a question of very little doubt as to the ultimate success of the Chicago Club in winning the pennant.

THE RECORD OF THE American Association pennant race to August 31 is as follows:

|                   | St. Louis. | Pittsburg. | Louisville. | Brooklyn. | Cincinnati. | Athletic. | Metropolitan. | Baltimore. | Won. | Per Cent. |
|-------------------|------------|------------|-------------|-----------|-------------|-----------|---------------|------------|------|-----------|
| St. Louis.....    | 9          | 8          | 8           | 15        | 11          | 12        | 10            | 7          | 73   | .682      |
| Pittsburg.....    | 8          | 9          | 11          | 11        | 8           | 7         | 11            | 6          | 62   | .634      |
| Louisville.....   | 8          | 6          | 7           | 9         | 9           | 10        | 11            | 6          | 60   | .566      |
| Brooklyn.....     | 6          | 6          | 7           | 9         | 8           | 8         | 12            | 5          | 55   | .533      |
| Cincinnati.....   | 5          | 6          | 6           | 6         | 6           | 10        | 10            | 5          | 52   | .472      |
| Athletic.....     | 5          | 6          | 6           | 4         | 8           | 6         | 10            | 9          | 45   | .445      |
| Metropolitan..... | 3          | 5          | 4           | 9         | 3           | 6         | 5             | 3          | 35   | .357      |
| Baltimore.....    | 3          | 5          | 3           | 6         | 4           | 8         | 6             | 5          | 35   | .343      |
| Lost.....         | 34         | 44         | 47          | 48        | 58          | 63        | 67            | 417        |      |           |

St. Louis apparently has a mortgage on the pennant which will be foreclosed about the middle of October.

THE FINEST GAME of the amateur league series up to July 31 was the game won by the Bergen Point Athletic Club's nine against the Nassau Athletic nine July 31, at Bergen Point, the home team winning by a score of 1 to 0. The record of the championship to July 31, inclusive, is as follows:

|                     | Nassau. | Bergen Point. | Staten Island. | Brooklyn. | Won. | Per Cent. |
|---------------------|---------|---------------|----------------|-----------|------|-----------|
| Nassau .....        | 1       | 4             | 3              | 8         | .615 |           |
| Bergen Point .....  | 3       | 3             | 2              | 8         | .727 |           |
| Staten Island ..... | 1       | 0             | 2              | 3         | .273 |           |
| Brooklyn .....      | 1       | 2             | 1              | 4         | .364 |           |
| Lost .....          | 5       | 3             | 8              | 7         | .23  |           |

BILLIARDS.

THE BEST RECORD in "straight-rail" billiards yet made is that scored in August last by Harvey McKenna, the celebrated California billiardist, at

Maurice Daly's rooms in New York. He was playing a well-known amateur at the odds of 1,000 or no count, at straight-rail billiards. He soon got the balls on the rail, and by delicate nursing soon had 1,000 points to his score. The ivories were in good position, and he continued playing, ticking off carom after carom. When he reached 1,531 points there was a loud cheer from the spectators, that number being the best on record. It was made by Vignaux in a match with Slosson. McKenna continued playing until he made 2,000 points.

BOWLING.

THE GRAND BOWLING TOURNEY of Scotland in August last, in which the competition was for the silver jug, presented to the bowlers of Ayrshire and Glasgow by the late Earl of Eglinton, was played on the Ayrshire Greens. The total number of players engaged in the match was 872. The total score was: Ayrshire, 3,520; Glasgow, 2,920. Majority for Ayrshire, 600 shots.

CANOEING.

THE CANOE ATLANTIC, which last year completed the ocean cruise from New York to St. John, N. B., arrived at Truro, N. S., on August 14, having sailed the entire length of the Bay of Fundy from St. John. The *Atlantic* is owned and sailed by S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., who is accompanied by R. B. Burchard, of the New York Canoe Club. The canoe is 18 feet long and 36 inches wide and is probably the smallest craft that ever sailed round the New England coast. The canoeists started from St. John August 4 and have sailed a portion of each day, excepting Sunday, regardless of the weather, which has been unfavorable on account of alternate calms, fogs and head winds. Harbor was made each night, the cruisers supplying their own meals and sleeping under a tent raised over the canoe, or going ashore as suited their pleasure.

The sails of the canoe contain about two hundred square feet of sail, in mainsail, jib and mizzen, which are controlled by quick reefing gears, so that sail may be shortened to meet a squall at a moment's notice. The cockpit is covered by a rubber covering which encircles the bodies of the occupants, so that a wave may break entirely over the canoe without filling it. The outfit also includes a Radix folding centerboard, a drop rudder, watertight metal tanks, anchor, drag or storm anchor, oil dripping appliance, life buoys and every possible device to insure speed and safety.

SECOND ANNUAL MEET of the Western American Canoe Association, at Ballast Island, Lake Erie, July, 1886. Result of the races:

Class B, sailing—Three miles, triangular course, no limit to ballast or rig, eleven entries. Winner, Harry Gardner, Cleveland; time, 33m. 10s. Second place, O. H. Root, Cleveland; time, 33m. 10s. Class A, sailing—Three miles, no limit to ballast or rig, four entries. Winner, O. A. Woodruff, Ruckawa Club, Dayton, Ohio; time, 53m. Class I., paddling—Half mile, three entries. Winner, A. W. Kitchin, Tippecanoe Club, Chicago; time, 3m. 5 1-10s. Second place, B. W. Wood, Tippecanoe Club, Chicago; time, 3m. 5 1-10s. Class III., paddling—Half mile, three entries. Winner, R. P. McCune, Tippecanoe Club, Chicago; time, 7m. 15s. Second place, Harry Gardner. Class II., paddling—Half mile, five entries. Winner, A. W. Kitchin; time, 5m. 8s. Second place, C. J. Bonfield, Bay City, Mich. Sailing—Three miles, open to all canoes, with time allowance. thirteen entries.

Winner, O. A. Woodruff; time, 48m. 17s. Second place, George B. Ellard, Cincinnati Canoe Club; time, 48m. 3½s. All classes, three miles, sail first mile, paddle second, sail third, six entries. Winner, Harry Gardner; time 56m. 33s. Second place, R. P. McCune. O. A. Woodruff came in first on this race. The judges ruled him out on account of some irregularity.

Double paddling race, two men, Class V.—One-half mile, three crews entered. Winners, Kitchin and McCune; time, 3m. 32s. Second place, Gardner and Root; time, 3m. 38s. Classes I and A—300 feet, upset race, four entries. Winner, A. W. Kitchin; second place, J. O. Shiras, Miami Canoe Club, Cincinnati. All canoes—Two miles, open to novices only, five entries. Winner, R. P. McCune; time, 39m. 31s.; second place, B. W. Wood. All classes, sailing—Three miles, with time allowance, twelve entries. Winner, W. D. Breed, Cincinnati, O.; time, 50m. 44s.; second place, George B. Ellard; time, 51m. 50s. Hurry-scurry race—Open to all canoes, run 100 feet, swim 50 feet and paddle 100 feet, four entries. Winner, A. W. Kitchin; second place, Harry Gardner. All classes, sailing, without ballast—Three miles, time allowance, seven entries. Winner, O. A. Woodruff; time, 58½m.; second place, George B. Ellard; time, 68m. 25s. All classes, sailing—Two miles, sail one mile, paddle one mile, four entries. Winner, Harry Gardner; time, 25m. 4s.; second place, O. A. Woodruff; time, 25m. 34s. Sailing for the Gardner Challenge Cup—Twice around a three-mile triangular course, six miles; fresh wind blowing, which increased to a gale. Entries: C. F. Pennewell, Cleveland; C. J. Bonsfield, Bay City, Mich.; George West and D. W. C. Ruff, of Sandusky; Harry Gardner, O. A. Woodruff and J. O. Shiras. Bonsfield, Woodruff and Shiras sailed in Class A, or narrow canoes; the rest in Class D, or wide canoes. Gardner's canoe rudder broke, West capsized, Ruff and Woodruff swamped, and Shiras' canoe became water-logged. Bonsfield and Pennewell finished, the former winning in 1h. 25m. 16s.; Pennewell, close behind, finished in 1h. 36m. A great many canoeists had left for home before this race took place, which accounts for the small number of entries.

REGATTA OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River. Sixth annual meet. Programme of races:

*First day, Monday, August 23.* No. 1, 9.30 A.M.—Paddling Class II., 1 mile. No. 2, 9.45 A.M.—Paddling Class IV., 1 mile. No. 3, 10 A.M.—Sailing Novices Classes A and B, no limits to rig or ballast (open only to members who never sailed a canoe prior to September 1, 1885), 1½ miles. No. 4, 11 A.M.—Paddling Class I. (this race exempt from "one man one canoe" rule), 1 mile. No. 5, 11.30 A.M.—Paddling Class III., 1 mile. No. 6, 2 P.M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., open canoes, 1 mile. No. 7, 2.30 P.M.—Sailing Class B, sail limited to 75 feet, any ballast, 3 miles. No. 8, 2.45 P.M.—Sailing Class A, sail limited to 50 feet, any ballast, 3 miles. No. 9, 4 P.M.—Upset race, any Class II. or larger canoe (no special appliance allowed, at signal every canoe must be turned completely over), 200 feet.

*Second day, Tuesday, August 24.* No. 10, 9.30 A.M.—Paddling Class IV. (canoe and load to weigh at least 200 pounds), 1 mile. No. 11, 9.45 A.M.—Paddling Class III. (canoe and load to weigh at least 160 pounds), 1 mile. No. 12, 10 A.M.—Paddling and sailing combined, Classes A and B (paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile,

paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile), 3 miles. No. 13, 11 A.M.—Paddling Class II. (canoe and load to weigh at least 120 pounds), 1 mile. No. 14, 11.30 A.M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked, 1 mile. (Canoes for this race must be decked on half their length.) No. 15, 2 P.M.—Sailing Class B, no limits in rig or ballast, 3 miles. No. 16, 2.15 P.M.—Sailing Class A, no limits in rig or ballast, 3 miles. No. 17, 3 P.M.—Sailing unclassified canoes, no limits in ballast or rig, 3 miles. No. 18, 3.30 P.M.—Hurry-scurry race—100 yards run, 20 yards swim, 200 yards paddle. No. 19, 4 P.M.—Tournament and gymnastics.

The "all-round record" with five prizes is based upon all events in this programme, except Nos. 3, 4, 6, 9, 14, 17, 18, 19—that is, upon six paddling, four sailing, and one combined. Every classified canoe (except Class I.) being eligible alike for two paddling races, two sailing, and one combined. For No. 4 members may bring and use another canoe besides the one allowed under Rule II. for other events.

J. B. McMURRICH, Chairman.  
S. G. FAIRLOUGH,  
READE W. BAILEY,

*Regatta Committee.*

#### RESULTS.

Event 1. Five starters, five finished. C. J. Bonsfield, *Regina*, of Bay City, Mich., first prize; Rev. Baldwin, *Irene*, Ottawa, second prize; winner's time, 12m. 27s. 2. Fourteen starters, thirteen finished. W. F. Kipp, *Nellie*, Canton, N. Y., first prize; H. F. McKendrick, *Iena*, Galt, Ont., second; winner's time, 11m. 56s. 3. Sixteen starters, thirteen finished. W. B. Lesslie, *Wanda*, Kingston, Ont., first prize; H. F. Sinclair, *Gwen*, Brooklyn, N. Y., second; winner's time, 30m. 15s. 4. Three starters, all finished. M. F. Johnston, *Maggie*, Toronto, first prize; C. M. Douglas, *Harmony*, Toronto, second; winner's time, 10m. 25s., being the best time over the course this year for singles. 5. Nine starters, all finished. M. F. Johnston, *Rapid*, Toronto, first prize; E. Pitt, *Tsigan*, Brockville, Ont., second; winner's time, 10m. 44s. 6. Three crews started, all finished. M. F. Johnston and H. F. McKendrick, *Rapid*, first prize; G. B. Wilkinson and F. M. Turner, *Merle*, second; winner's time, 10m. 11s. 7. Fifty-three entries, thirty-four finished. E. H. Barney, *Pecowic*, Springfield, first prize; L. Q. Jones, *Venture*, Hartford, second; P. M. Wackerhagen, *Turtle*, Albany, third; winner's time, 1h. 10m. 30s.; second's time, 1h. 17m. 10s. 8. Seven starters, five finished. G. E. Edgar, Jr., *Peggy*, Newburgh, first; C. J. Bonsfield, *Regina*, second. Winner's time, 1h. 52m. 35s. 9. Twenty-one entries. J. E. Mellon, *Surprise*, Rochester, first; second place was a dead heat for three canoes. Second trial resulted in a win for Heighway, *Nina*, Cincinnati. 10. Six starters, all finished. H. F. McKendrick, *Iena*, first; F. M. Turner, *Olive*, second. Winner's time, 12m. 55s. 11. Five starters, four finished. M. F. Johnston, *Rapid*, first; G. B. Wilkinson, *Merle*, second. Winner's time, 11m. 55s. 12. Seventeen starters, fourteen finished. C. B. Vaux, *Lassie*, New York, first; W. G. McKendrick, *Mac*, Toronto, second. Winner's time, just 45m.; second boat 6s. later. 13. Three starters, all finished. R. W. Baldwin, *Irene*, Ottawa, first; C. J. Bonsfield, *Regina*, second. Winner's time, 11m. 18s. 14. Three starters, all finished. F. M. Turner and G. Wilkinson, *Olive*, first; W. G. McKendrick and D. B. Jaques, *Mac*, second. Winner's

time, 11m. 1s. 15. Forty-two started, forty-one finished. E. H. Barney, *Pecowisc*, first, 45m. 38s.; R. W. Gibson, *Vesper*, second, 47m. 53s.; and P. Butler, *Blanche*, third, 49m. 5s. 16. Eight starters, all finished. G. E. Edgar, Jr., *Peggy*, first, 51m. 20s.; J. L. Weller, *Zulu*, second, 57m. 17. No entries. 18. Seventeen entries, four finished. J. L. Weller, *Zulu*, first; G. B. Wilkinson, *Merle*, second. 19. H. F. McKendrick and crew won the tournament, in which there were six contestants.

A. C. A. YEARLY CHALLENGE CUP AND INTERNATIONAL TROPHY RACE. Fifteen entries, including the two visiting Englishmen, W. Baden-Powell and W. Stewart, in canoes *Nautilus* and *Pearl*. Thirteen starters, and eleven finished. R. W. Gibson, *Vesper*, Mohican C. C. of Albany, first, 1h. 39m. 15s.; E. H. Barney, *Pecowisc*, Springfield C. C., second, 1h. 39m. 23s.; C. B. Vaux, *Lassie*, N. Y. C. C., third, 1h. 41m. 47s. Course, three times around the one and one-half mile triangle, seven and one-half miles in all. Time limit, three hours. Gibson holds the cup till next August, and then has to win again to hold it. It is to be sailed for every year at the meets. Fifteen boats are picked out according to their standing on the record made in the A and B sailing races. The *Peggy* was run into by the *Wraith* just as the race was started, and both canoes lost their mainmasts. *Peggy* at once got another one, and joined in the race on the second round, completing the seven and one-half miles in 1h. 42m. 12s., which would have given him fourth place. His time was kept officially. The order of names on the record and the points obtained by the first ten are here given. Sixty names appear on the record to forty-three in 1835:

|                                                      | POINTS |
|------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| 1. C. J. Bonsfield                                   | 36.76  |
| 2. G. E. Edgar, Jr.                                  | 34.80  |
| 3. M. V. Brokaw                                      | 34.34  |
| 4. W. G. McKendrick                                  | 33.28  |
| 5. L. Q. Jones                                       | 33.27  |
| These five men received the five record prize flags: |        |
| 6. R. W. Baldwin                                     | 28.57  |
| 7. Paul Butler                                       | 28.52  |
| 8. C. B. Vaux                                        | 27.62  |
| 9. F. M. Turner                                      | 25.70  |
| 10. Wm. Whitlock                                     | 21.28  |

Fifty points are the most possible for any one record, five races, counting ten for the winner of a race.

The sixtieth man on the record is E. Bellatty, who came in last in the only race he entered, and therefore scores one point for a finish.

At the annual meeting the association was divided into two divisions, according to the new constitution. The Eastern and Central divisions now make up the A. C. A., together with unattached members. It is likely that in another year a Western and a Canadian division will apply for admission.

The Commodore and Secretary of the A. C. A. are to be elected in November by the division officers and executive committee. The officers of the Central division are: R. W. Gibson, Vice-Commodore (A. C. A. but commander of the division); B. W. Richards, Rear-Commodore; E. W. Brown, Purser.

#### CRICKET.

THE MONTREAL CLUB visited Boston July 26, and on the 28th, after a Monday's contest with the noted Longwood Club, of Boston, had to retire from the match a badly defeated party, much to their surprise, as they thought they had a team with them capable of giving the home eleven a good fight. The Longwood Club, however, have now

got a capital team to place in the field, and this time they gave the visitors a regular Waterloo. The Canadians went to the bat first, and they were disposed of for 68 runs, Lacey, their professional, contributing 29, being the only double figure score of the innings. George Wright took 4 wickets for 12 runs in this inning, Hubbard 4 for 26, and Chambers 3 for 27. On the part of the Longwoods, they were not got rid of until they had run up the large total of 282, of which George Wright contributed the top score of 85 not out, Chambers adding 67, Appleton 38, Sam Wright 34, and Mansfield 13. Lacey led the Montreal, bowling with 6 wickets for 80 runs, seven bowlers being tried. In the second inning of the visitors they could only equal their previous score, Lacey again leading with 26 to his credit, Stancliffe this time adding 10. George Wright took 9 wickets for 53 runs, and Dutton 2 for 30. Weak bowling and loose fielding by the visitors materially aided the home team in their innings at the bat.

THE LARGEST SCORE IN A MATCH on record was made on August 4, in a contest which took place at Hampstead, Eng., between the Hampstead Club eleven, and an eleven of the town known as the Stoics, and before the first innings ended they were in a condition to test their ability as stoics of the first water, the Hampstead eleven's score proving to be the largest of the season in one innings, besides which A. E. Stoddard, playing for Hampstead, made the highest individual score on record, *viz.*, 485. The other cricketers who have reached the fourth century in a single inning are J. S. Carrick, with 419; W. N. Roe, 415; E. F. S. Tylcote, 404, and W. G. Grace, 400; each of these four batsmen, however, being not out when the inning ended. We give below the score of this last instance of big batting:

| HAMPSTEAD.                 |     |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Stoddard c Kelly b Renny   | 485 |
| Marshall b Oscar           | 6   |
| Beach c Lavender b Fleming | 98  |
| Turberville b Kelly        | 5   |
| Parker c Kelly b Carter    | 4   |
| Doyle c and b Daniel       | 27  |
| Swift c Kelly b Carter     | 92  |
| Dollar c Lavender b Renny  | 38  |
| Rooth c Carter b Kelly     | 1   |
| Stewart not out            | 0   |
| Extras                     | 58  |
| Total                      | 814 |

A DECIDED SURPRISE PARTY was given the American twelve by their Canadian visitors on the occasion of the first day of the International match at Seabright, N. J., last month. The first ball bowled in the first innings of the Americans took Brewster's stumps, and the second bowled E. W. Clark, while J. A. Scott and Brockie were caught, before making a run. The first four American wickets went down for only one run, which was a leg-bye, and six wickets were down for only eleven. When it is added that eight of the American players were caught or bowled without a run, the extraordinary excellence of the Canadian bowling, with the extremely active field support given it, may be understood.

THE STATEN ISLAND CLUB won and lost a game with the Canadian Zingari team during their visit to New York in August. On the occasion of the first match Mr. Wilson of the Canadian team clean bowled six of the Staten Islanders, caught and bowled one, had another caught off his deliveries, and got one leg before wicket. Thus nine wickets fell to him—a phenomenal performance with the ball.

THE LONGWOOD CLUB on August 28, at Fall River, were defeated by the Fall Rivers in a closely contested game. Two innings were played, at the close of which the score stood 57 to 51, in favor of the home team.

THE HAMILTON CLUB on August 28, at Hamilton, Ont., defeated the visiting West India eleven with seven wickets to spare. Score, first inning: West Indias, 114; Hamilton, 116. Second inning: West Indias, 63; Hamilton, 63, and only three wickets down.

THE PARTY OF ENGLISH amateur cricketers who arrived in New York, August 22, were as follows: Rev. A. Fortescue, of Devonshire; W. E. Roller, of Surrey; J. A. Turner and H. W. Bainbridge, of Cambridge University; A. R. Cobb, E. H. Buckland and K. J. Key, of Oxford University; J. R. Hine-Haycock, of Kent; C. E. Cotterell, of Middlesex; H. Rotherham, of Warwickshire; F. T. Welman, of Somersetshire, and E. J. Sanders, of Exeter, Devonshire.

THE CONTESTS IN AUGUST between the visiting West India team and the clubs of Montreal and Toronto resulted as follows:

August 17—West Indians *vs.* Montreal, at Montreal. Won by latter, by 110 to 62, the first inning's score deciding the match.

August 18—West Indians *vs.* Halifax Wanderers, at Montreal. Won by former by 314 in 1 inning.

August 21—Montreal *vs.* Halifax Wanderers, at Montreal. 209 to 189.

August 24—West Indians *vs.* Toronto, at Toronto. Won by West Indians by 1 inning and 39 runs.

August 25—West Indians *vs.* Ontario Association, at Toronto. Won by the former by 160 to 144.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH, Canada *vs.* United States, was this season played on the new cricket field of the Seabright Cricket Club, at Seabright, N. J., near Long Branch, before the smallest attendance of spectators ever seen at any of the series of matches, the crowd present being a very fashionable one, however. It was a two days' match, and it was played August 13 and 14, with the result of the signal victory of the visiting Canadians by a score of 229 to 132, this being the third successive victory of the Canadian team over American twelves in the series between them. The score in full is as follows:

| CANADA.                               |     | First innings.             |     | Second innings. |  |
|---------------------------------------|-----|----------------------------|-----|-----------------|--|
| D. W. Sanders, c. Morgan, b. MacNutt  | 2   | b. Clark                   | 8   |                 |  |
| W. W. Vickers, l. b. w., b. Lowry     | 15  | b. Clark                   | 23  |                 |  |
| W. C. Little, c. Brockie, b. Lowry    | 1   | c. Morgan, b. Clark        | 2   |                 |  |
| B. T. A. Bell, st. Morgan, b. Lowry   | 6   | c. Brockie, b. Lowry       | 2   |                 |  |
| M. Boyd, c. Law, b. Lowry             | 0   | c. Brewster, b. MacNutt    | 17  |                 |  |
| W. A. Henry, c. Mansfield, b. MacNutt | 19  | b. MacNutt                 | 3   |                 |  |
| A. Gillespie, b. Law                  | 19  | not out                    | 11  |                 |  |
| I. Harley, c. Clark, b. MacNutt       | 39  | c. MacNutt, b. Brewster    | 27  |                 |  |
| W. W. Jones, c. Brewster, b. Lowry    | 4   | b. Clark                   | 2   |                 |  |
| R. B. Ferrie, c. and b. Lowry         | 7   | c. Brockie, b. Brewster    | 0   |                 |  |
| W. R. Wilson, not out                 | 5   | c. and b. Brewster         | 0   |                 |  |
| L. J. Fuller, l. b. w., b. MacNutt    | 5   | b. Clark                   | 3   |                 |  |
| Bye                                   | 1   | Byes 3, wides 4, no ball 1 | 8   |                 |  |
| Total                                 | 123 | Total                      | 106 |                 |  |

## UNITED STATES.

| First innings.                         |    | Second innings.            |    |
|----------------------------------------|----|----------------------------|----|
| F. E. Brewster, b. Ferrie              | 0  | c. Little, b. Wilson       | 17 |
| W. C. Morgan, Jr., not out             | 17 | c. Saunders, b. Gillespie  | 7  |
| E. W. Clark, Jr., b. Ferrie            | 0  | b. Ferrie                  | 14 |
| J. A. Scott, c. Little, b. Gillespie   | 0  | c. Little, b. Gillespie    | 5  |
| W. Brockie, Jr., c. Boyd, b. Gillespie | 6  | l. b. w., b. Ferrie        | 13 |
| L. Mansfield, c. Little, b. Gillespie  | 5  | b. Gillespie               | 12 |
| S. Law, b. Gillespie                   | 0  | st. Saunders, b. Wilson    | 1  |
| H. MacNutt, l. b. w., b. Wilson        | 13 | st. Saunders, b. Gillespie | 0  |
| A. L. Broadhead, c. Little, b. Wilson  | 0  | c. Little, b. Gillespie    | 0  |
| J. Glenn, Jr., c. Little, b. Wilson    | 0  | b. Ferris                  | 0  |
| J. L. Pool, b. Wilson                  | 0  | not out                    | 1  |
| W. C. Lowry, run out                   | 14 | b. Wilson                  | 4  |
| Leg byes                               | 4  | Byes 2, leg bye 1          | 3  |
| Total                                  | 55 | Total                      | 77 |

## RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

| CANADA.        |                                      |
|----------------|--------------------------------------|
| First innings  | 8 15 24 24 29 49 92 105 111 114 123  |
| Second innings | 23 33 38 40 56 61 96 100 101 101 106 |

## UNITED STATES.

|                |                               |
|----------------|-------------------------------|
| First innings  | 0 0 1 1 11 11 30 30 30 34 55  |
| Second innings | 20 26 33 45 45 66 72 72 73 77 |

The analysis of bowling left the aggregate figures as follows: Canadian bowlers—Taking wickets, Gillespie, 9 wickets for 40 runs; Wilson, 7 wickets for 37 runs; Ferrie, 5 wickets for 43 runs. American bowlers—Taking wickets, Brewster, 3 wickets for 3 runs; MacNutt, 4 wickets for 14 runs; Clark, 5 wickets for 33 runs; Lowry, 7 wickets for 107 runs; Low, 1 wicket for 14 runs.

Umpires—Mr. R. R. Kennedy, of Hamilton, for Canada, and Bromhead for United States.

The record of these matches now stands:

| Where Played.              | Winners.      | Won by             |
|----------------------------|---------------|--------------------|
| 1844... New York City      | Canada        | 23 runs.           |
| 1845... Montreal, P. Q.    | Canada        | 61 runs.           |
| 1845... New York City      | Canada        | 3 wickets.         |
| 1846... New York City      | Canada        | drawn.             |
| 1853... Harlem, N. Y.      | United States | 34 runs.           |
| 1854... Toronto, Ont.      | Canada        | 4 wickets.         |
| 1856... Hoboken, N. J.     | United States | 9 wickets.         |
| 1857... Toronto, Ont.      | Canada        | 4 wickets.         |
| 1858... Hoboken, N. J.     | United States | 4 wickets.         |
| 1859... Toronto, Ont.      | United States | 4 wickets.         |
| 1860... Hoboken, N. J.     | United States | 5 wickets.         |
| 1875... Philadelphia, Pa.  | United States | 87 runs.           |
| 1879... Ottawa, Ont.       | United States | 5 wickets.         |
| 1880... Philadelphia, Pa.  | United States | drawn.             |
| 1881... Hamilton, Ont.*    | United States | 11 wickets.        |
| 1882... Philadelphia, Pa.  | United States | 8 wickets.         |
| 1883... Toronto, Ont.      | United States | 1 in g. & 49 runs. |
| 1884... Philadelphia, Pa.* | Canada        | 100 runs.          |
| 1885... Toronto, Ont.      | Canada        | 39 runs.           |
| 1886... Seabright, N. J.   | Canada        | 97 runs.           |

\* Twelve men on a side.

## CROQUET.

THE FINEST EXHIBITION of scientific croquet-playing on model asphalt croquet courts known in the history of croquet in America, was that which marked the grand tourney of the American Croquet Association, which ended at Norwich, Conn., on August 21. The last day's play was especially exciting. Up to the last day Jacobus had lost two and was to play Botsford, who had lost but one. When they were called to play, there was a general rush for the court they were to occupy, and the greatest interest of the week was exhibited. The game was played with the utmost care by both, but Jacobus seemed to be the better man, and had a successful run, until he got both balls rovers, when



Botsford caught him, and went around the field with one and part way around with the other. He left Jacobus behind the upper stake, and the object ball standing in the wire of the cage. Jacobus tried a jump shot on it, captured it, and finished the game. The shot was the best of the tournament. The result placed the players on a tie, but Bryant took Jacobus in hand and beat him, which gave the first place to Botsford, with Jacobus second.

The following are the complete scores, games won being mentioned first:

|                                         |    |    |
|-----------------------------------------|----|----|
| Botsford, Manhattan Club, New York City | 11 | 2  |
| Jacobus, New Brunswick, N. J.           | 10 | 3  |
| Warbold, Mutual, Staten Island          | 9  | 4  |
| Bryant, Northampton, Mass.              | 9  | 4  |
| Busch, Granite Club, Staten Island      | 7  | 6  |
| Johnson, Philadelphia                   | 7  | 6  |
| Dickey, Norwich                         | 6  | 7  |
| Kedd, New York                          | 6  | 7  |
| Strong, New London                      | 6  | 7  |
| Gemond, Empire Club, Tremont, N. J.     | 6  | 7  |
| Spelding, Townsend's Harbor, Mass.      | 5  | 8  |
| Baldwin, Danbury                        | 4  | 9  |
| Whitman, Troy                           | 3  | 10 |
| Loomis, Rockville                       | 2  | 11 |

There are five grounds located in a fashionable quarter of the town, over which are suspended eight electric lights. Playing commenced as early as half-past five A.M. some days, and continued till midnight. Crowds of the most fashionable people have witnessed the contests. The contestants were men well situated in life, and their ages range from twenty-six to sixty-six years. The visiting players were well entertained, and speak highly of the hospitality of the people of the handsomest town in New England.

#### 'CYCLING.

THE MOST INTERESTING CYCLING event in August last, was the tour of the clerical 'cyclists from New York along the Hudson River towns to Cobleskill, N. Y. They left New York on August 3, the party being officered as follows: Commander, Rev. Sylvanus Stall, Lancaster, Pa.; chaplain, Rev. Irwin P. McCurdy, D.D., Philadelphia; quartermaster, Rev. Howard H. Russell, Oberlin, Ohio.

The tourists visited the following towns *en route*, via Tarrytown, Newburg, Fishkill, Wappinger's Falls, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Hudson, Albany, Troy, Cohoes *via* Saratoga, Amsterdam, Canajoharie, and Sharon Springs, the tour ending at Cobleskill. A special vote of thanks was extended to Commander Stall for his untiring efforts in making the tour from first to last so enjoyable. He was requested to project a similar one for the summer of 1887, of which the special feature should be that the ministers should ride tandem, with their wives occupying one of the seats. It is probable that the tour next year will start from Philadelphia and end at Staunton, Va., *via* Lancaster, Columbia, York, Gettysburg, Frederick City, Hagerstown and Winchester.

The party included the following clergymen:

Rev. Sylvanus Stall, Lancaster, Pa., age, 39 years; Rev. Irwin P. McCurdy, D.D., Philadelphia, age, 30 years; Rev. William Pittinger, Haddonfield, N. J., age, 46 years; Rev. L. M. Kumler, Berwick, Pa., age, 37 years; Rev. Charles E. Fessenden, Summit Hill, Pa., age, 39 years; Rev. J. O. Critchlow, Uniontown, Pa., age, 37 years; Rev. R. E. Campbell, Florida, N. Y., age, 30 years; Rev. Henry T. Scholl, East Springfield, N. Y., age, 35 years; Rev. William P. Evans, Columbia, Pa., age, 38 years; Rev. Charles E. Cunningham, Elizabeth, N. J., age, 29 years; Rev. G. A. Rathbun, Newburgh, N. Y., age, 30 years; Rev. A. C. Wheaton, Little Falls, N. Y., age, 36 years; Rev. A. L. Wil-

son, Rockland Lake, N. Y., age, 45 years; Professor G. F. Nicolassen, Clarksville, Tenn., age 28 years; Professor R. P. Orr, Amsterdam, N. Y., age, 38 years; Dr. R. R. Underwood, Lancaster, Pa., age, 42 years; G. L. Sterling, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., age, 21 years; M. Loy Hanna, New Castle, Pa., age, 32 years; Hadley Jones, Little Falls, N. Y., age, 29 years. Average age of tourists, 34 years; average age of the ministers, 36 years; Presbyterians, 9; Episcopalians, 3; Methodists, 2; Lutherans, 2; Baptists, 2. Cycles ridden: Columbia Experts, 8; Columbia Light Roadsters, 2; Faciles, 4; Stars, 2; Victor, 1; Royal Mail, 1; Marlboro Club tricycle, 1; Columbia tricycle, 1. Average sizes of machine, 50-inch. Average of how long a rider, nearly three years.

THE HILL CLIMBING CONTEST, arranged under the auspices of the Orange Wanderers, took place at Orange, N. J., on August 14. The contestants were sent away at intervals of a minute, in the following order: John A. Wells, Philadelphia; C. H. Chickering, Smithville; E. P. Baird, Orange, and C. L. Meyers, Jersey City. Only the first two reached the top of the mountain, Baird being forced to stop a short distance from the top, while Meyers gave up before half the course was covered. Chickering won the medal, reaching the mountain top in 9m., while Wells' time was 12m. 20s. The referee was Dr. E. W. Johnson; judges—Dr. G. C. Brown, H. E. Littell, L. H. Porter, Dr. R. M. Sanger, L. H. Johnson and C. H. Zacharias; starter, Harry W. Wells.

REMARKABLE RIDING was done on the Long Eaton track, England, on August 25. George Gatehouse, the Cambridge University crack, rode a mile on a tricycle, finishing the first quarter in 40s., the half in 1m. 19s., and the full mile in 2m. 41 2-5s., beating all records. P. Furnivall made an attempt to beat the world's record for one mile. He did the quarter in 37s., the half in 1m. 15 4-5s., and the mile in 2m. 30s., beating Howell's American record by 1 2-5s. Sydney Lee also beat all cycling records in a fifty-mile road ride, finishing that distance in 3h. 9m. 15s.

The following tables show the value of these new records:

#### ONE MILE TRICYCLE.

| GATEHOUSE.         |              | PREVIOUS WORLD'S RECORDS. |              |
|--------------------|--------------|---------------------------|--------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ mile | 40s.         | $\frac{1}{4}$ mile        | 41 2-5s.     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ mile | 1m. 19s.     | $\frac{1}{2}$ mile        | 1m. 21 4-5s. |
| 1 mile             | 2m. 41 2-5s. | 1 mile                    | 2m. 49 2-5s. |

#### ONE MILE BICYCLE.

| FURNIVALL.         |              | PREVIOUS WORLD'S RECORDS. |              |
|--------------------|--------------|---------------------------|--------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ mile | 37s.         | $\frac{1}{4}$ mile        | 35 1-5s.     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ mile | 1m. 15 4-5s. | $\frac{1}{2}$ mile        | 1m. 12 4-5s. |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ mile | 1m. 51 1-5s. | $\frac{3}{4}$ mile        | 1m. 52 4-5s. |
| 1 mile             | 2m. 30s.     | 1 mile                    | 2m. 31 2-5s. |

EXTRAORDINARY SPEED was attained in the practice races of August 24, at Hempden Park track, Springfield, Mass., the occasion being Rhodes' efforts in a five-mile trial run to beat the record. Several fast men took turns in making the pace. The result was the most remarkable feat yet credited to the sport. The following table tells the story:

| RHODES. |              | MILE TIME.   |  | PREVIOUS WORLD'S RECORD. |  |
|---------|--------------|--------------|--|--------------------------|--|
| 1 mile  | 2m. 38 2-5s. | 2m. 38 2-5s. |  | 2m. 31 2-5s.             |  |
| 2 miles | 5 18 1-5     | 2 39 4-5     |  | 5 21 3-5                 |  |
| 3 miles | 7 57 3-5     | 2 39 2-5     |  | 8 08 2-5                 |  |
| 4 miles | 10 44        | 2 46 2-5     |  | 11 05                    |  |
| 5 miles | 13 26        | 2 42         |  | 13 57 2-5                |  |

THE TWENTY-FIVE MILE professional bicycle championship was contested at the Aylstone grounds,

Leicester, England, July 31. The starters were F. Wood, Leicester; T. Battensby, Newcastle; F. Lees, Leicester; and J. Birt, Northampton. Wood won easily by half a dozen yards in 1h. 22m. 39 3-5s. Lees and Battensby ran a dead heat for second honors. This is the third time Wood has won the belt, and it now becomes his personal property; time, 1h. 22m. 39 3-5s. The following is a return of the five races for the belt:

| 1884.    | 1st.      | 2d.                           | 3d.       | H. M. | S.     |
|----------|-----------|-------------------------------|-----------|-------|--------|
| Aug. 2.  | Battensby | Duncan                        | De Civry  | 17    | 20 4-5 |
| " 30.    | Battensby | Lees                          | Wood      | 30    | 39 1-5 |
| 1885.    |           |                               |           |       |        |
| May 23.  | Wood      | Battensby                     | Birt      | 22    | 5      |
| July 18. | Wood      | Howell                        | Battensby | 26    | 18     |
| 1886.    |           |                               |           |       |        |
| July 31. | Wood      | Lees and Battensby, dead heat |           | 22    | 39 3-5 |

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, of the New Jersey Wheelmen, started off July 31, to wheel to Gettysburg, Pa., in company with Lieut. Keer, of the same club, returning home on August 11. He expressed himself as well pleased with his trip, but says the roads are in a terribly bad condition for ten miles round Gettysburg.

### FISHING.

SOME NOTABLE CAPTURES of large trout are reported from the Nepigon River in the Province of Quebec. The Toronto *Mail* of July 28, says:

"Messrs. Falconbridge, Q.C., G. T. Blackstock, and T. B. Galt have returned to this city from the Port Arthur assizes. After getting through their cases at that place, the three learned gentlemen went up the river Nepigon for some trout fishing. They had splendid sport, having killed some magnificent fish. The following is a sample of one morning's work with two rods at Cameron's pool: One fish of 3¾ pounds, two of 3¼ each, one of 3¼, one of 2½, one of 2¼, six of 2 pounds each, one of 1½, and four of 1 pound each—the total being seventeen fish, weighing 36¾ pounds, killed before half-past nine in the morning. The fish were weighed as they were caught, so that there is no guess-work in the matter. It is doubted whether there is any authentic record of a better catch of brook-trout with the fly on any other river than the Nepigon. A specimen trout, weighing nearly five pounds, 22 inches in length, caught on the morning of their departure, has been on view in the window of a popular King street restaurateur."

A MONSTER SHARK was caught in Gravesend Bay, L. I., on July 24. The shark was 15 feet long and weighed 450 pounds. It was taken by Capt. John Morris, who had gone out with nets to fish for market. The nets were hardly in the water when Capt. Martin Hinds, one of the fishermen, spied several big sharks following the boat. The men baited their long shark hooks with mossbunkers and then threw them overboard. That quickened the pursuit of the sharks and presently their leader was hooked. The shark at once became belligerent and plunged toward the smack furiously. Two of the men stuck it with harpoons and another banged it between the eyes with an iron bar. Quickly turning, the monster made off in an opposite direction, and it took the strength of the five men in the boat to check its flight, which was not done until nearly all the line was paid out. After about a half-hour the shark was dragged into the boat, gashed with harpoon wounds and badly bruised from the blows of the iron bar on its head.

DR. WILLIAM H. BLANKLEY, of Fort Hamilton, was presented last month with an enormous shrimp, which was caught off the Grand View Hotel. Its weight was one and three-fourths ounces, and it was nine inches long. The feelers, or tentacles, measured one foot.

AT A MEETING on August 5 of the American Anglers' Association, at Alexandria Bay, it was resolved that a committee of two be appointed to

confer with the Canadian Commissioners of Fisheries, and ask them to co-operate in preventing net fishing in the St. Lawrence River, to extend the open season for bass fishing, and to assist in all matters pertaining to the preservation of fishing in the said river.

A DOLPHIN was captured on August 4 by one of the passengers on board the steamer *J. B. Schuyler*, which runs to the fishing banks off Sandy Hook Lightship. It was the first ever taken on the banks by any of the customary fishermen who resort there.

### LACROSSE.

THE TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB'S TEAM visited New York on August 9 to play a match with the New York Club's team for the championship of America, and the Canadians achieved a creditable victory on the occasion, thereby returning the compliment the New York team paid them in Toronto earlier in the season. There was a large attendance, chiefly of Canadian residents, and the spectators greatly enjoyed the contest. Among the lookers-on were the gentlemen of the Irish Lacrosse team, who eagerly watched the play of the Canadian sport. The ball was faced soon after five o'clock by Referee Hugh C. Kelley, captain of the Irish Lacrosse team, and the Canadians at once commenced to attack the New York goal, which they eventually captured after four minutes' play, by the aid of F. Dixon, who made a fine throw in between the goal posts from the centre of the field. When the ball was started again the Canadians were soon on the offensive, no less than four shots being made at the goal in succession. Brown made some pretty stops and helped Hodge, the goal-keeper, considerably, while some of Popham's stops and throws did much to save a goal. Sewell at last got the ball, made a good shot, which was well stopped by Hodge, but the ball rebounded off his cross to Stowe, who shot it through the posts, scoring the second goal for Toronto. Time, 11m. The third game was the hardest fought of all, the defense field of the New Yorkers working like beavers to resist the attack of the Canadians, but it was of no avail. Wheeler had been taken from outside home and placed in goal, but even that did not stop Dixon taking the ball from center-field, through the defense, and then shooting it through the posts with a low, sweeping stroke, scoring the third goal for Toronto. Time, 18m. Time was called after fifteen minutes' more play, in which no goal resulted, leaving Toronto victors by a score of 3 goals to 0.

| Positions.     | Toronto.        | New York.       |
|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Goal           | S. S. Martin    | H. L. Hodge.    |
| Point          | W. C. Bonnel    | D. Brown.       |
| Cover-point    | J. S. Garvin    | A. D. Ritchey.  |
| First defense  | J. W. Deynam    | W. J. Robinson. |
| Second defense | R. B. Coulson   | E. Merritt.     |
| Third defense  | J. A. Macdonald | H. J. Wright.   |
| Center field   | F. Dixon        | J. C. Gerndt.   |
| Third attack   | H. E. Sewell    | W. Meberg.      |
| Second attack  | J. Irving       | G. Popham.      |
| First attack   | C. A. McHenry   | J. F. McClain.  |
| Outside home   | R. Eckart       | F. S. Wheeler.  |
| Inside home    | A. M. Stowe     | C. D. Lennox.   |

Umpire for Toronto, E. Wiman. Umpire for New York, J. Sinclair. Referee, Hugh C. Kelley, of Irish Lacrosse team. Time of game, one hour. Goals obtained, Toronto 3; New York, 0. Goals captured, Dixon 2; Stowe, 1.

THE LACROSSE MATCH for the championship of the United States, between the New York Club, the present holders, and the Brooklyn Athletic Club, the challengers, was played on the St. George, Staten Island, ground, August 21. New York won the

championship and the Westchester Cup on July 5, of this year, from the St. Paul Club of St. Paul. The Brooklyn Athletic Club at once challenged for it, and the result was one of the best contested games ever seen. The defense field of New York was too much for the Brooklynites, and they could not score a single goal. The New Yorkers managed to score two goals. The first one was obtained by W. Meharg from a neat pass by Popham, time 27m., and the second in the same manner and by the same men, in 8m.

THE IRISH LACROSSE TEAM'S tour through the United States and Canada was a very enjoyable one, despite the fact that the team were defeated in a majority of their contests, they winning two in Canada.

The prominent match of the trip in the United States was that played on the beautiful grounds at St. George, Staten Island, on August 10. In this contest the home twelve was made up as follows: From New York, Wheeler, Robinson, Brown and Hodge; from Brooklyn, Flannery, Roberts and Crosbie; from Boston, Noyes, Ritchie, Simson and Davis, and from Baltimore, Penniman. The game was a very spirited one, and only for a slight accident would have passed off without anything to interrupt a pleasant afternoon's sport. Wheeler and Ritchie, both of the United States team, in their eagerness to get the ball, came together with a crash, and as a result of the collision both had big bumps on their foreheads. Wheeler had to retire and the Irishmen dropped a man, but Ritchie resumed play. The individual play of Roberts, Wheeler, Ritchie, Crosbie and Davis, as also the veteran Flannery, was very fine for the United States, and it was due to them that they won the game. On the part of the losers Sinclair, Dill, the goal-keeper, Montgomery and Nelson played with remarkable spirit, but their opponents were better in passing the ball and worked well together.

The score was as follows:

| POSITIONS.               | UNITED STATES.           | IRELAND.       |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|----------------|
| Goal . . . . .           | Frank Crosbie . . . . .  | A. H. Dill.    |
| Point . . . . .          | D. Brown . . . . .       | A. W. Child.   |
| Cover Point . . . . .    | H. Penniman . . . . .    | J. McLeish.    |
| First defense . . . . .  | W. A. Davis . . . . .    | S. C. Kelly.   |
| Second defense . . . . . | W. J. Robinson . . . . . | H. Seaver.     |
| Third defense . . . . .  | J. A. Hodge, Jr. . . . . | J. C. Gibb.    |
| Center field . . . . .   | C. H. Roberts . . . . .  | W. A. Wheeler. |
| Third attack . . . . .   | J. K. Simson . . . . .   | J. Blow.       |
| Second attack . . . . .  | A. J. Ritchie . . . . .  | D. J. Ross.    |
| First attack . . . . .   | J. R. Flannery . . . . . | R. Nelson.     |
| Outside home . . . . .   | F. S. Wheeler . . . . .  | R. Montgomery. |
| Inside home . . . . .    | L. J. K. Noyes . . . . . | J. Sinclair.   |
| Field captain . . . . .  | E. Cluff . . . . .       | H. C. Kelly.   |

Time of game—One and a half hours. Goals won—United States, 4; Ireland, 2. Goals scored by Sinclair in 13m.; by Wheeler in 12m.; by Simson in 5m.; by Flannery in 7m.; by Ritchie in 4m.; by Sinclair in 12m. Umpire for United States—W. Journey. Umpire for Ireland—D. MacDonald. Referee—H. H. Balch, of New York Club.

THE VISITING IRISHMEN returned to New York Aug. 27th, and next day sailed in the *Umbria* for home. They expressed themselves highly pleased with the visit.

The record in brief of their matches in the United States and Canada is as follows:

August 10—Irish team *vs.* Picked Twelve of New York, Boston and Baltimore, at St. George, Staten Island. Won by the latter by 4 goals to 2.

August 11—Irish team *vs.* New York Lacrosse Club, at St. George, Staten Island. Won by the latter by 3 goals to 1.

August 13—Irish team *vs.* Shamrock Club of Montreal, at the Shamrock Club grounds. Won by the former by 3 goals to 2.

August 13—Irish team *vs.* Picked Twelve of Canada, on same grounds. Won by the latter by 5 goals to 1.

August 13—Irish and Canadian *vs.* Canadian, same grounds. Won by the latter by 1 goal to 0.

August 14—Irish team *vs.* Montreal Club, on Montreal Club grounds. Won by the latter by 6 goals to 2.

August 16—Irish team *vs.* Toronto, on the Rose-dale grounds, Toronto. Won by the latter by 5 goals to 2.

August 17—Irish team *vs.* Young Canadian Club, at Richmond Hill, Toronto. Won by the latter by 3 goals to 0.

August 18—Irish team *vs.* St. Catherine Club, at St. Catherine. Won by the latter by 5 goals to 1.

August 19—Irish team *vs.* Niagara Club, at Niagara Falls. Won by the former by 4 goals to 2.

August 21—Irish team *vs.* Toronto Club, at Toronto. Won by the latter by 3 goals to 2.

August 25—Irish team *vs.* Capitals, at Ottawa, Ont. Won by the latter by 5 goals to 4.

MESSRS. SINCLAIR AND DILL, the secretaries of the Irish team, on August 25 issued the appended circular letter in the *Toronto Mail*, expressing their appreciation of the courtesies and hospitality received in Canada, in which they stated that:

"The element of rough play, such as severe body checking and slogging, which, from reports of championship matches, we had supposed to be a necessary feature of your national game, was eliminated from it by all our opponents. We have no reason to think that the game lost interest with spectators in consequence; in fact, we have been assured that the contrary was the case. Is it not a pity, then, that such play as has been recently reported in the Canadian press should occur in any match between first-rate clubs? If this style of lacrosse is to continue and grow worse from year to year, is it not probable that the game will become one in which the best part of Canadian youth will decline to take part? We Irishmen, while we recognize the right of Canada to make and interpret the laws of her own game, cannot understand why your association should allow its laws to be constantly broken. We have had the presumption to think we could improve your rules, and we have abolished body checking as your players practice it, and have made other slight alterations and definitions. Our referees, when foul is sustained, have no option, but are bound to inflict the proper penalty. If our visit should happily open the eyes of your players to some of the weaknesses of their system, and to the dangers into which we see that the game is fast drifting, it will not have been undertaken in vain. We have learnt the game late, we are still young in its practice, but we yield to none in our devotion to it, and it is for this reason that, before leaving your shores, we appeal to Canadians, as friends whom their kindness has made brothers in arms, to see to it that no act of theirs may injure or endanger as a manly sport the national game of Canada, in which we are too proud to claim an interest."

There is sound advice in this letter.

#### PEDESTRIANISM.

THE GREAT FOOT-RACE between W. G. George and William Cummings, at Lillie Bridge, England, over a mile course, took place August 23. Six thousand people were present to witness the contest. Though there was much interest manifested in the event, and the betting reached high figures, the crowd was orderly and good-natured. The atmosphere was unfavorable, being rather thick.

Cummings appeared at the starting place with an elastic stocking on his ankle. George gained from the start and led by a yard at the quarter mile. Time, 59s. He maintained the same lead at the half mile, which was made in 2m. 2s. The men retained their relative positions until near the three-quarter mile, when Cummings spurted and took a slight lead. Time, 3m. 7½s. From this point to the seven furlongs the race was desperate and even. At the latter point Cummings' foot slipped and George darted ahead, winning the race. His time was 4m. 12¾s., and is the best on record.

### POLO.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMEN who make polo a speciality have visited Newport and returned home after a pleasant sojourn as guests of the Westchester Polo Club. It was a case of *veni, vidi, vici*, as far as the international contest at Polo was concerned, as they won the match with ease. They began their match with the American players on August 25, on which occasion they defeated their opponents by a score of 10 games to 4. On August 28 the second series of games were played, the sides in this series being as follows:

Westchesters — Messrs. Hitchcock, Jr., Thorn, Jr., Keene and Raymond Belmont. Hurlingham — Messrs. Watson, Lawley, Hone and Little. The play proved the great superiority of the Hurlingham men in every respect except in the straight runs, which were a shade better made by the Westchester men. The umpires were: E. L. Winthrop, for the Americans, and Mr. Lambton, for the English; the referee was F. O. Beach, and the timekeeper, S. S. Sands, Jr. The conditions were the same as on Wednesday, three periods each of twenty minutes' actual play, with ten minutes' rest after the end of each, and two minutes' rest after each goal.

The games played to a finish numbered 16, "time" being called with the seventeenth game unfinished. The games were made as follows: First, Lawley, 3m.; second, Lawley, 1½m.; third, Lawley, 3m.; fourth, Hone, 4m.; fifth, Keene, ¼m.; sixth, Lawley, 4m.; seventh, Lawley, 1½m.; eighth, Lawley, 1½m.; ninth, Watson, 6m.; tenth, Watson, 2m.; eleventh, Little, 1¾m.; twelfth, Hitchcock, 9m.; thirteenth, Little, 2½m.; fourteenth, Little, 4m.; fifteenth, Hone, 1m.; sixteenth, Watson, 3m.; seventeenth lasted 17m., and then "time" was called. The Hurlinghams got 14 games to Westchester 2.

Two straight matches having been won by the English team, the third was not played. The \$1,000 cup and the championship goes to England. The result is rather discomfiting to the Americans, but the victory was won clearly by superior play. Lawley was in splendid form, while Watson's back strokes were incomparable. The Westchester team played much better than on the first day, and played better as a team.

### THE RIFLE.

THE ELCHO SHIELD CONTEST at Wimbledon, England, in July last resulted in the success of the Irish team, as will be seen by the appended score. The marksmanship was not up to the average of the international contests, this being mainly due to the apathy in long range shooting which has existed in rifle circles in England during the past few years, with the consequent lack of practice. The weather, however, was not the most favorable for high scores. It is gratifying to note among the "Eights" the name of Sir Henry Halford. While not shooting in his usual high form, his many friends on this side

of the Atlantic will join us in the hope that he has fully recovered from the severe illness which was reported last spring to have threatened his life. He would be cordially welcomed with his team again in America. Major Young, Mr. Rigby and the fellow-members of his team, who also have many friends in the States, were heartily cheered at the conclusion of their successful work. They are entitled to great credit for their skill before the butts, and the decisive victory for Ireland. The score follows:

| IRELAND.        |          |          |            |        |
|-----------------|----------|----------|------------|--------|
|                 | 300 yds. | 900 yds. | 1,000 yds. | Totals |
| Major Young     | 73       | 63       | 67         | 203    |
| Mr. John Rigby  | 73       | 59       | 64         | 196    |
| Mr. Ganly       | 67       | 59       | 63         | 189    |
| Mr. Braithwaite | 61       | 59       | 62         | 182    |
| Mr. Thynne      | 57       | 66       | 56         | 179    |
| Captain Cooper  | 67       | 57       | 55         | 179    |
| Mr. Joynt       | 63       | 56       | 58         | 177    |
| Captain Murphy  | 95       | 55       | 46         | 166    |
| Grand Totals    | 556      | 474      | 471        | 1,471  |

| SCOTLAND.        |          |          |            |        |
|------------------|----------|----------|------------|--------|
|                  | 300 yds. | 900 yds. | 1,000 yds. | Totals |
| Captain Thorburn | 65       | 64       | 61         | 190    |
| Mr. Johnston     | 61       | 61       | 58         | 180    |
| Mr. Boyd         | 65       | 57       | 58         | 180    |
| Lieut. Ferguson  | 62       | 60       | 54         | 176    |
| Captain Young    | 69       | 52       | 54         | 175    |
| Mr. McKerrill    | 58       | 48       | 66         | 172    |
| Mr. T. Caldwell  | 63       | 50       | 58         | 171    |
| Mr. Michie       | 57       | 54       | 53         | 164    |
| Grand Totals     | 500      | 446      | 462        | 1,417  |

| ENGLAND.           |          |          |            |        |
|--------------------|----------|----------|------------|--------|
|                    | 300 yds. | 900 yds. | 1,000 yds. | Totals |
| Captain Lamb       | 60       | 64       | 57         | 190    |
| Sir Henry Halford  | 69       | 55       | 56         | 180    |
| Captain Gibbs      | 68       | 63       | 48         | 179    |
| W. Whitehead       | 65       | 52       | 59         | 176    |
| Captain Godsal     | 68       | 53       | 55         | 176    |
| Lieut. Dutton-Hunt | 52       | 58       | 57         | 167    |
| Mr. Turner         | 68       | 42       | 57         | 163    |
| Hon. Mr. Greville  | 56       | 49       | 49         | 154    |
| Grand Totals       | 515      | 436      | 434        | 1,385  |

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING of 1886 was not without its quota of American marksmen and American prize-winners. Mr. Walter Winans, of Baltimore, Md., won the Hillhouse Cup, for double rifles, eight shots at the running deer target, while Mr. Louis W. Winans won the second prize for the *Shooting Times* prizes.

THE WORLD'S RECORD is said to have been beaten by W. Hayes of Newark, N. J., on August 7, by his making 2,211 points on a German 25-ring target in 100 shots at 200 yards. He used a muzzle-loading rifle off hand. It was in the second match of a series for a silver cup. There were thirty-four entries, and the lowest score made was 1,980 points. John Coppersmith of Newark made 2,163. Mr. Lober of this city made 2,144, Mr. Dorrier 2,126, and Mr. Vogel 2,084. The last three are members of the Zettler Rifle Club of this city.

### ROWING.

HANLAN, THE CANADIAN CHAMPION, on August 12 rowed three miles, with a turn, on Lake Quinsigamond, in 19m. 23s., beating all his previous records. Hanlan's trial was the first of three to be given by him on Lake Quinsigamond, to try if the record of 19:54 for three miles in a single shell could be broken. Hanlan rowed over the old regatta course, one and a half miles and turn, and used a cedar shell just made for him by Blakie, of Cambridge. The water was in perfect condition, there being hardly a ripple on its surface. Hanlan maintained a 32 stroke throughout the race.

THE SUMMER REGATTA of the Staten Island Athletic Club took place off West New Brighton, S. I., August 14. The course for all the races was one mile, and the winners were as follows:

*Senior single-sculls* — H. W. Janssen first, in 6m. 20s.

*Junior single-sculls* — Guy Richards first, in 5m. 43s.

*Four-oared shells* — Guy Richards (bow), A. L. Carroll, W. C. Rowland, H. W. Janssen (stroke), first, in 5m., defeating two other crews after a good race.

*Four-oared barges* — A. B. Rich (bow), F. C. Hilliard, Hunter Brown, H. W. Waldo, Jr. (stroke), H. Van Vechten (coxswain) first, in 5m. 35s. The *Hesper* crew followed in 5m. 35½s.; *Judy* third.

*Eight-oared shells* — R. T. Smith (bow), A. F. Rodewald, J. R. Armstrong, C. A. White, W. C. Rowland, W. F. Ward, R. T. P. Fiske, R. Conyngham (stroke), W. A. Lentihon (coxswain), first, in 5m. 40s.

A swimming race, one hundred yards, was won by Guy Richards.

### SWIMMING.

THE HALF MILE CHAMPIONSHIP of England was competed for on July 10, in the Welsh Harp Lake, Hendon. The weather was fine and water smooth; the entries included almost all of England's fastest amateurs, and admittance was free, yet the attendance was less than two hundred. Course straightaway, in fresh water, with no tide or current. The result was as follows:

H. C. Schlotel, Surbiton Club, 14m. 17½s.; D. Ainsworth, Serpentine C., 15m. 2¼s.; H. R. Shevill, Amateur C., 15m. 20¼s.; G. Bell, Sandringham and Unity C., 15m. 32¼s.; T. Smith, Eastbourne C., 15m. 33s.; F. W. Moses, Zephyr C., 15m. 58s.; A. P. France, Park C., 15m. 58¼s.; G. Aston, North London C., 16m. 40s.; F. T. Hughes, Bristol Leander C., 16m. 45s.; W. Brickett, Zephyr C., 17m. 45s.; W. A. Brandt, Brighton A. C., 17m. 48s.; G. Powsey, H. M. Tug *Locust*, Sheerness, not timed.

Schlotel led all the way, won easily, occasionally turned on to his breast, and could have finished many seconds earlier. His time, 14m. 17½s., is now the fastest amateur record, supplanting 14m. 23¼s., made by D. Ainsworth, July 14, 1883, in the same water, and in a race for the same prize. Schlotel is twenty years old. Ainsworth won a championship thirteen years ago, but is an unusually vigorous veteran.

THE LAST RACE of the series between Dennis Butler, of Philadelphia, and W. B. Johnson, an English ex-amateur swimmer, took place on the Delaware River, Philadelphia, on Saturday afternoon, August 14. They swam with a strong tide from Five-mile Point to Ridgeway Park, over four miles, and Butler won in 1h. 12m. 53s., fifty yards ahead. When two-thirds down the course a heavy squall swept over the river, and the water became very rough. Butler was confused, and Johnson soon gained a lead of one hundred yards, which was soon lost, however, when the former struck further out into the river where the tide was running strong.

AN AMATEUR CONTEST took place August 16, at Jamesport, L. I., in which Robert Hilliard, the President of the Gilbert Dramatic Association, of Brooklyn, bore off the honors. The race took place in the waters of the Great Peconic Bay. Alderman

John McCarthy, of Brooklyn, and Counsellor Anthony Barrett were the judges. Hilliard won in 1h. 17m. and was so far ahead that the others came in in a row-boat. The distance was 3¼ miles.

THE ENGLISH CONTEST for the salt water amateur championship at a quarter of a mile took place at Portsmouth, August 2, in the sea, off Southsea Beach. Course said to be 88 yards long, making the quarter-mile race five lengths, with four turns. A subsequent measurement proved it more than 15 yards short. Quarter-mile, H. C. Schlotel, Surbiton and H. S. C. (half-mile and one mile amateur champion), first length, 1m. 2¼s.; second length, 2m. 20s.; third length, 3m. 38s.; fourth length, 5m. 9s.; fifth length, 6m. 21¼s.

THE MATCH RACE for the 100-yards champion medal of the New York Athletic Club took place August 19 on the Harlem River. The contestants were H. E. Toussaint, G. S. Cammack, J. P. Thornton and C. S. Muller. Starter W. G. Schuyler gave the word, and they plunged into the water. The course was straight away from the float to a line near the opposite shore, and the over-hand side-stroke, taught by Gus Sundstrom, was the one to be used by the conditions of the race. Toussaint took the lead from the start and kept it to the end, winning in 1m. 40s., with Muller second in 2m. 10s. Cammack secured the third medal in 2m. 45s. After the 100-yards race the postponed half-mile race for third place, the first and second having been won, was swam by H. R. Muller and J. McH. Cornell. The course was from High Bridge to a line near Tuomey's dock. Muller won with comparative ease in 12m. 45s. The best American record was made by Brown on this same course last year; it was 1m. 18 2-5s. The best English amateur record is 1m. 15s.

THE AMATEUR SWIMMING MATCH for the championship of America took place on Saturday, August 21, from the New York Athletic Club boat house on the Harlem river. The day was delightful, and the river was gay with small boats. There were two heats and a final in the 100-yards race. The course was from the boat house direct across to the New York landing. In the final, H. Braun, Pastime A. C., won in 1m. 29¼s.; H. E. Toussaint, N. Y. A. C., second; time, 1m. 32s. Toussaint was shut out by a small boat when within twenty yards of the finish, and had to swim around. John Zettel, of the Dolphin Boat Club, of Cincinnati, got third prize. There were ten entries in the one-mile race. The course was from McComb's Dam Bridge to Gates' lumber dock. Robert P. Magee, of Baltimore, won in 29m. 2s. Alexander Meffert, Manhattan A. C., second; time, 32m. 21s. John Zettel, Dolphin B. C., Cincinnati, third; time, 33m. 41s. Toussaint had third place on the start, but was taken with a cramp when opposite the boat-house, and drew out.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB's professional swimmer, Gus Sundstrom, on August 28 had a race with the English champion, John Robinson, at Oak Point, Westchester County. The course was from a point opposite Port Morris to the Oak Point dock. Robinson had Daniel Rumbold as his judge, and Sundstrom bestowed that honor on J. C. Hyde. W. A. Stoddard acted as timekeeper. It was 6:40 when the word was given, and a second after the two men struck the water with two faultless headers exactly together. For a moment they kept side by side, neither apparently exerting himself much. They swam with nearly the same stroke, on the

right side, and throwing the left hand over. Sundstrom, however, kept his head out of water, while Robinson held his under with his mouth open, and breathing at about every second stroke, when he would pop his head up only to poke it under again at the next stroke. Sundstrom soon began to forge ahead, and when one-eighth of the course had been passed, he was several feet in advance. Robinson spurted and got a little ahead, and then Sundstrom settled down to work, and at the half was twenty feet away from Robinson. Robinson did his best, but the distance between the two grew longer until it became evident that Sundstrom need not exert himself more. So he turned a somersault and paddled steadily on to the stake-boat. His time was 14:05, and Robinson came up twenty-five seconds later.

THE attempts made to swim through the Whirlpool Rapids below Niagara Falls, inaugurated by the courageous English swimmer, Captain Webb, two years ago at the cost of his life, were repeated last August with the result of another sacrifice of life in one instance, and a narrow escape from death in another. The ventures of the cranks who essay the passage of the rapids in various tub and and float contrivances are unworthy of notice. But the pluck and courage of the men who so recklessly risk their lives in an effort to accomplish the feat of swimming through a powerful whirlpool, claim the recognition of a record, even though it is that of useless foolhardiness. The first man to attempt to accomplish the feat Captain Webb failed in was James C. Scott, of Lewiston. He was a fisherman, who had lived around the falls for years, and was infatuated with the cataract from the time Captain Webb perished in the Whirlpool Rapids. When the unoccupied steamboat *Maid of the Mist* went through July 15, 1885, Scott got on the deck, and had to be pulled off by main force. On August 19 Scott jumped into the whirlpool clad in a cork life-preserver, a shirt and a pair of drawers. He went into the lower whirlpool or Devil's Rapids. The time when he jumped in is disputed. His clothes were found on Thomson flats, just above the whirlpool, and from there he evidently walked around the bank to the place where he jumped in.

The first successful attempt to swim the rapids was made on August 22, when William J. Kendall was the fortunate man to escape death on the passage. No previous intimation of his intention had been given, and when his body was seen in the river by people on the old Suspension Bridge, the cry was raised that a drowned man was being carried through the rapids. It was soon seen, however, that the swimmer had on a life-preserver, and was making vigorous and successful efforts to keep his head above water and his body in the center of the stream. Kendall is twenty-four years old, stands 6 feet 2 inches, and weighs 195 pounds. He is athletic and muscular, and for four years was a member of the Boston police force. He arrived at the Falls that morning, and registered at Sault's Western Hotel. William Walker's hack was engaged by Kendall, who was accompanied to the Suspension Bridge and the old *Maid of the Mist* road by Frank Sault. There the party alighted, the horses were hitched, and the three walked down to the water's edge. The spot was the same from which Graham had started on each of his trips. It was just two o'clock when Kendall pulled off his clothes and adjusted his cork jacket. Sault secured the jacket and Kendall took a deep, long dive into the stream. A few vigorous strokes took him to the center of the

river, where a return current carried him back towards the Falls for several feet. Then he was caught in the main current and was soon floating rapidly on towards the rapids. As he neared the swift-rushing water the swimmer turned over on his breast and began treading, evidently afraid of being sucked under by the undertow. It was 2.05 P. M. when Kendall struck the first breaker, which covered his head, although his hands could be seen moving in the spray above the billow. The passage was a terrible one, and the swimmer's head could be seen tossed hither and thither, now on top of the mad waves and now completely submerged by the rushing water. When opposite the American Whirlpool Park those on the shore declared that they saw Kendall thrown violently into the air at least ten feet. Then he disappeared, and was evidently sucked under. When he came to the surface he was several hundred feet down the river. Kendall seemed insensible when he reached the whirlpool, and he floated for some seconds until he finally reached one of the numerous maelstroms and was carried down. He was some distance away when he came to the surface, and he began to exhibit signs of life. He paddled around in a dazed sort of way, and struck out for the Canadian shore. He reached a rock and clung there for some minutes, breathless and exhausted. Then he was assisted out of the water by Tom Riley and George Toby, who had watched his passage through the rapids, and made haste to reach him. He was so weak that he thought he was dying, and, as if he had lost his senses, he begged to be let alone, although death by drowning awaited him if he were not helped from the rock.

After his recovery from the effects of his feat, in response to the question: "What was your object in swimming the rapids?" Kendall made the following statement: "A few days ago I had a discussion with a party of friends about Captain Webb and his death in the rapids. I maintained that Webb was killed by striking his head against a rock, and said that a good swimmer, with ordinary luck, could get through the rapids by keeping on top of the water. I told them that I was a good swimmer and thought I could do it myself. We kept on talking and finally one of the party said that he would bet \$500 that no one could do it. I had \$1,000 in the bank and I offered to wager that amount that I would swim the rapids inside of a week. We arranged the bet and the stakes were put up." Kendall's account of his feelings while in the water was graphic. The second wave nearly knocked the life out of him, he said, and after that until he reached the whirlpool all he knew was that he was being tossed around and tumbled about at the mercy of the waves. He turned several somersaults in the water at the whirlpool when he was sucked under. Kendall said he had had enough of Niagara, and states that he would not undertake another such journey for thousands of dollars. In his opinion a baby has as good a chance of going through alive as the strongest swimmer that ever breasted water.

#### SHOOTING.

THE OPEN SEASON for duck shooting in various States and territories enumerated, is as follows: Idaho, August 1 to April 15; Illinois, August 15 to May 1; Indiana, September 1 to April 15; Iowa, August 15 to May 1; Maryland, November 1 to February 1 (Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only); Michigan, September 1 to January 1;

Minnesota, September 1 to May 15; Montana, August 15 to May 1; Nevada, September 1 to April 1; New York, September 1 to May 1—in the waters of Long Island, October 1 to May 1; Ohio, September 1 to April 10 (Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays only); Oregon, September 1 to May 1; Utah, September 15 to April 15; Washington Territory, September 1 to April 1; Wisconsin, August 15 to January 1; Wyoming, August 15 to May 15.

THE FISHER'S ISLAND GUN CLUB and the Westminster Kennel Club at New York stocked Fisher's Island with long-legged English hares a year or more ago, and the hares thrived wonderfully. There are no trees on the island, and they find coverts in the almost impenetrable shrub copses in the hollows between the hills. Thence they emerge into the cultivated fields and gobble up the young crops. When a man comes near them they gallop across the hills, bounding like kangaroos over obstructions, and get into their retreats. It having become desirable to reduce their numbers, a premium of \$1,000 was offered to the member of the club bagging the greatest number of hares for the season of '86. Also a purse of \$250 for the dog which does the best field work of the season. The sport of hunting them began September 1, and crack New York shots visited the island during September. In hunting the hares the hounds penetrate into the thickets and drive the game out, and the hunters shoot the hares while they are careering through the air in their astonishing jumps. It is not easy to hit a hare in full spring, the performance combining the fine points of both bird shooting and fox hunting, and the sportsmen waste a great many shots on the Atlantic Ocean. But as the hares cannot get off the island, the chances of one once started for escape are limited. Hares weighing 18 pounds were shot in September.

#### TENNIS.

THE FEATURE OF the Lawn Tennis Tourney at Newport last August was the contest between Messrs. Sears and Beekman for the championship and the cup, the latter being valued at \$700. Sears had previously won the cup once, but the rules require it to be won three times—not necessarily consecutively—before a competitor can become owner of the prize. Beekman's play in the first set was superb. He patronized the Lansdowne cut to some extent, and was careful in the placing of the balls. The result of the first set, which Beekman won by a score of 6—4, was a surprise, as Sears was expected to lead off with a won set. But Beekman played splendidly and won as good and well-contested a set as ever was played on the Casino grounds. Sears up to this time was playing with decided unsteadiness, but he gathered himself together afterwards, for he saw he had a worthy foe. He placed some splendid balls, but Beekman repeatedly goaled them amidst rounds of applause. But in this way Sears managed to tire him, for it was evident that Beekman had to put forth far more exertion than his opponent. The second set Sears won with comparative ease, but the third was far better contested, the score getting frequently to deuce. The third set, all things considered, was the best of the day. Beekman regained his steadiness, and each appeared at his best until Sears got 4 to 2, when there was a falling off on the part of his opponent. The fourth and last set was played well, but luck was frequently against the young New Yorker, although Sears played a superb game. The score ran up pretty

evenly until it was 4 all, and there was a great deal of suppressed excitement. Sears, however, won the two next games, and therefore the match, and obtained the championship. He was loudly applauded and heartily congratulated.

THE "OUTING" LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION of New Jersey, which was organized in May last by six New Jersey clubs, has completed its first series for handsome championship trophies; only four of the clubs, however, participated. The following schedule shows the position of the different clubs at the finish:—

|                        | WON. | LOST. |
|------------------------|------|-------|
| Chilton Hill . . . . . | 17   | 1     |
| El Mora . . . . .      | 11   | 7     |
| Knock-Abouts . . . . . | 4    | 14    |
| Cranford . . . . .     | 4    | 14    |

The Roselle and Westfield clubs were unable to play the games scheduled for them, but in the fall series, which was begun on the first of September, the Weston club took the place of Westfield, resigned, and Roselle will play all the games scheduled for their team. The remaining members participating are the same as in the previous series: The Association, we believe, is the only one of its kind in existence. On account of two resignations, the board of officers, as reconstructed, is: Louis J. Drake, President, Elizabeth; W. E. Fleming, Vice-President, El Mora, and Hudel Neilson, Secretary, Chilton Hill.

#### YACHTING.

A NOTEWORTHY YACHTING CRUISE was completed on August 24 by the arrival of the steam yacht *Ruth*, of the Oswego Yacht Club fleet, at Newport. The *Ruth* left Oswego on the 5th inst., crossed Lake Ontario and Alexandria Bay, thence to Montreal, to Sorie at the mouth of Richelieu River, to St. John's River and Lake Champlain. On the latter the *Sappho*, Dr. W. Seward Webb, of New York, bound for Burlington, Vt., was spoken. Mr. Conde and family remained a week at Lake George. The yacht reached Albany through the Whitehall Canal, thence down the Hudson to New York, witnessed the trial race of the four big sloops on Saturday, passed Sunday at Premium Point, near Larchmont, touched at New London, and arrived at Newport on the evening of August 24.

THE MOST NOTED RIVAL of the *Galatea*, the yacht *Irex*, in the race for the Cape May cup with the *Genesta*, on August 15, won with ease, and thereby took possession of the cup which the *Genesta* won in 1885 in this country. The start was made at 10 o'clock A.M. on August 14, and the course was about one hundred and seventy miles. Both the *Irex* and *Genesta* started with their whole mainsails square-headed, and their gafftopsails and jibtopsails set over the headsails. After passing the Needles the wind lightened, and the yachts were then becalmed for an hour in a heavy rolling sea. When the wind freshened the *Irex* went ahead, and in mid-channel was six miles in the lead. After that she did not see the *Genesta* again. The *Irex* sighted Cherbourg Breakwater at 2 A.M. Having passed inside the Breakwater, she passed out by the East-end at 3 A.M. A brisk south-west wind was blowing, and she made a quick return run, arriving at Cowes at 1.10 P.M., August 15, at which time the *Genesta* had not been sighted. The *Genesta* reached Cowes at 5 P.M.

THE WATERS OF NEWPORT HARBOR were, on August 17, the scene of a novel and interesting contest, in which cat-rigged boats of the vicinity

figured. A number of the resident society young men of Newport conceived the novel idea of chartering the cat-boats so well known in this harbor and sailing them themselves. Each boat was entitled to "a helper." Two gentlemen, one of whom acted as skipper, occupied each boat. The course was from an imaginary line drawn from Mr. E. D. Morgan's steam yacht *Amy*, thence to Goat Island and to and around a stakeboat at the north and east end of Gould Island, leaving the buoy on the port hand, and return, passing to the southward, a distance of about nine miles. Ten boats started, the names of which and the amateur sailors, but not the "helper," are appended: — *Annie*, Mr. Center Hitchcock and Mr. E. M. Padelford; *Flash*, Mr. Fred O. Beach and Mr. O. W. Bird; *Osprey*, Mr. J. N. Howard and Mr. O. H. P. Belmont; *Alice*, Mr. George Work and Mr. W. R. Hunter; *Two Bubbles*, Mr. W. Rutherford and Mr. L. M. Rutherford, Jr.; *Princess Ida*, Mr. S. S. Sands, Jr., and Mr. N. G. Lorillard; *Teaser*, Mr. F. P. Sands and Mr. C. S. Boyd; *Mary King*, Mr. A. M. Jones and Mr. F. Yznaga; *Hattie*, Mr. Whitney Warren and Mr. Raymond R. Belmont; *Bessie*, Mr. G. W. King and Lord Portchester.

One boat which had entered did not compete, owing to illness in the amateur skipper's family. The start was made at 11h. 5m. The *Alice* obtained a good lead and won the race very easily. She finished at 12h. 58m. 20s., with the *Princess Ida* second, the latter passing the line at 1h. 2m. 20s. The boats presented a fine appearance as they left the harbor. There was a stiff breeze. The wharves were lined with fashionable spectators. The course was marked out by Captain Tom Shay, who led the fleet with his cat-boat, and the winning boat wisely followed the veteran pilot, and thus won the race, the other skippers making many ludicrous mistakes. The *Bessie*, before leaving the harbor, fouled Mr. Agassiz's cutter *Kelpie* and carried away her topmast. The time of the *Alice* and *Princess Ida* were only taken. The entire party was subsequently entertained by Mr. Morgan on board of the *Amy*.

THE HULL YACHT CLUB, of Hull, Mass., at the last meeting of its membership committee, added thirteen new members to the already long list. Among these new members were General Samuel Dalton, adjutant, quartermaster and inspector-general of Massachusetts militia; Hugh Cochrane, the owner

of the schooner *Tioga*; Drs. George Stedman and R. B. Dixon; E. R. Hunnewell, of Doe, Hunnewell & Co.; Sidney M. Hedges, of Hedges & Hodges, life insurance agents; Charles T. Maynard, of Linden & Meyer; Wallace D. Lovell, of Potter, Lovell & Co., bankers.

#### CLUB ELECTIONS.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB: commodore, I. Gutte; vice-commodore, J. Mervyn Donahue; secretary, Charles G. Yale; financial secretary, W. C. Gibbs; treasurer, T. Bangs; directors, W. Letts Oliver, C. W. Kellogg, J. W. Peer, Charles Chettenden, Louis Sloss, Jr.

TORONTO YACHT CLUB: commodore, T. McGaw; vice-commodore, G. P. Reid; captain, Geo. E. Evans; honorary secretary, W. Dickson; treasurer, W. H. Parsons; measurer, Fulford Arnoldi; committee of management, J. W. Morse, Hume Blake, N. B. Dick and R. G. Moffatt.

THE principal yachting events of August were the series of competitive races between the American sloop yachts of Boston, New York and Brooklyn, the *Mayflower* and *Puritan* bearing off the honors of the trial races from the *Priscilla* of New York and the *Atlantic* of Brooklyn. The result of the two contests of August 23 and 25 was the selection of the *Mayflower* to represent America in the International yacht race for the Queen's Cup of September.

Among the minor yachting events, which was very enjoyable to the participants, was the Oyster Boat Regatta, given under the auspices of the Larchmont Club.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

A RAPID FLIGHT of homing pigeons was recorded on August 5, four pigeons being released that day at the Grand Central Depot in New York at 10 o'clock, the birds arriving at New Haven at 11.07, making 87 miles in 67m.

THE PIGEON RECORD was beaten on August 16, by two birds belonging to Mr. M. B. Maguire of the Kings County Homing Club and Mr. Theodore F. Read of the Hudson Club, who forwarded them to Montgomery, Ala., a distance of 875 miles. On August 10 the birds were liberated, and Governor Hill, Mr. Maguire's silver cock, reached home the same day, beating the best record of any New York or Brooklyn bird.





### ROWING.

A WINNEPEG correspondent, writing about the Winnipeg Rowing Club, says that the club was organized four years ago, and now has a membership of from 175 to 200 members, mostly of the young business men of that city. The first year of the club's organization the members built a floating boat-house, but this was carried away by the ice the following spring. A permanent structure was then built at considerable sacrifice, at the junction of Assiniboine and Red rivers. H. M. Howell is the president of the club, and he also occupies the same position in the Winnipeg Association. Nearly all the racing of the club is in four-oared lap-streaked boats, which gives each member of the club an opportunity to become an active member of the club by being able to participate in the sport. Three regular club regattas are given during the year, and each crew has a week's practice before they occur. The idea that the Winnipeggers spend the greater part of their time in the water is an erroneous one. They are business men, and, on an average, each member is doing well if he can get over an hour's practice each day, and the majority fail to find over a half-hour to devote to the sport. This is usually in the evening, and they row, as a rule, about four miles very hard, believing that the short, hard pull is of more advantage to the oarsman than a long, easy pull. Vigorous methods of training is the idea of the crews. To show the working force of the club, it is only necessary to state, that on the regular Friday evening scratch races, it is no uncommon sight to see fifteen four-oared crews in the water during the evening. These Friday evening races on the club's course, which, by the way, is a very good one, and of sufficient width for six boats, are of great advantage to the members. The stroke of the club is that originated by Mr. G. F. Galt, and is a long, sweeping one, with plenty of finish. The oar handles are drawn well in towards the body, while the recovery is as quick, although the oar is longer in the water, and it is this principle that tells in a race. The stroke is the same as that with which Mr. Galt, as captain of the Argonauts, has twice won the championship of Canada for four-oared crews. They never pull over thirty-five or thirty-six strokes to the

minute in a race, and, in fact, with this length of stroke, it would be impossible for them to do so.

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LITTLE Tom Prichard is dead, at the age of twenty-three years. Those who have attended the annual tournaments of the National Rod and Reel Association, will remember his slight boyish figure as he stepped jauntily to the stand to cast a trout fly, in the champion class, against such masters of the rod as Reuben Leonard, Hiram Hawes, and many others almost as well known.

The poor boy had the seeds of consumption in his system when he made his last cast in public, last fall; his cast then was ninety feet, only one foot less than the famous cast of his father, Harry Prichard, and was only beaten by Reuben Leonard, ninety-two feet, which remains the champion cast of the world. He was so kindly and gentle in his nature that even his competitors fell into the way of calling him by the pet name given him by his friends, "Little Tom."

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THE leases of many of the salmon streams of the Province of New Brunswick are about to expire, and the privileges of fishing will be sold to the highest bidder.

The past season has been the most successful known for many years, and this, in connection with the fact that our English cousins are beginning to appreciate American salmon fishing at its full value, will probably lead to much higher rental prices than heretofore. We trust that Professor Baird may succeed in his efforts to introduce the salmon to the Hudson, and to restock the almost depleted waters of the Penobscot, so that we may have our own salmon fishing in the States without depending on neighbors who, however friendly they may be, are — shall we say it? — sometimes inordinately jealous as to fishing privileges.

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THE Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt has written much on the subject of fishing and shooting, and so well, that the announcement of a new volume by him in which these topics are treated, although but incidentally, will be hailed with pleasure by all who have read his previous

works. The title of the book is "Love and Luck, a Story of a Summer's Loitering on the Great South Bay."

It would be impossible for the author to sail over these enchanted waters, even in a narrative where the boy archer is his shooting competitor, and forget his life-long allegiance to the shotgun and the rod, the result of which is that, apart from the love story running through the book, there is a charming description of this Long Island Mediterranean, and the variety of sport to be found in the water and in the air.

There are pages devoted to sailing over this summer sea, to bluefish and sheepshead fishing, snipe shooting, crabbing, clam digging, each treated in the inimitable manner of which Mr. Roosevelt is master, while all through the book there ripples like the babbling of trout-brooks, two little love stories with whose natural sequence the book ends.

F. E.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*H. C. Manning, N. C.*—The third annual field trials of the Fisher's Island Club takes place November 8, at Fisher's Island, N. Y. Max Wenzel is the club secretary, and his address is Hoboken, N. J. That of the Eastern Fields Trials Club comes off on November 22, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster is the club secretary, and his address is Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

*America Cup.*—The number of minutes the *Puritan* defeated the *Genesta* in the races of 1885 was as follows: First race, September 14, 1885, over the New York Club course, *Puritan* beat *Genesta* 16m. 19s., corrected time; second race, September 16, 1885, over course twenty miles to leeward and return, *Puritan* beat *Genesta* 1m. 38s., corrected time.

*Yachtsman, Phila.*—The prizes won by the *Genesta* in American waters in 1885, were three, as follows:—The first, September 18, over a triangular course, outside the Scotland Lightship, a \$1,000 cup offered by Commodore Douglass. The second was the Brenton's Reef Cup, September 21, over a course from the Sandy Hook Lightship to and around Brenton's Reef Lightship and return. The third was the Cape May Cup, September 26, from Sandy Hook to Cape May Lightship and return.

*Oliver N., Annapolis.*—A "rod" measures 16½ feet or 5½ yards. A mile is 5,280 feet or 1,760 yards.

*J. A. D., Westchester.*—The time standard of the English champions this year is as follows: The one-mile bicycle—Time standard, 2m. 48s.; present holder, Sanders Sellers. The five-mile bicycle—Time standard, 15m.; present holder, M. V. J. Webber. The twenty-five miles bicycle—Time standard, 1h. 20m.; present holder, R. H. English.

*Red Runner.*—Myers won his victory over George at Madison Square Garden, on May 8, 1885, when he beat the English runner by 1 1-5s. They finished their first lap with George, whose time for the 220 yards was 31s., in the lead by about 6 yards. George's time for the two laps was 62 3-5s. He was in the lead, too, as they came around the third and fourth times, his time being respectively 1m. 35 4-5s. and 2m. 9 4-5s. George's time as he entered the sixth and last lap was 2m. 44 3-5s. Myers began

to try in earnest as he passed the upper Madison avenue turn. He cut down the distance between them even on the turn and collared the Briton on the backstretch. Myers' time was given as 3m. 15 4-5s. George was 1 1-5s. slower. The best amateur record is the one made by George in England. It is 3m. 8 2-5s. The best professional record is that of Richards, 3m. 7s. W. Cummings' record at a 1,000-yards run on April 30, 1881, at Preston, England, was 2m. 17s., and on May 14, same year and place, he made a world's record of 4m. 16 1-5s. in a one-mile race.

\*\*

## YACHTING.

THE annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club, which took place last August, was a complete success from beginning to end, and Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry is to be congratulated on the result. As a whole, the gentlemen interested in New York yachts are a very liberal set of gentlemen, who extend every courtesy to visitors and the press, and in this latter respect Mr. J. Beavor Webb can take a very profitable lesson from the members of the New York club, which would lead him to pursue a very different course to that which marked his conduct towards the gentlemen of the metropolitan press last month. There is none of that "cold dignity" about the New York club yachtsmen, as a rule, and their hospitality is without bounds. On the cruise every opportunity was afforded the members of the press, and Fleet Captain William Krebs was very accommodating. Commodore Gerry gave the press the best quarters his elegant steam-yacht contained, and the result was that full and detailed accounts of each day's sailing were published. The owners of the different yachts were also very cordial and obliging.

THE heartrending occurrence of the capsizing of the schooner *Sarah Craig* off Sandy Hook, last month, with the sad loss of valuable lives which marked the disaster, points out the danger incident to yachting and pleasure sailing in vessels which are so liable, not only to accidents of the kind, but which are in reality almost death-traps, from the fact that there is scarcely a yacht of our club fleets which, if it were to capsize in a squall, would not sink like a stone with all on board. In relating the accident to the schooner *Craig*, great stress was laid upon the fact that nothing was at hand with which to cut open the cabin and let the imprisoned ladies out. Whereas had there been an axe convenient, and the effort to release the prisoners had been made, the yacht would have immediately gone down and all on board would have been lost. Surely it is possible to build even racing yachts, and certainly mere pleasure boats, in such a manner as to give them air-tight compartments, which would buoy them up in case of a capsize, even if they filled with water. There can be but little pleasure in yachting, with parties of guests on board on the annual cruises, unless the element of safety is assured, and this can only be attained with air-tight compartments on the yachts.

November, 1886    Price 25 cents



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Monthly Magazine  
of Recreation

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POULTNEY BIGELOW, *Editor*.

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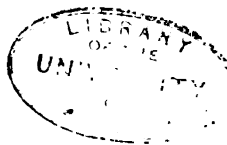
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ALONG THE RIO GRANDE.

SURPRISE OF AN APACHE VILLAGE BY UNITED STATES CAVALRY.



VOL.



# OUTING.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

No. 2.

## THE SUNSET LAND.<sup>1</sup>

TALE OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

BY CAPTAIN EDWARD KEMEYS, JR.

X.

THOSE were rare days in the little old cabin with Paul. When I had come to know the landmarks pretty well, and got used to breathing the thin air of the mountains, he proposed that we should commence our hunting by a foray on the elk. All night I dreamed of this and rose a full hour before the time in the morning. The eastern mountains glowed with the coming sun; now red, now gold they seemed, as the painters of the sky swept their vast brushes over space. The deep cedar-filled gulches which cleft their sides looked out from dusky vistas, that had gathered and kept all the shadows of the past night within the depths. The great earth drank the mellow draught of warmth and light, in all her throbbing veins. The river also felt the touch and kindled and quivered, as it rushed along. We followed the Gray Bull, now crossing wooded glades, brown with the rust of autumn, then over flinty divides, with blue clay belts beneath, or forded shallow creeks, tributaries to Gray Bull, where the jasper and agate glistened on the pebbly bottom and the cool water swirled under straight Indian willows that overhung the bank.

"That great bulk is called 'Pibepo Butte.' The Shoshones and Crows once had a fight there. The Shoshones held the crest and when the Crows, who were on the plain, after a rough fight demanded a surrender, the Shoshones cut the hand from a Crow Ingun they'd killed, and putting it on a sort of stake in sight of 'em, bent the bloody fingers, es if beckinin em ter come and take it. Pibepo in Shoshone means hand, and that's the way it got the name."

Cautiously the Indian ponies picked their way among the rough fragments of a mountain side. They knew their errand well enough, and carried us on quietly but swiftly toward our hunting ground. At length Paul drew rein, and shading his eyes with his hand, pointed

to a distant hill where some objects were moving.

"There they are, elk. We must be careful, very."

It was a large band. They were mostly lying down, grouped together, all but one, a bull; he was by himself, and much nearer the brook which flowed between us.

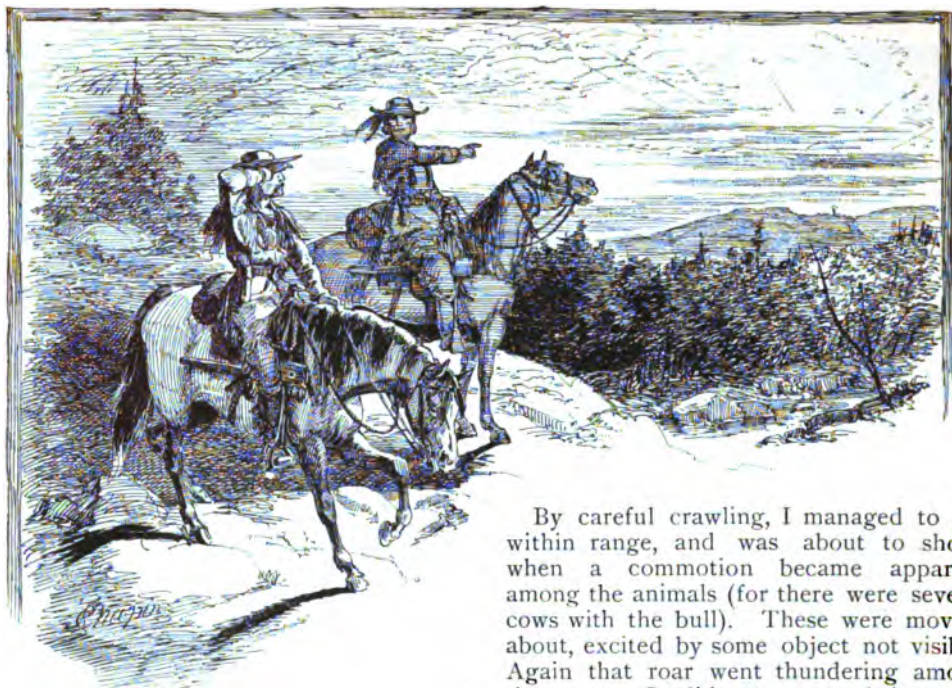
"You're looking at the old bull; well, take him ef yer wish. I'll wait fer ye by that p'int of pines; give me yer horse, slip down to the brook, and try to get a shot from under that bank."

Off I slipped, and was soon noiselessly threading my way among the tangled creepers and underbush of the bottom, whose dead leaves showered me at each step. Then I grew tired of cutting my way among them, and paused to rest and listen. The jay screamed loudly, a trout fell back with a plash — then, all was silent. Now came a hoarse roar from the direction of the herd. Again it sounded; much nearer, evidently the owner was approaching rapidly.

What could it be?

Once again it came, booming through the woods in a loud, rough note, that made the hill-side tremble; then the underbrush crackled, as though some heavy animal were plunging through it. Looking intently, I saw a movement in the woods; then the sound ceased, the bushes parted slowly, and a great antlered head appeared, with two shining eyes. Preceded by his roar, he was coming — coming to meet me — my old bull elk. Quietly, without the least noise, I allowed myself to sink downward. Gently the rifle freed itself from the wild vines, but he saw the movement, and turned away just as the bullet told against his tawny side. Down dropped one flank, as a hind-leg swung loose, but he kept on, and went crashing through the bottom at a pace that soon lost him to my view. Back to Paul for a horse, and again on the trail. I followed the blood till I sighted him at a distance:

<sup>1</sup> This story commenced in the June number.



"THERE THEY ARE, ELK!"

then, with caution, made a detour, and at the end of an hour, had got between my game and the rough ground he had hoped to reach. Then, appearing in full view, gave him a ball through the lungs, which dropped him in his tracks. Mine! My first elk! How I counted the tines on his horns, passed my fingers over the splendid body and tapering limbs, then having feasted my eyes, drew forth my book, and made numerous drawings and notes, till Paul appeared, and together we skinned him, and made all ready for transportation.

Evening put an end to our work, and as we neared the "pine point" selected by Paul for our camp, again I heard that distant roar, or bray.

"Ruttin' season, old bucks on the war path," said Paul. "Hallo! there they be ag'in!"

We sank down among the wild sage-brush and looked. Upon a steep hill-top against the lurid sky, stood another great bull elk, whose towering antlers stretched their wide beams yet further aloft than his just slain, while his body, with its high withers and drooping quarters, was upheld by his slender limbs, gathered under him in graceful lines, a perfect picture.

"Paul, I must have him."

"Well, wait a while, till it grows darker, then ye can get nearer."

By careful crawling, I managed to get within range, and was about to shoot, when a commotion became apparent among the animals (for there were several cows with the bull). These were moving about, excited by some object not visible. Again that roar went thundering among the crags. It did not proceed from the bull before me; but came from up the creek, where a rival bull, with his drove, was picking his way among the slippery stones along the bottom, to meet the other upon the hill; who, now inflamed with rage, rushed to the brink, and stood roaring out a challenge to the elk below. Thus they stood, when the bull below backed slowly away to his own fastness, and left the other master of the field, whom I again had leisure to observe, and approaching still closer, made an outline sketch as he stood.

Darker and darker grew the sky, so, uprooting a small sage-bush, I crept silently upward, then holding it before me, looked; the elk were close upon me, looking doubly huge in the dim light. An instant the rifle was steadied, and then—the flame leaped forth! Whirling away, down plunged the animal to a dark glen of cedars, but he staggered as he ran, and then stood swaying sidewise. Again the cruel rifle cracked, and the great deer pitched forward, and was dead! For a time the after-glow burned in the west, as we quartered and beheaded the noble quarry, placing the splendid trophy in a gnarled tree near at hand, safe till it could be brought to the cabin. The draped hemlocks showed clear against the sky. The snow on the higher peak was the last to go, then—darkness settled upon the scene.



Back to the point of pines we went, I with exultation, for the great horned elk heads were plain before my eyes. When almost ready for sleep, with the stem of the red-stone pipe held between his teeth, Paul said, as the smoke of the kinnikinick puffed outward:

"I remember an awful fight between elk in this yer brook last year. Two old bulls met right in the bed of the stream, and without waitin', rushed straight forward, and cum t'gether with a crash! Then stood straining fur the mastery, midway in the foaming torrent. Finally one wrenched free, ketched t' other in the side, and druv' the sharp brow antlers most through his lungs, liftin', and fin'ly throwin' him clean, then worked the horns deeper and deeper

which led to the elk last killed, for here it was that the fiercest conflict seemed going on, keeping upon the dark side, for the bright moon illumined the opposite, and made it possible for our gray men to see us.

"Wait here," said Paul, "the wind will go down in a minnit, then they can't scent us; they've keen noses, even if they be full of his blood."

We now were close to the conflict, and selecting a flat boulder, crawled up behind it and lay down.

"Did ye ever hear such a fight? Ye kin look out now, but be kerful and don't show no more o' ye than ye kin help."

Carefully I raised—there lay the dead elk, the center of a bloody fight. The narrow top of the hill was all alive with the



SHOOTING THE BLACK-TAIL DEER.

till life war gone. Soon as he ceased strugglin', the winner jumped back an' glared, scented t' other with outstretched nose a minnit, then took a plungin' gallop down through the creek's bed an' I lost sight of him. But it looked, to see them critters fight, as if they'd been trainin' fur it all their lives! Listen," said Paul, "hear that; they've found him; 't is a gray wolf, and he scents the dead elk; now fer a bloody time; the hull gang'll be there d'rectly. D'ye want ter see the infarnal gates opened? Come!"

We dragged ourselves up the dark gully,

motion of it—with a wild rushing above the prey. Large, light-colored bodies, now in a mass, their awful jaws fastened in the flesh of the fallen deer, and now rearing upright, their writhings and muffled growls telling the fangs were buried in their own fierce throats.

Aroused by the sounds of the conflict, others came thronging, and looking backward I saw several were between us and the camp; but I knew wolf-nature too well to permit this to trouble me.

The dead animal was torn in pieces, and the ravening wolves, gluttled with his

blood, were losing themselves in the deep gulleys all around.

"See what a lot of coyotes, back there by the forest edge!"

"They don't like ter interrupt the grays at their feast."



THE BATTLE OF THE ELKS.

"Now's yer time—the space's kinder cleared; take that biggest gray ter the left—Now! give it ter him!"

The living flame of the rifle darted forth; upward he reared, then fell over! Like dry leaves before the winter wind, away flew the others, and with racing bounds vanished among the pines. In an instant the bloody field was cleared; nothing but the dead wolf and carcass of the elk remained. Slinging the former to a stout pole, we hastened to camp, where, under a replenished fire, he was studied and skinned. A great, weird-looking beast, whose slanted eye-brows, even in death, still were pushed upward as in his last glance at the moon.

Then to our sweet-fern couch we crept and dreamed away. Near morning some softened touches upon my upturned face aroused me, but so lightly did they stray, that they lulled me to sleep again ere they fully woke me. Gray dawn itself came after, and showed the snow was falling all about us; its white flakes covered our bed and lay in the hollows of the ponies' backs. Through the shifting pall could be seen the great peaks high above the storm.

Were we prisoners in this wild gully?

The spiry spruce and hemlocks seemed to welcome the first snow, and bended all their limbs to receive the white spirit. Coldly looked the mountain world upon our resting place; we had invaded her

solitude, slain her inmates, and now she silently was closing the gates to bar our passage outward. A counter element must quickly be awakened. The live coals of the cedar and pine still smoldering under the ashes, woke, brightened, blazed; then piled higher, the fire roared up and mocked with its sharp crackle the silently falling snow. Scarcely breaking our fast, we saddled, and, with two fat haunches, turned homeward, leaving the great heads secured for another time. With downcast mien, our horses trod

the narrow trail backward. Almost the snow had been our jailer, for we slipped upon its surface where the trail curved downward along the hills, but at last reached the Gray Bull river, and in the cabin's warmest corner sought refuge from the storm that roared outside.

"This yer snow's all right; ye must track and kill a 'black-tail,' Captain; that's what it means, don't ye see? Ye couldn't tell the 'spirit deer,' though, if ye come right onto him. It would be all one white, alike."

So it came that I started after deer and followed the delicate hoof-marks in the snow among the high ranges until my limbs scarce could go further, and saw at length a young buck pass into a sage-brush bottom. He did not see me, and without waiting for a better chance, I fired as he was moving along. Down dropped the deer, and then rising, limped away, I following hastily after. He struck into a trot which, badly wounded as he was, soon carried him beyond my sight round a willow thicket on the river. Thither I crept. There was ice upon it, and body deep in the river was my buck. He had attempted

to jump an air-hole and fallen through. Frantic with terror, he struggled to get away, but his wound and the freezing water kept him back. Seeing from the state of the ice it would be in vain to try and approach him nearer, and trusting that in his death-struggle he might chance to keep feet or horned head above the ice, took aim at his heart and drove a bullet through it.

Not thirty feet away, I watched him—saw him sicken at the stroke, then, plunge half out of the water, and lie for a moment upon the bending ice.

"He's mine!"

But, ah! another and final struggle, and back he went into the air-hole, where the rushing water beneath carried him out of my sight forever. With the loss of my game fatigue returned, and when the cabin was gained my limbs had reached their limit.

So keen, however, is the hunting instinct when it is planted in a man, that next day found Paul and me in the field, and evening saw us coming down from the hills with a big, black-tailed buck, borne by old Star the pack-horse, that I had stalked and shot at 200 yards. He made a picture, lashed upon the black horse, his horned head bent backward fastened with a lariat, and his full body and slender legs molded

Keep up a bold front, no matter what comes." I subsequently learned the cause of his departure and warning. He had not left the cabin more than two hours when, thinking to make a change in our diet (all snow and ice having gone), I took my rod, intending to try the river for trout. It was a lovely warm day. No look of winter was to be seen, except upon the high ranges, where the snow had piled.

All was calm. A yellow haze lay upon the landscape far and near, and added its mellow touch alike to the near copses and more distant hills. Arrived at the river, a cast was made. The fly vanished as it touched the water, and in a few moments a large trout lay twisting upon the grass. Another and another followed, till, tired of the sport, I was preparing to return, when, upon the edge of the stream in the mud and sand, appeared *the fresh foot-marks of an Indian*. They were unmistakable, for the peculiar formation of the toes alone would have proclaimed the race of the owner anywhere.

I was rather surprised, to say the least, for Paul had said nothing of anyone, white or red, being near us. Under the circumstances, a return seemed expedient. When nearly at the cabin, upon a rugged hill-top appeared the form of a single horseman. He was as perfectly motionless as if part of



THE TWO SHOSHONES.

into, and projecting from the horse's sides, swaying with each step down the icy trail.

So we lived, in our cabin, hunting as our needs required it, and modeling and drawing during our leisure. Paul tried his hand at the last-named, and turned out some characteristic things, though perforce much hindered by lack of training. Once he remarked, "I'll have ter leave ye fur a day.

the rock. How long he had been there, or from where he came, were matters of conjecture.

He was an Indian. His pose upon the horse alone told me as much. Had he been stationed there to watch the cabin? And then give a signal? Perhaps he had followed with his keen glance my entire fishing and given notice of my return. At all events, he rested as unconcernedly upon the

edge of that steep pitch as if planted upon the level plains.

Determined to find out his errand, I gave a loud Hallo! This had no effect, nor a repetition of it; but a beckoning with my arm created a movement, for, turning at the moment to some sound behind me, when I looked again he was gone. The aforesaid sound being repeated, I turned and found two Indians within a hundred feet of me. They were sitting on their mustangs, not far from the cabin door, and contemplating my surprise with stolid gravity. They were Shoshones, and said they belonged to a small party down Gray Bull river. After a time they went away, first asking me to visit them at their camp, which I agreed to do.

To Paul's inquiry when he returned — "Hev ye seen any red-skins?"

He was rather surprised at my answering in the affirmative.

"I'll tell yer what I went away fur," he said, after I had calmed his fears by telling him the men belonged to the Shoshone tribe.

"Every fall, about this time, the Sioux or 'Rapahoes visits one 'nother, and generally pass near here. Well, they're a savage lot any way, and I don't want to hev 'em round, if I kin help it, so thinks I, it's jest as well fer me ter go and examine the tralls an' see if the coast's clear to the eastward. Sing'lar I never struck the Shoshone trail; they must 'a' crossed the mountains by 'nother pass, but Raps nor Sioux, thar war none."

## CHAPTER XI.

As down the glen he strode along,  
Vanished the black-tail's branching prong,  
And e'en the finch's low, sweet song,  
Stopped in the pine above him.

I WAS just awakening from a siesta in the old ranche, one smoky afternoon, when I saw through the yellow haze that covered mountain and forest, a mustang and rider, coming as fast as the former could gallop. A few brief moments, then the clatter of hoofs sounded back from the ranche's logs, and then came to a standstill.

It was Paul, who sung out to me, even when dismounting:

"D'yer want'er kill a grizzly?"

"Certainly I do; tell me how to manage it."

"Well, I've just killed an old she with a cub, an' rode back ter tell ye."

"My dear man, how shall I repay your unselfishness? Did you really kill a bear?"

"Yes, and a buster, too. Don't wait a minnit; saddle yer horse and let's git."

No need to urge haste; a mustang was lariatied, saddled, and before I realized it, we were *en route* for the mountains. The "clay-banks" were put to their speed, and amid the noise and dust of our stretching gallop, Paul told this yarn:

"I was trackin' up the mountain, about two miles from this pint, an' had stopped ter rest, when I heerd a cracklin', an' next minnit, 'long come the old woman with a cub follerin' behind. Directly she seen me, she stopped, an' throwed up her nose with a snort. Sez I, ole gal, you're my mutton. So down I jumps an' gin her one through the brisket, plumb-center fust shot. Down she dropped, right under a scrub pine; and great Cæsar's ghost! how the stun and chips did fly; but stand she could *not*. So I rode up an' gin her seven more shots; after that she sorter quieted down, so ter speak.

"The cub he ran off a piece, and then sot down and begun ter howl fur his mar, an' then, seein' that was no go, made tracks up the mountain; thar I left him fur you."

"Poor little fellow, I would not shoot him for anything. We will catch him alive, Paul, and raise him with that last litter of greyhounds."

"No, my friend, that plan won't work; cause why? He'd scoop the hull litter ter commence with. When I save a grizzly fer a friend ter shoot, I mean what I say; nothin' mean about me. *This cub's as big as his mother.*"

It was my turn to look a little dashed; we were climbing the mountain's steep side, "Indian file," and I wondered at the roughness of the trail, which had been so smooth. Perhaps the sudden growth of the cub had something to do with it?

Up among the great pines we wound, till a sharp ridge was crossed, and a high mountain meadow was before us. A lovely glade, lying in dreamy quiet in the lap of the great hills. A conspicuous magpie or two wheeled away, and then settled in some scraggy pines, as slowly we followed the winding of a tiny stream that trickled downward from the snows above, while Paul turned a queer look upon me, but said nothing, and just then I caught a faint scent of something strange, something which seemed born of the wilds, the great hills, the golden air, undefined, yet strangely tangible. The horses also noticed it. They snorted with fear, and tried to draw back. Then we stopped and



looked ; for out of the dead branches of a tree, on the pine-needle carpet, grew a form, with great trunk and massive arms, all dyed with blood.

"You'd better paint her ; she's a good un, I tell ye ; ye wont get 'nother chance, they den up in two weeks."

"No, Paul, I want one of my *ow* could never show the sketches with pleasure unless I had killed the original."

"Well, just as ye like, but listen !"

A low, querulous wailing, like a human voice, came from far up the mountain, then it grew fainter, and died away on the wind that stirred among the branches of the spruce.

"That's him ! take yer gun and go !"

Over my shoulder went my rifle, and up I started among the gray rocks and fallen timber, with the excitement of the chase strong upon me. After a time I paused, and, tired with climbing, leaned back against a tree to get my breath.

The mountain rose steep above, its graysides showered with a flight of pine tree spears, and higher yet, the bare rocks above the timber-line lay piled, a shapeless mass. The sweet mountain air breathed upon me, the aspen dipped and fluttered all its leaves, as a great cloud drifted over the peak. Nature's calm was making itself felt, and I had almost dreamed away, looking into a matted mass of dead limbs and creepers, so long that, ere I knew it, an image grew into my brain so gradually, that it became a reality before I was aware.

What strange things one sees sometimes with a little imagination ! I could almost fancy the outline of a *head* within the thicket. Yes ! there are the dark spots for eyes, nose, higher the outlines of the ears, and with a little fancy, the entire shape. Finally it dawned upon me that it was not fancy at all, that in truth I was looking upon a live head, and that, the head of a bear !

I closed my eyes for a few moments, and when I opened them, there still was the phantom head, looking at me as before. Should I fire, and run the risk of being laughed at for months to come for not knowing a bear from a tree ? No, that would never do ; so, marking well my place, I moved quickly away some yards, and upon coming back, no head was to be found, though carefully sought, nor did aught reward my search, for the voice of Paul was now heard calling me to descend.

"Here's the hide, and here's the taller. Jest lead ole' Star up 'till I pack him ; throw me that loop ; good ! diamond hitch ; all set, and here we'll leave the karkidge fur the coyotes and ravens. Good-bye, ole woman, it might 'a' been wus—fur me !"

Down, down the mountain side we



"SO WE SAT THERE, PAUL AND I."

wound along, and reached the racing river and the ranche in the dusk of evening.

"I should like to be in your shoes to-night, Paul, to be able to put my hand into the deep gray of that bear's fur, and say, I killed her."

"Well, yer know I told yer ter paint her—I gin ye a good show, but no ! ye want one ye killed *yerself*. Ye may stay in these mountains a long time and never get a chance at a grizzly ; 'taint no fool's play huntin' them critters. Mind what I say, it's too late in the season, and ye wont get no bear."

"Now, Paul, I understand all about the bears denning up in November, and that there is little more than a week to spare ; nevertheless I feel certain I shall get a

grizzly myself within that time, and that too, without help from any man."

"All right, my boy; yer welcome, but don't 'spect me ter purvide any more this season; this last is all *I* want."

That evening we sat around the blazing logs after supper, each busy with his own

the shadow on the rough wall, in many a wild shape; was the old man's brain busy, that these flickering shadows were reflected on the wall from him?

"Come, Paul, let's have a yarn. No?—well, then, I must get down the old banjo."

Down it came; and with the crackling notes, the fire leaped brightly upward, shadows danced more merrily on the wall, but I had awakened the wrong element; and after a time the sharp notes died away, and with them the fire. So putting the buckskin cover over head and strings, I went outside to look. Upon the little plateau, where the cabin stood, I turned towards the sky. All was bright, and near me the moonbeams just touched the branching antlers of an elk, half hidden in the rank grass, where he had fallen. What if I should succeed in killing a grizzly?

All things considered, it would be purely providential, as the time for seeking his "frozen lair" was close at hand; but nought was suggested by the contemplation of the home of the monarch, in those far-lying ranges piled against the deep, dark sky.

Again in the cabin, the faint odors of the kinnikinick, soft robes and blankets, wooed me; and soon the chiding katydids mingled their voices with the rush of the foaming river; and then—I seemed to walk alone, in the wild regions of the hunter's other world.

Three days afterwards Paul went to look for a mustang which had strayed; he left early, and I had the day before me.

After sitting alone for some time, I went to the door and looked out, and then, without knowing or caring why, buckled on a belt, and taking my rifle, sallied forth on foot. Idly I wandered along, calm and happy, in unison with the quiet of nature that breathed around.

The river came pouring down from the snowy hills, stirring into life the trout, that sprang from the water to bathe their speckled bodies in the golden light of the sun. Through the mellow air, the cobwebs sailed on long voyages; and but for the bustling retreat of the prairie marmot, or a magpie's voice, nought broke the tranquil loveliness of the scene.

My road lay by the sides of steep hills, ever ascending towards the mountains, which were nearly reached, when I noticed



SKINNING THE GRIZZLY.

(From a statuette by the author.)

thoughts. The cabin, strongly walled with mountain pine, flashed back the firelight from the hunter's trappings upon the walls; spurs, belts and knives were intermingled with Arrapahoe leggings and moccasins, and here and there a gaudily fringed gun-cover, by the Crows.

The bed, framed of old gnarled cedar-trunks, was soft with the brown curls of the bison and Navajo blankets. The great fire-place had been blasted from the solid rock, against which the cabin was built, and showed all the jagged cracks which the explosion had made.

So we sat there, Paul and I. The strong red light touched his somber face and cast

a large band of animals about half a mile distant; they proved to be those kings of all deer, the majestic elk, and were lying and walking in a great *sag* of land, entirely encompassed by far-lying hills. Approach seemed impossible, but I determined to try, and therefore commenced the stalk. After a long dragging crawl, I was resting upon a high rugged butte, crowned with a single cedar tree, when a sight came under my eyes that instantly drove the whole band of elk out of my head.

Down the slope, opposite to the one on which I was resting, came a monstrous grizzly bear. My eyes were riveted as he swung himself slowly along, with a stretching stride that covered the ground like clock-work. That he *was* a grizzly there could be no doubt. His size, form, broad head, sharp hump and gray color were all marks which I had known as a naturalist for years. Here then, he was, before me. *Ursus horribilis*—the terror of the western world, from whose broad frontlet an axe would rebound as from adamant; endowed with a tenacity of life that defied the bullet of the hunter, whose massive paw, sharp-set with talons, would disembowel a horse at a single blow; and I was confronted with the monster, deep in heart of the wild mountains.

The moment my eye rested upon him I determined to attack, come what might; and so, with no horse at hand, and in the open ground, prepared for the fight, while watching him away below me. He had passed the end of the butte, and descended into a shallow cup in the plain. Here he stopped, and from the movement of the great hump it was evident he was digging for roots or exhuming some buried prey.

The moment had come. Tightening my belt, I slipped downward, from rock to rock, 'till the plain was reached and I was within range, then rested at full length upon the ground, seeing nothing but the gray hump of the mighty animal. At length his delved feast was done, and, stepping out before me, he walked to the edge of a bright mountain brook with high banks. The great head came round, and the small eyes shone wickedly. Slowly I covered his

vitals, and, with a prayer for help, sent the bullet to its aim! Through flesh and bone it drove, deep to his lungs, then wailed like a harp-string far beyond.

With one pitching plunge downward he rolled, and the high bank hid him from my view.



"SLOWLY I COVERED HIS VITALS."

Quickly reloading, I waited till he reappeared, dragging himself toward a willow thicket; but the spurting blood made him reel and sway, then sink downward. Lying there, he stanchd his wound with dry earth and grass, and so stopped the red flow; then rolling upward again made for the thicket, which was at last gained and entered.

Believing him nearly dead I ran to the gully's bank, and stood overlooking the willows, then observed the slender branches stir; slowly they parted, right and left, till the monstrous head filled the gap, followed by the vast body that, as I looked, sank upon the ground, and lay without life or motion.

This was his ruse to draw me to him; but it failed. I knew that a bullet in the head might kill instantly, but, wanting that for mounting, I took the risk of another shot in the vitals, and, with a glance at two small cottonwoods, sent a second ball clear through him, ranging backward. The slow drifting smoke had hardly blown aside when back to his life and power, at one bound, the monster came, and, rearing upward with a loud snort, rushed straight upon me.

The empty rifle could avail nothing now, so, dropping it, I reached the cottonwood and swung my body upward. The little

tree swayed with my weight, but did not break, while the bear sunk upon the ground in wild contortions from two deadly wounds. But these again stanching he gained his feet, and staggered some distance off.

No doubt he would die, but possibly in some fastness, where approach would be impossible, and I might never call him mine. I had no cartridges wherewith to continue the attack, they having been lost from my belt while stalking; so, slipping from the tree, I determined to try with a horse to overtake him before night came.

Quickly jumping down, and lightly hitching "Old Hungry," my horse, I entered the undergrowth with rifle "at a ready." It was a grewsome place, all overhung with matted vines, into whose deep shadows the sunlit arrows scarce had found their way; but among the loose branches of the creek bottom I noticed something gray.

Yes, there he was, either lying in wait or dead.

No more shots through the vitals; this time I will disable; and with the clear crack a ball passed through both shoulders.



"THE VAST BODY SWAYED UPWARD."

The ranche, not far distant, was reached, and again I sought the field; but the trembling mustang could not be brought upon the ground wet with blood, and the chase was, for the day, abandoned, as the bear was nowhere in view, having dragged himself off.

So back to the old ranche I went and narrated to Paul the adventure. Said he: "Good boy! You've got more sand than I thought you had to tackle the old man on the open plain without a hoss. Wait till to-morrow, and that bear's yours."

On the morrow, at earliest dawn, Paul offered to help me recover my game, but I declined, and could see that I gained in the trapper's opinion by so doing.

Once more through the sweet, wild air to the lonely butte, with its solitary cedar; but ere I came to the bloody ground my horse gave warning, snorting and glaring at a dark thicket on the river's bank.

No movement—no sound. Then I jumped forward. The grizzly was mine—dead from the first two shots.

The sketching-block came forth, and the drawings grew till the ground was littered with them, as each marked form was transferred to paper. I "painted him," as Paul would have said, in every part.

The rawhide lariat was next noosed around his neck and, taking the slack, I mounted, took a turn with it round the saddle horn; then pressing the mustang, he strained at the rope till it sung like steel. Tighter it grew, and then the vast body of the bear swayed upward upon its hams, and, catching upon a dead limb, sat there, with twisted head and lolling tongue, the great paws so human in their grotesque helplessness, that he looked like some fearful demon, in the gloom of the woods, partly held in place by the terrified horse,



who quivered beneath me as he glanced backward at the awful sight.

Slowly the body settled against the tree, the horse was released, and with bare arms I drove the "bowie" deep into the grizzly's carcass and the blood came pouring forth.

At this moment the underbrush crackled and Paul was before me. Slowly he surveyed the hairy mountain, and then spoke :

"I knock under. Ye fixed him, all of yerself, didn't ye? Count on me, pooty boy!"

That night, when thinking over the bloody fight, I could not help feeling that, with a very trifling change in the events, I might not have been there to ponder so leisurely over the details of my first encounter with a grizzly bear.

[To be continued.]



FROM A PAINTING BY C. CRAIG, OF COLORADO SPRINGS, TO WHOM IS DUE AS WELL THE CREDIT FOR THE FIRST ILLUSTRATION OF CAPT. KEMEYS' ARTICLE IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

### THE SECRET OF IT.

Has she found the Fountain of Youth?

Nay, her hair is white to-day.

But she *is* the Fountain of Youth;

Know her and love her, in sooth,

And your own will never turn gray.

*Alice Wellington Rollins.*

## AFTER GERONIMO.<sup>1</sup>

BY LIEUT. JOHN BIGELOW, JR., U.S.A.

Author of "MARS LA TOUR AND GRAVELLOTTE."

### IX.

*La Noche, Arizona, January 1, 1886.*



E left the Harrisons before the family was up, and breakfasted at Mr. Sydow's. There I learned from T—— that his horse escaped from the corral during the night, and that he did not know where it had gone. Throwing his blanket over Colonel Green's

horse, he started off without an overcoat in the wind and rain, to look for it. He was gone over an hour, during which time I was haunted with a presentiment of a debit account with the quartermaster. He came back without the horse, but with the gratifying information that he had tracked it some distance in the direction of camp, and had no doubt that it had gone back there.

Shortly after breakfast, having taken leave of my host and the Señoritas, I repaired with Colonel Green to Judge Harrison's to pay my respects—having told T—— to join us there with the horses when he had breakfasted and saddled up. We drank to a happy New Year from the judge's excellent mescal.

Having business at the Blue Nose Mine, about three miles beyond our camp, the judge set out on his way there with me. I had now an escort of two men, a man having been sent to me from camp with T——'s horse, which had come in there early in the morning. The weather was the worst that I have known in Arizona, rain and snow storming after us all the way. As I expected of so old a frontiersman, the judge soon became impatient at my gait, and wanted to take up a lope. After considerately accommodating himself to my walk and trot for the space of about two miles,

he politely inquired of me: "Is this your traveling gait?" Said I: "Yes, sir." "Well," said he, "will you excuse me if I go ahead? I can't stand this. I have very little over me, and am getting wet." Of course I gracefully acquiesced, and he went ahead at a good canter, I keeping on a steady jog trot. Having proceeded thus about four miles, or come to within a mile or so from our camp, I descried, some 100 yards ahead of me, the figure of a man on horseback, which I soon recognized as the judge's, and in a moment I had overtaken him. He could not understand, he said, how I had caught up with him. The judge had alternated in his gait between a canter and a walk, stopping at one time altogether to let an especially severe spell in the storm blow over; I, on the other hand, had not varied from a trot, and had made no halt. What was more to the point, however, I was riding an American horse, and the judge a Spanish or Mexican. The more I see of the horses of this part of the country the more satisfied I am as to the superiority for cavalry of the American over the Mexican, Texas, Colorado, or California horse. While these horses have certain excellent points not possessed by the American, they are all inferior to it when it comes to working under a load of from 200 to 250 pounds.

*Mowry Mine, January 2, 1886.*—The ground is covered with snow from three to four inches deep. The horses, which are out on herd, will not get much for their hard picking.

I pity our poorly clad Indian scouts. They, however, keep up their spirits wonderfully well. Their torn and worn moccasins being no protection to them, they keep their feet warm by exercise, tracking rabbits through the snow and running them down with whoops and yells. It is only, I suppose, by thoroughly exhausting themselves that they are enabled to sleep through these freezing cold nights with their scant covering. Most of them, having no trousers, wear nothing on their legs but a pair of drawers. Several of them go barefooted.

<sup>1</sup> The first of this series appeared in March, 1886.

*Lochiel, January 3, 1886.* — Feeling inclined towards a change of scene and some exercise, I resolved after breakfast to ride down here and see if I could not by hook or crook get across the line as far as Santa Cruz. I found Mr. Sydow in his store. He had intended going to Harshaw, but put off his business there to take me on my pleasure trip. After a light lunch we set out in his one-horse shay, and in about a minute were in old Mexico. Mr. Sydow pointed out to me, as we crossed the line, a group of water holes constituting the head of the Santa Cruz river, which we followed pretty closely on the road. Two or three miles from the line we passed an old *hackel*, or Mexican hut, standing out on the point of a mesa, which up to two years ago, I was told, was the resort of horse thieves. A band used to come down from the Huachuca Mountains, steal both horses and cattle about La Noria, and carry them off into the Patagonia Mountains, where they would keep them concealed until ready to venture out to sell them.

The Santa Cruz bottom, or the arable part of the valley, averages about a mile in width and is kept fertile by water running under it as well as through it. The stream is lined with fine old willows, the yearly clippings of which are used in hedging in the fields. The principal crops are corn and barley. Extending back to the Cananea Mountains on one side and to the Santa Ritas on the other are stony and rocky mesas and inclines, which are given over to ranging horses, burros and cattle. There was not as much snow, of course, in this valley as there is on the top of the Patagonias, but the air was not by any means balmy, and the Mexicans that we passed going northward on their scrubby ponies, held their *serapes* closely about them, covering their mouths for the protection of their throats. One of them was conveying a load of corn and *frijoles* on a burro, evidently intent upon smuggling.

Having made eight miles from La Noria we arrived at the Pueblo of Santa Cruz, which I had known thus far only by name and through its fair and its gallant representatives at *bailes*. It was about what I expected to find, a loose assemblage of mud houses that looked at a short distance as if they might have been conjured up, ready made, from the ground on which they stood. It numbers about 800 inhabitants.



A MEXICAN JOURNEY.

In company with one of the leading citizens we made a visit to the church, a new building of adobe, with stuccoed façade, without tower or steeple, but supporting, nevertheless, three bells. The auditorium has a capacity of about 150 people. A few rush mats lying about the floor were the only seats at hand, the congregation, as a rule, bringing their seats with them, or squatting down on the bare brick. The lower class of Mexicans rarely use chairs — that is, to sit on. They commonly keep one or two in the house to stand on, or to offer to guests, and if they have a table they may use them to eat from when the floor is crowded or wet, or the company at the table especially attractive.

About the altar were three old paintings, presumably of Spanish execution, that would have well graced any church. A singular church ornamentation to me was that of two angular arches, one in rear of the other, each formed of a string of little flags or banners, suspended at the middle from the middle of the ceiling, and fastened at the ends near the bottom of the walls. The little flags were of blue material, swallow-tailed, and bordered white, and bore alternately the legend, in plain white letters, *Maria Reina, Maria Purissima*.

In the sacristy we were shown banners, symbols, and other paraphernalia pertaining originally to an out-door procession, but now forbidden by law from going outside of the church. Nowadays a Mexican priest is not allowed even to wear his canonicals in the street, nor is the church allowed to maintain or govern even a private school. Such is Mexican reaction against church domination.

Having "done" the church we walked over to the graveyard, or *campo santo*, a few hundred yards from it. Here within an area of about one acre are the remains of some 500 people, more than half of whom, I am told, were killed by Apaches. The sacred space is destitute of inclosure, even to a boundary line; and with a few

not at leisure to do, and as we shook hands to go, we were welcomed to return with the typically courteous expression of Spanish hospitality: "*Aquí tiene V. una casa a sus ordenes*" — here is a house at your command.

*Fort Huachuca, January 6, 1886.*—Wanting an opportunity to see Fort Huachuca, I asked the captain a few days ago if he could not give me something to do there, and have in consequence been furnished with the following order:

CAMP TROOP K, TENTH CAVALRY.  
MOWRY MINE, A. T.

January 5, 1886.

#### ORDERS }

No. 1. }

First Lieutenant John Bigelow, Jr., Tenth Cavalry, with a non-commissioned officer and three men, will proceed to-morrow, the 6th inst., to Fort Huachuca, A. T., for the purpose of drawing clothing, etc., for Troop K, Tenth Cavalry, and Indian scouts. On the completion of said duty, he will return with his detachment to the camp of Troop K, Tenth Cavalry, at the Mowry Mine, A. T.

THOMAS C. LEBOW,  
Captain Tenth Cavalry,  
commanding camp.

Furnished with this order and my detachment, in which was included one pack-mule, I set out this morning at half-past eight o'clock for the Huachuca Mountains. Having to go across country, I let a man who knew the way go ahead as guide. In from one to two hours we were out of the wooded foothills of the Patagonias, crossing the open valley separating them from the Huachucas, which we entered about twelve o'clock. We found the snow thicker and the air colder as we rounded

their northern point above the heads of their foothills. Our route, about thirty miles long, lay for the greater part on the estate of Mr. Colin Cameron, a son of Simon Cameron, and nephew of Don Cameron. His claim covers a tract sixteen leagues, or more, square; his title being that of an old Spanish grant. We did not see a human dwelling or human being, or a water course or source until we reached the Huachuca Mountains, in which we passed two or three houses near small streams and springs, with tracts of cultivated ground surrounding or adjoining



A FLOWER FROM THE EAST.

cases excepted, the graves themselves are unmarked save by the loose stone piled into and over them to keep out the coyotes. On one only did I see a name. It was rudely cut in a black wooden cross, and underneath it was a simple request to the reader for a paternoster.

Before leaving Santa Cruz we gave ourselves the pleasure of a visit at the Montoyas, one of its first families, where we would gladly have remained longer than we did but for its growing late, and dark and cold. We were asked to put up our trap and stay over night, which we were

them. The soil had the appearance of being soft and rich.

Fort Huachuca lies in what is called Huachuca Cañon, on the east side of the north point of the Huachuca range. We entered the post at its upper, or higher end, and passed through the outskirts of tents, huts, shanties and houses—the quarters of a few privileged soldiers, of certain civil employees, and of laundresses and other hangers-on, or camp followers—past the guard house to the parade ground, where in accordance with custom, the officers' quarters were ranged on one side, and



the men's on the other. Not finding the adjutant at his office, I repaired to the quarters of the post commander, Colonel Royall, of the Fourth Cavalry. Having reported to the colonel, by whom my detachment was referred to the sergeant-major for assignment to a troop for quarters and rations, I proceeded to the quarters of Brevet General Forsyth, commanding the troops in the field, and reported to him. The General, who had kindly asked me to come to his house whenever I should come to the post, made me his guest.

*Fort Huachuca, January 7, 1886.*—Spent the forenoon attending to business, and to the vanity of getting myself shaved and shorn. The afternoon I devoted to looking over the military works in the general's library, most of them French and German, which he procured when abroad. Such an opportunity for professional reading does not present itself often on the frontier. It might and it should, however, present itself in the house of every officer.

The Arizona papers have it again that General Miles is coming to relieve General Crook. The officers do not know whether to believe it or not. They are divided,

too, in opinion as to whether General Crook has done the best that could be done in the campaign, or the worst.

*Fort Huachuca, January 8, 1886.*—Spent a few moments this morning in the post library, where I found a pretty good collection of papers—though not as good as at Fort Grant—but no books. The Fourth Cavalry, whose headquarters this is, has, I am told, a good regimental library, but it is boxed up. I saw no indications of impatience on the part of the garrison to get at it.

I was shown by General Forsyth through the quarters of Captain Lawton's troop of the Fourth Cavalry, the only troop at present in the post. It is altogether the best set of quarters, as regards both plan and appointments, that I have seen in the army, and in its neatness and orderliness reflects the highest credit on its captain. On the ground floor are the following accommodations: A good-sized office for the first sergeant, a set of bath-rooms with hot and cold water, a capacious dining-room and a kitchen. Up-stairs is a main dormitory, and, adjoining it, a small one for the sergeants. The corporals live with their squads. I was struck by the brightness and airiness of the rooms, such a contrast to the dinginess and closeness of the barracks at Fort Grant. A room on the ground floor is to be fitted up as a troop library and reading room.

After dinner I strolled over to the captain's new stables. They consist of a frame building roofed over, with an opening running along each side of the ridge-piece for ventilation. The stables in Texas and Arizona are ordinarily mere sheds. In these that I am describing, at the head of each stall is a placard of tin, bearing the following data: the number of the horse, its name, the name of its rider, and the number of its rider. Underneath this placard is a roller of salt, a patent arrangement for the horse to lick. The saddles, covered with a piece of canvas, are suspended on wooden hooks at the rear of the stalls. In each stall is a little canvas contrivance for holding a curry-comb and brush.

Similar stables are building for the other troops of the post. Between every two sets is a corral, formed by fencing them together at the ends.

*Mowry Mine, January 9, 1886.*—Returned here to-day, a day earlier than I wanted to, on account of the threatening appearance of the weather. Found Dr. Terrill in camp on his official visit.

*Mowry Mine, January 10, 1886.*—The doctor set out to-day with Colonel Green to visit Santa Cruz. Before they had reached the Washington Mine the colonel's buggy broke down, in consequence of which they surprised us by coming back on foot. They soon set out again, however, on horseback.

*Mowry Mine, January 11, 1886.*—A drizzly day, promising well for the grass. I wonder whether General Crook, now that water may be found practically in every hole in the ground, is not going to modify his plan so far as guarding the water holes is concerned. I am in receipt of a copy of the following circular :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA  
IN THE FIELD.

FORT BOWIE, A. T., December 24, 1885.

*Circular :*

Hereafter all officers in reporting trails or movements of hostile Indians, will report number, whether they are afoot or mounted, the direction they are taking, and if possible, of what the party is composed (men, women, children). In giving locations, care should be taken to give distance and direction from some well-known point. It should be remembered that all these particulars are of the utmost importance.

By order of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CROOK,  
C. S. ROBERTS,

Captain Seventeenth Infantry, A. A. D. C.

I take this as an indication that results are looked for at an early day from the operations of the two companies of Indian scouts in Mexico. They have been endeavoring to work their way to the rear of the hostiles, who are supposed to be fronting the line, and drive them up against our cordon of troops. They have been gone now about six weeks, and are rationed only for two months. Such at least is my understanding. It is hard to get any authentic information in regard to the campaign, everything being purposely kept as secret as possible.

The doctor returned this evening, not over-pleased with his trip. Owing to the bad weather he did not see the one sight of Santa Cruz, the church and cemetery.

*Mowry Mine, January 12, 1886.*—Had a longer talk than usual with my Mexican

neighbors. Don Sebastian is a deserter from the Mexican army, in which he served at the time of the French expedition.

He tells me that there is in every State of Mexico a military force consisting of an eight company battalion of infantry, numbering 1,000 men, and a complement of cavalry and artillery, — the whole constituting a brigade, and being commanded by a Brigadier-General. Four such brigades constitute a division, the command of a Major-General. There is in Mexico no General of the army, the Major-Generals being commanded directly by the Secretary of War. The privates in the Mexican army are paid every day. The term of enlistment is five years, as with us, but with this difference, that a soldier is not sure of his discharge at the end of it ; in fact, he is pretty sure that if sound and able-bodied he will not get it. Desertions, which from this cause, among others, are very common, are punished only with five months' confinement, and compulsion to serve out the term of enlistment. Non-commissioned officers are reduced to the ranks. Don Sebastian deserted as a sergeant after three years' service. Mr. Rios hardly believed my assertion that the standing army of Mexico was larger than that of the United States.

*Mowry Mine, January 13, 1886.*—For the last few days I have had a presentiment that we should receive official news before long of the state of the campaign, and that a change would shortly be made to a more active plan, but the mail that came this morning brought nothing to confirm it.

*Mowry Mine, January 15, 1886.*—The paymaster, who arrived this morning, tells us that a detachment of Indian scouts out with soldiers of Captain Viele's troops, killed two of the soldiers and made off, undoubtedly to join the hostiles.

In my morning conversazione I learned that the Mexicans have a way of hardening a horse's hoofs by an application of mescal plant, crushed and heated. Mr. Rios tells me that he once took a horse to a blacksmith which, on account of the hardness of its hoofs, could not be shod ; the nails bent so they could not be driven through the horn.

The captain is at the present moment shaving, and having the spots taken out of his blouse in preparation for the ball this evening at Harshaw. It devolves upon me, as the last attendant from this camp at such

an entertainment, to remain here to guard against the possible disorderly consequences of to-day's payment.

*Mowry Mine, January 16, 1886.* — From the representations made to me this morning by Mr. Rios in regard to the Yaqui Indians, in whose country he has been, I gather that the latter are about on a par, in point of civilization, with our most advanced Indians of Indian Territory. The cause of the impending war between them and the Mexican Government, seems to be the proposed opening of their dominion to settlement. Here is something for those of our people to ponder upon who regard the reservation as a causative peculiarity of Indian savagedom, and propose to regenerate the Indians by the abolition of the reservations and their establishment in severalty. The land that the Indians are now on in their tribal relation is theirs as far as anything guaranteed to them by our Government can be. Suppose that they want to continue in tribal relation. Having for generations been fraudulently debarring them from civilization, are we now to commence fraudulently imposing it upon them?

The establishment of our Indians in severalty — in consonance, that is, with the policy of their preservation and civilization — is dependent upon their acquiring a desire for it; and their evolution or development up to the point of this desire, which is the true Indian problem, has never been even seriously contemplated by our Government. Our Indian policy has ever been, in the main, a systematic evasion of it. The settlement of the Indian question without the solution of this problem, means nothing more nor less than peaceful, or forcible extermination.

*Mowry Mine, January 20, 1886.* — There has not been a day without rain or snow or hail since the 11th of this month, neither has there been a day that the sun has not shown itself some time or other. Southwesterly winds are here unfailing harbingers of bad weather, and such we have had off and on now for several weeks, and they are not yet passed. February is a very uncertain month; the Mexicans call it "*El mes loco*," the crazy month.

I expect to be at Fort Grant to-morrow night. I shall miss the sound of Spanish, especially Blasita's cheery greeting, "*Como le va, Teniente?*" and her old father's courteous invitation, "*Pase; pase V., Teniente, sientese.*" The Rioses have had a hard time lately with the weather, having been prevented from sleeping at night by

the rain dripping through their roof. They now have a huge piece of hide suspended at an angle over the bed, forming a tolerably good shelter. The mud floor, however, except under the bed, is all mire and puddle. The two children seem none the worse for all this. The little boy, Jose Juan, is continually eating. I hardly ever see him that he has not a tin cup in his hand, and is not either consuming or soliciting a supply of *frijoles*. He has usually nothing on but a plain linen shirt of so fine a texture that the complexion of his tough little body is discernible through it, and reaching very little below where his trousers ought to commence. Surmising a connection between his semi-nudity and voracity, I suggested to his mother the advisability, as it seemed to me, of proceeding with his clothing below the line where she had left off, and she took the suggestion in such good part that I had the satisfaction this morning of seeing the little fellow in a pair of trousers, if I may so call the primitive canton flannel garment to which I allude. It is cut looser than should seem necessary for comfort, and as short as is consistent with distinct bifurcation.

The mail not bringing me my leave of absence, I determined at the suggestion of the captain to go to Crittenden, in order to be ready to take advantage of it by to-morrow morning's train, should it come this evening, or to wait over until to-morrow evening, should it not come to-day. Accordingly, after the men had dined I had my horse saddled, and having done up a few things in a roll to take with me, set out with two men and a pack mule for the railroad.

I had hardly gotten out of camp when one of my men asked permission to stop behind to put the two men's rations, which he was carrying in a bag in his hand, on the pack mule. If there is anything a colored soldier can be trusted, under all circumstances, to take good care of, it is his rations. I granted the request, and afterwards regretted doing so, for I did not see either of the men again until an hour after I had arrived at Crittenden. They represented to me that they could not keep the pack on the mule; that the rope being wet, they had to stop repeatedly to tighten it, etc. I was disgusted with what I deemed their want of zest and pride, and rebuked them for it — I think, with good effect. They might as well have been in camp for all the protection or other advantage they were to me.

*Fort Grant, January 21, 1886.* — My authority for a leave having come yesterday, I partook at half-past five o'clock of the "first breakfast" at the hotel, and at about seven o'clock boarded a train and settled down with my Spanish grammar and my papers and periodicals to their enjoyment from a spring-cushioned seat. At Benson, the junction with the Southern Pacific Railroad, I lunched at a Chinaman's, at the small cost of twenty-five cents, and I think I know what I ate.

It brought me back to civilization to find myself, as I did at one o'clock, seated in a sleeping car opposite a young man in a close-fitting checked suit, carrying an extreme height of collar and sporting a varnished cane.

Stepping down on the platform at Wilcox, at half-past two, I met Mr. M——, the father of the bride, on his way from Fort Davis, Tex., to attend the wedding at Fort Grant. There being no ambulance at the station we got into the stage, a very different conveyance from what the average eastern man would imagine. It was a rickety carryall, with the front seat taken out. Owing, I presume, to this deficiency,

the forward side-curtains reached only to within a foot and a half of the woodwork, leaving an aperture through which the cold air seemed to compress itself for concentration upon us. Fortunately we each had a blanket, but with two thicknesses of blanket over my legs, and my overcoat and cape about my body, I was not warm. There was no straw or rug in the bottom of the wagon; nothing to oppose the streams of air coming up through the half-inch cracks between the half-inch planks, or, on the other hand, to prevent our watching the congealing ground as it sped away beneath us. At half-past eight we drove up in a happy state of mind, though in a sad state of body, in front of the post-trader's store, where the mail was delivered, and I commenced shaking hands. Thence we rattled over to the officers' line. The stage had hardly stopped in front of my gate,—just inside of which I recognized the form of the most important personage to me in Fort Grant,—when I heard in a voice that I knew to pertain to it: "Is that you, John?" to which inquiry I answered not in words.

[To be continued.]

### BEFORE THE BREATH OF STORM.

BEFORE the breath of storm,  
While yet the long, bright afternoons are warm,  
Under this stainless arch of azure sky  
The air is filled with gathering wings for flight;  
Yet with the shrill mirth and the loud delight  
Comes the foreboding sorrow of this cry,—  
*Till the storm scatter and the gloom dispel,  
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!*

Why will ye go so soon,  
In these soft hours, this sweeter month than June?  
The liquid air floats over field and tree  
A veil of dreams—where do ye find the sting?  
A gold enchantment sleeps upon the sea  
And purpled hills—why have ye taken wing?  
But faint, far-heard, the answers fall and swell—  
*Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!*

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*



# THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN YACHTING.<sup>1</sup>

BY CAPTAIN R. F. COFFIN,

Author of "OLD SAILOR YARNS," "THE AMERICA'S CUP," etc., etc.

## VI.

### FROM 1878 TO 1885.

VERY early in the year 1878, Mr. Lester Wallack, the celebrated actor, at that time the owner of the famous schooner *Columbia*, was elected Commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, and he was, I think, its last commodore for many years. In a little speech which he made on assuming his office, Mr. Wallack frankly confessed that he was no great sailor and no great yachtsman. He was, as all know, a very estimable gentleman, but about the most unsuitable person that the club could have selected, in view of its waning fortune, to take the executive charge.

I may mention, as something which has had a decided influence for good on American yachting, that during the winter of 1878, Mr. A. Cary Smith, by invitation of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, delivered a series of lectures before its members at Delmonico's, on Naval Architecture. The information thus obtained has been supplemented by study in other quarters, and the result has been the introduction of a better class of yachts, and more perfectly fitted, than before. It was in the early part of 1878, that the keel schooner *Intrepid* was built at Brooklyn by the Poillons, from a design by Mr. A. Cary Smith. While upon the stocks she was very extensively criticised. It was asserted that she was too fine forward, her "dead flat" too far aft, that she would bury in driving hard, etc. She falsified the predictions of these wise people, by proving a success in every way, and was one of the finest yachts in the fleet. Her owner, Mr. Lloyd Phenix, being an expert navigator, has made several foreign cruises in her.

In May, 1878, the schooner yacht *Mohawk* was sold to the United States Coast Survey Service, and her name changed to the *Eagre*. It is notable that after a year of more than ordinary excitement, such as occurs always, when an international event is one of the season's incidents, the next year is marked by a general dullness and

this was particularly the case during the season of 1878. The clubs all had their regattas as usual, but they were tame affairs, the entries few and the attendance small. The New York club tried to have a race June 13, but it failed from lack of wind, and was sailed June 14, in the presence of only the committee and a few reporters. There started two keel schooners, two first-class and three second-class centerboard schooners, only one first-class sloop, the *Vision*, and four second-class sloops.

A notable race of this season, was a contest of small open yachts in the bay. The affair was organized by a volunteer committee of gentlemen interested in yachting, the money for the expense being obtained by subscription and the entry made free. It drew together forty-three starters, divided into five classes, and was an extremely successful affair.

In July of this year, the cutter *Muriel* was built for Mr. James Stillman, by Mr. Henry Piepgras at Brooklyn, from a design by Mr. John Harvey of England, this being the first real *bona fide* British cutter ever built in this country. She was 45 feet over all; 9 feet beam; 6 feet, 3 inches deep; 7 feet, 9 inches draught, and carried 6½ tons of outside lead. What came to be called the "cutter controversy" was just then beginning to rage in this country, and the advocates of the British boat were claiming superior speed for their favorite model, which was as strenuously denied by the centerboard partisans, and Mr. James Stillman, a prominent member of the New York Yacht Club, then the owner of the schooner yacht *Wanderer*, determined to test the question practically by having a yacht built from the lines as near as might be of the fastest of her class in Great Britain. The *Muriel* was not a success in the matter of speed, nor have any of the successors of this type been, the centerboard boat, in good breezes, having always proven the most speedy. It has also been proven, that this style of yacht is less comfortable

<sup>1</sup> The first paper of this series commenced in OUTING for June.

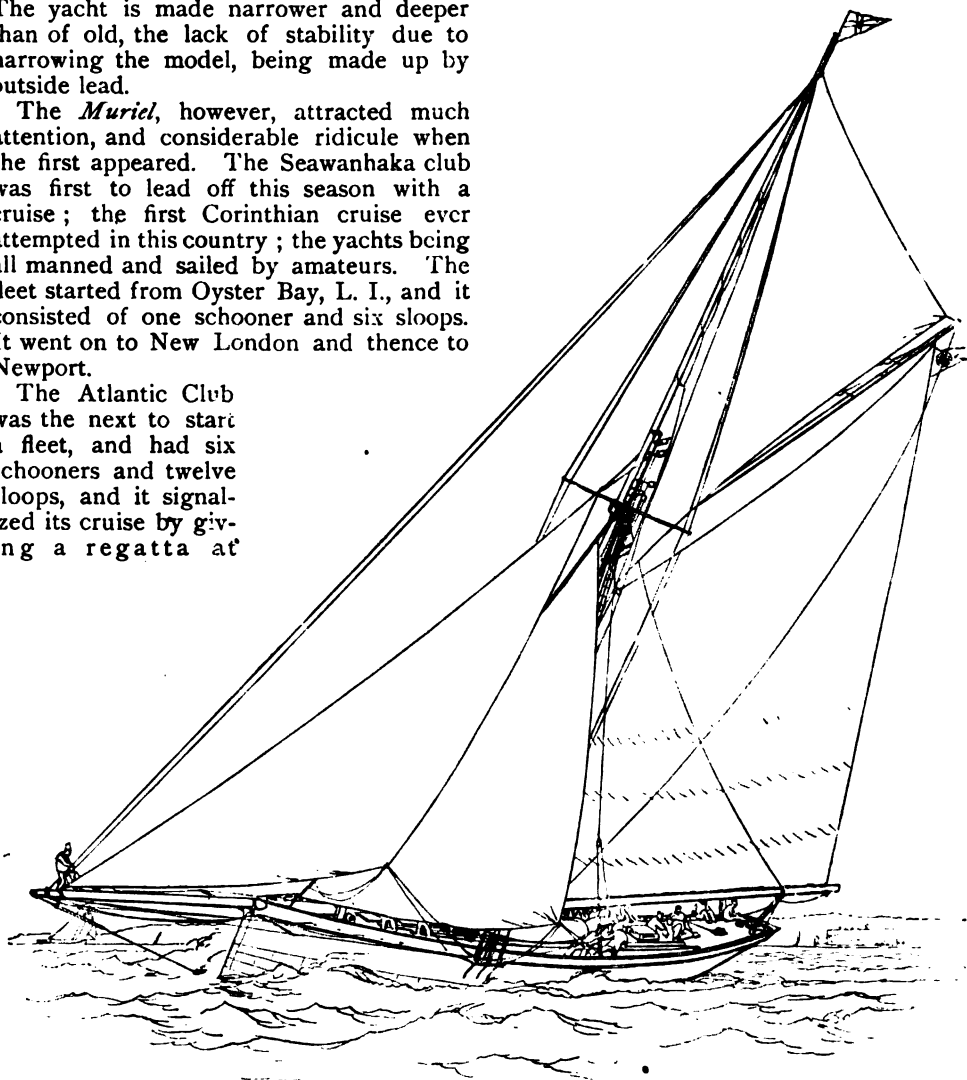
than the broad centerboard, and not suited for the shallow American harbors. They are, however, very handsome craft, and out of the controversy as to cutter and centerboard, has come a compromise between the two extremes of broad and shallow and deep and narrow, which is superior to either. The centerboard is retained, but with it is a keel, through which it plays. The yacht is made narrower and deeper than of old, the lack of stability due to narrowing the model, being made up by outside lead.

The *Muriel*, however, attracted much attention, and considerable ridicule when she first appeared. The Seawanhaka club was first to lead off this season with a cruise; the first Corinthian cruise ever attempted in this country; the yachts being all manned and sailed by amateurs. The fleet started from Oyster Bay, L. I., and it consisted of one schooner and six sloops. It went on to New London and thence to Newport.

The Atlantic Club was the next to start a fleet, and had six schooners and twelve sloops, and it signalized its cruise by giving a regatta at

always been a favorite stopping-place for this club, and at one time it contemplated making this port its headquarters. Fortunately, the project fell through.

The New York Yacht Club mustered ten schooners and four sloops for the annual cruise, and went direct from Glen Cove to Greenport, getting there while the fleet of the Atlantic Club was in the harbor. It



1 "BEDOUIN."

Greenport, L. I., starting twenty-six boats, twelve of which did not belong to the club. These regattas in Greenport were features of the Atlantic Club's annual cruises for several years. It has

went from Greenport to New London, thence to Newport, and thence to New Bedford, where a race was arranged for the purpose of giving the Boston sloop *Thistle* an opportunity to test her speed with the

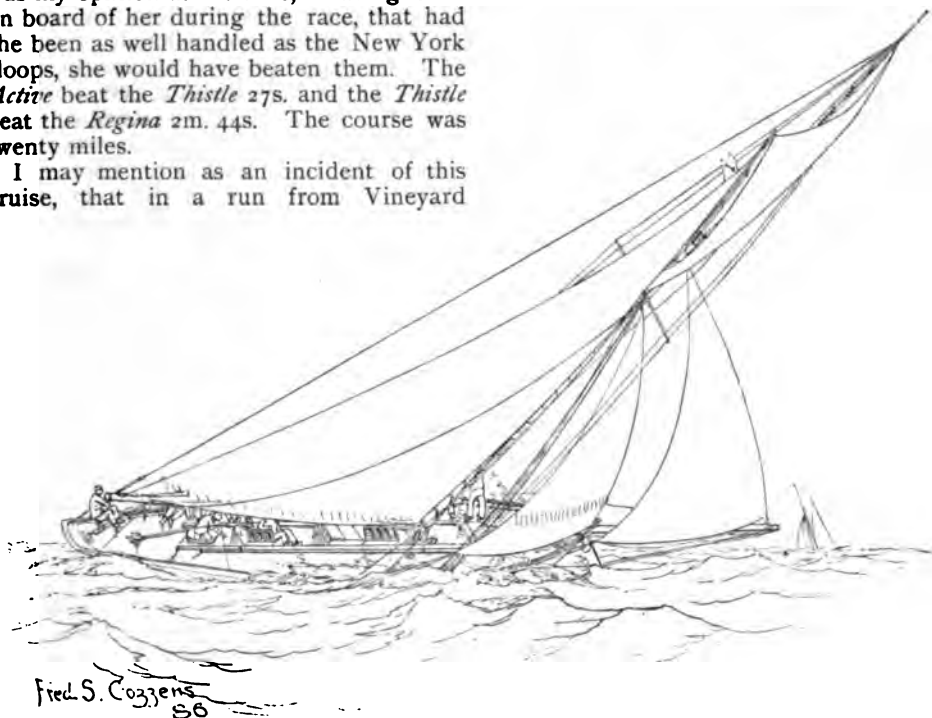
<sup>1</sup> Cutter "Bedouin." Owned by Mr. Archibald Rogers, New York.

New York sloops. The race was sailed August 14, the *Thistle* sailing against the *Active*, *Vixen* and *Regina*. The Boston yacht started ahead and led all around the course, but was beaten by the *Vixen*, 1m. 14s. elapsed, and 2m. 57s. corrected time. She was miserably sailed, however, and it was my opinion at the time, I having been on board of her during the race, that had she been as well handled as the New York sloops, she would have beaten them. The *Active* beat the *Thistle* 27s. and the *Thistle* beat the *Regina* 2m. 44s. The course was twenty miles.

I may mention as an incident of this cruise, that in a run from Vineyard

mark. They tried again October 22, and made the race, the weather having been moderate and sea smooth, and the *Gracie* won by 13m. 46s., thus ending the season of 1878.

The next season was a dull one and there was little of note in its events. The



1 "MAGGIE."

Haven to Newport, the double-hulled schooner *Neried* beat the fleet, gaining her only victory. She took a short cut through Woods Hole, gaining a fair tide thereby, and arrived at Newport twenty seconds ahead of the *Vixen*, which came second.

The Brooklyn club issued a most elaborate programme for a cruise, but no yachts appeared at the rendezvous and the cruise did not take place, and since then the Brooklyn has been a club only in name. October 15 of this year, the sloops *Gracie* and *Vision* attempted a race twenty miles to windward from the Sandy Hook Lightship. The *Vision* was of the most pronounced skimming-dish type, drawing but 4 feet, 10 inches of water on a water-line length of 60 feet, 2 inches. The *Gracie* drew 6 feet, 3 inches on a water line of 65 feet. Neither was fit for ocean racing, and both were disabled and failed to reach the outer

clubs, big and little, had their regattas, the entries few and the interest trifling, and confined altogether to the particular club whose yachts were racing.

It was in June of this year, that Mr. Piepgras built the cutter *Yolande*, the second real British cutter ever built in this country. She was built in the yard attached to Mr. Piepgras' dwelling, and then moved through the street to the water, several blocks distant.

I call her a cutter, because by common consent this name has been given to deep, narrow yachts, similar in model and rig to the one-masted vessels common in England, and to distinguish them from the broad and shallow centerboard sloops. Of course, properly speaking, the rig should govern the designation in this, as in all other craft, ship, bark, brig, schooner, etc.; but we needed some appellation which should

<sup>1</sup> Cutter "Maggie." Owned by Mr. L. Cass Ledyard. New York.

designate the shape of the hull, and this term "cutter" has been adopted. The *Yolande* was a cutter to all intents and purposes; cutter in model and cutter in rig. So anxious, however, have the advocates of English yachts been to prove that the cutter could beat all creation, that every sloop which has proven at all fast, has been dubbed a cutter, and the term has become rather confusing. I intend, when speaking of cutters, to designate such yachts as the *Muriel*, *Yolande*, *Bedouin*, *Wenonah*, *Stranger*, *Madge*, *Clara*, etc., and not such as the *Huron*, *Thetis*, *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, etc.

The *Yolande* was built for Mr. M. Roosevelt Schuyler, the most pronounced advocate of the cutter model that we have ever had in this country. Mr. Schuyler was an extremist; not only did he believe the cutter possessed of superior excellence, but he insisted that all other types were faulty in the extreme and could have no good quality. The *Yolande* was 32 feet over all, 25 feet water line, 7 feet, 6 inches beam, and 5 feet deep. She had a deep rocker keel composed entirely of lead which weighed 8,700 pounds, and there were 1,300 pounds of lead inside, molded to fit the frames.

Generally uncomfortable, and entirely unfit for shallow water, the *Yolande* was not without her advantages. She was safer and had more accommodation than any other boat of the same water line, and could and did sail, in weather which sent the average centerboard craft scurrying for a sheltered harbor. In the ordinary summer weather, however, the centerboard of her length could sail around her with ease. Mr. Schuyler exhibited her weatherly qualities, by keeping her in commission until the snow began to fall, and showed that in bad weather, she could drown the centerboard boat completely.

She and the *Muriel* marked the introduction of a type of yacht that has undoubted advantages, but which, upon the whole, is not as well suited to the requirements of American yachting as is the centerboard, nor are they as a rule as speedy.

I may mention in passing, the building of another representative craft in July, 1879, and that was the iron centerboard sloop *Mischief*. She was the second sailing yacht built of iron in this country, and was a success as a racing vessel. We have had several iron yachts built since then, both sailing craft and steam, and I think that finally iron or mild steel will entirely supersede wood as building material for the pleasure fleet. Certainly it is best for

steam yachts, and I think it better for sailing craft, as being lighter, dryer and stronger.

The cruise of the New York Yacht Club this year was marked by one of the old-fashioned regattas at New Bedford, for which, as I have shown, the club was famous in its early career. The entry was not, to be sure, a very famous one, but it made a fête day for the old whaling city, and will long be remembered.

There were two schooners, the *Tidal Wave* and *Phantom*, in the first class, and four, the *Magic*, *Peerless*, *Azalia* and *Clio*, in the second. There were also two classes of sloops, three in each. The winners were the schooners *Tidal Wave* and *Magic*, and the sloops *Niantic* (afterwards *Hildeward*) and *Vixen*.

October 17, 1879, there started four sloops from Sandy Hook Lightship, for a race around the Cape May Lightship and return, for a cup valued at \$700, offered some years previous by Mr. Robert Center, then the owner of the iron sloop *Vindex*. He had successfully kept her in commission for a whole winter, defying the gale with the stoutest of pilot boats, but creating an impression in the minds of the hardy toilers of the sea in those boats, as they saw the *Vindex* under short canvas bobbing like a cork on the ocean swell, that "the gentleman was not just right aloft." They were unable to realize that any sane man should go to sea in such weather for pastime.

Mr. Center having demonstrated the ability of his iron keel vessel, cutter rigged, to withstand successfully all sorts of weather, determined with fine irony to show that the centerboard sloop could not do this; and so offered this cup for competition by sloop yachts in the month of October. For years the cup went begging, but in 1879 the *Mischief*, *Regina*, *Wave* and *Blanche* started for it; and this is not half as wonderful as that they all returned safely the next day. The "sweet little cherub" was certainly on watch during this race, for with the exception of the *Mischief*, four more unsuitable craft to be caught outside of Sandy Hook in October could not be found. I think it will be of interest if I give the dimensions of these "bowls" in which the four "wise men of Gotham" embarked:

| NAME.           | OWNER.           | OVER ALL. |     | WATER LINE. |     | BEAM. |     | DEPTH. |     |
|-----------------|------------------|-----------|-----|-------------|-----|-------|-----|--------|-----|
|                 |                  | ft.       | in. | ft.         | in. | ft.   | in. | ft.    | in. |
| <i>Mischief</i> | J. R. Busk       | 67        | 5   | 61          | 0   | 19    | 10  | 7      | 9   |
| <i>Regina</i>   | W. W. Stewart    | 50        | 8   | 47          | 3   | 16    | 3   | 5      | 6   |
| <i>Wave</i>     | Dr. J. G. Harrow | 41        | 8   | 38          | 7   | 14    | 8   | 4      | 3   |
| <i>Blanche</i>  | C. H. Grundy     | 41        | 0   | 38          | 6   | 14    | 6   | 4      | 4   |

The *Mischief* was able to sail at least one-third faster than either of the others by reason of size, and as there was no time allowance she won with all ease. There was a moderate gale the day after the arrival of the yachts, and in some way a report got abroad that the *Wave* was missing, causing much uneasiness among the friends of those on board of her. As a remarkable race this is worthy of note here. I may mention also that the *Mischief's* time was 39h. 47m., beating the *Regina*, which came second, 4h. 20m. The *Wave* was third. In this connection, and having expressed an opinion as to the unsuitableness of shallow centerboard yachts of small size to encounter an ocean breeze and sea, I will give an illustration in opposition to that opinion. Early in the month of February, 1880, the sloop yacht *Coming*, having been purchased by a New York gentleman, he employed Captain Germaine and his brother of Glen Cove, L. I., to proceed to New London, where the yacht had wintered, and bring her to New York. Captain Germaine employed Mr. William H. Lane of New London to assist him and having bent the sails, they, as ordered by the owner, awaited a favorable chance to come to New York. It came in the shape of an offer from Captain Scott, of the tug boat *Alert*, who having been hired to tow the British brig *Guisborough* to New York from New London, offered Captain Germaine a free tow, and the *Coming* made fast to the stern of the brig and started. When a little to westward of New Haven, a hard northeast gale was encountered, and the tug finally, for her own safety, was obliged to let go the brig and make for New Haven for shelter. The brig made sail, but her sails were blown away and she finally sank off Northport, L. I., all on board perishing. Of the yacht nothing was heard for some days, when she was sighted off Southold, L. I., dismasted, with bowsprit gone, and port bow somewhat injured; but in all other respects in good condition. The anchors were on the bows, and the boats hung at the davits. In the cabin a meal of corned beef and cabbage was spread, and not a dish had fallen to the floor. The mast had fallen directly aft and lay on the deck, the wreck of the bowsprit and rigging was overboard, and this had operated as a drag keeping her head to the sea. Evidently the captain and crew, believing that they would be safer on the brig, hauled up under her counter to get on board of her, and in so doing the bowsprit and mast

were carried away, and the bow stove. Had they remained on the yacht they would possibly have been saved.

This yacht, one of the extreme skimming-dish type, had safely weathered out one of the most terrific gales of that winter, and lived in a sea which was represented, by those out in it, to have been something tremendous. The life buoys and spare spars on her house were not lashed and were found undisturbed, showing that during her lonely drift not a sea had boarded her. This yacht was 61 feet, 4 inches over all; 56 feet, 10 inches water line; 20 feet, 5 inches beam; 5 feet, 2 inches deep, and 4 feet, 2 inches draught of water.

There is little to note of the yachting of 1880; the usual regattas and cruises taking place without any marked incident, except, perhaps, that this year another attempt was made at a handicap race by the New York Yacht Club; Mr. Charles Minton, the secretary, offering a \$250 cup. The thing was a success so far as the handicap was concerned, and it is evidently the best of all systems for allowance; but the starters were few, only three schooners and six sloops. The schooner *Dauntless* and sloop *Mischief* were the winners.

I might also mention in passing that the first regatta of the Larchmont Yacht Club took place on July 5, 1880, its largest starter being the sloop *Viva*, 29 feet, 6 inches. As something of yachting importance I may say that the iron steam yachts *Corsair* and *Stranger* were launched at Philadelphia this year, the iron steam yacht *Polynia* was launched at Newburgh-on-the-Hudson, and the iron steam yacht *Yosemite* at Chester, Pa.—an evidence of the growing popularity of steam as a motive power among the yachtsmen, and this has been apparent more and more ever since and will continue. It may confidently be asserted that no more large sailing yachts will be built; but that all who can afford it will have steam.

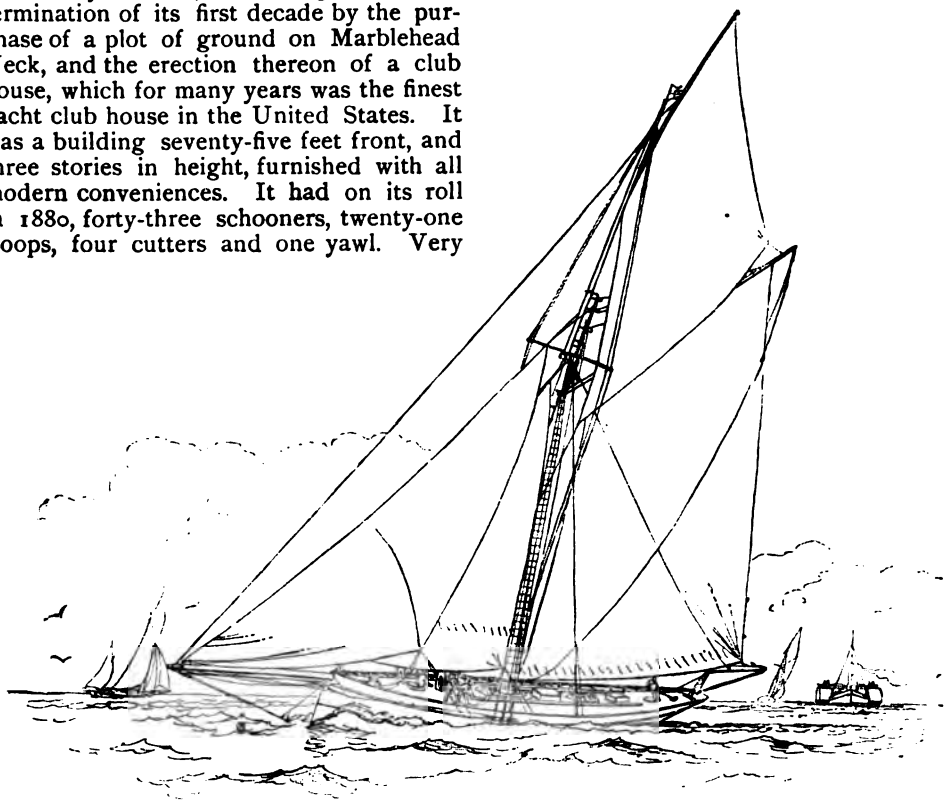
During the cruise of the New York club this year, 1880, there was a fine race at New Bedford, the yachts of the Eastern and New Bedford clubs taking part, seven schooners and eleven sloops starting. The New York yachts *Crusader* and *Mischief* and *Regina* captured three of the prizes, and the New Bedford schooner *Peerless*—formerly a New York yacht—took the other. Yachtsmen in the fall of 1880 were a good deal fluttered by the rumor that the British cutter *Vandua* was to come next season for the *America's* Cup. She was just then in the hey-day of her triumphs, and ranked

as fastest in Great Britain, but has since been out-built and relegated to the second class. She did not come. Had she done so, I think she would have carried the cup back with her. We had very little respect for cutters in those days, and I presume would not have thought it worth while to have put anything better against her than the *Gracie*, *Mischief* or *Fanny*, in which case the *Vandua*, on account of her extra size, would have had a sure thing. It was the golden opportunity missed that will not for a long time to come occur again.

The Eastern Yacht Club was in 1880 just ten years old, and it signalized the termination of its first decade by the purchase of a plot of ground on Marblehead Neck, and the erection thereon of a club house, which for many years was the finest yacht club house in the United States. It was a building seventy-five feet front, and three stories in height, furnished with all modern conveniences. It had on its roll in 1880, forty-three schooners, twenty-one sloops, four cutters and one yawl. Very

She was afterwards rigged as a cutter. She was 49 feet over all; 40 feet, 8 inches water line, 10 feet beam, 7 feet, 5 inches deep and 5 feet, 3 inches draught.

At a meeting of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club held November 20, 1880, Mr. M. Roosevelt Schuyler, then the vice-commandore, reported that he had been out sailing in his cutter *Yolande* two days previous, with three inches of snow on the deck. This was on the first introduction of the cutter, when its advocates thought it behooved them to show in all ways its superiority to all other types of boat. It probably never struck Vice-Commodore Schuyler



1 "STRANGER."

many of the owners of the yachts, however, were more prominently identified with the New York than with the Eastern club, and the four "cutters" were such only in name, as neither in rig, or in shape of hull, did they resemble such boats as the *Bedouin*, *Wenonah* or *Muriel*. The yawl, however, was the *Edith*, and was modeled by Ratsey, of England, and built in 1880 by D. J. Lawlor at East Boston, and was the first of the rig built in this country.

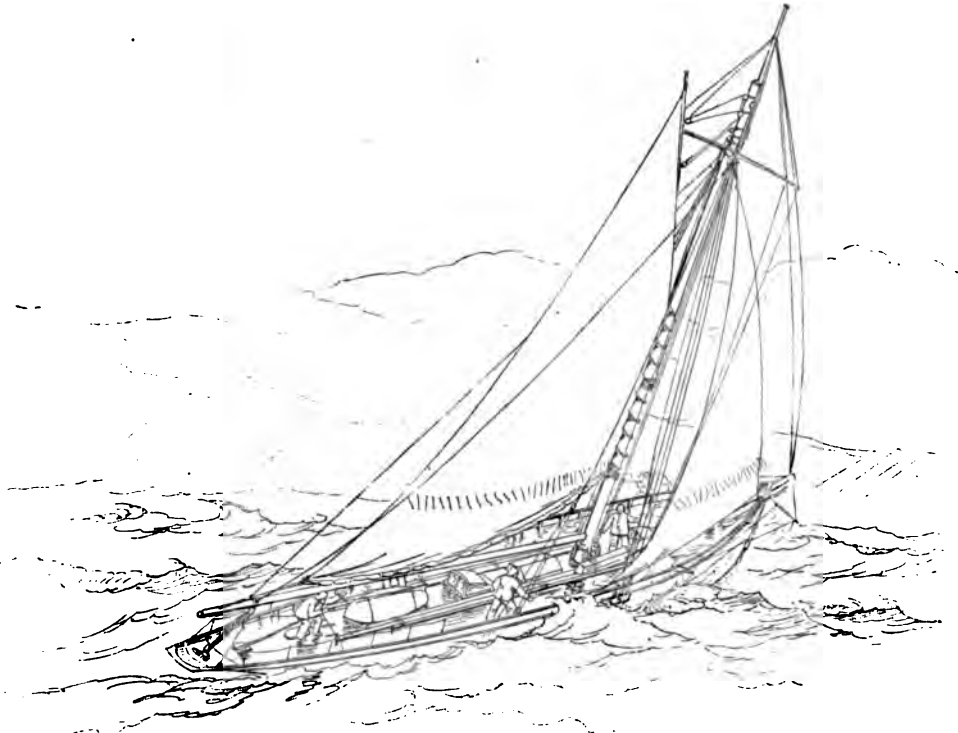
that the owner of the shallowest of center-boards could have gone out in the bay sailing in a November snow storm if he had been silly enough to have desired to do so. Cutters were common enough after this, but I have not found that owners of them cared to keep them in commission any longer than it was comfortable to do so.

It was in March, 1881, that we again heard of a challenge for the *America's Cup*. It

<sup>1</sup> Cutter "Stranger." Owned by Mr. John N. McCauley, New Haven.

came again from Canada, and was prompted solely by the desire of Captain Cuthbert, the builder of the schooner *Countess of Dufferin*, for the advertisement and consequent increase of business which the notoriety of building a challenging yacht would give. The schooner he had built had proved a failure, but he asserted he could build a

that ensued, a writer in one of the New York weeklies incautiously suggested that the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club was hardly as important as the New York Yacht Club, and that the social position of the members of the latter was, perhaps, rather more elevated than that of the members of the challenging club; and he raised such a storm



Fred. S. Coggens  
96

1 "ORIVA."

sloop which could beat any of the American single stick vessels, and a schooner could not be put against her with any chance of success, because there was, in the New York Yacht Club rules, no allowance for difference of rig.

The Royal Canadian Club had had enough of Captain Cuthbert, and of challenges for the *America's* Cup, but there was a spirited little club at Belleville, Ontario, with an attaché of the local newspaper as its secretary, and its members were delighted with the prospect of being brought prominently into notice as the challenger for this celebrated trophy; so probably for the first time outside of Belleville, Ontario, the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club was heard of. In the course of the preliminary correspondence

of indignation in Belleville that he repented his incautious utterance in sackcloth and ashes. However, the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club at its annual meeting adopted a resolution to challenge for the cup, and named September as the month for the race, or races.

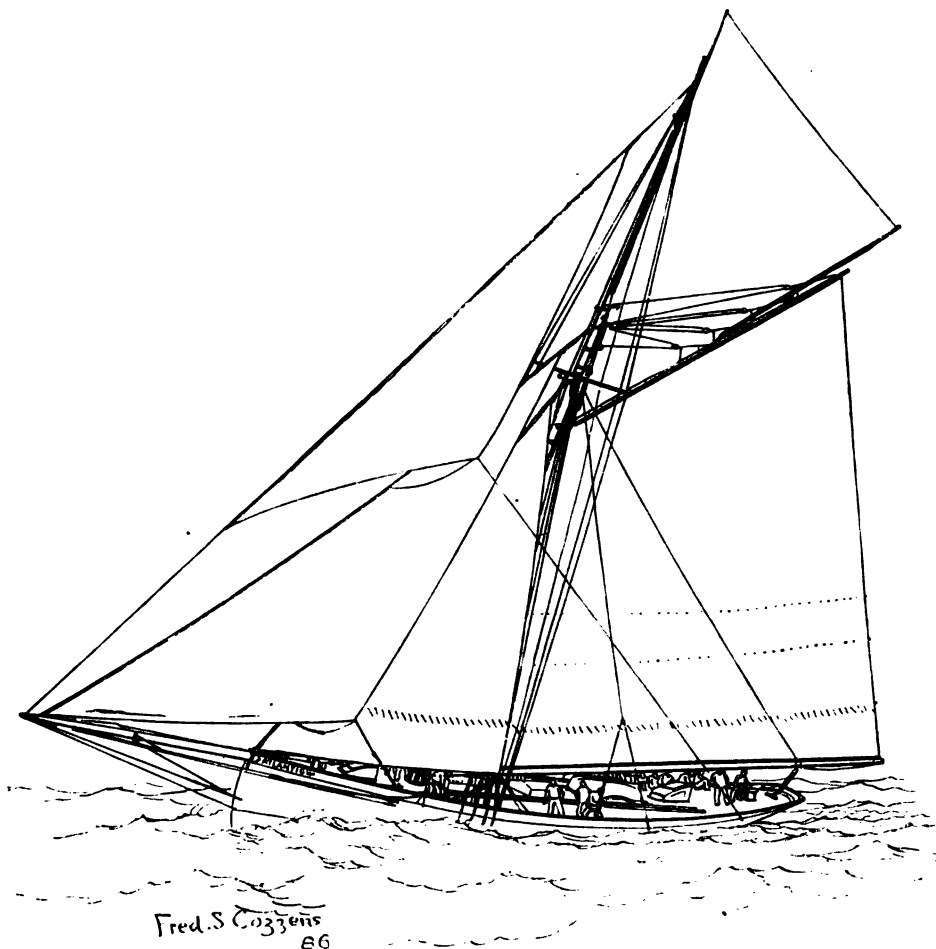
At this time the flag officers of the New York Yacht Club were Com. John R. Waller; Vice-Com. James D. Smith and Rear-Com. Herman Oelrichs. These gentlemen had no doubt out that either of the sloops *Gracie*, *Mischief* or *Hildegard* would be fast enough to beat the new sloop building in Canada to compete for the cup; but with commendable spirit they resolved that if there was anything better in this country it ought to be at the disposition of the club. The

<sup>1</sup> Cutter "Oriva." Owned by Mr. C. Lee Smith, New York.

sloop *Arrow* had, at that time, the best reputation for speed. She had been built in 1874 by Mr. David Kirby, of Rye, Westchester county, for Mr. Daniel Edgar, of the New York Yacht Club, and first appeared at the annual regatta of the club June 8, 1876, showing a wonderful turn of speed, and in

ever saw the yacht until she was launched. They designedly refrained from all interference, and trusted to the builder of the *Arrow* to produce a sloop which should be, as he had promised, "swifter than the *Arrow*."

But the *Gracie* had been altered and much improved, and the *Mischief* had been built



1 "ATLANTIC."

all subsequent matches she was easily fastest of the lot. She had been sold to Mr. Ross Winans, of Baltimore, who did not belong to the club, and who, in 1881, was abroad. The first idea of the flag officers was to telegraph Mr. Winans and offer to purchase the *Arrow*, but her builder came to them and said he could build a better boat than the *Arrow*, and they at once gave him *carte blanche* to do so. The result was unfortunate, but it was no fault of the gentlemen interested, neither of whom, I believe,

since the time of the *Arrow's* triumphs, and both of these sloops were even then "swifter than the *Arrow*," and as was afterwards abundantly proven, much more speedy than the *Arrow's* successor from the shipyard at Rye.

May 26, the New York Yacht Club accepted the challenge of the Canadian club, assented to September as the time of the contest, thus waiving the six months' notice and all other formalities, as it always has done. The name of the challenging

<sup>1</sup> Sloop "Atlantic." Owned by Messrs. L. A. Fish, J. R. Maxwell and N. D. Lawton, New York. (One of the "big four" built to compete for the honor of representing America against the "Galatea" in 1886.)



sloop was the *Atalanta*, and according to the official certificate accompanying the challenge, she was about forty-five tons, and measured 70 feet, 1 inch over all; 62 feet, 10 inches on the water line, 19 feet beam, 6 feet, 10 inches deep. She drew 5 feet, 6 inches aft, and 3 feet, 6 inches forward. In all respects, she was an American model, pure and simple.

The prospect of the international race gave an impetus to yachting this year as it has always done, and the regular annual events were more generally attended than for the few preceding years, and the contests more spirited. There was, however, nothing occurring at either of them that calls for special mention. It is interesting to note that the Larchmont Yacht Club at the time of its second annual regatta on the Fourth of July had enrolled thirty-six yachts.

After a pleasant correspondence, all the preliminaries for the race for the *America's* Cup, under the challenge of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, were amicably arranged; the Canadian club naming the sloop *Atalanta*, and the American committee, Messrs. William Krebs, J. F. Tams and Robert Center, after consultation with the flag officers, assented to the request of the challenge, that only one yacht be named against the *Atalanta*.

As to which sloop this should be, there was considerable controversy. We had four fast vessels of about the required size, viz.: the *Gracie*, *Mischief*, *Fanny*, and *Hildegard*, and in addition to these, there was the new yacht building at Rye for the flag officers of the club, and to be called the *Pocahontas*. She was 71 feet, 6 inches on deck; 65 feet water line; 21 feet beam and 7 feet, 10 inches deep. Her centerboard is 21 feet. It is not necessary to give the dimensions of her spars, except to say that they were found to be too taut and had to be reduced. The *Pocahontas* was a failure. She had a fine entrance, but was too heavy in her counters for fast sailing. I have always thought that if lengthened aft and finned down at that end, she would make a fast schooner.

I note on August 16, 1881, the arrival of the steamer *Devonia*; not a very remarkable circumstance considered alone, but the fact that she had upon her deck the little Scotch cutter *Madge*, made her arrival an important event in the history of American yachting; for the result of the races sailed by her subsequently, did more to shake the faith of American yachtsmen

in the superiority of the broad and shallow centerboard boat, than anything that had ever occurred.

It matters not whether her victories were won fairly or unfairly; they were won, and the American sloop was for the first time defeated, and no excuse could palliate that.

This little craft was sent to this country by Mr. James Coates, the thread manufacturer of Paisley, Scotland. She was built at Gowan, Scotland, by Watson, in 1879, and was 46 feet, 1 inch over all; 38 feet, 9 inches water line; 7 feet, 9 inches beam; 7 feet, 6 inches deep, and 8 feet draught. In Great Britain she rated as a ten tonner, but by the New York club rule she measured sixteen tons. Her skipper, Captain Duncan, with a crew of two men, came over with the yacht, and her subsequent success was largely due to the admirable and skillful manner in which she was handled.

I shrewdly suspect that the advent of the cutter *Madge*, and the races that were arranged for her after her arrival, were the result of the pre-arranged scheme on the part of some of the young gentlemen of the Seawanhaka club, who not only believed the British cutter to be superior to all other types of yacht, but were extremely impatient because everybody else did not think so. So they selected this little yacht, which had won many races in England, and then arranged some races for her under the Seawanhaka rule of measurement, by which she was sure to win.

In justice to the *Madge*, I may say that she did not need the allowance at all, under the circumstances; but the intention of these gentlemen was none the less worthy of remark. In furtherance of this scheme, three races were arranged for her with the sloops *Schemer* and *Wave*. I have never had the least doubt, but that either of these yachts, if in perfect racing condition, could have beaten the *Madge*; but when the races were sailed, the season was near its end, the sails were fitting ill, and so little was thought of the chances of the *Madge* that not the least care was taken to put the American boats in racing order. At the first race, the American yacht had a borrowed topsail, which set "like a purser's shirt on a handspike," to use the forecandle expression, and the expert in charge of her said, when his attention was called to this, "Oh, it will do well enough, anything will beat that thing"; with a contemptuous gesture toward the *Madge*, which was lying at anchor with one of the most perfectly

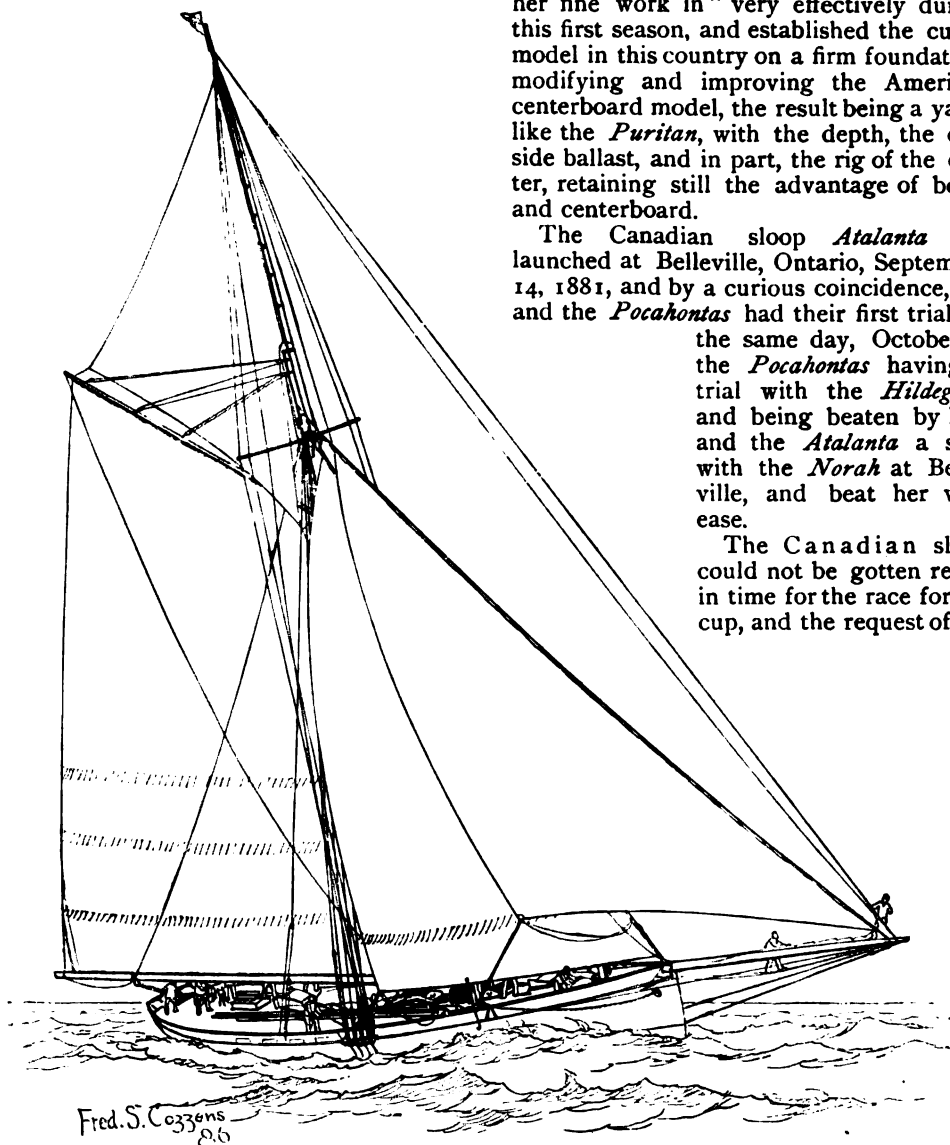
fitting suits of canvas I ever looked at. Previous to the races, whenever the *Madge* encountered one of the American sloops, the canny Scotchman in charge of her allowed her to be easily beaten, and it was

had gone home, and the owner of the *Madge* was too shrewd to allow her to sail without him.

She has never done much since that time, but it cannot be denied that she "got her fine work in" very effectively during this first season, and established the cutter model in this country on a firm foundation, modifying and improving the American centerboard model, the result being a yacht like the *Puritan*, with the depth, the outside ballast, and in part, the rig of the cutter, retaining still the advantage of beam and centerboard.

The Canadian sloop *Atalanta* was launched at Belleville, Ontario, September 14, 1881, and by a curious coincidence, she and the *Pocahontas* had their first trial on the same day, October 5, the *Pocahontas* having a trial with the *Hildegard* and being beaten by her, and the *Atalanta* a spin with the *Norah* at Belleville, and beat her with ease.

The Canadian sloop could not be gotten ready in time for the race for the cup, and the request of the



"PRISCILLA."

not until the first match began, that any of us had ever seen her sail.

That she was a smart little craft is undeniable, and she was splendidly sailed. The owners of the *Schemer* and *Wave* went to much expense to fit their yachts for another race next season, but Captain Duncan

Canadians for an extension of time was cheerfully granted by the New York club, and meanwhile a series of trial races was arranged, the entries for which were the *Gracie*, *Mischief*, *Hildegard* and *Pocahontas*, but the *Hildegard* withdrew after one trial. The choice very soon narrowed down to the

<sup>1</sup> Sloop "Priscilla." Owned by Mr. A. Cass Canfield, New York. (One of the "big four.")

*Gracie* and the *Mischief*, and the latter was finally chosen.

The Canadian sloop finally arrived, *via* the canals, October 30, and the two races with the *Mischief* were sailed November 9 over the course of the club, the Canadian being beaten 28m. 30¼s., and November 10, over a course outside the Hook, the *Mischief* again winning by 28m. 54s.

The irrepressible Captain Cuthbert at once announced his intention of laying his sloop up in this harbor, and renewing the challenge the next season, and to protect itself against this threatened annual Canadian infliction, the New York Yacht Club was obliged to insist upon such a change in the deed of gift of the *America's* Cup as would prevent this. It therefore returned the cup to Mr. George L. Schuyler, the only surviving donor of it, and received it back from that gentleman with a clause providing that a defeated yacht should not be again eligible as a challenger until two years had intervened from the time of the first contest. At the first meeting of the New York Yacht Club in 1882, a proposition was made and afterwards adopted, to do away with the club uniform, a decided improvement, and at this meeting also, Mr. Ogden Goelet, the owner of the fine keel schooner *Norseman*, advised the club of his intention to present two cups, one of \$1,000 for schooners, and one of \$500 for sloops, to be raced for off Newport during the annual cruise of the club. Mr. Goelet repeated his liberal donation each year for some years, and the Goelet Cup race became finally the most important event of the yachting season. Newport being halfway 'twixt Boston and New York, the race for these cups was always participated in by more or less Eastern yachts, the famous sloop *Puritan* scoring here her first victory.

The Seawanhaka Yacht Club, at a meeting held March 2, tacked on Corinthian to its beautiful Indian name, and was weighted down with it for several years. The idea was, as stated by the advocate of the change, that this club, having been the first to introduce Corinthian yachting, ought to have something in its name to call attention to the fact; that so many clubs were now adopting the Corinthian system, the glory of its introduction would be lost to the Seawanhakas if they did not in some way label themselves as "the only true and original Jacobs." It was a snobbish reason for an ugly suffix, and it weighted the club down terribly, at one time nearly carrying

it under entirely. I may mention also that the Seawanhaka club about this time changed its rule of measurement, adopting the "sail area and length" rule, which, although not as favorable to the cutter as the old rule, was still very much in favor of this type of yacht.

It was in 1882 that the British cutter *Maggie* was imported, having been brought over as the *Madge* was, on the deck of a steamer. She was a fifteen tonner, and of her *Bell's Life* said: "We are free to confess that she is the best fifteen tonner which has ever carried a racing flag in this country." The *Maggie*, however, has not done much here, having been repeatedly beaten by centerboard sloops. In fact, there has never been a square race between the cutter and the sloop, but what the sloop was proved the victor. In extremely light weather the cutter has generally been able to win, but in strong breeze with smooth water the sloop has always come off conqueror. It was in this year that the cutters *Bedouin* and *Wenonah* were built at Brooklyn by Henry Piepgras, and taking all things into consideration, the *Bedouin* has been a most successful yacht.

The usual regattas and cruises of the clubs took place this year, but there was nothing in connection with them at all noteworthy except that the New York Yacht Club on its cruise went around Cape Cod, and sailed a race at Marblehead; and at its close the centerboard sloop *Vixen* had a match with Mr. Warren's imported *Maggie*, and beat her very decidedly.

As an appropriate wind-up to the season, the Seawanhaka Corinthian club organized a series of sloop and cutter races, making two of the series outside the Hook, and in the full belief that under such conditions the cutters *Bedouin*, *Wenonah*, and *Oriva* must win. They were much disappointed at the result, having been in favor of the centerboards, the *Gracie*, *Valkyr* and *Fanita* carrying off the honors. I note April 7, 1883, the launch of Mr. Jay Gould's steam yacht *Atalanta*, from the yard of the Messrs. Cramp, at Philadelphia, by all odds the finest yacht ever built in this country.

At the May meeting of the Eastern Yacht Club, Mr. Jay Gould, the owner of the *Atalanta*, was proposed for membership and rejected, and there is every reason to believe that the only reason his name was not proposed in the New York Yacht Club was, that it was quite certain that if proposed he would be rejected there also.

This reminds me very much of the little girl of the story book, who refused to eat her breakfast, just to spite her mother. Any yacht club ought to have been proud to have enrolled so splendid a yacht as the *Atalanta*, or for the matter of that, a man as influential as Mr. Jay Gould. From this action of the Eastern club and the probable action of the New York Yacht Club, resulted the organization of the American Yacht Club, to consist principally of owners of steam yachts, and to which, in time, all owners of steam yachts must inevitably be attracted. I think that whoever in the year 1900 shall continue the history of American yachting, will speak of the American, as the principal yachting organization of the United States.

There were two schooner yachts launched in the early part of the year 1883, which became very prominent afterwards. The one was the keel schooner *Fortuna*, built by the Poillons at Brooklyn, for Commodore Henry S. Hovey of the Eastern club, from a design by A. Cary Smith, and the other the centerboard schooner *Grayling*, built by the same firm for Mr. Latham A. Fish of the Atlantic club, from a design by Mr. Philip Ellsworth. Soon after going into commission, the *Grayling* was struck by a squall while sailing in the lower bay, and capsized and sank. She was raised and refitted; the principal result of the accident being to bring into prominence the indomitable pluck and perseverance of her owner, who in eighteen days from the time she sank, had her ready to start in the Decoration Day's sail of the club.

In the earlier days of yachting in this country, as I have shown, the sloop *Julia* figured as fastest in the fleet. She had been sold to an eastern man and rigged as a schooner. In the early part of 1883 Mr. Edward M. Brown, then Rear-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, purchased the *Julia* and had her rigged as near as possible as she was in the time of her early triumphs; many of the older yachtsmen believing that no improvement in model had been made in the quarter of a century that passed since the *Julia* was built, and that the old yacht in her old form would beat any and all of the modern productions. They were mistaken, just as the people are nowadays who think that the old *America* is as fast as the modern schooner. The fact is, that we have constantly improved both in model and in rig.

It was also in the early part of this year, 1883, that the cutter *Marjorie*, since so

celebrated, was launched at Greenock, and it was rumored that she was to come here for the *America's* Cup. In the light of subsequent history, I think that there is good reason for saying that if she had then come, she would have carried it home with her. We had not much opinion of the speed of cutters at that time, and I don't think, after the experience of the *Pocahontas*, that anything would have been provided to sail against the *Marjorie* except either the *Mischief*, *Gracie*, or *Fanny*.

The clubs, as usual, had their annual regattas, only notable from the fact that this year, the New York Yacht Club once more changed its system of measurement for time allowance from the cubical contents rule to that of sail area and length. It was not that the old rule had not proved satisfactory, for it had; but it was felt to be desirable to adopt some rule more favorable to the cutter, so that this style of boat could be induced to enter in the sloop class, and to prevent the necessity of having a special class for them. There were now the *Bedouin*, the *Wenonah*, the *Oriva*, the *Muriel*, and others in the club, and there was desire on the part of the club members to give them a chance. The rule is acknowledged to be an unfair one for the sloop, and I presume would have been changed, but for the fact that under it, two challenges from cutters have been accepted, and it could not consistently be changed until these races were sailed.

The other notable event in connection with the annual race, was the sailing of the Atlantic Yacht Club regatta in a thick fog, and the colliding of the Committee steamer with one of the Norfolk steamers as she was returning from the lightship. Fortunately no one was injured on either steamer, although both vessels were much damaged.

The fleet of the New York Yacht Club, on its annual cruise this year, went by invitation of the Eastern Yacht Club to Marblehead, and sailed a race there. Mr. James D. Smith was the commodore at this time, and so popular was he, that he carried a fleet of fourteen schooners and ten sloops around Cape Cod. The club had also the tug *Luckenbach* under charter, and had her accompany the yachts in order to render prompt assistance, should it from any cause be required.

The regatta at Marblehead was sailed August 10, and the number of starters was not very large. It included but four first-class and five second-class schooners, and four first-class and three second-class

sloops. The cutter *Wenonah* at this race beat the sloop *Mischief* over a minute, a pretty correct indication of what would have happened had the *Marjorie* come that year for the *America's* Cup.

As showing the progress of yachting in this country, I may mention the fact that on August 18, the Beverly Yacht Club had a regatta at Marblehead in which there actually started 171 yachts. The largest was the cutter *Wenonah*, of 66 feet mean length, and the smallest the cat-boat *Faith*, 14 feet, 8 inches. October 16, of this year, the Seawanhaka Yacht Club had a fall race, the first of a series of three contests that it had arranged for sloops and cutters. Only the cutter *Bedouin* and the sloop *Gracie* started, the wind was strong and the sea heavy, and of course the cutter won as she liked.

Early in the season, a match had been made between the sloop *Gracie* and the cutter *Bedouin* to race in October, outside the Hook, for \$1,000, and this race was sailed October 18. There was not much wind, but there was a heavy roll, as a result of the strong breeze of the previous day. The cutter beat the *Gracie* 15m. 5s. on corrected time. The sloop, however, had her innings two days later in a race outside with a smooth sea and a strong lower-sail breeze, when she beat the cutter with ease. This was quite a season for match races, and on October 25, the sloop *Fanny* defeated the *Gracie* in a match for \$1,000, outside the Hook. Neither yacht was suited to ocean racing, but the wind was moderate and sea smooth, so both came off without accident, and this closed the racing of the season of 1883.

I find nothing of note in 1884 until June 14, when the Seawanhaka club had its annual Corinthian regatta in a moderate gale, and of its eight starters, only three—the *Gracie*, *Oriva* and *Petrel*—finished, the result showing conclusively that in heavy weather the centerboard yacht has no business outside of Sandy Hook. Just then, the cutter and sloop controversy was raging fiercely, and the result of this match made the cutter advocates jubilant.

Yachting in the New England States continued to increase more rapidly than in any other section, and a muster roll of the Boston Yacht Club for this year shows twenty-four schooners, thirty-two cabin sloops, ten cat-rigged boats, six cutters, eleven steamers and a catamaran. Most of these were distinctively Boston club boats, and did not, as was the case notably with the Eastern club, owe prime allegiance to

another organization. Among the steamers was Jay Gould's *Atalanta*, and among the schooners, the old *America*.

There was a race around Long Island during the season of 1884, but, as has been the case with all races over long courses, the result was unsatisfactory. The element of chance enters too largely into the result. In this case, although the *Grayling*, undeniably the fastest schooner, won, her victory was due to good luck and skilful handling during the last twelve hours of the contest. There were six schooners, five sloops and three cutters. The cutters were badly beaten, and sloop stock was once more buoyant.

In July of 1884, Mr. William Astor's steam yacht *Nourmahal* was completed at the yard of the Harlan & Hollingsworth company, after nearly a year spent in her construction. She is 250 feet long, and the finest yacht in the country, except, perhaps, Mr. Gould's *Atalanta*.

In August, 1884, the American Yacht Club had its first steam yacht race, over the course from Larchmont to the entrance of New London harbor, a distance of about ninety-two miles. Of course the arrangements were far from perfect, the thing being almost in the nature of an experiment; but it was proven that races of steam yachts could be satisfactorily arranged, and with better results the race has been repeated each year since that time.

The Seawanhaka club had its usual fall match for sloops and cutters this year on October 18, and for the cutter advocates it proved very successful. Out of a lot of fourteen starters, not a sloop showed up at the finish line. The only ones which finished were five cutters. The race was sailed in a howling nor'wester, and the sloops could not stand the press.

In December of 1884, we learned that the owners of the cutters *Genesta* and *Galatea* were about to challenge for the *America's* Cup, and immediately all was excitement, not only among yachting men, but among the general public. In fact, I think there was more interest taken in the affair by persons outside of the New York club than by its members.

One and all recognized that these were challenges from very different yachts from the *Countess of Dufferin* or *Atalanta*. We had come gradually to have much more respect for the cutter model than at first. The *Bedouin* had shown herself quite as good as the *Gracie*, the *Oriva* had proved herself better than the *Vixen*. The

record of the *Genesta* was familiar to all American yachtsmen, and the new yacht building was presumably better than the *Genesta*. So with wonderful unanimity yachting men agreed that if the cup was retained it must be by a yacht yet to be built, for neither of our four fastest sloops could hope to retain it.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett was the commodore, and Mr. W. P. Douglass the vice-commodore of the New York club, and they at once resolved to build a yacht about the size of the *Genesta*, and after careful consideration they accepted the design of Mr. A. Cary Smith for an iron sloop, and gave the Harlan & Hollingsworth company the contract to build her. Commodore Bennett at one time resolved that he would have in addition a wooden yacht from a design by Capt. Philip Ellsworth, but finally relinquished this and concluded to trust the defense of the cup to the *Priscilla*, as the new yacht was to be named.

Meantime plans for yachts to defend the cup poured into the New York Yacht Club rooms at the rate of one or two a day, and we never before fully realized how much of architectural talent we had. Many of these plans were meritorious, and many more bore the impress of the brains of "cranks."

Meanwhile, several gentlemen, members of the Eastern Yacht Club and also of the New York ; men of great practical experience in yachting, and also men of more than ordinary intelligence, had pondered and agreed upon a design for a center-board yacht that should combine all the advantages of the cutter's model and rig, with the best features of the American model and rig. The result of this combination of brain and practical experience, is the sloop yacht *Puritan*.

Her design is credited to Mr. Edward Burgess, of Boston, but I consider him as but one of four to whom the credit should be given. The *Puritan* has been called "a happy accident," but in point of fact there was nothing accidental about her. From stem to stern, from keel to truck, all things about her were closely calculated. She has the keel and outside lead of the cutter, and the centerboard of the sloop. She has the short mast and long topmast of the cutter, the straight round bowsprit of the cutter (and if she could have had it fitted to house as the cutters do it would have been an improvement) and on this her jib sets flying, as in the

cutter. Her mainsail is laced to the boom as in the sloop, and in this respect the cutter people are copying her fashion.

This yacht was of wood, and was built by G. Lawley & Sons, at Boston, and proved superior to any yacht ever built in this country, not only for speed, but for sea-going qualities. She proved herself able to beat the *Genesta* in ordinary racing weather, and in real bad weather, I have no doubt, her superiority would be still more apparent.

The yacht built for the flag officers of the New York Yacht Club proved also extremely fast. But for the advent of the *Puritan* she would have been considered a marvel. Tried with the *Puritan*, however, in a race off Newport for the Goelet Cup, in very ugly weather, the superiority of the Boston sloop was so plainly apparent, that it was evident to all that she must be the chosen yacht. Some changes were made in the *Priscilla*, and a series of trial races was sailed here, the result being the choice of the *Puritan* to sail against the *Genesta*.

I may not dwell on the details of those races, and it is not necessary, for they must be fresh in the minds of most of my readers. The series of races arranged, consisted of one contest over the course of the New York Yacht Club, one twenty miles to windward and return outside the Hook, and one over a forty-mile triangle outside. As was the case with the two previous cup contests, only two races were necessary ; one over the inside course sailed September 14, 1885, resulting in a victory for the *Puritan* of 16m. 19s. corrected time ; and one sailed September 16, over a course twenty miles east-southeast from the Scotland Lightship and return, won by the *Puritan* by 1m. 38s. corrected time. The races demonstrated that the *Genesta* was an exceptionally fast vessel and could probably have beaten any other sloop in the country save the *Puritan*.

September 18, she started again in a race for a \$1,000 cup offered by Vice-Commodore Douglass, over a forty-mile triangle outside, and she beat the *Gracie* 21m. 52s. Races had been arranged for the Brenton's Reef and Cape May challenge cups, and for these the only yacht which started against the *Genesta* was the schooner *Dauntless*. The result was a foregone conclusion from the start, and in fact the intent of the club members was to allow the *Genesta* to take these cups to England : First, because they had proved nuisances here, and second, because they wished to

have something to go to England for, if any owner should so desire. This finished the career of the *Genesta* in this country, and she left for England, October 8.

This also closes the yachting for 1885, and with this I will end this history of American yachting. I should have been

glad to have made it more full and complete, but have been obliged to omit mention of all except the most important events. I have intended to make it as much as possible a record, as well as to show the well-nigh marvelous growth of the sport in the short space of forty-one years.

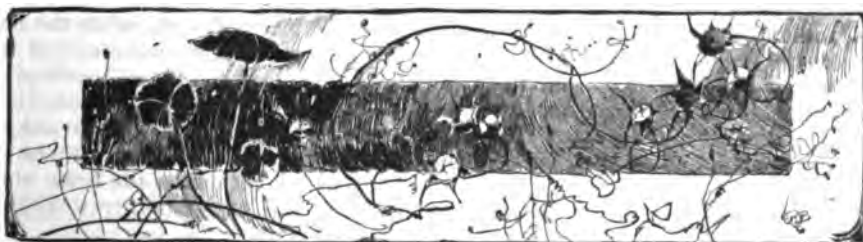
MOCCASIN FLOWER.

DEEP wonder of primeval wood,  
Heavy with shade of oak and pine,  
All death transformed, all life subdued  
In this strange atmosphere of thine—  
Fancies remote, and vague and vast  
Cling round thy dim, mysterious past;  
In thee a double life began—  
Sprang from these shades primeval man!

A light step brushed these fallen leaves—  
A mythic lightness—human grace;  
Behind the boles of giant trees  
A supple form, a glowing face.  
This forest floor he surely trod;  
'Twas his—the earliest heir of God!  
The land that feeds a conquering race  
His vast and unmarked burial place.

One solitary flower that blows  
Still whispers of one savage kin,  
And still the pathless forest knows  
The rosy Indian Moccasin;  
When spring and full-blown summer meet,  
It fills the print of daring feet;  
Yet, conscious of a dying fame,  
Blushes to bear the red man's name.

*Elaine Goodale.*



## THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE SURPRISE.<sup>1</sup>

(Being the Diary of a Trip Around the World by a College Boy.)

### VII.

#### WHERE MANDARINS ARE MADE.

*Pekin, March 20, 1876.* — Started off early this morning with my venerable "boy" to find the Examination Hall for would-be mandarins. I expected to see a majestic pile of buildings, as impressive in its way as the Alumni Hall at Yale, or the Berlin University. All accounts of China that I had seen, referred to the civil service examinations of the Empire as the foundation of the country's stability, and of her people's happiness. I had read that the highest offices under the Government were within reach of the humblest peasant, provided he passed successfully the various examinations conducted by distinguished and disinterested scholars. If what writers on China have said be true, we can afford to copy her in this respect, for what can be more inspiring to our schoolboys than the thought of being able to reach honor and fame by making high marks in the recitation room?

On entering what purported to be the place where the great examinations were held, I found myself inside of a vast wall surrounding a few acres of what in Chicago would be taken for cattle sheds. Each one of these cattle-pen looking stalls, of which there are 10,000 in the inclosure, is meant to receive a candidate for examination.

This candidate sits crouched on a board floor, raised a few inches from the ground. It is hard to tell whether the elevation is made to secure him from dampness, or to facilitate an inspection of the premises by those whose business it is to see that no "skinning papers" are used. The candidate's body is pinioned to the back of the cell by a sort of a sewing board which slides in like a shelf against his stomach. This is used as a table. These cells are arranged in long tiers with guardians at each end to see that no communication takes place between the aspirant and the outside world. At the ends of these alleys stand large jars of water and caldrons, in which the food is cooked and which the guardians supply to them. No

one is allowed to leave his cell until his examination papers are completed. These examinations last as long as the candidate can endure the discomfort of his position — often for several days.

In the midst of these dreary little prison alleys is a handsomely carved pavilion, where sit the chief examiners and high officials, and where the determinations are reached that make or unmake the Chinese office-seeker.

I hear that many a man passed examinations here in a way that would surprise Mr. Dorman B. Eaton. Pretty much every well-informed resident tells me that the Chinese officials as a class are irredeemably corrupt, and that none but rich men and crafty men can afford to be mandarins. The way this paradox is made to harmonize is somewhat as follows:

The rich Chinaman who wants to become a mandarin, comes to Peking some weeks before the examination commences. He wants to look about; to post himself as to the examiners he is to have, and above all, select his "substitute." This "substitute" is a scholarly but impecunious individual, who loans his services to rich but brainless candidates for mandarinship. Bargains in China are of slow making, and for a work so delicate as this, unusual time is needed. There were on the steamer coming up the Yellow Sea with me, a number of officials on their way to an examination that was not to take place for several months.

Before entering the Examination Hall, the rich candidate and the scholarly, but impecunious "substitute" exchange names. When the papers are handed in, the rich man has signed the poor man's name to a slovenly piece of work, while the impecunious party has given the credit of his masterly manuscript to a wealthy patron. When the names of the successful candidates are announced, our wealthy knave takes his diploma, while our poor but equally knavish scholar takes the bribe that is to support him until another wealthy candidate turns up.

One would think that a man could not long carry on a profession of this nature.

<sup>1</sup> The first instalment of the Diary was in OUTING for May.



So those think who do not know the ramifications of corruption in China. The great crowd that goes into one examination, facilitates any one man's sinking his identity. The question occurred to me at once: if this poor devil could pass a mandarin's examination, why did he not "sell out" his patron and take the office? The answer I received from the knowing was, that the getting to be a mandarin was a small matter compared to holding yourself in power after you once get there, and that the "substitute" in Pekin was, in view of his means, doing a very wise thing in remaining where he was.<sup>1</sup>

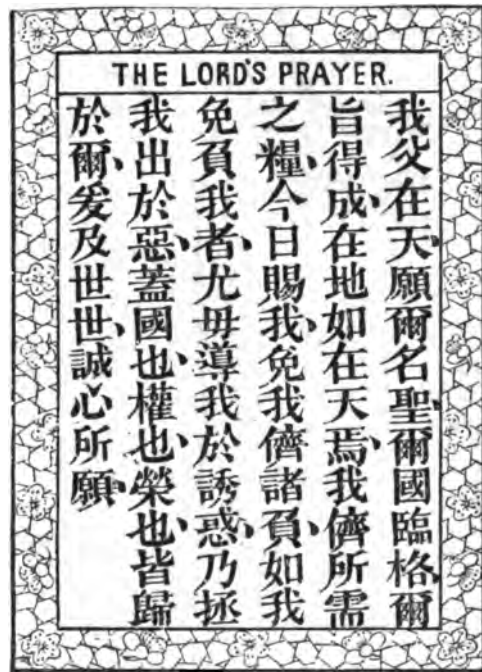
Of course, there are numberless ways of cheating in examinations. Chinese "skinning papers" that I have seen are marvels of fine work, which one might expect of a people who have brought the art of deception to a degree of perfection hitherto undreamed of. Their nails are utilized for this purpose as well as the lining of their clothing.

*Pekin, March 23.* — Just returned from a great Chinese sight, the Temple of Heaven, a most sacred object, I am told, among the Celestials. Here the Emperor comes once a year, fasts three days, and offers sacrifice for his people. I saw no priests, only a number of ragged loafers, who seemed to have no mission but that of pestering visitors. There are four gates to this temple, and at each gate I was stopped by a ragged squad of Chinamen, who planted themselves across my path with an impudent swagger, and demanded tribute before passing. I learned afterward that they had no right to do this. The first man that demanded money got a ten-cent piece — a coin that to him meant more than a dollar with us. He grumbled at the amount, so I took it back and began walking away, as though I did not intend visiting the temple. At this he ran after me, and told me that I could go through for that amount. This game was repeated at each gate.

One American, I was told, had been bled to the extent of \$15.00 before he got through this temple. The people who know the ropes, on the other hand, never pay a cent. Our way home lay past great waste spaces that at one time were built

upon. Those who think Pekin a capital with 3,000,000 souls, assume that the space inclosed by the city walls is as densely built upon as London or New York. I should much doubt whether Pekin to-day had 800,000 inhabitants.

On the way we passed also the much used execution ground in the midst of the market-place. The booths are of course cleared away when the executions are to come off. They are so many in number, however, and come with such monotonous regularity, that the decapitation of a dozen or so does not create more than a momentary and local interest. The heads of criminals are hung up in a wicker grating



THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHINESE.

to the ends of poles, and there displayed to the public for a given space of time, or until the family can induce the mandarin by a good round sum to let it come down.

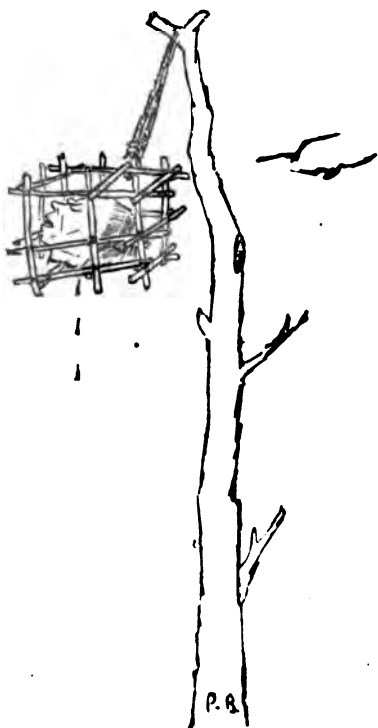
I passed a number of these chopped-off heads strung up to the ends of poles on the highway. In no instance, however, did the presence of this painful object seem to attract even ordinary attention. And yet the blood in many instances would be oozing down on to the road below. Once I saw such a head hanging almost directly over some men who were drinking at a tavern by the wayside.

The French Roman Catholic mission has four churches in Pekin, all in running

<sup>1</sup>Our civil service reformers can do our country an irreparable mischief if they withdraw from the heads of government the responsibility of selecting subordinates. To appoint and remove for political reasons alone is a curse; but to give a man share in ruling the country merely on the strength of literary examinations, is likely to lead to as disastrous results here as it has done in China. Already many thoughtful Englishmen say that their examination system is not altogether an unmixed blessing.

order. Attached to the mission are chapels, nunneries, school houses, workshops and dormitories. The present church which I visited, was to have had two lofty towers on it, but the Government interfered, insisting that no edifice should be built that might overlook the sacred grounds of the imperial palace. This church consequently has two chopped-off towers.

Wandering down the cloister, I met a venerable priest, dressed completely in Chinese costume, shoes, pigtail and all. I



SKETCH AT A WAYSIDE INN.

introduced myself to him as an American wanderer, anxious to learn, and he immediately gave me a French salutation and offered me what cheer he had. We went together into his study, chatted awhile over some exquisite chartreuse and equally choice manillas, and then went out to look at the institution.

My newly found guide was a handsome man in middle life, wearing a full beard, as do the other missionaries I have seen. He had been here, he told me, eleven years and did not expect to return. "*Ma foi, on s'y accoutume,*" said he with a cheery laugh. In the school playground we found a host of Chinese children bright and happy in

their sports. The "father" addressed a number of them, all of whom seemed pleased by his attention. He took great pride in pointing out some who distinguished themselves in Latin. We went through the convent part of the establishment, inspected the curious dormitory that looked like the stalls for dogs at a bench show, and had everything explained in the most amiable manner by the sisters in charge, whose devotion to religious work reflected itself in their faces by an expression of sweetness that seemed to me almost angelic. When I asked one of them if they were never homesick, she answered, "Oh, we are too busy for that." Two of the little children I saw were blind, another was an idiot.

Attached to this mission was a collection of all the *naturalia* of this province, besides an extensive physical laboratory and a quantity of mechanical contrivances calculated to impress the Mongolian with a sense of European power.

The father assured me that the children he sent out from this mission did well in the world. The men had good means of earning a living, while the girls not only were taught the domestic arts, but in addition received a handsome dower when they married.

#### A LAMA TEMPLE.

*March 25.* — Went to see a famous Lama Temple to-day. Found my way to it through a wilderness of driving dust and camel trains. An eighteen-year-old boy, with cropped head, a priest's tunic and a generally jail-birdy appearance offered to show us around. He was as filthy in appearance and as disgusting to the eye as he was unsavory to the nose. However, I let him go ahead. We crossed a yard and approached one of the twenty-five low, shed-like buildings that compose the temple. On the way I heard a sound emanating from it that reminded me of the drowsy hum of school children reciting in concert on a summer's day. Sure enough, in looking in at the door there were about 200 young Lama novices squatted on the ground chanting a barbaric sing-song. Their heads were shaved, and in their yellow robes they were suggestive to me of a nest of hornets. The rhythm of their strange Thibetan incantation was emphasized by the periodic introduction of drums, cymbals and a species of castanets, very much as the drum and fife corps help keep time on the march. Among these sacred creatures I saw some that seemed not more than ten years old, others

again, about sixty. One looked in vain for a single intellectual or interesting face. The prevailing expressions were those of foxes and wolves.

The surroundings indicated barbaric splendor and idolatrous practices. The great statue of Buddha had the face of a scowling devil. The gods surrounding him and the ornaments which they wore all bespoke a religion of vindictiveness and fear. These Lamaists are not in good repute, I am told. Their temple was built for them by the Government as a conciliatory act toward the Mongolians of Thibet.

On the way from this place I noticed a crowd following a Lama priest, who called forth shouts and jeers of laughter by his frantic yells and gesticulations. He wore the regular priest's robe of yellow, and had his head shaved. In this rig he attempted to turn somersaults in the middle of the street. Whatever motive influenced him in these antics, it is certain that to the people in the streets he was a laughing-stock, although not more than a stone's throw from the temple.

Took tea at the American Board's Mission. Met a number of American missionaries and their families. I cannot learn that their labors are very successful. I cannot even hear of many *bona fide* converts, outside of the circles of immediate dependents. There are so many Protestant sects out here working at cross-purposes that they neutralize each other's influence. Then again, Protestant missionaries usually have large families to drag about with them, and cannot consequently act as freely as

the Jesuits do. They rarely stay long enough in the country to make themselves familiar with the language or customs of the inhabitants. As active workers, they are babes in arms compared to the Jesuits.

I was told of a devout gentleman who spent nearly all his fortune, and much money of the church, in distributing the gospel to Chinamen. He sent home periodical statements showing that the converts were increasing so rapidly in his neighborhood that he feared lest he should not have Bibles enough for them all. He was assisted in the distributing work by a

Chinese "convert," who attended to the purchase of the sacred books and their subsequent distribution.

It transpired one fine day, however, that this Chinese convert was in the habit of taking these books to his house, of storing them there for a few days, and in the meantime of writing an elaborate and touching report on the imaginary journey he had taken into the interior of the country, in which report he enlarged

upon the grateful feelings of those into whose hands he had deposited the blessed gospel. He would then receive more money to buy more books with. This money he would pocket, and cart around to the mission the identical Bibles he had taken out the week before. And thus the good work went on for months and months, to the edification of the congregation of some Yankee village and the pecuniary profit of our Chinaman and one or two confederates.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> If children of to-day have to listen to the same kind of missionary sermons that inflamed my early religious zeal, it is safe to say that they are taking in a great deal of fictitious rubbish.



A HEAVY SEA COW.

## LEAVE PEKIN.

*March 26.* — I started in my mule cart, on my return journey from Pekin, glad to feel that I was leaving the vile and all-pervading odors of that city. The road along which I was to travel had been made a few thousands of years ago. The road-bed, which lies ten feet above the surrounding plain, is formed of blocks of stone, each about fifteen feet long and three or four feet wide. Time, and frost, and rain, and use, together with neglect on the part of the Government, have done their work upon this road so effectually in enlarging the interstices between these rocks, that teamsters avoid it where possible. They prefer to pick their way by any trail they can make on either side of this monumental but neglected causeway. The vehicle that stands the best show on this dilapidated roadway is the native wheelbarrow. One fellow I noticed not only had a donkey hitched on ahead, and two men to stand by on either side to steady the load on his wheelbarrow, but had rigged a jury mast with a mat sail to it as an auxiliary force. The stiff, two-wheeled carts that do nearly all the freighting here are odd sights when fully rigged for work. Frequently they are hauled by five or six animals of various denominations, principally donkeys, mules, ponies and oxen. The single animal between the shafts is the only one that appears to belong to the cart. The rest are hitched at the ends of various ropes of different lengths, attached to different parts of the load or vehicle, giving the whole team the appearance of a tethered menagerie.

*Tung-Chow.* — Arrived at Tung-Chow, the end of my first stage, and secured a house-boat and a crew of four men to take me down the river 120 miles, to Tientsin. I was asked \$3.50 for the whole trip.

*March 27.* — Blew a gale all night. Crew didn't dare move from the shore, although the river appeared barely thirty yards wide. Couldn't wait, so took a thumpety-bumpety mule cart again and went by land.

## TIENTSIN AGAIN.

*March 29.* — Stroll about the city with our excellent consul, Eli Sheppard, a most excellent representative. In crossing a field we passed the ruins of some breastworks that had been thrown up by the Chinese to stop the advance of the French and English in 1860. These breastworks were, when built, fifteen feet high and twenty-five feet thick, with a ditch

twenty feet wide in front, filled from the Peiho river. The whole work is thirteen miles long, and took 250,000 Chinamen ninety days to complete.

*March 30.* — The river is full of junks, and the junks are full of screaming and gesticulating Chinamen, who run about their box-looking boats as though each one was captain, and each captain bound to make as much noise and confusion as possible. Rules of the road appear to be unknown among Chinese mariners. I was not surprised to learn that collisions are of constant occurrence here between European vessels and native junks, generally to the damage of the native concern.

*Chee-Foo, March 31.* — At anchor in this beautiful harbor, of the province in which Confucius was born just 2,427 years ago. But a famous Protestant mission at this place interested me on this occasion more than anything relating to the venerable sage. Some time ago, so the story runs, the head of this mission wrote home that he had purchased bricks, and had with them built a chapel in which his native converts could hold service. In a postscript to his letter it was stated that "with the few remaining" bricks a humble abode had been erected for himself. Those that I met made a joke of this by informing me that the house was twice as large and as costly as the chapel. I determined to investigate, and so, calling a boat, rowed ashore and started up a long hill to the mission in regard to which this unkind story was told.

Chee-Foo is quite a summer resort for the European residents of Shanghai, and the men-of-war are apt to make a pleasure station of it. There is a small colony of merchants in the town, and between its prominence as a health resort and a trading station, about as agreeable an exile as can be imagined. I found the chapel at last, on a hill commanding an extensive and beautiful view of the water. The only visible furniture in this house of worship was a row of wooden benches. I commenced inspecting the premises from the outside when my attention was arrested by a lady who could be none but a missionary. You can never mistake them. I introduced myself as a stranger desirous of seeing her famous mission, whereupon she invited me in, gave me tea and cake, and an instructive talk on her missionary life. The house she lived in was certainly more spacious and comfortable than that of many parsonages I know. Such luxuries as glass window-panes, stoves, beds, etc.,

she had. Books and periodicals surrounded her. I looked upon her home as a palace, after what I had experienced of Chinese living, and even the homes of the Jesuits in Pekin.

She told me that she had lived here many years, and when I expressed my wonder at her fortitude, she admitted that it was a hard life, but that she was sustained by the grace of God.

Her salary is about \$1,000, which enables her out here to live on a scale that would be impossible at home under \$10,000. She has an excellent cook at \$6 a month. By the way, she pays her teachers, native converts, the same wages as her cook.

She told me she had fifteen pupils. These she calls "converts." She clothes and feeds them, and the cost of doing this for a year is \$400 for the whole lot. All her work about the house and garden is done by converts on a sort of Christian co-operative plan. She employs none that do not become converts. I asked her whether she had ever known of a Chinaman who had been converted strictly through his spiritual nature. She regretted that she did not recall an instance.

It is necessary to board and clothe your converts if you want them to stay converted out here, missionary reports notwithstanding.

However, my missionary friend wished me to bear in mind that she never resorted to paying Chinamen in cash for becoming converts, as, she said, "many missionaries do out here."

I came away from this mission somewhat depressed in mind regarding our workers in the Lord's Chinese vineyard. Once at school I put a whole week's pocket-money into the church plate after a sermon on foreign missions. The pastor had drawn a touching picture of the sufferings endured among the heathen for the spread of the truth. I was told that millions of benighted souls were yearning for the "light," and that we had but to raise the money and ship off a missionary in order to draw into the Christian fold thousands of lost heathens who spend their lives in sunning themselves under coconut trees and worshipping sticks and stones. I was distinctly given to understand that the natives lined the shore of every heathen country, and that the Christian emissary had but to address them in order to win their hearts to himself, and their souls to Christ.<sup>1</sup> The faith in foreign missions I had once entertained, was certainly not strengthened by this day's experience. This woman evidently supposed that she was about her Master's work. She undoubtedly believed that she was doing good. But for the life of me I could not but think that in this delusion she was as much of a heathen as the benighted creatures around her.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*

<sup>2</sup> It is not unlikely that one reason why our missionaries make so little headway among the followers of Confucius is that the best of them must have difficulty in following the elevated precepts of that illustrious philosopher. For instance, when asked what he considered the most valuable of precepts, he answered: "Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you."

[To be continued.]



# AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS STEVENS,

[*Our Special Correspondent.*]

## XIV.

### MOUNT ARARAT AND KOORDISTAN.

THE shades of evening are beginning to settle down over the wild mountainous country round about. It is growing uncomfortably chilly for this early in the evening and the prospects look favorable for a supperless and most disagreeable night, when I descry a village perched in an opening among the mountains a mile or thereabouts off to the right. Repairing thither, I find it to be a Koordish village, where the hovels are more excavations than buildings; buffaloes, horses, goats, chickens and human beings all find shelter under the same low roof; their respective quarters are nothing but a mere railing of rough poles, and as the question of ventilation is never even thought of, the effect upon one's olfactory nerves upon entering is anything but reassuring. The filth and rags of these people is something abominable; on account of the chilliness of the evening they have donned their heavier raiment; these have evidently had rags patched on top of other rags for years past until they have gradually developed into thick-quilted garments, in the innumerable seams of which the most disgusting entomological specimens, bred and engendered by their wretched mode of existence, live and perpetuate their kind. However, repulsive as the outlook most assuredly is, I have no alternative but to cast my lot among them till morning.

I am conducted into the Sheikh's apartment, a small room partitioned off with a pole from a stable-full of horses and buffaloes, and where darkness is made visible by the sickly glimmer of a grease lamp. The Sheikh, a thin, sallow-faced man of about forty years, is reclining on a mattress in one corner smoking cigarettes; a dozen ill-conditioned ragamuffins are squatting about in various attitudes, whilst the rag-tag and bob-tail of the population crowd into the buffalo stable and survey me and the bicycle from outside the partition pole.

A circular wooden tray containing an abundance of bread, a bowl of *yaort* and a

small quantity of peculiar stringy cheese that resembles chunks of dried codfish, warped and twisted in the drying, is brought in and placed in the middle of the floor. Everybody in the room at once gather around it and begin eating with as little formality as so many wild animals; the Sheikh silently motions for me to do the same. The *yaort* bowl contains one solitary wooden spoon, with which they take turns at eating mouthfuls. One is compelled to draw the line somewhere, even under the most uncompromising circumstances, and I naturally draw it against eating *yaort* with this same wooden spoon; making small scoops with pieces of bread, I dip up *yaort* and eat scoop and all together. These particular Koords seem absolutely ignorant of anything in the shape of mannerliness, or of consideration for each other at the table. When the *yaort* has been dipped into twice or thrice all round, the Sheikh coolly confiscates the bowl, eats part of what is left, pours water into the remainder, stirs it up with his hand, and deliberately drinks it all up; one or two others seize all the cheese, utterly regardless of the fact that nothing but bread remains for myself and their companions, who, by the by, seem to regard it as a perfectly natural proceeding.

After supper they return to their squatting attitudes around the room, and to a resumption of their never-ceasing occupation of scratching themselves. The eminent economist who lamented the wasted energy represented in the wagging of all the dogs' tails in the world, ought to have traveled through Asia on a bicycle and have been compelled to hob-nob with the villagers; he would undoubtedly have wept with sorrow at beholding the amount of this same wasted energy, represented by the above-mentioned occupation of the people. The most loathsome member of this interesting company is a wretched old hypocrite who rolls his eyes about and heaves a deep-drawn sigh of Allah! every

<sup>1</sup> The first number of this series appeared in *OUTING* for April, 1885.

few minutes, and then looks furtively at myself and the Sheikh to observe its effects; his sole garment is a round-about mantle that reaches to his knees, and which seems to have been manufactured out of the tattered remnants of other tattered remnants tacked carelessly together without regard to shape, size, color or previous condition of cleanliness; his thin, scrawny legs are bare, his long black hair is matted and unkempt, his beard is stubby and unlovely to look upon, his small black eyes twinkle in the semi-darkness like ferret's eyes, whilst soap and water have to all appearances been altogether stricken from the category of his personal requirements.

Probably it is nothing but the lively workings of my own imagination, but this wretch appears to me to entertain a decided preference for my society, constantly insinuating himself as near me as possible, necessitating constant watchfulness on my part to avoid actual contact with him; eternal vigilance is in this case the price of what it is unnecessary to expatiate upon, further than to say that self-preservation becomes, under such conditions, pre-eminently the first law of occidental nature. Soon the sallow-faced Sheikh suddenly bethinks himself that he is in the august presence of a *hakim*, and beckoning me to his side, displays an ugly wound on his knee which has degenerated into a running sore, and which he says was done with a sword; of course he wants me to perform a cure. Whilst examining the Sheikh's knee, another old party comes forward and unbare his arm, also wounded with a sword. This not unnaturally sets me to wondering what sort of company I have gotten into, and how they came by sword wounds in these peaceful times; but my inquisitiveness is compelled to remain in abeyance to my limited linguistic powers. Having nothing to give them for the wounds, I recommend an application of warm salt water twice a day; feeling pretty certain, however, that they will be too lazy and trifling to follow the advice. Before dispersing to their respective quarters, the occupants of the room range themselves in a row and go through a religious performance lasting fully half an hour; they make almost as much noise as howling dervishes, meanwhile exercising themselves quite violently. Having made

themselves holier than ever by these exercises, some take their departure, others make up couches on the floor with sheepskins and quilts.

Thin ice covers the still pools of water when I resume my toilsome route over the mountains at daybreak, a raw wind comes whistling from the east, and until the sun begins to warm things up a little, it is necessary to stop and buffet occasionally to prevent benumbed hands. Obtaining some small lumps of wheaten dough cooked crisp in hot grease, like unsweetened doughnuts, from a horseman on the road, I push ahead towards the summit and then down the eastern slope of the mountains; rounding an abutting hill about 9.30, the glorious snow-crowned peak of Ararat suddenly bursts upon my vision; it is a good forty leagues away, but even at this distance it



WELL GUARDED DURING LUNCH.

dwarfs everything else in sight. Although surrounded by giant mountain chains that traverse the country at every conceivable angle, Ararat stands alone in its solitary grandeur, a glistening white cone rearing its giant height proudly and conspicuously above surrounding eminences; above mountains that are insignificant only in comparison with the white-robed monarch that has been a beacon-light of sacred history since sacred history has been in existence.

Descending now towards the Alashgird plain, a prominent theatre of action during the war, I encounter splendid wheeling for some miles; but once fairly down on the level, cultivated plain, the road becomes



heavy with dust. Villages dot the broad, expansive plain in every direction; conical stacks of *tezek* are observable among the houses, piled high up above the roofs, speaking of commendable forethought for the approaching cold weather. In one of the Armenian villages I am not a little surprised at finding a lone German; he says he prefers an agricultural life in this country with all its disadvantages, to the hard,

branch trails leading to their villages, but the main caravan trail is now too easily distinguishable for any little deceptions of this kind to succeed. Here, on the Alash-gird plain, I first hear myself addressed as "Hamsherri," a term which now takes the place of Effendi for the next five hundred miles.

Owing to the disgust engendered by my unsavory quarters in the wretched Dele



THE INQUISITIVE SON IS SHOWN INTO THE WATER.

grinding struggle for existence, and the compulsory military service of the Fatherland. "Here," he goes on to explain, "there is no foamy lager, no money, no comfort, no amusement of any kind, but there is individual liberty, and it is very easy making a living; therefore it is for me a better country than Deutschland." "Everybody to their liking," I think, as I continue on across the plain; but for a European to be living in one of these little agricultural villages comes the nearest to being buried alive of anything I know of. The road improves in hardness as I proceed eastward, but the peculiar disadvantages of being a conspicuous and incomprehensible object on a populous level plain soon becomes manifest. Seeing the bicycle glistening in the sunlight as I ride along, horsemen come wildly galloping from villages miles away. Some of these wonder-stricken people endeavor to pilot me along

Baba village last night, I have determined upon seeking the friendly shelter of a wheat-shock again to-night, preferring the chances of being frozen out at midnight to the entomological possibilities of village hovels. Accordingly, near sunset, I repair to a village not far from the road, for the purpose of obtaining something to eat before seeking out a rendezvous for the night. It turns out to be the Koordish village of Malosman, and the people are found to be so immeasurably superior in every particular to their kinsfolk of Dele Baba that I forthwith cancel my determination and accept their proffered hospitality. The Malosmanlis are comparatively clean and comfortable; are reasonably well-dressed, seem well-to-do, and both men and women average handsomer than the people of any village I have seen for days past. Almost all possess a conspicuously beautiful set of teeth, pleasant, smiling



countenances and good physique; they also seem to have, somehow, acquired easy, agreeable manners. The secret of the whole difference, I opine, is that, instead of being located among the inhospitable soil of barren hills they are cultivating the productive soil of the Alashgird plain, and, being situated on the great Persian caravan trail, they find a ready market for their grain in supplying the caravans in winter. Their Sheikh is a handsome and good-natured young fellow, sporting white clothes trimmed profusely with red braid; he spends the evening in my company, examining the bicycle, revolver, telescopic pencil-case, L. A. W. badge, etc., and hands me his carved ivory case to select cigarettes from. It would have required considerable inducements to have trusted either my L. A. W. badge or the Smith & Wesson in the custody of any of our unsavory acquaintances of last night, notwithstanding their great outward show of piety. There are no deep-drawn sighs of Allah, nor ostentatious praying among the Malosmanlis, but they bear the stamp of superior trustworthiness plainly on their faces and their bearing. There appears to be far more jocularity than religion among these prosperous villagers, a trait that probably owes its development to their apparent security from want, since it is no newly discovered trait of human character to cease all prayers and supplications whenever the granary is overflowing with plenty, and to commence devotional exercises again whenever the supply runs short. This rule would hold good among the childlike natives here, even more so than it does amongst our more enlightened selves.

I sally forth into the chilly atmosphere of early morning from Malosman, and wheel eastward over an excellent road for some miles; an obliging native, *en route* to the harvest field, turns his buffalo *araba* around and carts me over a bridgeless stream, but several others have to be forded ere reaching Kirakhan, where I obtain breakfast. Here I am required to show my *teskeri* to the Mudir, and the *zaptieh* escorting me thither becomes greatly mystified over the circumstance that I am Frank and yet am wearing a Mussulman head-band around my helmet (a new one I picked up on the road); this little fact appeals to him as something savouring of an attempt to disguise myself, and

he grows amusingly mysterious whilst whisperingly bringing it to the Mudir's notice. The habitual serenity and complacency of the corpulent Mudir's mind, however, is not to be unduly disturbed by trifles, and the untutored *zaptieh's* disposition to attach some significant meaning to it, meets with nothing from his more enlightened superior but the silence of unconcern. More streams have to be forded ere I finally emerge on to higher ground; all along the Alashgird plain Ararat's glistening peak has been peeping over the mountain framework of the plain like a white beacon-light showing above a dark rocky shore; but approaching toward the eastern extremity of the plain, my road hugs the base of the intervening hills and it temporarily disappears from view. In this portion of the country, camels are frequently employed in bringing the harvest from field to village threshing-floor; it is a curious sight to see these awkwardly moving animals walking along beneath tremendous loads of straw, nothing visible but their heads and legs. Sometimes the meandering course of the Euphrates—now the eastern fork, and called the Moorad-Chai—brings it near the mountains, and my road leads over bluffs immediately above it; the historic river seems well supplied with trout hereabouts,



IN THE GARDEN RIDING FOR THE WOMEN.

I can look down from the bluffs and observe speckled beauties sporting about in its pellucid waters by the score. Towards noon I fool away fifteen minutes trying to beguile one of them into swallowing a grasshopper and a bent pin, but they are not the guileless creatures they seem to be

when surveyed from an elevated bluff, so they steadily refuse whatever blandishments I offer. An hour later I reach the village of Daslische, inhabited by a mixed population of Turks and Persians. At a shop kept by one of the latter I obtain



TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM THE CROWD.

some bread and *ghee*,<sup>1</sup> some tea, and a handful of wormy raisins for dessert; for these articles, besides building a fire especially to prepare the tea, the unconscionable Persian charged the awful sum of two piastres (10 cents); whereupon the Turks, who have been interested spectators of the whole nefarious proceeding, commence to abuse him roundly for overcharging a stranger unacquainted with the prices of the locality, calling him the son of a burnt father, and other names that tingle unpleasantly in the Persian ear, as though it was a matter of pounds sterling.

Beyond Daslische, Ararat again becomes visible; the country immediately around is a ravine-riven plateau, covered with boulders. An hour after leaving Daslische, whilst climbing the eastern slope of a ravine, four rough-looking footmen appear on the opposite side of the slope; they are following after me, and shouting "*Kardash!*" These people, with their old swords and pistols conspicuously about them, always raise suspicions of brigands and evil characters under such circumstances as these, so I continue on up the slope without heeding their

shouting until I observe two of them turn back; I then wait, out of curiosity, to see what they really want. They approach with broad grins of satisfaction at having overtaken me: they have run all the way from Daslische in order to overtake me and see the bicycle, having heard of it after I had left. I am now but a short distance from the Russian frontier on the north, and the first Turkish patrol is this afternoon encountered patrolling the road; he takes a wondering interest in my wheel, but doesn't ask the oft-repeated question "Russ or Ingiliz?" It is presumed that he is too familiar with the Muscovite "phiz" to make any such question necessary.

About four o'clock I overtake a jack-booted horseman, who straightway proceeds to try and make himself agreeable; as his flowing remarks are mostly unintelligible, to spare him from wasting the sweetness of his eloquence on the desert air around me, I reply, "*Turkchi binmus.*" Instead of checking the impetuous torrent of his remarks at hearing this, he canters companionably alongside, and chatters more persistently than ever. "*T-u-r-k-chi b-i-n-m-u-s!*" I whisper, becoming rather annoyed at his persistent garrulousness and his refusal to understand. This — quite naturally, I suppose — has the desired effect of reducing him to silence; but he canters doggedly behind, and, after a space creeps up alongside again, and, pointing to a large stone building which has now become visible at the base of a mountain on the other side of the Euphrates, timidly ventures upon the explanation that it is the Armenian Gregorian Monastery of Sup Ogowan (St. John). Finding me more favorably disposed to listen than before, he explains that he himself is an Armenian, is acquainted with the priests of the monastery, and is going to remain there over night; he then proposes that I accompany him thither, and do likewise.

I am, of course, only too pleased at the prospect of experiencing something out of the common, and gladly avail myself of the opportunity; moreover, monasteries and religious institutions in general, have somehow always been pleasantly associated in my thoughts as inseparable accompaniments of orderliness and cleanliness, and I smile serenely to myself at the happy prospect of snowy sheets, and scrupulously clean cooking.

Crossing the Euphrates on a once substantial stone bridge, now in a sadly dilapidated condition, that was doubtless built

<sup>1</sup> A kind of clarified butter obtained from the ordinary buffalo cow of the country.—Ed.

when Armenian monasteries enjoyed palmier days than the present, we skirt the base of a compact mountain and in a few minutes alight at the monastery village. Exit immediately all visions of cleanliness; the village is in no wise different from any other cluster of mud hovels round about, and the rag-bedecked, flea-bitten objects that come outside to gaze at us, if such a thing were possible, compare unfavorably even with the Dele Baba Koords. There is apparent at once, however, a difference between the respective dispositions of the two peoples: the Koords are inclined to be pig-headed and obtrusive, as though possessed of their full share of the spirit of self-assertion; the Sup Ogowanis people, on

which they practice abstemiousness. The monastery itself is a massive structure of hewn stone, surrounded by a high wall loop-holed for defense; attached to the wall inside is a long row of small rooms or cells, the habitations of the monks in more prosperous days; a few of them are occupied at present by the older men.

At 5.30 P. M., the bell tolls for evening service, and I accompany my guide into the monastery; it is a large, empty-looking edifice of simple, massive architecture, and appears to have been built with a secondary purpose of withstanding a siege or an assault, and as a place of refuge for the people in troublous times; containing among other secular appliances a large

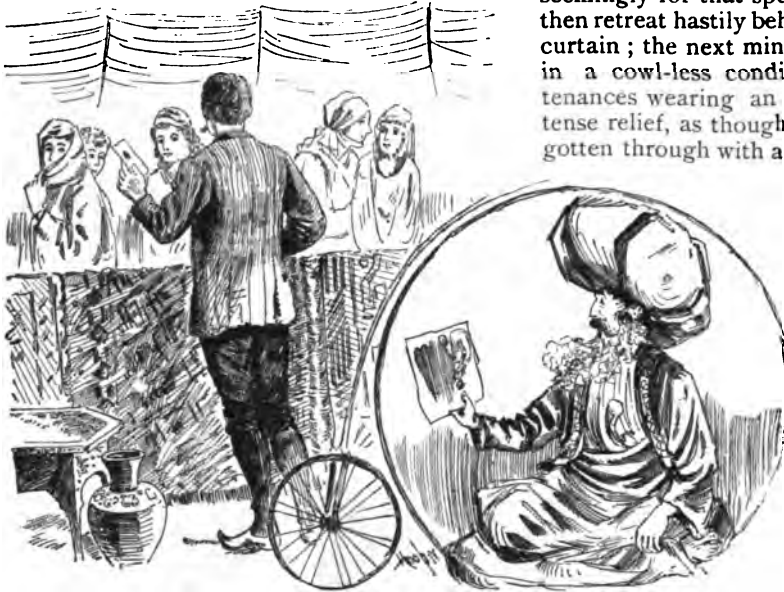


THE HANDSOME NATIVE DOES THE HOSPITABLE RACKET.

the contrary, act like beings utterly destitute of anything of the kind, cowering beneath one's look and shunning immediate contact as though habitually overcome with a sense of their own inferiority. The two priests come out to see the bicycle ridden; they are stout, bushy-whiskered, greasy-looking old jokers, with small twinkling black eyes, whose expression would seem to betoken anything rather than saintliness, and, although the Euphrates flows hard by, they are evidently united in their enmity against soap and water, if in nothing else; in fact, judging from outward appearances, water is about the only thing concerning

brick oven for baking bread. During the last war, the place was actually bombarded by the Russians in an effort to dislodge a body of Koords who had taken possession of the monastery, and from behind its solid walls, harassed the Russian troops advancing towards Erzeroum. The patched-up holes made by the Russians' shots are pointed out, as also some light earthworks thrown up on the Russian position across the river. In these degenerate days one portion of the building is utilized as a storehouse for grain; hundreds of pigeons are cooing and roosting on the cross-beams, making the place their permanent

abode, passing in and out of narrow openings near the roof; and the whole interior is in a disgustingly filthy condition. Rude fresco representations of the different saints in the Gregorian calendar formerly adorned the walls, and bright colored tiles embellished the approach to the altar. Nothing



TRYING TO BE POLITE.

is distinguishable these days but the crumbling and half-obliterated evidences of past glories; both priests and people seem hopelessly sunk in the quagmire of avariciousness and low cunning on the one hand, and of blind ignorance and superstition on the other. Clad in greasy and seedy-looking cowls, the priests go through a few nonsensical maneuvers, consisting chiefly of an ostentatious affectation of reverence towards an altar covered with tattered drapery, by never turning their backs towards it whilst they walk about, Bible in hand, mumbling and sighing. My self-constituted guide and myself comprise the whole congregation during the "services." Whenever the priests heave a particularly deep-fetched sigh or fall to mumbling their prayers on the double quick, they invariably cast a furtive glance towards me, to ascertain whether I am noticing the impenetrable depth of their holiness. They needn't be uneasy on that score, however; the most casual observer cannot fail to perceive that it is really and truly impenetrable — so impenetrable, in fact, that it will never be

unearthed, not even at the day of judgment. In about ten minutes the priests quit mumbling, bestow a pharisaical kiss on the tattered coverlet of their Bibles, graciously suffer my jack-booted companion to do likewise, as also two or three ragamuffins who have come sneaking in seemingly for that special purpose, and then retreat hastily behind a patch-work curtain; the next minute they reappear in a cowl-less condition, their countenances wearing an expression of intense relief, as though happy at having gotten through with a disagreeable task

that had been weighing heavily on their minds all day.

We are invited to take supper with their reverences in their cell beneath the walls, which they occupy in common. The repast consists of *yaort* and *pillau*,<sup>1</sup> to which is added, by way of compliment to visitors, five salt fishes about

the size of sardines. The most greasy-looking of the divines thoughtfully helps himself to a couple of the fishes as though they were a delicacy quite irresistible, leaving one apiece for us others. Having created a thirst with the salty fish, he then seizes what remains of the *yaort*, pours water into it, mixes it thoroughly together with his unwashed hand, and gulps down a full quart of the swill with far greater gusto than mannerliness. Soon the priests commence eructating aloud, which appears to be a well-understood signal that the limit of their respective absorptive capacities are reached, for three hungry-eyed laymen, who have been watching our repast with seemingly begrudging countenances, now carry the wooden tray bodily off into a corner and ravenously devour the remnants. Everything about the cell is abnormally filthy, and I am glad when the inevitable cigarettes are ended and we retire to the quarters assigned us in the village. Here my companion produces from some mysterious corner of his clothing a pinch of tea and a few lumps of sugar. A

<sup>1</sup> A dish of boiled rice and chicken, flavored with fried onions, raisins and chopped almonds.

villager quickly kindles a fire and cooks the tea, performing the services eagerly, in anticipation of coming in for a modest share of what to him is an unwonted luxury. Being rewarded with a tiny glassful of tea and a lump of sugar, he places the sweet morsel in his mouth and sucks the tea through it with noisy satisfaction, prolonging the presumably delightful sensation thereby produced to fully a couple of minutes. During this brief indulgence of his palate, a score of his ragged co-religionists stand around and regard him with mingled envy and covetousness; but for two whole minutes he occupies his proud eminence in the lap of comparative luxury, and between slow, lingering sucks at the tea, regards their envious attention with studied indifference. One can scarcely conceive of a more utterly wretched people than the monastic community of Sup Ogwanis; one would not be surprised to find them envying even the pariah curs of the country. The wind blows raw and chilly from off the snowy slopes of Ararat next morning, and the shivering, half-clad wretches shuffle off towards the fields and pastures, with blue noses and unwilling faces, humping their backs and shrinking within themselves and wearing most lugubrious countenances; one naturally falls to wondering what they do in the winter. The independent villagers of the surrounding country have a tough enough time of it, worrying through the cheerless winters of a treeless and mountainous country; but they at least have no domestic authority to obey but their own personal and family necessities, and they consume the days huddled together in their unventilated hovels over a smouldering *tezek* fire; but these people seem but helpless dolts under the vassalage of a couple of crafty-looking, coarse-grained priests, who regard them with less consideration than they do the monastery buffaloes.

Eleven miles over a mostly rideable trail brings me to the large village of Dyadin. Dyadin is marked on my map as quite an

important place, consequently I approach it with every assurance of obtaining a good breakfast. My inquiries for refreshments are met with importunities of *bin bacalem*, from five hundred of the rag-tag and bob-tail of the frontier, the rowdiest and most inconsiderate mob imaginable. In their eagerness and impatience to see me ride and their exasperating indifference to my own pressing wants, some of them tell me bluntly there is no bread; others, more considerate, hurry away and bring enough bread to feed a dozen people, and one fellow contributes a couple of onions. Pocketing the onions and some of the bread, I mount and ride away from the madding crowd with whatever dispatch is possible, and retire into a secluded dell near the road, a mile from town, to eat my frugal breakfast in peace and quietness. Whilst thus engaged, it is with veritable savage delight that I hear a company of horsemen go furiously galloping past; they are Dyadin people endeavoring to overtake me for the kindly purpose of worrying me out of my senses, and to prevent me even



EXPLAINING THE MOVEMENT OF THE ARMIES.

eating a bite of bread unseasoned with their everlasting gabble. Although the road from Dyadin eastward leads steadily upwards, they fancy that nothing less than a wild sweeping gallop will enable them to accomplish their fell purpose; I listen to their clattering hoof-beats dying away in

the dreamy distance, with a grin of positively malicious satisfaction, hoping sincerely that they will keep galloping onwards for the next twenty miles. No such happy consummation of my wishes occurs, however; a couple of miles up the ascent I find them hobnobbing with some Persian caravan men and patiently awaiting my appearance, having learned from the Persians that I had not yet gone past. Mingled with the keen disappointment of overtaking them so quickly, is the pleasure of witnessing the Persians' camels regaling themselves on a patch of juicy thistles of most luxuriant growth; the avidity with which they attack the great prickly vegetation, and the expression of satisfaction, utter and peculiar, that characterizes a camel whilst munching a giant

as though the immutable law of attraction were sensibly exerting itself to draw lesser bodies to it, and all other objects around seemed dwarfed into insignificant proportions. One obtains a most comprehensive idea of Ararat's 17,325 feet when viewing it from the Aras plain, as it rises sheer from the plain, and not from the shoulders of a range that constitutes of itself the greater part of the height, as do many mountain peaks. A few miles to the eastward is Little Ararat, an independent conical peak of 12,800 feet, without snow, but conspicuous and distinct from surrounding mountains; its proportions are completely dwarfed and overshadowed by the nearness and bulkiness of its big brother. The Aras plain is lava-strewn and uncultivated



ATTACKED WHILE CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS.

thistle stalk that protrudes two feet out of his mouth, is simply indescribable.

From this pass I descend into the Aras plain, and, behold! the gigantic form of Ararat rises up before me, seemingly but a few miles away; as a matter of fact it is about twenty miles distant, but with nothing intervening between myself and its tremendous proportions but the level plain, the distance is deceptive. No human habitations are visible save the now familiar black tents of Koordish tribesmen away off to the north, and as I ride along I am overtaken by a sensation of being all alone in the company of an overshadowing and awe-inspiring presence. One's attention seems irresistibly attracted towards the mighty snow-crowned monarch,

for a number of miles; the spongy, spreading feet of innumerable camels have worn paths in the hard lava deposit that makes the wheeling equal to English roads, except for occasional stationary blocks of lava that the animals have systematically stepped over for centuries, and which not unfrequently block the narrow trail and compel a dismount. Evidently Ararat was once a volcano; the lofty peak which now presents a wintry appearance even in the hottest summer weather, formerly belched forth lurid flames that lit up the surrounding country, and poured out fiery torrents of molten lava that stratified the abutting hills, and spread like an overwhelming flood over the Aras plain. Abutting Ararat on the west are stratiform hills, the

strata of which are plainly distinguishable from the Persian trail, and which, were their inclination continued, would strike Ararat at or near the summit. This would seem to indicate the layers to be representations of the mountain's former volcanic overflows.

I am sitting on a block of lava making an outline sketch of Ararat, when a peasant happens along with a bullock-load of cucumbers which he is taking to the Koordish camps; he is pretty badly scared at finding himself all alone on the Aras plain with such a nondescript and dangerous-looking object as a helmeted wheelman, and when I halt him with inquiries concerning the nature of his wares he turns pale and becomes almost speechless with fright. He would empty his sacks as a peace-offering at my feet without venturing upon a remonstrance, were he ordered to do so; and when I relieve him of but one solitary cucumber, and pay him more than he would obtain for it among the Koords, like *Mr. Bumble* when *Oliver Twist* asked for more, he becomes stupefied with astonishment; when he continues on his way he hardly knows whether he is on his head or his feet. An hour later I arrive at Kizil Dizah, the last village in Turkish territory, and an official station of considerable importance, where passports, caravan permits, etc., of everybody passing to or from Persia have to be examined. An officer here provides me with refreshments, and whilst generously permitting the population to come in and enjoy the extraordinary spectacle of seeing me feed, he thoughtfully stations a man with a stick to keep them at a respectful distance. A later hour in the afternoon finds me trundling up a long acclivity leading to the summit of a low mountain ridge; arriving at the summit I stand on the boundary-line between the dominions of the Sultan and the Shah, and I pause a minute to take a brief retrospective glance.

The cyclometer, affixed to the bicycle at Constantinople, now registers within a fraction of one thousand miles; it has been on the whole an arduous thousand miles, but those who in the pages of *OUTING* have followed me through the strange and varied experiences of the journey will agree with me when I say that it has proved more interesting than arduous after all. I need not here express any blunt opinions of the different people encountered; it is enough that my observations concerning them have been jotted down as I have mingled with

them and noticed their characteristics from day to day; almost without exception, they have treated me the best they knew how; it is only natural that some should know how better than others.

Bidding farewell, then, to the land of the Crescent and the home of the unspeakable Osmanli, I wheel down a gentle slope into a mountain-environed acre of cultivated fields, where Persian peasants are busy gathering their harvest. The strange apparition observed descending from the summit of the boundary ridge attracts universal attention; I can hear them calling out to each other, and can see horsemen come wildly galloping from every direction. In a few minutes the road in my immediate vicinity is alive with twenty prancing steeds; some are bestrode by men who, from the superior quality of their clothes and the gaudy trappings of their horses, are evidently in good circumstances; others by wild-looking bare-legged bipeds, whose horses' trappings consist of nothing but a bridle. The transformation brought about by crossing the mountain ridge is novel and complete; the fez, so omnipresent throughout the Ottoman dominions, has disappeared, as if by magic; the better class Persians wear tall, brimless black hats of Astrakan lambs' wool; some of the peasantry wear an unlovely close-fitting skull cap of thick gray felt, that looks wonderfully like a bowl clapped on top of their heads, others sport a huge woolly head-dress like the Roumanians; this latter imparts to them a fierce, warlike appearance, that the meek-eyed Persian ryot<sup>1</sup> is far from feeling. The national garment is a sort of frock coat gathered at the waist, and with a skirt of ample fullness, reaching nearly to the knees; among the wealthier class the material of this garment is usually cloth of a solid dark color, and among the ryots or peasantry, of calico or any cheap fabric they can obtain. Loose-fitting pantaloons of European pattern, and sometimes top-boots, with tops ridiculously ample in their looseness, characterize the nether garments of the better classes; the ryots go mostly bare-legged in summer, and wear loose, slipper-like foot-gear; the soles of both boots and shoes are frequently pointed, and made to turn up and inwards, after the fashion in England centuries ago.

Nightfall overtakes me as, after traveling several miles of variable road, I commence following a winding trail down into the valley of a tributary of the Arasces towards Ovahjik, where resides the Pasha Khan, to whom I have a letter but the



crescent-shaped moon sheds abroad a silvery glimmer that exerts a softening influence upon the mountains outlined against the overarching dome, from whence here and there a star begins to twinkle. It is one of those beautiful, calm autumn evenings when all nature seems hushed in peaceful slumbers; when the stars seem to first peep cautiously from the impenetrable depths of their hiding-place, and then to commence blinking benignantly and approvingly upon the world; and when the moon looks almost as though fair Luna has been especially decorating herself to embellish a scene that without her lovely presence would be incomplete. Such is my first autumn evening beneath the cloudless skies of Persia.

Soon the village of Ovahjik is reached, and some peasants guide me to the residence of the Pasha Khan. The servant who presents my letter of introduction fills the untutored mind of his master with wonderment concerning what the peasants have told him about the bicycle. The Pasha Khan makes his appearance without having taken the trouble to open the envelope. He is a dull-faced, unintellectual-looking personage, and without any preliminary palaver he says: "*Bin bacalem*," in a dictatorial tone of voice. "*Bacalem yole lazim, bacalem saba*," I reply, for it is too dark to ride on unknown ground this evening. "*Bin bacalem!*" repeats the Pasha Khan, even more dictatorial than before, ordering a servant to bring a tallow candle, so that I can have no excuse. There appears to be such a total absence of all consideration for myself that I am not disposed to regard very favorably or patiently the obtrusive meddlesomeness of two younger men — whom I afterwards discover to be sons of the Pasha Khan — who seem almost inclined to take the bicycle out of my charge altogether, in their excessive impatience and inordinate inquisitiveness to examine everything about it. One of them, thinking the cyclometer to be a watch, puts his ear down to see if he can hear it tick, and then persists in fingering it about, to the imminent danger of the tally-pin. After telling him three times not to meddle with it, and receiving overbearing gestures in reply, I deliberately throw him backward into an irrigating ditch. A gleam of intelligence overspreads the stolid countenance of the Pasha Khan at seeing his offspring floundering about on his back in the mud and water, and he gives utterance to a chuckle of delight. The discomfited young man betrays nothing of the

spirit of resentment upon recovering himself from the ditch, and the other son involuntarily retreats as though afraid his turn was coming next.

The servant now arrives with the lighted candle, and the Pasha Khan leads the way into his garden, where there is a wide brick-paved walk; the house occupies one side of the garden, the other three sides are inclosed by a high mud wall. After riding a few times along the brick-paved walk, and promising to do better in the morning, I naturally expect to be taken into the house, instead of which the Pasha Khan orders the people to show me the way to the caravansary. Arriving at the caravansary, and finding myself thus thrown unexpectedly upon my own resources, I inquire of some bystanders where I can obtain *ekmek*; some of them want to know how many liras I will give for *ekmek*. When it is reflected that a lira is nearly five dollars, one realizes from this, something of the unconscionable possibilities of the Persian commercial mind. Whilst this question is being mooted, a figure appears in the doorway, towards which the people one and all respectfully salaam and give way. It is the great Pasha Khan; he has betthought himself to open my letter of introduction, and having perused it and discovered who it was from and all about me, he now comes and squats down in the most friendly manner by my side for a minute, as though to remove any unfavorable impressions his inhospitable action in sending me here might have made, and then bids me accompany him back to his residence. After permitting him to eat a sufficiency of humble pie in the shape of coaxing, to atone for his former incivility, I agree to his proposal and accompany him back. Tea is at once provided, the now very friendly Pasha Khan putting extra lumps of sugar into my glass with his own hands and stirring it up; bread and cheese comes in with the tea, and under the mistaken impression that this constitutes the Persian evening meal I eat sufficient to satisfy my hunger. Whilst thus partaking freely of the bread and cheese, I do not fail to notice that the others partake very sparingly, and that they seem to be rather astonished because I am not following their example. Being chiefly interested in satisfying my appetite, however, their silent observations have no effect save to further mystify my understanding of the Persian character. The secret of all this soon reveals itself in the



form of an ample repast of savory chicken *pillau*, brought in immediately afterwards; and whilst the Pasha Khan and his two sons proceed to do full justice to this highly acceptable dish, I have to content myself with nibbling at a piece of chicken, and ruminating on the unhappy and ludicrous mistake of having satisfied my hunger with dry bread and cheese. Thus does one pay the penalty of being unacquainted with the domestic customs of a country when first entering upon its experiences.

There seems to be no material difference between the social position of the women here and in Turkey; they eat their meals by themselves, and occupy entirely separate apartments, which are unapproachable to members of the opposite sex save their husbands. The Pasha Khan of Ovahjik, however, seems to be a kind, indulgent husband and father, requesting me next morning to ride up and down the brick-paved walk for the benefit of his wives and daughters. In the seclusion of their own walled premises the Persian females are evidently not so particular about concealing their features, and I obtained a glimpse of some very pretty faces; oval faces with large dreamy black eyes, and a flush of warm sunset on brownish cheeks. The indoor costume of Persian women is but an inconsiderable improvement upon the costume of our ancestress in the garden of Eden, and over this they hastily don a flimsy shawl-like garment to come out and see me ride. They are always much less concerned about concealing their nether extremities than about their faces, and as they seem but little concerned about anything on this occasion save the bicycle, after riding for them I have to congratulate myself that, so far as sight-seeing is concerned, the ladies leave me rather under obligations than otherwise.

After supper the Pasha Khan's falconer brings in several fine falcons for my inspection, and in reply to questions concerning one with his eyelids tied up in what appears to be a cruel manner, I am told that this is the customary way of breaking the spirits of the young falcons and rendering them tractable and submissive; the eyelids are pierced with a hole, a silk thread is then fastened to each eyelid and the ends tied together over the head, sufficiently tight to prevent them opening their eyes. Falconing is considered the chief out-door sport of the Persian nobility, but the average Persian is altogether too indolent for

outdoor sport, and the keeping of falcons is fashionable, because regarded as a sign of rank and nobility rather than for sport.

In the morning the Pasha Khan is wonderfully agreeable, and appears anxious to atone as far as possible for the little incivility of yesterday evening, and to remove any unfavorable impressions I may perchance entertain of him on that account before I leave. His two sons and a couple of soldiers accompany me on horseback some distance up the valley. The valley is studded with villages, and at the second one we halt at the residence of a gentleman named Abbas Koola Khan, and partake of tea and light refreshments in his garden. Here I learn that the Pasha Khan has carried his good intentions to the extent of having made arrangements to provide me armed escort from point to point; how far ahead this well-meaning arrangement is to extend I am unable to understand; neither do I care to find out, being already pretty well convinced that the escort will prove an insufferable nuisance to be gotten rid of at the first favorable opportunity. Abbas Koola Khan now joins the company until we arrive at the summit of a knoll commanding an extensive view of my road ahead so they can stand and watch me, when they all bid me farewell save the soldier who is to accompany me further on. As we shake hands, the young man whom I pushed into the irrigating ditch, points to a similar receptacle near by and shakes his head with amusing solemnity; whether this is expressive of his sorrow that I should have pushed him in, or that he should have annoyed me to the extent of having deserved it, I cannot say; probably the latter.

My escort, though a soldier, is dressed but little different from the better-class villagers; he is an almond-eyed individual, with more of the Tartar cast of countenance than the Persian. Besides the short Persian sword he is armed with a Martini Henry rifle of the 1862 pattern; numbers of these rifles having found their way into the hands of Turks, Koords and Persians, since the "late unpleasantness." My predictions concerning his turning out an insupportable nuisance are not suffered to remain long unverified, for he appears to consider it his chief duty to gallop ahead and notify the villagers of my approach, and to work them up to the highest expectations concerning my marvellous appearance. The result of all this is a swelling of his own importance at

having so wonderful a person under his protection, and my own transformation from an unostentatious traveler to something akin to a free circus for crowds of bare-legged ryots. I soon discover that, with characteristic Persian truthfulness, he has likewise been spreading the interesting report that I am journeying in this extraordinary manner to carry a message from the "Ingilis Shah" to the "Shah in Shah of Iran" (the Persians know their own country as Iran) thereby increasing his own importance and the wonderment of the people concerning myself. The Persian villages, so far, are little different from the Turkish, but such valuable property as melon gardens, vineyards, etc., instead of being presided over by a watchman, are usually surrounded by substantial mud walls ten or twelve feet high. The villagers themselves, being less improvident and altogether more thoughtful of number one than the Turks, are on the whole a trifle less ragged; but that is saying very little indeed, and their condition is anything but enviable. During the summer they fare comparatively well, needing but little clothing, and they are happy and contented in the absence of actual suffering; they are perfectly satisfied with a diet of bread and fruit and cucumbers, rarely tasting meat of any kind. But fuel is as scarce as in Asia Minor, and like the Turks and Armenians, in winter they have resource to a peculiar and economical arrangement to keep themselves warm; placing a pan of burning *tezek* beneath a low table, the whole family huddle around it, covering the table and themselves—save of course their heads—up with quilts; facing each other in this ridiculous manner, they chat and while away the dreary days of winter.

At the third village after leaving the sons of the Pasha Khan, my Tartar-eyed escort, with much garrulous injunction to his successor, delivers me over to another soldier, himself returning back; this is my favorable opportunity, and soon after leaving the village I bid my valiant protector return. The man seems totally unable to comprehend why I should order him to leave me, and makes an elaborate display of his pantomimic abilities to impress upon me the information that the country ahead is full of very bad Koords, who will kill and rob me if I venture among them unprotected by a soldier. The expressive action of drawing the finger across the throat appears to be the favorite method of signifying personal danger among all these

people; but I already understand that the Persians live in deadly fear of the nomad Koords. Consequently his warnings, although evidently sincere, fall on biased ears, and I peremptorily order him to depart. The Tabreez trail is now easily followed without a guide, and with a sense of perfect freedom and unrestraint, that is destroyed by having a horseman cantering alongside one, I push ahead, finding the roads variable, and passing through several villages during the day. The chief concern of the ryots is to detain me until they can bring the resident Khan to see me ride, evidently from a servile desire to cater to his pleasure. They gather around me and prevent my departure until he arrives. An appeal to the revolver will invariably secure my release, but one naturally gets ashamed of threatening people's lives even under the exasperating circumstances of a forcible detention. Once to-day I managed to outwit them beautifully. Pretending acquiescence in their proposition of waiting till the arrival of their Khan, I propose mounting and riding a few yards for their own edification whilst waiting; in their eagerness to see they readily fall into the trap, and the next minute sees me flying down the road with a swarm of bare-legged ryots in full chase after me, yelling for me to stop. Fortunately, they have no horses handy, but some of these lanky fellows can run like deer almost, and nothing but an excellent piece of road enables me to outdistance my pursuers. Wily as the Persians are, compared to the Osmanlis, one could play this game on them quite frequently, owing to their eagerness to see the bicycle ridden; but it is seldom that the road is sufficiently smooth to justify the attempt. I was gratified to learn from the Persian consul at Erzeroum that my stock of Turkish would answer me as far as Teheran, the people west of the capital speaking a dialect known as Tabreez Turkish; still, I find quite a difference. Almost every Persian points to the bicycle and says: "*Boo; nâmi nâder?*" ("This; what is it?") and it is several days ere I have an opportunity of finding out exactly what they mean. They are also exceedingly prolific in using the endearing term of *Kardash* when accosting me. The distance is now reckoned by *farsakhs* (roughly, four miles) instead of hours; but, although the *farsakh* is a more tangible and comprehensive measurement than the Turkish hour, in reality it is almost as unreliable to go by.

Towards evening I ascend into a more mountainous region, inhabited exclusively by nomad Koords; from points of vantage their tents are observable clustered here and there at the bases of the mountains. Descending into a grassy valley or depression, I find myself in close proximity to several different camps, and eagerly avail myself of the opportunity to pass a night among them. I am now in the heart of Northern Koordistan, which embraces both Persian and Turkish territory, and the occasion is most opportune for seeing something of these wild nomads in their own mountain pastures. The greensward is rideable, and I dismount before the Sheikh's tent in the presence of a highly interested and interesting audience. The half-wild dogs make themselves equally interesting in another and a less desirable sense as I approach, but the men pelt them with stones, and when I dismount they conduct me and the bicycle at once into the tent of their chieftain. The Sheikh's tent is capacious enough to shelter a regiment almost, and it is divided into compartments similar to a previous description; the Sheikh is a big, burly fellow, of about forty-five, wearing a turban the size of a half-bushel measure, and dressed pretty much like a well-to-do Turk; as a matter of fact, the Koords admire the Osmanlis and despise the Persians. The bicycle is reclined against a carpet partition, and after the customary interchange of questions, a splendid fellow, who must be six feet six inches tall, and broad-shouldered in proportion, squats himself cross-legged beside me, and proceeds to make himself agreeable, rolling me cigarettes, asking questions and curiously investigating anything about me that strikes him as peculiar. I show them, among other things, a cabinet photograph of myself in all the glory of needle-pointed mustache and dress-parade apparel; after a critical examination and a brief conference among themselves they pronounce me an "English Pasha." I then hand the Sheikh a set of OUTING sketches, but they are not sufficiently civilized to appreciate the sketches; they hold them upside down and sidewise; and not being able to make anything out of them, the Sheikh holds them in his hand and looks quite embarrassed, like a person in possession of something he don't know what to do with.

Noticing that the women are regarding these proceedings with much interest from behind a low partition, and not having yet

become reconciled to the Mohammedan idea of women being habitually ignored and overlooked, I venture upon taking the photograph to them; they seem much confused at finding themselves the object of direct attention, and they appear several degrees wilder than the men, so far as comprehending such a product of civilization as a photograph is an indication. It requires more material objects than sketches and photos to meet the appreciation of these semi-civilized children of the desert. They bring me their guns and spears to look at and pronounce upon, and then my stalwart entertainer grows inquisitive about my revolver. First extracting the cartridges to prevent accident, I hand it to him, and he takes it for the Sheikh's inspection. The Sheikh examines the handsome little Smith & Wesson long and wistfully, and then toys with it several minutes, apparently reluctant about having to return it; finally he asks me to give him a cartridge and let him go out and test its accuracy. I am getting a trifle uneasy at his evident covetousness of the revolver, and in this request I see my opportunity of giving him to understand that it would be a useless weapon for him to possess, by telling him I have but a few cartridges and that others are not procurable in Koordistan or neighboring countries. Recognizing immediately its uselessness to him under such circumstances, he then returns it without further remark; whether he would have confiscated it without this timely explanation, it is difficult to say. Shortly after the evening meal, an incident occurs which causes considerable amusement. Everything being unusually quiet, one sharp-eared youth happens to hear the obtrusive ticking of my Waterbury, and strikes a listening attitude, at which everybody else likewise begins listening; the tick, tick is plainly discernible to everybody in the compartment and they become highly interested and amused, and commence looking at me for an explanation. With a view to humoring the spirit of amusement thus awakened, I likewise smile, but affect ignorance and innocence concerning the origin of the mysterious ticking, and strike a listening attitude as well as the others. Presuming upon our interchange of familiarity, our six-foot-sixer then commences searching about my clothing for the watch, but being hidden away in a pantaloan fob, and minus a chain, it proves beyond his power of discovery. Nevertheless, by bending his head down and listening, he ascertains and announces it

to be somewhere about my person ; the Waterbury is then produced, and the loudness of its ticking awakes the wonder and admiration of the Koords, even to a greater extent than the Turks.

During the evening, the inevitable question of Russ, Osmanli and English crops up, and I win unanimous murmurs of approval by laying my forefingers together and stating that the English and the Osmanlis are *Kardash*. I show them my Turkish *teskeri*, upon which several of them bestow fervent kisses, and when, by means of placing several stones here and there I explain to them how in 1877 the hated Muscov occupied different Mussulman cities one after the other, and was prevented by the English from occupying their dearly beloved Stamboul itself, their admiration knows no bounds. Along the trail, not over a mile from camp, a large Persian caravan has been halting during the day ; late in the evening loud shouting and firing of guns announces them as prepared to start on their night's journey. It is customary when going through this part of Koordistan for the caravan men to fire guns and make as much noise as possible, in order to impress the Koords with exaggerated ideas concerning their strength and number ; everybody in the Sheikh's tent thoroughly understands the meaning of the noisy demonstration, and the men exchange significant smiles. The firing and the shouting produce a truly magical effect upon a blood-thirsty youngster of ten or twelve summers ; he becomes wildly hilarious, gamboling about the tent and rolling over and kicking up his heels. He then goes to the Sheikh, points to me and draws his finger across his throat, intimating that he would like the privilege of cutting somebody's throat, and why not let him cut mine ; the Sheikh and the others laugh at this, but instead of chiding him for his tragical demonstration, they favor him with the same admiring glances as grown people bestow upon precocious youngsters the world over. Under these circumstances of abject fear on the one hand, and inbred propensity for violence and plunder on the other, it is really surprising to find the Koords in Persian territory behaving themselves as well as they do.

Quilts are provided for me, and I occupy this same compartment of the tent, in common with several of the younger men. In the morning, before departing, I am regaled with bread and rich, new cream, and when leaving the tent I pause a minute to

watch the busy scene in the female department. Some are churning butter in sheep-skin churns which are suspended from poles and jerked back and forth ; others are weaving carpets, preparing curds for cheese, baking bread and otherwise industriously employed. I depart from the Koordish camp thoroughly satisfied with my experience of their hospitality, but the cerulean waist-scarf bestowed upon me by our Hungarian friend Egali, at Belgrade, no longer adds its embellishments to my personal adornments. Whenever a favorable opportunity presents, certain young men belonging to the noble army of hangers-on about the Sheikh's apartments, invariably glide inside, and importune the guest from Frangistan for any article of his clothing that excites the admiration of their semi-civilized minds. This scarf, they were doubtless penetrating enough to observe, formed no necessary part of my wardrobe, and a dozen times in the evening, and again in the morning, I was worried to part with it, so I finally presented it to one of them. He hastily hid it away among his clothes and disappeared, as though fearful, either that the Sheikh might see it and make him return it, or that one of the chieftain's favorites might take a fancy to it and summarily appropriate it to his own use.

Not more than five miles eastward from the camp, whilst trundling over a stretch of stony ground, I am accosted by a couple of Koordish shepherds ; but as the country immediately around is wild and unfrequented, save by Koords, and knowing something of their little weaknesses towards travelers under tempting, one-sided conditions, I deem it advisable to pay as little heed to them as possible. Seeing that I have no intention of halting, they come running up, and undertake to forcibly detain me by seizing hold of the bicycle, at the same time making no pretense of concealing their eager curiosity concerning the probable contents of my luggage. Naturally disapproving of this arbitrary conduct, I push them roughly away ; with a growl more like the voice of a wild animal than of human beings, one draws his sword and the other picks up a thick knobbed stick that he had dropped in order to the better pinch and sound my packages. Without giving them time to reveal whether they seriously intend attacking me, or only to try intimidation, I have them nicely covered with the Smith & Wesson. They seem to comprehend in a moment that I have them at a disadvantage,

and they hurriedly retreat a short distance, executing a series of gyral antics, as though expecting me to fire at their legs. They are accompanied by two dogs, tawny-coated monsters, larger than the largest mastiffs, who now proceed to make things lively and interesting around myself and the bicycle; keeping the revolver in my hand, and threatening to shoot their dogs if they don't call them away, I continue my progress towards where the stony ground terminates in favor of smooth camel-paths about a hundred yards farther on. At this juncture I notice several other "gentle shepherds" coming racing down from the adjacent knolls; but whether to assist their comrades in catching and robbing me, or to prevent a conflict between us, will always remain an uncertainty. I am afraid, however, that with the advantage on their side, the Koordish herdsmen rarely trouble themselves about any such uncongenial task as peace-making. Reaching the smooth ground before any of the new comers overtake me, I mount and speed away, followed by wild yells from a dozen Koordish throats and chased by a dozen of their dogs. Upon sober second thought, when well away from the vicinity, I conclude this to have been a rather ticklish incident; had they attacked me, in the absence of anything else to defend myself with, I should have been compelled to shoot them; the nearest Persian village is about ten miles distant; the absence of anything like continuously rideable road would have made it impossible to out-distance their horsemen, and a Persian village would have afforded small security against a party of enraged Koords, after all.

The first village I arrive at to-day, I again attempt the "skedaddling" dodge on them that proved so successful on one occasion yesterday; but I am foiled by a rocky "jump-off" in the road to-day. The road is not so favorable for spurting as yesterday, and the racing ryots grab me amid much boisterous merriment ere I overcome the obstruction; they take particular care not to give me another chance until the arrival of the Khan. The country hereabouts consists of gravelly, undulating plateaus between the mountains, and well-worn camel paths afford some excellent wheeling. Near mid-day, whilst laboriously ascending a long but not altogether unrideable ascent, I meet a couple of mounted soldiers; they obstruct my road, and proceed to deliver themselves of voluminous Tabreez Turkish, by which I under-

stand that they are the advance guard of a party in which there is a *Ferenghi* (the Persian term for an Occidental). Whilst talking with them I am somewhat taken by surprise at seeing a lady on horseback and two children in a *Rajaveh* (mule panier) appear over the brow of the slope, accompanied by about a dozen Persians.

If I am surprised, the lady herself not unnaturally evinces even greater astonishment at the apparition of a lone wheelman here on the caravan roads of Persia; of course we are mutually delighted. With the assistance of her servant, the lady alights from the saddle and introduces herself as Mrs. R—, the wife of one of the Persian missionaries; her husband has lately returned home, and she is on the way to join him. The Persians accompanying her comprise her own servants, some soldiers procured of the Governor of Tabreez by the English consul to escort her as far as the Turkish frontier, and a couple of unattached travelers keeping with the party for company and society. A mule driver has charge of pack-mules carrying boxes containing, among other things, her husband's library. During the course of ten minutes' conversation the lady informs me that she is compelled to travel in this manner the whole distance to Trebizond, owing to the practical impossibility of passing through Russian territory with the library. Were it not for this a comparatively short and easy journey would take them to Tiflis, from which point there would be steam communication with Europe. Ere the poor lady gets to Trebizond she will be likely to reflect that a government so civilized as the Czar's might relax its gloomy laws sufficiently to allow the affixing of official seals to a box of books, and permit its transportation through the country, on condition—if they will—that it should not be opened in transit; surely, there would be no danger of the people's minds being enlightened—not even a little bit—by coming in contact with a library tightly boxed and sealed. At the frontier an escort of Turkish *zaptiehs* will take the place of the Persian soldiers, and at Erzeroum the missionaries will, of course, render her every assistance to Trebizond; but it is not without feelings of anxiety for the health of a lady traveling in this rough manner unaccompanied by her natural protector, that I reflect on the discomforts she must necessarily put up with between here and Erzeroum. She seems in good spirits, however, and says that meeting me here in this

extraordinary manner is the "most romantic" incident in her whole experiences of missionary life in Persia; like many another, she says, she can scarcely conceive it possible that I am traveling without attendants and without being able to speak

the languages. One of the unattached travelers gives me a note of introduction to Mohammed Ali Khan, the governor of Peri, a suburban village of Khoi which I expect to reach some time this afternoon.

### A BICYCLE, A TRICYCLE.

A BICYCLE,  
A tricycle,  
A woman and a man;  
A glance or two,  
Of words a few—  
And so the tale began.

A sweet duet  
Where voices met  
In merry cycling song;  
A little chat  
Which followed that,  
As they two wheeled along.

A summer night,  
When stars were bright,  
And moonbeams went astray;  
A whispered word,  
An answer, heard  
Like music far away.

Now cards and cake,  
And vows which make  
Two persons one for life;  
A honeymoon  
Which ends too soon  
For husband or for wife.

A tricycle,  
A bicycle,  
A woman and a man  
Who, side by side,  
Forever ride,  
A part of "Nature's plan."

*Arthur Dudley Vinton.*



## THE MAYFLOWER AND GALATEA RACES OF 1886.

BY CHARLES E. CLAY,

Author of "BERMUDA YACHTS AND DINGHIES," ETC.

ENGLISH yachtsmen have made another effort for the recovery of the *America's* Cup, a trophy that has come to be regarded as the emblem of the supremacy of the seas, and that effort has met with a defeat more disastrous and humiliating than that which attended the unsuccessful attempt of the *Genesta* last year.

Scarcely had Sir Richard Sutton berthed his favorite in her snug winter quarters than Lieutenant Henn challenged for the ensuing year. In this he was more patriotic than wise, for, while nobody denies that the *Galatea* is a thoroughly representative type of the highest development and perfection of the English model, yet it cannot be conceded that her performances were enough, if any, superior to those of the *Genesta* to warrant her owner having any valid grounds for supposing his boat could do what her sister had failed to achieve.

If Lieutenant Henn felt enthusiastic enough to enter into a competition that for the past thirty-six years has baffled the highest naval architectural talent of Great Britain, would it not have been more prudent to have set to work during the winter and built a yacht more after the type and model of the one that had vanquished the *Genesta*, built by the same designer, and embodying every principle contained in his own boat? Surely Mr. Beavor Webb is not so hopelessly wedded to his own designs and ideas as not to perceive and appreciate the good points and qualities in the productions of a rival, and a successful one at that. If the results of the last two years' contests point to any conclusion at all, it is that the decided success of the American boat is not due, one iota, to the favorable condition of wind and wave, as is the universal howl of the rabid cutter men, but is inherent in the superiority of the principles involved in the construction of the model, and I contend most emphatically that so long as English yachtsmen go on building a V-shaped, leaded plank-on-end type of boat, simply because "they are so much better adapted for our waters," without ever giving the American type a fair trial, just

so long will America continue to hold the yachting "blue ribbon." It is not enough for Englishmen to send one boat after another of the same type, just because each successive aspirant is claimed to be better than her predecessor. Change and modify the model from the bitter lessons that have been taught us, and then, and not till then, may we hope to compete with some reasonable prospects of victory.

The general supposition among us in England to-day is that, given a gale of wind and a heavy, choppy sea, and there is nothing like a deep-keeled cutter with an enormous weight of lead attached, to thrash to windward. This may be undoubtedly the case with regard to the types of boats with which the majority are familiar; but it does not apply to the newest type of the American centerboard sloop, a type not known in British waters, nor to English yachtsmen; and recent trials and the most thorough tests go to prove that the *Mayflower* in a sea way is superior in many of the most essential qualities of a rough-weather craft; she does not bury and "hang" so long when pitching as the English model; she has a quicker recovery and rides *over* and not *through* the sea; she points up as high, and eats her way as well to windward, besides being faster.

But I am afraid I have digressed somewhat from the object of this paper, which is to give a description of the actual incidents of the all-absorbing races, rather than a dissertation on the types and merits of the contestants.

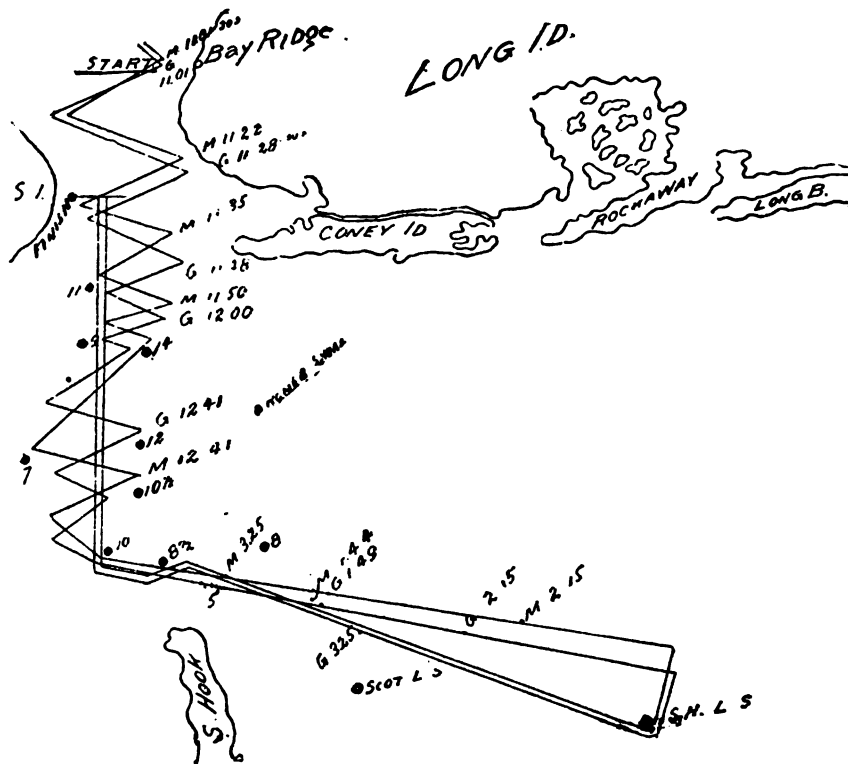
No sooner was the challenge received than the leading clubs of the country set about seeing that nothing was left undone to retain a prize they had so long and so successfully owned. They might very naturally have said: "Well, the *Galatea* is no better than the *Genesta*; and the *Puritan* can do for the new-comer what she did for her sister." But that is not the spirit of the American people; they never rest content with what they have; the future is always sure to produce a better article than the best of the present. This noble spirit of emulation brought four competitors into the home lists; of them two were old

favorites; the *Puritan*, trusty, stanch, and bearing the laurels still fresh upon her victorious prow; the *Priscilla*, with every defect altered, but still a novice eager to gain her maiden honors; the remaining débutantes were the latest skill of the builder's art; the *Atlantic*, which, however, never fulfilled the anticipations of her designer, and the queenly *Mayflower*, the fairest sea anemone that ever bloomed on American waters. All honor, then, to Boston, her birthplace, and to Mr. Burgess, her skilful designer.

The trial races were most satisfactory, and proved beyond a doubt that the *Mayflower* was the queen of the "big four,"

fairness could dictate, was handsomely made.

The first of the three courses to be sailed over (if three trials became necessary), was the one known as the regular New York club course, which, starting from a line off Owl's Head in the inner bay, leads out through the Narrows, rounding buoy 8½ on the port hand, and then on and around Sandy Hook lightship, and home again round buoy 8½, finishing off the Staten Island shore over a line somewhat to the northward of Fort Wadsworth. This makes a splendid all-round course of thirty-eight miles, and is eminently calculated to try the various points of sailing



THE COURSE.

and to her shapely hull and tapering spars might be entrusted the glorious distinction of doing battle for her country, let come what might. To the New York Yacht Club, the oldest and leading yachting organization in this country, was entrusted the honor of making the arrangements necessary to bring the impending struggle to a fair and impartial issue, and well did they perform their task. The gallant visitor was consulted on every point, and every concession that courtesy and

on, off, and before the wind. Over this course the sloop is supposed to have a slight advantage, as comparatively smooth water and light winds are generally the rule on these waters.

The second and "outside course," as it is called, is a twenty-mile thrash to windward from the Sandy Hook or Scotland Lightship, according to the direction of the wind, with a run back. These conditions are favorable to the cutter, and chosen to make things square. Should each boat win

<sup>1</sup> From Captain Coffin's account in the *New York World*.



one of the first two races, the deciding course would be a triangular one, but as it was not needed this year, the bearings need not be given.

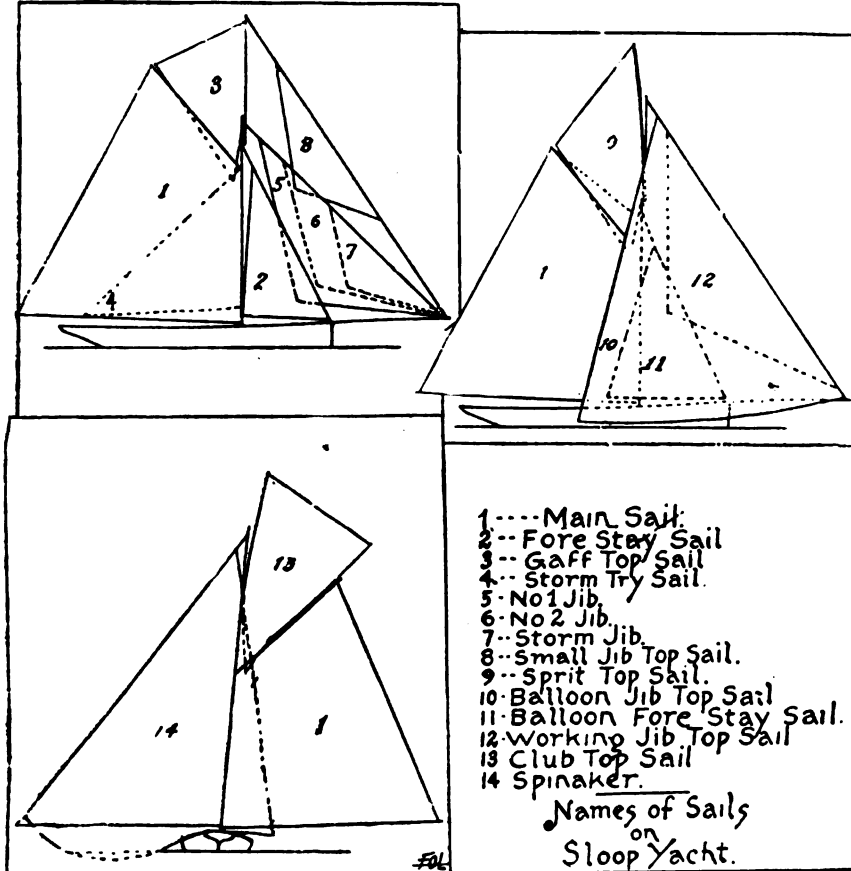
THE FIRST RACE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

The all eventful *expectata dies*, so eagerly longed for by enthusiastic thousands, dawned with anything but a promise of fine weather or favoring gales. A dull leaden curtain hung over the busy city. Flags drooped limp and motionless against

certainly the fastest of its size. Our courtly host lost no time in welcoming us on board the launch; we were speedily puffed out to the larger craft, and in a few minutes more good Captain Dand was heading the *Stranger* full steam down stream,

"To join the glad throng that went laughing along."

We did not lack for company; every conceivable craft was bound our way, from the leviathan excursion steamers with decks massed black with people, to the tiny skiff



1 DIAGRAM OF YACHTS.

their poles, and with a heart full of misgiving I awaited the arrival of the *Stranger* at the Twenty-third street pier. Off in the stream lay the steam yacht *Electra*, while darting backwards and forwards her saucy little launch conveyed on board the guests of her owner, Elbridge T. Gerry, the commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

Soon, down the river from Mr. Jaffray's country place on the Hudson, came the *Stranger*, not only one of the handsomest and largest steam yachts in the world, but

piloted by its solitary occupant. And now we are amid the flower of America's floating palaces, and close beside us steams the *Atalanta*. Beyond is the *Corsair*, with Lord Brassey aboard. Ahead, astern, and on every side are seen the gleaming hulls of beautiful yachts, the *Oriva*, *Oriente*, *Tillie*, *Puzzle*, *Radha*, *Magnolia*, *Vision*, *Speedwell*, *Ocean Gem*, *Theresa*, *Oneida*, better known as the *Utowana*, *Viking*, *Wanda*, *Nooya*, *Falcon*, *Electra*, *Vedette*,

"Cum multis aliis quæ nunc præscribere longum est."

<sup>1</sup> From Captain Coffin's account in the *New York World*.

The flyers of other days, too, are there, the *Rambler*, *Columbia*, *Ambassadors*, *Tidal Wave*, *Montauk*, *Ruth*, *Priscilla*, *Dauntless*, *Carlotta*, *Fleetwing*, *Mischief*, *Republic*, *Wanderer*, *Wave Crest*, *Gaviota* and a host of their fair sisters, whose names I could not get. And darting hither and thither among the fleet like some hissing, fiery snake, emitting from time to time the shrillest of piercing whistles, rushed the rakish-looking little steam launch *Henrietta*, Mr. Herreshoff's last production, said to go an average speed of twenty knots an hour.

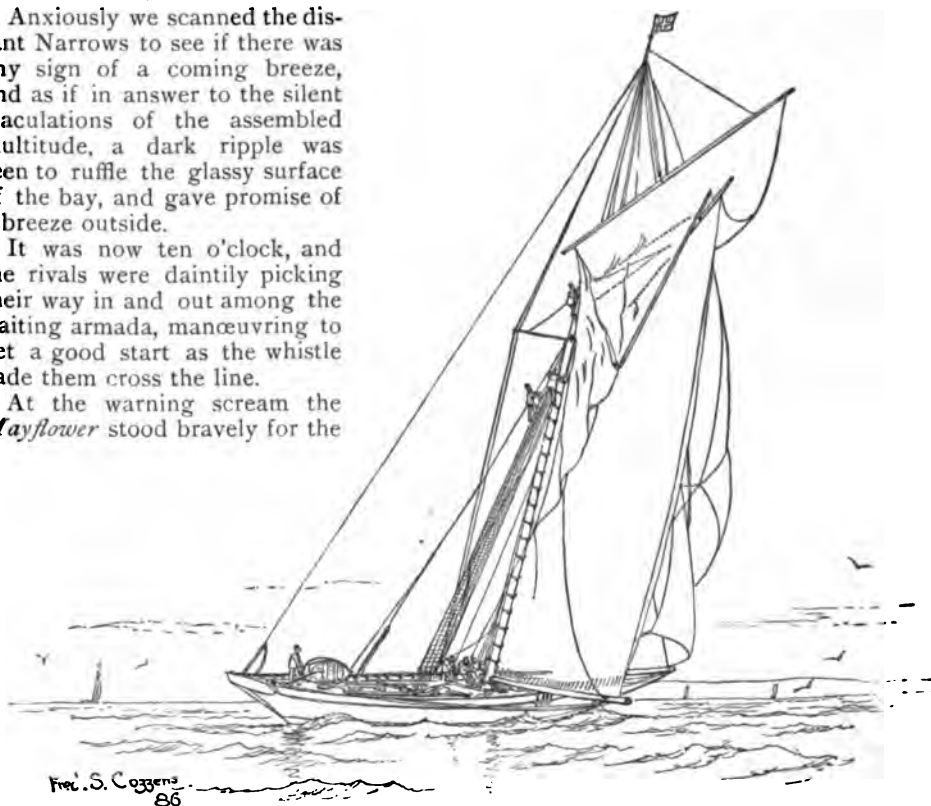
Anxiously we scanned the distant Narrows to see if there was any sign of a coming breeze, and as if in answer to the silent ejaculations of the assembled multitude, a dark ripple was seen to ruffle the glassy surface of the bay, and gave promise of a breeze outside.

It was now ten o'clock, and the rivals were daintily picking their way in and out among the waiting armada, manœuvring to get a good start as the whistle bade them cross the line.

At the warning scream the *Mayflower* stood bravely for the

This was a very smart and seamanlike manœuvre, but in my humble opinion it was an error in judgment, for, had the cutter taken the leeward place, with her pace at the time, she could have stood the detriment of the blanketing for the short time they held the starboard tack, and when she went about, would have compelled the sloop to do the same, and so had the *Mayflower* under her lee for the long leg over to Staten Island.

However, the fact remains that, despite the



"GALATEA."

line, carrying her boom to port with club-topsail, staysail and jib set, and breaking out her jib-topsail as she crossed. O! it was a beautiful sight, and made every pulse beat quicker, and sent the warm blood tingling through my veins. The British cutter was not a whit behind; "hauling to" very sharply, she rushed, with great headway, in between the sloop and the stake boat, and got the weather gauge, blanketing her antagonist, who had to keep off a trifle in consequence.

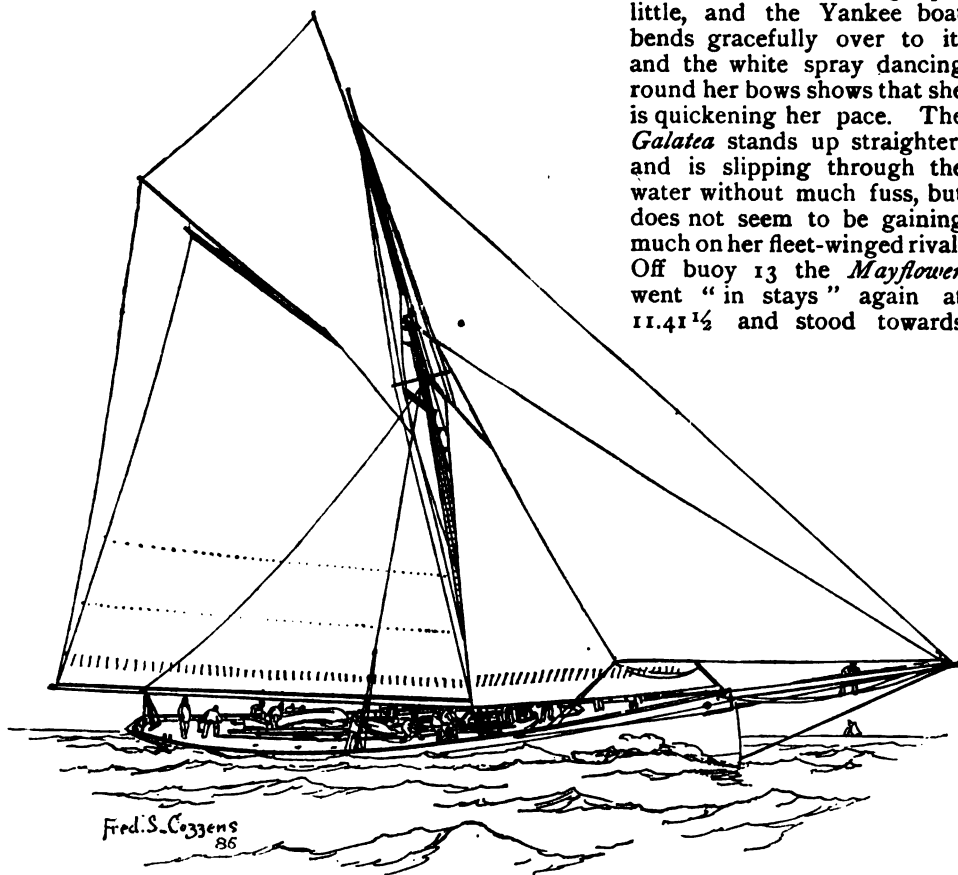
*Galatea's* blanketing, the Boston sloop ran away from under the Englishman's lee, and when the latter, owing to her deeper draught, went about off Bay Ridge, the *Mayflower* stood on for another thirty seconds and came about well to windward, and had the cutter where she wanted her, and where she kept her till she was a beaten boat.

Off Fort Wadsworth, the two boats again tacked, the *Mayflower* at 11:13:30, and the the cutter a minute later, and stood across

to Fort Hamilton. Two things now quickly became apparent: that the *Mayflower*, though sailed a good rap full all the time, pointed just as high as the *Galatea*, which was evidently being sailed very fine, as shown by the continual lifting and shivering of her head sails, and, that the saucy Yankee had the heels of her English rival and was creeping ahead and to windward very fast. At 11.22, the *Mayflower*

and showed a want of courtesy that no real "salt" would have thought of being guilty of. At 11.35 the *Mayflower* went about off Gravesend Bay, and the *Galatea* followed suit at the same moment, a little to the southeast of buoy No. 15. In these repeated tackings, it was noticeable that the *Galatea* was the handier "in stays," the American craft appearing just a trifle sluggish. On entering the Narrows the breeze

seems to be freshening up a little, and the Yankee boat bends gracefully over to it, and the white spray dancing round her bows shows that she is quickening her pace. The *Galatea* stands up straighter, and is slipping through the water without much fuss, but does not seem to be gaining much on her fleet-winged rival. Off buoy 13 the *Mayflower* went "in stays" again at 11.41½ and stood towards



"MAYFLOWER."

went about again, and stood on a long reach into the Narrows to get the benefit of the slackwater. Ten minutes later the *Galatea* tacked and stood towards the Staten Island shore, but the *Mayflower* had gone about again and stood towards the Englishman, whom she cut about 200 yards dead to windward. While the *Galatea* was on this tack, the *St. John*, the regular Long Branch steamer, had the bad taste to sail right across the *Galatea's* bow, treating her to all her backwater. It was a churlish act,

Coney Island Point, and six minutes later she was followed by the cutter. The sloop made but a short leg here, and at 11.50 she went about again, bringing both boats on the same tack, heading about east. The sloop seems to have doubled her vantage of 200 yards. They seem to be sailing the cutter a bit fuller now, but as we pass astern of her I notice that she has her weather jib-topsail sheet towing in the water. On this board the cutter appears to gain slightly on the sloop, and at half a

minute before noon she goes about once more; the *Mayflower* follows her lead at 12.03½, and goes round between buoys 9 and 11. The recital of tacks seems endless, but on each board the American boat increased her lead, and finally rounded buoy 8½ at 1:1:51, official time. The *Galatea* weathered the same buoy at 1:7:7. From



THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

here to buoy 5 the positions of the contestants did not vary much, and the *Mayflower* led her antagonist by about six minutes, irrespective of the 38 seconds time allowance she had to give the cutter. The wind continues light, and the sea is as smooth as a tennis court. Rounding buoy 8½ both

boats can about lie the course to the lightship, which bears S.E. by E. The breeze seems a good deal fresher outside, and the *Mayflower* is dancing gaily along, lying over to her plank-shear. How gloriously buoyant is her motion as she rises and falls to the gentle undulations which make up as we gain the open water! This is the longest reach of the day, and gives us all a breathing spell for refreshments.

At 2.28 the sloop comes "in stays," and takes in her jib-topsail as she stands towards the ugly-looking red hulk that shows the way into the channel. Her crew are busy getting her balloon jib-topsail run up "in stops," and soon a white streak running from truck to bowsprit end appears. The floating navy that has accompanied us all the way are gathered thickly round the lightship, hovering like bees about a sugar barrel; and now, as the swiftly gliding sloop approaches the turning-point, their pent-up enthusiasm can be restrained no longer, first one and then another impatient tug and steamer emits her shrill scream of welcome, and then all at once it seems as if every demon from the nether world is let loose, roaring round the *Mayflower*. The toot-toot-tooting is simply ear-splitting. Cannon thunder forth their approbation from brazen throats; frantic crowds bellow themselves hoarse; the very planks beneath my feet seem starting from the seams of the *Stranger* as her booming cannon, withheld by rigid discipline till the exact moment of rounding, belches forth her quota to the hurly-burly around us.

But see! it is scarce five seconds since the *Mayflower* turned her sharp prow to plow homewards, when lo! a white puff of snowy canvas bursts like the smoke from a distant battery, and bellying to a spanking breeze, her balloon jib-topsail is sheeted home and envelops her from topmast head to end of her jibboom, and away aft to her full waist. Well and smartly handled, ye motley crew; you may not look so neat and natty as the uniformed lads of the *Galatea*, but the old Norse blood of your forefathers runs in your veins, and ye are no degenerate sons of Hengist and Horsa, and the other vikings of your native land.

But *Væ victis!* Already the tardy cutter is almost forgotten as she struggles bravely on, irrevocably handicapped beyond redemption now, for the sloop is running while she has still a weary beat before she can do the same. At last she too tacks for

the turning mark, but carries her baby jib-topsail to the very last minute, in the hope of gaining a yard or two thereby. She tacked at 2.40, and at 2.44 is fairly off after her rival. Now, boys, bear a hand; up with your balloon; you have not a moment to lose; the breeze that favored the Yankee is fast dying away, and you must make the most of it. Why, what's the matter, ye hardy sons of Yarmouth? Ah, there it goes up!—up! What! it's surely not foul? Yes! down, down, it has to come, and three weary minutes are consumed before it gets to the topmast head, and begins to draw. The game is well-nigh over now; away in the distance, like some huge albatross with outspread pinions, the *Mayflower* is nearing buoy 8½, which she rounds at 3.34, and so round S.W. spit buoy 3½ minutes later, and jibed her mainsail to get her spinnaker under way. But the wind had hauled into the eastward, and the boom was left in slings ready to be dropped at a moment's notice.

The *Galatea* rounds buoy 8½ at 3.46¾, and the S. W. spit buoy at 3.50. The wind freshens a trifle, and the cutter tries her spinnaker, and the *Mayflower* follows suit almost immediately. The goal is rapidly neared now; the same demoniac noises commence, but are kept up twice as long, and, if it were possible, are twice as loud. The very bosom of the mighty deep seems to tremble, and, amid salvos of cannon, the jubilee of 50,000 throats, and the ovation, congratulations and rejoicings of such a multitude as had never before gathered on New York's historic bay, the peerless Boston sloop *Mayflower* bore her happy owner, General Paine, over the line at 4.22½.

I append the official time:

|                          | START |    |    | FINISH |    |    | ELAPSED TIME |    |    | CORRECTED TIME |    |    |
|--------------------------|-------|----|----|--------|----|----|--------------|----|----|----------------|----|----|
|                          | H.    | M. | S. | H.     | M. | S. | H.           | M. | S. | H.             | M. | S. |
| <i>Mayflower</i> . . .   | 10    | 56 | 12 | 4      | 22 | 53 | 5            | 26 | 41 | 5              | 26 | 41 |
| <i>Galatea</i> . . . . . | 10    | 56 | 11 | 4      | 35 | 32 | 5            | 39 | 21 | 5              | 38 | 43 |

*Mayflower* wins by 12m. 2s.

The conclusions to be drawn and the lessons taught by this momentous struggle were briefly these: that in light breezes and a smooth sea the English model, as represented by the *Genesta*, *Galatea* and *Irex* type, cannot compete at beating, reaching or running with the American build. That with regard to seamanship and expert handling of their craft the Americans have nothing to learn from their cousins from over the water. That, having at the outset been the humble disciples of the mother country,

they have reached that stage in the science and art of yacht building and equipment that entitles the learner to usurp the position of teacher.

The following details of the dimensions of the rig, sail area of the contending yachts, will be read with interest by the initiated. For the information about the *Galatea* I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. J. Beavor Webb, and the figures referring to the *Mayflower* were kindly furnished me by Mr. Burgess at the request of her owner, General Paine:

GALATEA—CUTTER.

|                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Length over all . . . . .           | 102.60 ft. |
| " of L. W. L. . . . .               | 87.00 "    |
| " " lead keel . . . . .             | 39.00 "    |
| Beam extreme . . . . .              | 15.00 "    |
| Number of beams to length . . . . . | 5.80       |
| Draft . . . . .                     | 13.¼ ft.   |
| Mast deck to hounds . . . . .       | 53.00 "    |
| Topmast fid to pin. . . . .         | 45.50 "    |
| Boom extreme . . . . .              | 73.00 "    |
| Gaff pin to bolt . . . . .          | 44.50 "    |
| Bowsprit outboard . . . . .         | 35.50 "    |
| " close reefed . . . . .            | 21.50 "    |
| Spinnaker boom . . . . .            | 66.00 "    |
| Weight of lead keel . . . . .       | 81.50 tons |

AREA OF SAILS.

|                                                     |               |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Mainsail . . . . .                                  | 3,321 sq. ft. |
| Club topsail . . . . .                              | 1,365 "       |
| Staysail . . . . .                                  | 825 "         |
| Jib . . . . .                                       | 975 "         |
| Jib topsail . . . . .                               | 1,265 "       |
| Spinnaker . . . . .                                 | 30,52 "       |
| Bowsprit spinnaker or balloon jib topsail . . . . . | 2,530 "       |

MAYFLOWER—CENTERBOARD SLOOP.

|                                                     |         |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Length over all . . . . .                           | 100 ft. |
| Length on L. W. L. . . . .                          | 85½ "   |
| Length of keel . . . . .                            | 80 "    |
| Beam extreme . . . . .                              | 23½ "   |
| Number of beams to length . . . . .                 | 3.6     |
| Draft without centerboard . . . . .                 | 9¼ ft.  |
| Draft with centerboard down . . . . .               | 20 "    |
| Mast deck to hounds . . . . .                       | 62 "    |
| Topmast to topmast rigging . . . . .                | 42 "    |
| Total length of sticks from deck to truck . . . . . | 109 "   |
| Bowsprit (which does not reef) . . . . .            | 38 "    |
| Main boom . . . . .                                 | 80 "    |
| Gaff . . . . .                                      | 50 "    |
| Spinnaker boom . . . . .                            | 67 "    |

AREA OF SAILS.

|                           |               |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| Mainsail . . . . .        | 4,000 sq. ft. |
| Working topsail . . . . . | 800 "         |
| Staysail . . . . .        | 800 "         |
| Jib . . . . .             | 1,200 "       |
| Spinnaker . . . . .       | 4,000 "       |

So that when beating to windward the *Galatea* carried 7,751 square feet of canvas, while the *Mayflower* had approximately about 8,500.

THE SECOND RACE, SEPTEMBER 9.

As I threaded my way to the bows of the members' boat of the New York Yacht Club, on which Mr. Hurst, the treasurer, had kindly secured me a passage, I felt that I was about to witness the same performance outside the Hook as had saddened my spirits on the first day.

The weather was most unfavorable; drizzling rain commenced before we left Pier No. 1 and continued without intermission to speak of throughout the entire day. Added to these discomforts, a dense fog settled down early in the afternoon and put an end to the race and to any enjoyment of the trip, and sent us home groping our way, and landed us late, hungry and thoroughly miserable. In discussing this abortive attempt to finish this series of races I shall confine myself strictly to the details and technicalities of the contest, leaving the reader to supplement the accompaniments and accessories from my previous description, his vivid imagination or the details to be gathered from the voluminous expressions of opinion in the daily press accounts. The wind had risen considerably by the time we reached the Scotland lightship, and the weather gave angry tokens of letting loose a regular sou'wester. It was manifestly a clinking "cutter day," and right merrily did the *Galatea* lads move smartly about, taking a reef in the running bobstay, running in her bowsprit, hauling down the big jib, and substituting the second-sized one. Lieutenant Henn did not mean to be caught napping.

No change was made on the *Mayflower*. She carried her big jib and gained a great advantage thereby. Both craft thought it best to carry only working topsails.

At 11.20 the preparatory whistle was blown from the steam tug *Luckenback*, while the *Scandinavian* had been started ahead to mark out a twenty-mile course east by north, dead in the teeth of a fresh breeze of wind that put the racing craft scuppers to and sent the black waves seething and boiling in their wake.

Almost immediately after the starting signal the *Mayflower* bounded across the line, just skinning past the lightship. The *Galatea* was quite a good deal to leeward, and had to shake up a trifle into the wind to pass the judge's boat. Time of crossing was 11:30:30, and 11:30:32. Both craft were being sailed a shade fine, but the Boston sloop evidently held her way better, while the cutter made more leeway than she ought.

The *Galatea* did not relish her position, and at 11.50 made her first tack, quickly followed by the sloop. It was at once apparent that the old game had commenced, and the Boston boat, like a giddy girl, was romping away from her more sedate English sister. The difference in set of the

sails of the two boats was also very noticeable, for while the *Mayflower's* canvas was stretched flat as a board, the leech of the *Galatea* kept licking about the whole way to windward, and must have been as annoying to her owner as it was disheartening to the gazing cutter men.

At 12.20 Sandy Hook lightship was passed, and the sloop had a clear lead of half a mile. The *Mayflower* made another short board at 12.58, returning to her original tack at 1.11. The Englishman held straight on. The wind shows a tendency to lighten, and at 1.27 the *Galatea* sent down her working topsail, and replaced it smartly by her club-topsail.

When about half the windward course was done the *Mayflower* appeared about 2½ miles distant, dead to windward of the cutter. At 1.37 the sloop tacked, and while shaking "in stays" her crew very smartly sent aloft her club-topsail to windward of her working one. The *Galatea* tacked again at 1.39, and apparently got a better wind, and seemed to have closed up the gap somewhat. At 1.50 the wind had lightened enough to allow the sloop to send up her jib-topsail. The sea also became smoother, and the fog began to settle down so thick that it was with difficulty the *Galatea* could be discerned a full three miles to leeward, which the sloop gradually widened to four or five before she rounded the mark buoy at 4:24:45 by my time. I saw nothing more of the *Galatea* that day, but read that she bore up for home when the *Mayflower* rounded. Fog, light wind, and closing darkness put an end to the race, which counted for nothing, as it was not sailed in the seven-hour limit, but it proved to the most skeptical the marked superiority of the sloop at the very game that was fondly believed to be *par excellence* a cutter's, for the *Mayflower* gained almost all her vantage while the sea and wind held. She outwinded and outspeeded the English cutter, and did not make nearly the leeway the *Galatea* did.

#### THE THIRD AND CONCLUSIVE RACE.

SEPTEMBER 11.

A glorious yachting day, a bright sun and a fresh steady breeze ushered in the final discomfiture of the cutter and her partisans. Space does not permit me to go into the details of the struggle; nor is it needed. The programme of Tuesday and Thursday was enacted without a hitch. The *Mayflower* left the *Galatea* in the run to leeward, increased the lead in the thrash

to windward back home, and finally won the deciding event by 29m. 9s. For the subjoined history of the *America's Cup* I am indebted to my friend, Captain Roland F. Coffin, famous as a sailor, and still more so as the historian of sailors' deeds:

The cup which has once more been successfully defended by an American yacht, was first won by the schooner *America* in 1851, in a race of the Royal Yacht Squadron around the Isle of Wight, she sailing as one of a large fleet of schooners and cutters. The popular impression is that she sailed against the whole fleet; but this is incorrect. She simply sailed as one of them, each one striving to win. When won it became the property of the owners of the *America*, and was brought by them to this country and retained in their possession for several years. They then concluded to make of it an international challenge cup, and by a deed of gift placed it in the custody of the New York Yacht Club as trustee. By this deed of gift any foreign yacht may compete for it upon giving six months' notice, and is entitled to one race over the New York Yacht Club course. There is, however, a clause in the deed which permits the challenger and the club to make any conditions they choose for the contest, and as a matter of fact, it has never been sailed for under the terms expressed in the deed of gift; the two parties having always been able to agree upon other conditions.

When the schooner yacht *Cambria* came for it in 1870, she being the first challenger, the six months' notice was waived, and she sailed against the whole fleet, against the protest of her owner, Mr. James Ashbury, he contending that only a single vessel should be matched against her. The *Cambria* was beaten, and Mr. Ashbury had the schooner *Livonia* built expressly to challenge for this cup. The matter of his protest having been referred to Mr. George L. Schuyler, the only one of the owners of

the *America* who was living, he decided that Mr. Ashbury's interpretation of the deed of gift was correct, and that such was the intention of the donors of the cup. When the *Livonia* came, in 1871, the club selected four schooners, the keel boats *Sappho* and *Dauntless*, and the centerboards *Palmer* and *Columbia*, to defend the cup, claiming the right to name either of those four on the morning of each race. The series of races was seven, the best four to win. There were five races sailed, the *Columbia* winning two, the *Sappho* two, and the *Livonia* one.

The next challenger was the Canadian schooner *Countess of Dufferin*, in 1876, and Major Gifford, who represented her owners, objected to the naming of more than one yacht by the New York club, and asked that she be named in advance. The New York club has from the first behaved in the most liberal and sportsmanlike manner in relation to this cup, and on this occasion it assented to Major Gifford's request and named the schooner *Madeleine*. The races agreed upon were three, best two to win. Only two were sailed, Capt. "Joe" Elsworth sailing the Canadian yacht in the second race. The *Madeleine* won both races with ease.

In 1881 a challenge was received from the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, naming the sloop *Atalanta*, and the conditions agreed upon were the same as in the race with the other Canadian yacht, the club naming the sloop *Mischief*, which won the first two races.

The next challenger was the cutter *Genesta* last year, practically the same conditions being agreed upon as in the two previous races. The only difference was that as a concession to the challenger, two out of the three races were agreed upon to be sailed outside the Hook. The *Puritan* won the two first races, as the *Mayflower* has won them this year. From first to last, the only victory of either of the challengers has been that of the *Livonia* over the *Columbia*, which was gained by the American yacht carrying away part of her steering gear.



## THE GREAT CANOE MEET. .

A FEW RANDOM OBSERVATIONS ON THE WAY TO THE ST. LAWRENCE CAMP.

THE general passenger agent had been most kind to *Lassie*, *Sea Urchin* and *Outing*, our three canoes. With a degree of consideration we could not but marvel at, he had written a letter authorizing us to take our several boats all the way from New York harbor to the St. Lawrence river, at Cape Vincent, as our personal luggage. As we were all booked for a sleeping car that went through without change, we reveled in the luxurious anticipation of waking up on the morning after taking to our "sleepers" and finding our canoes carefully laid on the station platform, along with the rest of the passengers' effects.

To make assurance doubly sure, however, we went an hour ahead of time to the train, to see the baggage-master, show him the letter of his chief, and assure ourselves that the three dear canoes were well stowed for the night.

Arrived at that majestic Hibernian's office we humbly presented our credentials, and begged his co-operation. After looking the paper over for some time as he sat tilted back in his chair, expanding and contracting the leather of his cheeks, he concluded to look the property up, and sauntered around the premises vaguely inquiring of Jim, Jack and Jake if they had seen any canoes "lyin' around." Some one admitted having seen some wooden things looking like coffins, and these objects proving to be *Lassie*, *Sea Urchin* and *Outing*, they were duly checked and carried to the baggage car.

Our worries commenced at this point.

Being checked, they were entitled to a passage, but whether they would go through with their owners or even get through without injury were questions of considerable interest. The conductor was putting a shine to his boots, and the baggage tycoon was masticating Virginia leaf when the station master, followed by the first boat, presented himself, and showed the letter of the general passenger agent. The tycoon of the baggage car objected to handling the boat, remarking that there was no room for such a ——— son of a ——— of a boat as the one presented.

The party presumably addressed whistled softly from the "Mikado" as he turned his back and strolled off to his office chair,

leaving a few irregular spots of tobacco-juice in his wake.

When the sister boats made their appearance, the expletives of both conductor and baggage tycoon became more frequent if not more profane, the burden of their language being that the railway chiefs were "a set of ——— cranks" who did not know what ought to go into a baggage car, and that the said car was "so ——— small" and the canoes were "so ——— big" that they could not be moved.

"Fortunately," thought I, "this is the only difficult point. Once on board, they will not be disturbed until taken out on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence." So I sought to reason with the profane tycoon and succeeded so well by the help of a bribe, that he cursed less violently and permitted some porters to place the canoes in his car.

We were off at last; a charming run up the west bank of the noble Hudson River. In the glory of the sunset on the surrounding mountains we had come to forget our vexations when—how can I break the bad news—the conductor announced that there were two baggage transfers before reaching the final station. This was too much for even canoeists. Had we worked so hard for nothing? What was worse, we had flattered ourselves that the baggage went with us, and now it turned out to be the reverse. We cursed ourselves for not having sent the canoes by express or freight.

For the present there was no help for it, however, so at daybreak we were called out to superintend the transfer of our boats from one car to another.

Not to be tedious, I merely say that the same outrageous profanity garnished the observations of the baggage tycoons of this station, as had enriched the vocabulary of their brother in New York. They sulked and swaggered and swore, and—succumbed when a bribe was handed.

Only one more siege of this nature, we hopefully thought, and we are delivered. But the last siege was mortifying, for not only was there the usual swearing, swaggering and sulking, but the baggage tycoon made up his mind that "he'd be ———



—— to —— if he lugged any of them ——  
 —— —— —— of boats on his car."

In vain we showed the station master  
 our letter; in vain we represented the

of our persecutors that our cause failed.  
 The conductor gave the signal and our  
 sleeping car started for Cape Vincent,  
 while our precious canoes and ourselves  
 remained on the sta-  
 tion platform. But  
 one of us must go  
 along to look after the  
 personal baggage, so  
*Sea Urchin* leaps into  
 the last car, leaving  
 his companions boil-  
 ing with rage at their  
 treatment by the rail-  
 way officials.

The upshot of it is  
 that we reach Cape  
 Vincent at one in-  
 stead of half-past  
 nine in the morning,



and that our boats are  
 damaged to an extent not  
 covered by ten times the  
 cost of the freight.

We have tried this  
 method of bringing  
 canoes, relying on the  
 courtesy of a railway  
 chief. We shall never try  
 it again.

Furthermore, we are  
 now very sorry for any  
 canoeist who cannot get

importance of getting the canoes through,  
 as they were for racing purposes. Our  
 language proved so lifeless after the  
 picturesque affirmatives abounding in that

to his meet by water. On the deck  
 of a steamer the canoe is comfortable  
 enough, but there are ninety-nine  
 chances in a hundred that your boat will

be the worse for taking it any distance by rail.

\* \*

BUT it is astonishing how quickly baggage-smashing profanity and canoe scars fade from our minds when the sterns of our canoes are finally allowed to slide off the end of the Cape Vincent pier, and our sails are spread for a twenty-mile sail down the St. Lawrence, which at this point is so wide, that we barely make out the cattle on either bank, as we jump the waves in the current. Every now and then a curling crest makes a lunge at our stern, as though intending to oust us from the cockpit, but the canoe is game for all such sport, and rises to the occasion so nobly as to make her master feel like passing a vote of thanks upon her rallying pluck.

So we scud, passing one island after the other until, with the sun, the wind goes down, and forces us to paddle the last few miles between little rocky territories, bristling with evergreens and rocks, around which lap defiantly the clear waters of this wonderful river. The shadows deepen as we silently work our blades, and it is nearly dark when we round our last point and are face to face with a picture we cannot hope to match until we visit Venice.

The water ahead of us reflects a multitude of many-colored lights from the encampment of the A. C. A., while crossing these flit a multitude more on canoes under way, bearing parties to or from the ladies' camp, or off for an evening spin with a song to mark the paddlers' time. The evidence of mysterious activity in this region, giving hitherto every appearance of solitude, is most striking to the imagination of the new-comer, and still more so when we approach near enough to exchange greetings with the eccentric inhabitants of this magic isle.

The rule of dress is to get as far away as possible from conventional patterns, and suit yourself exclusively. The result is decidedly picturesque, if not piratical.

Camp life ought to include cooking one's own meals, but many of the Grindstone fraternity prefer to get theirs at a neighboring farm house. By this means they save

themselves trouble, but lose one of the chief charms of canoe life. In fact, if there is a weak point about this A. C. A., it is that its members are disposed to make themselves altogether too comfortable in their tents on shore, and to lose the practical lessons in camping out, which are emphasized by constantly shifting quarters. From sleeping each man in his boat, we have now come to clubbing together in a regular tent.

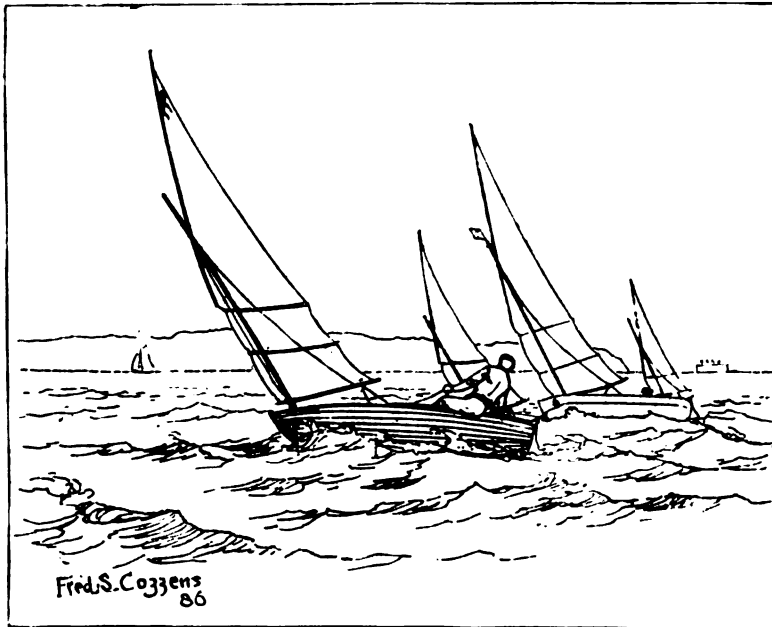
Next season we shall expect to see chairs and tables, and in 1888 Grindstone will start a row of cottages. Such abuses of camp life can have few attractions for the genuine cruiser. For our part, we want the pleasure of making our own fire and our own bed every night, wherever our canoe happens to bring us.

\* \*

BADEN-POWELL is a splendid canoeist in so far as we can call his boat a canoe. His presence in camp was an education to every man that watched him about his craft adjusting details in a sailorly fashion, that put to the blush the bulk of our canoeists, who run to a boat-builder every time a repair is needed. Baden-Powell not only knows every theory on which his lines and rig are harmonized, but can give good reasons for every screw in the boat, both as to number and position. We very much hope he will return for many successive seasons, and bring each time a boat that shall embody all the lessons learned the season before.

\* \*

AN international canoe race should be on salt water, and if any foreigners are to be invited to the A. C. A. meet in 1887, the camp should not be on the St. Lawrence, but at some tide-water point convenient by boat to New York. The Grindstone meet may be the best for those living on the lakes and tributary waters, but is by no means satisfactory to the very large number of salt-water canoeists from down east and the Hudson River section. For one A. C. A. man from New York who would take his boat by rail to Grindstone, there are a dozen who would sail it to the eastern end of Long Island, if a Meet were held there.



"LASSIE" AND "NAUTILUS" CLOSE HAULED; ILLUSTRATING THE RADICALLY DIFFERENT POSITIONS OF THE SKIPPERS.

## THE INTERNATIONAL CANOE RACE.

THE year of 1886 is the most memorable in the annals of canoeing, in so far as our memory serves us, on account of the visit to this country of two English gentlemen, Mr. Baden-Powell and Mr. Stewart; the one with the canoe *Nautilus* and the other with the famous *Pearl* of Tredwen. They came for the prize offered by the canoeists of this country to international competition, and although they were defeated, the plucky manner in which their defeat was sustained, leads us to believe that they will not let next year go by without doing something to retrieve their fortunes.

The most interesting races of the year were those in New York Bay, under the auspices of the New York Canoe Club. The two first sailed on the 4th of September, the last one and decisive one on the 8th.

Mr. Whitlock with his *Guenn* and C. B. Vaux of the *Lassie*, defended the cup in the first two races. The interest in the event was amazingly small as compared to that taken in the yacht races, there being only one steamboat to follow the canoeists, and that boat having on board probably not two dozen people, while the club-house on shore had perhaps as many more. The

first race was started by *Pearl*, who crossed the line at 1:18:25, followed three seconds afterward by *Nautilus*, who led *Guenn* over the line by nearly a minute, Vaux bringing up the rear a full minute and a half behind *Pearl*. The wind was a fresh breeze south by east, which made Powell take a reef in his main and Vaux one in his dandy, which latter, however, was soon shaken out. The first of the race was straight to windward, in which Powell lay low in his boat, only his head appearing above the coaming. Stewart, however, contrary to British precedent, sat on deck. The first buoy was passed by Powell in 1:52:19, Stewart following only a quarter of a minute behind Whitlock, and Vaux being badly in the rear, much to the distress and perplexity of those of us who had seen his work up at the camp of the American Canoe Association on the St. Lawrence River. Whitlock at the first buoy was nearly two minutes behind Powell, and Vaux more than three minutes. It was clear that the *Nautilus* had an advantage in thrashing to windward, owing to greater quickness in stays, although it did not seem that it had any advantage in pointing. The *Lassie*, Vaux's boat, was distinctly superior in

reaching, as was shown by the run to the second buoy, when Vaux closed the breach between himself and Powell so effectively, that on turning he was but 1m. 20s. behind the Englishman, having passed Whitlock on the way. Stewart pluckily maintained second place, and the first round of the course was accomplished in the following order:

Powell, 2h. 24m. 20s.; Stewart, 2h. 24m. 30s.; Vaux, 2h. 24m. 52s.; Whitlock, 2h. 25m. 10s.

From this time on Stewart and Whitlock dropped out of their positions and ceased to furnish much interest to the race, all of which was absorbed in the movements of *Lassie* and *Nautilus*, who kept close together, maneuvering most cleverly for advantage. The breeze was freshening and white caps were blowing up from the south'ard, giving promise of additional excitement on the second round of the course.

*Lassie* picked up nobly on this run to

lights his pipe, and Vaux his cigar, and they race home, tearing through the water as though each meant to blow the mast out of the boat. The sight was most exciting, for these miniature yachts show greater courage in carrying sail and meeting risks than larger yachts would dare to. The race closed in the following order:

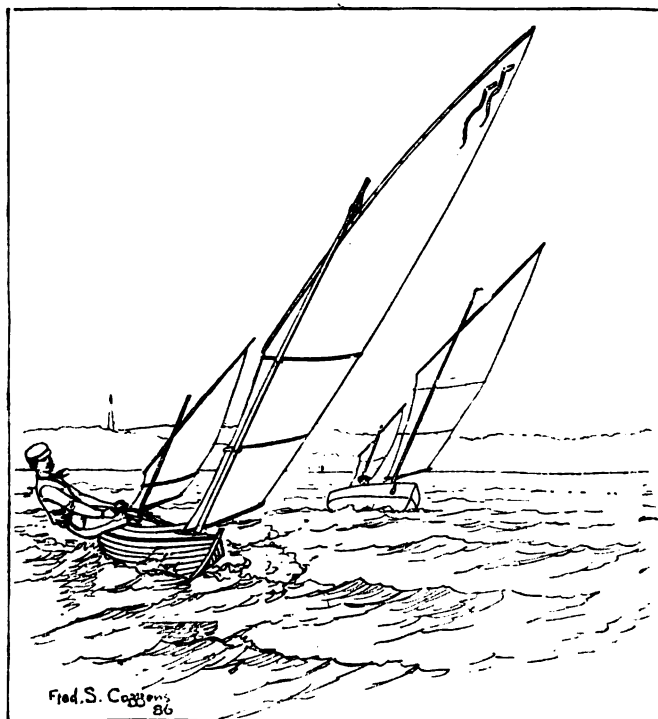
*Nautilus* 3:24:25, *Lassie* 3:26:50, *Guenn* 3:30:30, Stewart 3:51:56.

The Englishman was heartily cheered, for the race was a good, square one, well fought.

TIME was given for a short luncheon at the club house, after which the second race was called. The contestants crossed the line in the following order:

Powell 4:43:25, Whitlock 4:43:52, Vaux 4:43:56, Stewart 4:44:20.

Powell had a reef in his mainsail, the others carrying full sail. Close to the second buoy Vaux missed stays in a most



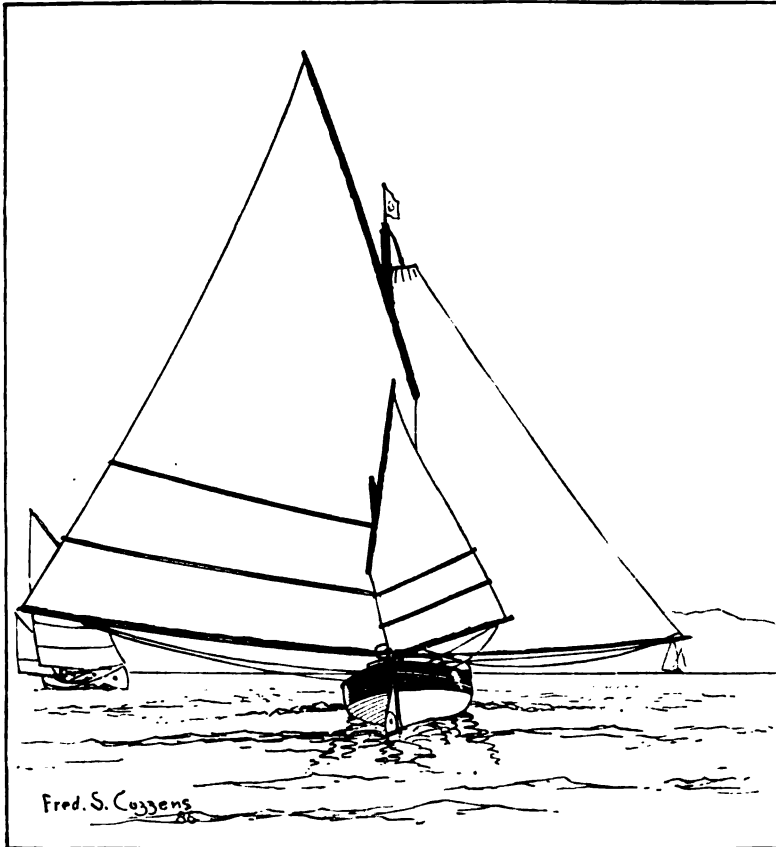
"LASSIE" LEADING "NAUTILUS" FROM FIRST BUOY.

windward, reaching the second buoy only 40s. behind *Nautilus*, having gained more than 3m. since the first time around. Stewart and Whitlock were two or three minutes astern of them. After rounding the first buoy on the second round, *Nautilus*

unaccountable manner, giving Whitlock the lead around the second buoy by thirty seconds; Powell, however, being first around and Stewart last. The breeze kept good and stiff from the same direction, the yachts in the neighborhood being generally

under single reef. Stewart, about this time, followed Baden-Powell in single reefing, the Americans keeping on their full sail; but after passing the first buoy and commencing the long reach to the second one, Vaux steadily gained, taking the lead, and rounding that buoy more than a minute ahead of *Nautilus*, followed by Whitlock and Stewart. On the stretch to the home buoy, the scene was inspiring, the little

diately ahead of *Lassie*. At the second buoy, Vaux had overhauled Powell again, passing him and turning the buoy at 6:12:10, *Nautilus* following, 6:13:15, Whitlock, 6:14:45. The gybe around the buoy was made in splendid style. Powell immediately sets a spinnaker, a sail which Vaux could not find suitable to his boat. The finish of the second race was made in the following order:



"NAUTILUS" BEFORE THE WIND WITH SPINNAKER SET.

craft with their enormous sail, rushing up the wind with the eagerness of animated creatures with huge wings, rolling from side to side in the white waves, and throwing the water from the bows with irritable haste. *Lassie* passed the home buoy on the first round at 5:32:57, followed by Whitlock, 5:34:20, Powell coming nearly two minutes behind Vaux in 5:34:43, Stewart being a good way behind; but the superiority of *Nautilus* in thrashing to windward again, brings him to the front at the first buoy, which he passes 35s. ahead of Vaux, Whitlock holding the second place imme-

Vaux 6:26:25, Powell 6:28:13, Whitlock 6:30:28.

It was a most exciting race throughout, a thoroughly good test of the boats in every weather suitable for canoeing, and a particularly good test of the respective merits of the different methods of handling the boats.

*Nautilus* illustrated his advantage in going against the wind, but Vaux demonstrated with much greater emphasis his superiority in reaching, by sitting out far to windward, and thus keeping the boat on a more even keel, and maintaining

a press of canvas greater in proportion to the size of his boat.

The final race, for it was the best two out of three that should determine the championship, came off on the 8th of

continued fresh as the second buoy was rounded, and the third buoy brings them to gybe in the following order :

Vaux 3:56:40, Powell 3:56:50, almost in a bunch. They now came tearing down to



"NAUTILUS" ILLUSTRATES THE ENGLISH MODE OF SAILING.

September, the start being made at 3.07, all of the boats getting off at the same time, Vaux to windward of the *Nautilus*.

The friends of Mr. Whitlock greatly regretted his inability to take part in this race, he being confined to his bed.

The wind was blowing fresh from the south, and the thrash to windward commenced as in the other two races, the boats hugging the Staten Island shore as much as possible, in order to avoid the strong tide setting in and also to get smooth water. *Lassie* and *Nautilus* kept company in their tacks pretty steadily, making short legs and both having reefs in mainsail. Twenty minutes after starting, the excitement grew to the straining point, when Vaux on the starboard tack crosses Powell on the port tack, well to windward. This was amazing, for it meant that Vaux was beating *Nautilus* at the one game in which the latter has been acknowledged the superior to the American. The breeze

the home buoy on the first round, carrying all sail and stirring the water up to a degree that made the on-lookers dread lest something should give way. They came almost neck and neck, first one, then the other appearing to have the advantage; but the *Lassie* made the buoy first, 4:6:39, followed by Powell, 4:7:5; Vaux with a reef in his mainsail and dandy, Powell having only a reef in his dandy.

Now commences again the hard thrashing to windward down the Staten Island shore, with white caps tossing over them.

I had almost forgotten Stewart, who came around the home buoy six and one-half minutes behind Vaux, when the other two were well on their way on their second round. Powell has the advantage this time in beating down to windward, but on rounding the first buoy *Lassie* passes him on a reach to the second one, so that when two-thirds the distance between the buoys, the Englishman is full twenty seconds

behind the American. They gybe at the second buoy in splendid style; Vaux 4:59:21, Powell 4:59:48. A harbor tug, the *Joanna*, made a nasty swell for them at one time, coming up close to them and crossing their bows, as though taking pleasure in the operation. The run home is a repetition of the last one, both under the greatest possible sail pressure, finishing in the order following:

Vaux, 5:10:10, Powell 5:11:14.

These races were most competently managed and conducted in the true spirit of generous rivalry, and have been of immense service to canoeists in affording them an opportunity of seeing tested two radically different styles of boat, each claiming to do all that the other did, and a little more.

Mr. Stewart came so far behind the other two that his time was not taken.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE RACES FOR THE N. Y. C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules.
2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.
3. The competition is open to not more than three authorized representatives of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors, as many canoes representing the club holding the cup as the challenging club.
4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, the same canoes competing in each.

5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.

6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on waters in the vicinity of New York city under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.

7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours. The course to be mutually agreed upon.

8. The races must be sailed at a time mutually agreeable to the challengers and the holders of the cup; but one series of races to be sailed in any one year.

9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races.

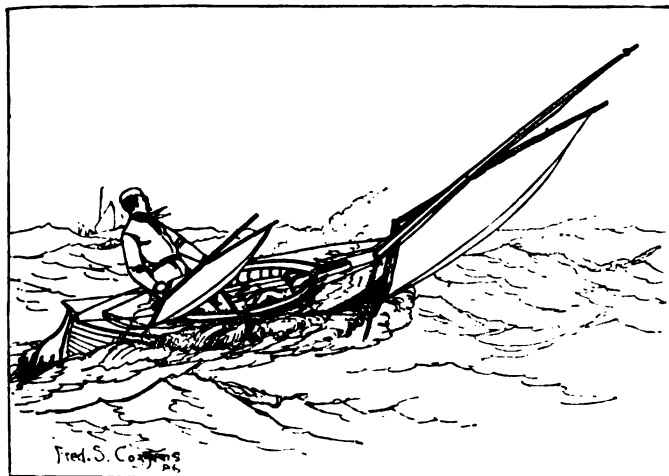
10. The club holding the cup to be responsible to the N. Y. C. C. for its safe keeping. Should it dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING AMERICAN CONTESTANTS.

11. The representatives of the holders of the cup must be selected after a series of trial races open to all members of canoe clubs in the United States. The regatta committee of the club holding the cup shall have the right to select the competitors for the international races irrespective of the result of the trial races.

12. Should the cup be won by the American contestants in the international race: First, an active member of the club holding the cup must score one victory to entitle that club to retain it. Second, if a member (or members) of any other club wins two races, his club will hold the cup. Third, should the two races be won by members of two clubs, neither being the holder of the cup, the tie will be sailed off subsequently to determine which club shall take the cup.

C. J. STEVENS, Sec. N. Y. C. C.



"LASSIE" LEADING IN A HEAVY SEA-WAY TO SECOND BUOY.

## THE CROQUET TOURNAMENT OF 1886.

THE fifth National Croquet Tournament held at Norwich, Conn., August 17-21, was decidedly successful in all the features of its exercises, and the many lovers of this game have reason to congratulate themselves upon its results. The game, which is thought by very many persons to be incapable of any special points of excellence, devoid of any science, and a sort of wishy-washy method of passing away the time, suited to children and weaklings generally, has, by the efforts of the various members of the National Association, had a really scientific character stamped upon its method of play, that has brought it to the front of those games which require great skill and nerve, and calls for the exercise of the soundest judgment. The old-fashioned game, with its arches like the "bows of a wagon-top," its long-handled wooden mallets, its wooden balls, and a "ground" well sodded, and remarkable for its depressions and elevations, which were concealed from sight by the length of the grass, and made the roqueting of a ball a matter not of skill but of chance, as the struck ball would jump into the air from some impediment at one time, or at another turn when in close proximity at an almost right angle, and thus increase the element of uncertainty—all this has given way forever to characteristics that not only allow, but *require* much of real science for its successful play.

The balls now are solid, hard rubber, and there is really music in their contact. The arches have been reduced from a foot in width (we saw some but last week *thirteen* inches) to *three and one-half* inches, and with balls three and one-quarter inches, leaving only one-fourth of an inch leeway (so to speak), anyone can see that chance will not enable one to run the arches. The best mallets have solid rubber ends, and the grounds are as level and as free from grass as a skating-rink floor, allowing balls to pass the entire length or width of the ground (80x45 feet) without swerving sometimes even a quarter of an inch from a straight line, and never jumping from concealed impediments over balls with which contact is desired.

It is simply from want of knowledge that people think there is so little in the game, and those who would like to be dispossessed of any pre-conceived ideas as to its

childish and unscientific features, can easily do so by visiting any of the first-class grounds of the country easily accessible from New York, where, during the beautiful weather of September and October, may be heard the music of the rubber spheres. Fifteen clubs were represented at the convention.

The names, location and delegates selected for the "Prize Tournament" play are as follows :

|                                                   |                   |
|---------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Norwich Club, of Norwich . . . . .                | A. W. Dickey      |
| Manhattan Club, New York . . . . .                | Chas. H. Botsford |
| Grounds, Eighty-eighth street and Madison avenue. |                   |
| New York Club . . . . .                           | Ira B. Read       |
| Grounds, Eighty-eighth street and Madison avenue. |                   |
| Quaker City Club, of Philadelphia . . . . .       | George W. Johnson |
| Grounds, Twenty-second and Brown.                 |                   |
| New Brunswick . . . . .                           | Chas. Jacobus     |
| Grounds, Livingston avenue, New Brunswick, N. J.  |                   |
| Mutual Club, Mariners' Harbor, S. I. . . . .      | A. H. Wambold     |
| Granite Club, Granitville, S. I. . . . .          | Chas. P. Bush     |
| Rockville Club, Rockville, Conn. . . . .          | Dr. Loomis        |
| Northampton Club, Northampton, Mass. . . . .      | E. P. Bryant      |
| Gloversville Club, Gloversville, N. Y. . . . .    | Chas. McEwen      |
| Townsend's Harbor (Mass.) Club . . . . .          | A. W. Spalding    |
| Troy (N. Y.) Club . . . . .                       | W. W. Whitman     |
| New London (Conn.) Club . . . . .                 | Chas. Strong      |
| Tremont (N. Y.) Club . . . . .                    | Philip Germond    |
| Danbury (Conn.) Club . . . . .                    | E. H. Baldwin     |

Besides the Prize-Tournament playing, open to one delegate from each club, the social-tournament playing was open to two members additional. There were five grounds, as nearly perfect as possible, lighted at night by electric light, which allowed playing till midnight, and these grounds had but little rest during the week of the convention.

Three prizes were offered, but as the third position was "tied" for, four were given, the third and fourth of equal merit. Botsford, of the Manhattan Club, secured first; score: 11 won, 2 lost: Jacobus, of New Brunswick, second, 10 won, 3 lost; Bryant and Wambold, third, each with 9 won and 4 lost.

Great courtesy and gentlemanly bearing and even dignity characterized all the proceedings. The rude boisterousness and even danger of base-ball, and the exhausting activity of lawn-tennis, are hardly possible in this quiet recreative pastime, for whose future meetings we predict even greater enthusiasm and increased attendance.

Magnificent shots were made from time to time in nearly every game, the particularizing of which cannot be mentioned within the limits of this article. Some games were won, *e. g.*: Jacobus *vs.* Johnson,



in which the former did not, from the successful wiring of his opponent's balls, allow him to make an arch or hit a ball.

The "jump-shot," by which a player causes his ball to rise into the air, and over the top of one or more intervening wickets, and hit another ball sometimes sixty feet away adds an element of excitement in the way of possibilities that gives additional interest to the game.

In the last game in the tournament, Jacobus won his game from Botsford by a truly brilliant jump-shot from nearly behind the home-stake, *over both first and second arches, hitting the blue ball in the center wicket, only half of which was exposed.* Caroms from wires and out of wickets are also common, and all the while there is

opportunity for the employment of the most skilful ingenuity in bringing one's own balls to rovership, or rendering the balls of an adversary totally ineffective because of their juxtaposition at some arch or stake, which effectually prevents the hitting of an antagonist's balls.

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, W. W. Whitman, Troy, N. Y.; Vice-Presidents, J. W. Tufts, Boston, E. P. Bryant, Northampton, Mass., E. H. Baldwin, Danbury, Conn.; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Pettis, Norwich, Conn.; Corresponding Secretary, Charles H. Botsford, New York. Application for rules and information may be made to the Secretary at Norwich. The next Convention will meet at Norwich on the Monday preceding the third Tuesday of August, 1887.





WE are glad to see readers of OUTING availing themselves of the opportunity afforded by our special page, of making arrangements for tours next year, in parties, on land or water. It is a common thing to see in the English sporting papers the advertisement of one man desiring a companion on a cruise or a tramp, anywhere from Europe to the Andes.

One reader of OUTING wants to make a trip down the Elbe. We have been at various points of that beautiful stream and it has one distinct advantage, that pretty fair German is talked from its source to its mouth, and that every day's paddle will bring him to some town of historic interest. The river rises in the most romantic part of southern Bohemia, and he will probably be able to put his canoe in the water as high up as Hohenfurth on the Moldau, which stream is to the Elbe what the Missouri is to the Mississippi. At Budweis, a name associated with the famous beer, navigation for medium boats commences. The whole journey to Hamburg is probably about 1,000 miles, taking the canoe past Prague, the great fortress of Konigstein, Dresden, Meissen famous for its poetry, Wittenberg where Luther started his reformation, Magdeburg, Schoenhausen where Prince Bismarck has his country place, and Hamburg. A little side excursion could easily be made to Berlin by way of the Havel. The whole trip need not occupy more than forty days and should not cost more than \$40 to a person of economical habits. The best way of getting the boat to a starting-point would be to ship it direct from New York to Budweis, by way of Hamburg at least two weeks before the day of one's own departure, crating it carefully. The best books to take along would be Baedeker's Guide Books of North and South Germany, and a volume of Uhland's poetry.

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MR. H. O. DUNCAN, the distinguished Anglo-French wheelman and editor of the *Veloceman*,

of Montpellier, France, writes us under date of August 17:

*My dear Sir:*—Please allow me to tender my high praise for the practical first-class manner in which OUTING is conducted; it being splendidly printed, and full of a mass of immensely interesting articles on all the favorite sports and pastimes.

I think Stevens' ride exceptionally instructive, amusing and deeply interesting to cyclists in general, and I tell all my friends to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the plucky trip around the world, it being decidedly more interesting than "Mark Twain's" works, at the same time a "real living performance on wheels."

I expected to have visited Hartford, Lynn and Springfield tournaments for the races this season, but I am too busy with my business and journalistic affairs to get away. I regret deeply, as I am *so anxious* to visit America, and have a spin over the cinders.

Yours very truly,

H. O. DUNCAN.

## CANOEING.

THERE is grave danger to canoeing as a sport, in allowing boats like the *Nautilus* or the *Pearl* to be classed under the head of canoes. They are too heavy to be conveniently handled, and are out of the question for cruising purposes where "carries" are to be made. You may call them cat-boats, cutters, yawls, row-boats, or what you please, but they are essentially unlike the recognized type of canoe, which is, above all, a portable boat. Our canoeists should take a stand immediately on this subject, and see to it that canoeing for pleasure, that is to say, for cruising purposes, should not be subordinate to canoeing for sail carrying or racing purposes. A committee should be appointed composed of men who use canoes in true canoe style, who have carried their canoes, who have slept in their canoes, who have patched up their canoes, and who have not yet been perverted by the racing spirit. These men, of whom good representatives will occur to every good canoeist, should determine what canoes should be allowed to enter as such in any forthcoming competitions.

A canoe should not be more than fifteen feet long; it should not weigh more than seventy-five or eighty pounds, including centerboard; it should not carry more ballast than would

ordinarily make up the weight of the stores on a cruise; it should have a straight keel for obvious convenience in carrying, dragging on shore and sleeping in it; in other words, it should remain true to the principles of canoe construction as adopted from time immemorial by the boat builders of this country in the backwoods, on the St. Lawrence, and in the Adirondacks, where the canoe may be said to have originated.

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CRICKET.

THE fall campaign of our leading American cricket clubs of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, was made specially interesting by the advent of the English, West Indian and Canadian teams. The result of the contests was to show pretty conclusively that while American cricket has shown some advance of late years, our teams are still unable to cope successfully with visiting teams from the old country. Now and then a victory helps to encourage us, but as a general thing the result is too one-sided to be interesting. We are in the position in cricket in meeting English teams, that the Irish team is in lacrosse in competing with the Canadians. The time will come, of course, when our American cricketers will make a better show. They made a very creditable exhibit in amateur fields in England in 1884, and the next time we will try and do better. What we want is to spread Philadelphia cricket energy, tact and skill to other cities of the republic. Boston is creditably following suit in this respect, but here in the metropolis we are terribly behind the times, American cricket being a comparatively unknown quantity in this locality.

\*\*  
YACHTING.

IN the first race for the *America's Cup*, on the 7th of September, great annoyance was caused both yachts by the inconsiderate crowding of pleasure craft about the two competing vessels. The *Mayflower* was the greater sufferer of the two, which was fortunate on account of the *Galatea* being a visiting boat; but it is very mortifying to sportsmen that Englishmen should have any reason to complain in a matter of this kind. The boat *Patrol*, which pretended to help clear the course, evidently took little interest in that part of the proceedings, and it remains for the New York Yacht Club committee to devise some means by which future races can be determined with greater satisfaction to those who have the sport most at heart. The chief offenders are not yachtsmen or the owners of steam yachts, but the great excursion boats, who make money by carrying an immense crowd of the general public to these events. The boats used are so large as to present a considerable obstacle when to windward of a sail-boat, and the managers of these mammoth concerns show such a large degree of contempt for yachts, and for that matter, any craft weaker than themselves, that their presence at a yacht race need not, of necessity, be encouraged by the committee.

The simplest method that could be followed in the future would be to keep the exact day of the race a club secret, to be divulged only on the morning of the race. To yachtsmen, the difference of a day or two would be small, especially in view of it insuring to them a satisfactory race day. The event is gotten up mainly at the expense of the club members, and there is no reason why they should be debarred from enjoying what they have paid for. At present the crowd is so great that many yachtsmen decline to take their boats out, owing to the risk they run of being not only accidentally but maliciously run into, or crowded out of position by harbor tugs and large excursion boats.

By pursuing a course like this for one season, the owners of the different boats who have hitherto made their presence a nuisance, would be led to realize how greatly they had been indebted to the courtesy of yachtsmen for their profit and enjoyment, and might, out of consideration for their pockets at least, give some guarantees that they would, in the future, behave in a more sportsman-like spirit.

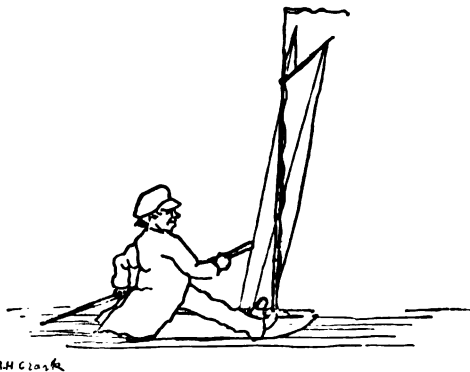
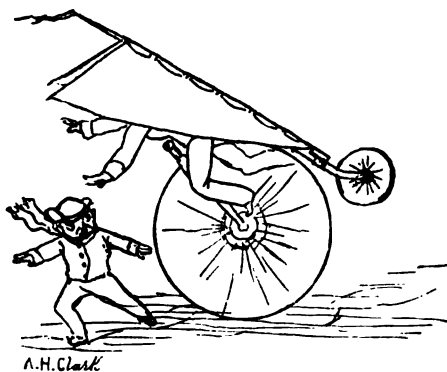
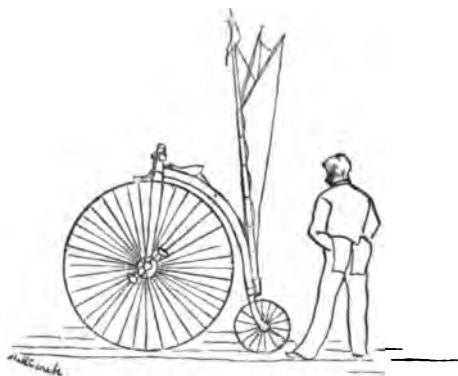
The objection to this plan naturally suggests itself, that the secret would probably leak out and a great crowd be on hand, any way. To obviate this, the committee should have autocratic right to determine at the appointed time whether or not the yachts should go out. In other words, the racing yachts should be under orders for two or three days, liable to be called out for a race at any time, between certain hours. This would introduce so large an element of uncertainty that no excursion boats could get large parties together for the events.

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THE challenge of Lieut. Henn to the American yachts to enter a race with him to Bermuda and back, which the gallant English yachtsman issued in August last, was simply a neat little act of sporting diplomacy which the New York Yacht Club were shrewd enough to see into. American yachtsmen established an enviable reputation for pluck and courage in pursuit of yachting as a sport, when they startled the yachting world several years ago by entering three American yachts in a grand ocean race across the Atlantic in December, one of the stormiest of the winter months. That race cost five lives, and it amply sufficed to show to the yachting world that our Yankee yachtsmen were in no respect wanting in all the characteristics of manly pluck and courageous seamanship in yachting which marks the English yachting fraternity. There is no need of another like contest. As for the question of the sea-going qualities of our yachts, the work of the three fine yachts which crossed the Atlantic on that noteworthy occasion bore ample testimony to the fact that our American yachts were as good sailers in ocean races as the English. It is not contended for a moment that the American yachts, built especially for service in American waters, are as suitable for ocean sailing as are the English yachts, which have little else than rough and deep waters to sail in.



# AMENITIES.



THE USES OF ADVERSITY.



THE most tasteful yacht list that has yet reached this office comes from the Seawanhaka Corinthian, a club that comprises perhaps more good sailors than any other with the exception of the New York Canoe Club. Next year we would suggest that they use lighter paper and utilize the space thus saved by printing a set of charts of the bay, showing the set of the tide at hour intervals.

Cassell & Company have added to their National Library the following volumes: *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne, Hakluyt's Voyages in search of the Northwest Passage, and Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Each one costs 10 cents, and can be slipped into a vest pocket.

Oscar Fay Adams has published the August volume of the series *Through the Year with the Poets*. The publishers, D. Lothrop & Company, may be congratulated upon the result which appeals to the public in the form of a very handy, well-printed book of clever verse, costing but 75 cents, issuing from the press at the rate of one instalment a week since April, 1881, and there are yet about one hundred instalments wanting. It will form five or six handsome grand 8vo volumes when complete, enriched with a profusion of illustrations.

Those who seek to know the beauties of the Adirondacks without sharing in the toil of the expedition, should ask the Adirondack Railway to send them a little pamphlet, entitled "Birch Bark from the Adirondacks," which being cleverly written and brimming over with illustrations, will please every one who has the least sympathy with the noble sport to be found in the great North woods.

Wasser Sport, the German exponent of every pastime that depends upon water for support, sends us its *Ruder und Segel Almanach* for 1886, a vest-pocket volume containing nearly 300 pages of closely-printed matter. The result is highly creditable to the enterprising journal whose imprint is the badge of sportsmanlike action. The principal space is, of course, given to Germany, while American affairs are pretty thoroughly ignored. Geographically, this is not remarkable, but it cannot help striking an unprejudiced person oddly that a work of this kind should leave its readers in the dark regarding a class of sportsmen who stand at the head of all yachtsmen, and canoeists, not only in the make of boats, but in the handling of them.

The *Ruder und Segel Almanach* mentions sixteen as the number of steam yachts in Germany, and records only a single canoe club. We strongly recommend to the editor's attention the official Register of American Yachts, of which we judge him to be sublimely unconscious.

Messrs. Hachette & Co., of Paris, hold an enviable rank among publishers. Their imprint never disappoints the true book lover whose literary training demands not only choice matter, but the most excellent mechanical finish in press-work and binding. This firm are at present engaged upon a monumental Art History, edited by Perrot and Chipiez.

*Gloria Victis*, a romance by Ossip Schubin, has been translated from the German, and published by Gottsberger.

Mr. Chas. R. Brown has just issued a neat score-book for lawn tennis, which will just suit for amateur matches, in which only the plain record of each game is required. The book also contains the rules of the game, with definitions of terms.

Sure Pop (Adolph Isaacson) publishes a pamphlet entitled *All About Ferrets and Rats: A complete history of Ferrets, Rats and Rat Extermination*, as well as a practical hand-book on the ferret. Published by the author at 15 cents. 92 Fulton street.

Cassell & Company have added to their National Library the *Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1660 to 1661*. This announcement will rejoice the great body of readers to whom a book is not a book unless it is their own property. The price is 10 cents.

The last two volumes of Cassell & Co.'s National Library comprise the *Essays of Abram Cowley*, and *Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator's Club*. Each volume will slip into a vest pocket. Price 10 cents a volume.

Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, are the publishers in this country of the *Badminton Library*. The volume on racing and steeplechasing, from which we printed a chapter in the August *OUTING*, is of great value to the growing body of horsemen, and should be on every horse-lover's book-shelf.

Thomas Hood's *Whims and Oddities* has just been reprinted by the Putnams in their *Traveler's series*; also *Pictures and Legends from Normandy* and *Brittany* by Thomas and

Katharine Macquoid. These are in paper covers and convenient for the pocket.

Henry S. Wood, chairman of the L. A. W. Bureau of Information, has published the fourth edition of the Road and Hand-Book of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland, and the principal through routes of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Delaware and Virginia. It is a monument of patient industry, guided by comprehensive knowledge of details.

Aphrodite is the title of a novel by Ernst Eckstein, translated from the German by Mary J. Safford, and published by Gottsberger of New York.

H. C. Bliss is the author of a small pamphlet on Wing and Glass Ball Shooting with a Rifle, which has just appeared from the press of the Franklin News Co., Philadelphia.

The Winnipeg Country; or, Roughing it with an Eclipse Party, is the title of a pleasing work published in most attractive style by Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston. The book has thirty-two illustrations, and describes the rough north-western experiences of a party who, a quarter of a century ago, went to seek an observation of a solar eclipse.

An Inland Voyage, by Robert Louis Stevenson, was published in 1883, but a recent perusal of it brings so freshly to us its value as a tonic to the mind and a stimulus to physical recreation that we cannot refrain from asking our brother canoeists if they have read it; and if not, then why not. It is published in convenient and tasteful form, by Roberts Brothers, of Boston.

The country about the Black Sea is being described in a magnificent and enduring manner by a book entitled *Zwischen Donau und Kaukasus*. The work is filled with most generous illustrations of life and scenery, and the publishers, Messrs. A. Hartleben of Vienna, are to

be congratulated upon the attractive character they have given this publication. It is complete in twenty-five parts, the first six of which are before us. As each part costs about 18 cents, we need hardly add that the enterprise of this transatlantic house will probably be rewarded by a large number of orders from readers of *OUTING*, to whom the German language is no barrier.

The same publishers have just given to the public a treatise on the various sports adapted to ladies. The illustrations are meager, and the work as a whole, adapted to Germans. An American girl would learn little from the chapter on Tennis, but an immense amount from that on Fencing, a recreation which deserves more attention in this country.

The Kindergarten and the School, by four Active Workers, containing an account of the Froebel system of education, illustrated by essays from the pen of four authorities, all women: Anne L. Page, Angeline Brooks, Mrs. Putnam, of Chicago, and Mrs. Peabody, of New York. The work is for sale by the Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. Price, \$1.00.

We have received from Messrs. Peck & Snyder an excellent little publication on the use of Indian Clubs. The exercises, with accompanying diagrams, are scientific and complete, and will be easily understood by those desirous of perfecting themselves in this graceful accomplishment. Messrs. Peck & Snyder, publishers, 126-130 Nassau street, New York. Price, \$1.00.

Stark's Illustrated Bermuda Guide is a handy little volume of 150 pages, full of interesting and valuable information about those fairy islands which are fast growing to be one of the fashionable winter resorts for pleasure-seekers from this country. The illustrations are numerous and very good. Photo-Electrotype Co., Boston, publishers.





finished will be as fine as any in the State, and will contain a quarter-mile cinder-track with base-ball diamond and foot-ball field inclosed.

THE POLE VAULTING RECORD for the colleges, which has been held at Princeton for over five years, was broken on June 24, by S. D. Godshall, '87, of Lafayette, who cleared 10 feet,  $7\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION of Canada held its third annual meeting on September 24, on the grounds of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club at Montreal, in beautiful weather, before a large number of spectators. Every event was keenly contested, and the meeting was a great success in every way. The New York men carried off the greater number of the prizes, though Montreal succeeded in winning three of the seven events in which she was represented. M. W. Ford, of New York, was the lion of the day, winning every event in which he contested. The track was in capital condition, and the arrangements throughout were most complete, and reflected great credit on Mr. H. W. Beckett, the honorary secretary, and the committee of the association. The events and winners were as follows:

1. 3-mile walk — 1st, E. D. Lange, Manhattan A. C. He finished the first mile in 7m. 10s., the second in 15m. 48½s., and came in a winner by 500 yards.

2. Throwing 56-pound weight — 1st, C. A. J. Queckberner, New York A. C. Distance, 25 feet, 1 inch.

3. 100-yards run, in heats — Final heat: 1st, M. W. Ford, New York A. C. Time, 10 1-5s.

Ford got the best start and won by half a yard.

4. 880-yards run — 1st, J. W. Moffatt, Montreal A. A. A. After the first lap Moffatt went ahead, and finished 10 yards ahead in the splendid time of 1m. 59 7-8s.

5. Putting the shot — 1st., C. S. Queckberner, New York A. C. Distance, 40 feet, 8 inches.

6. Running high-jump — 1st., M. W. Ford, New York A. C. Height, 5 feet, 11 inches.

7. Throwing the 16 pound hammer — 1st., C. A. J. Queckberner, New York A. C. Distance, 90 feet, 3 inches.

8. Two-mile run — 1st, E. C. Carter, New York A. C.; 2d, T. Regan, Westside A.C., New York. Time, 9m. 57¼s.

This was undoubtedly the contest of the day. Carter got the lead and kept it until the last lap, when he was passed by Regan, who had been on his heels all the way. There was nothing to choose between the two men as they came down the final hundred yards, but amidst the greatest excitement Carter just managed to win. Both men were thoroughly done up, though Carter seemed fresher than his opponent, who completely collapsed.

9. Pole leap — 1st, H. H. Baxter, New York A. C. Height, 10 feet, 6 inches.

10. 250-yards run — 1st, M. W. Ford, New York A. C. Time, 26 3-4s.

11. Running broad jump — 1st, M. W. Ford, New York A. C. Distance, 21 feet, 6 inches.

12. One mile run — 1st, J. W. Moffatt, Montreal A. A. A. Time, 4m. 34s.

13. 120 yards hurdle race — 1st, A. A. Jordan, New York A. C. Time, 17s.

14. 440-yards run — 1st, J. S. Robertson, Montreal. Time, 51 2-5s.

A tug of war competition terminated a thoroughly interesting and exciting day's sport. In this event the Royal Scots, of Montreal, defeated the St. George's Snowshoe Club and the Maple Leaf A. C. in two successive heats.

The following gentlemen acted as field officers: Referee, Major F. C. Henshaw, President C. A. A. A.; starter, Ross McKenzie, Toronto Lacrosse Club; judges at finish, W. L. Maltby, President Montreal A. A. A.; James Pearson, Toronto Snowshoe Club, and T. J. Paton, Montreal A. A. A.; judges of walking, G. R. Starke, Montreal Snowshoe Club; Captain McGee, Queen's Own A. A.; time-keeper, J. A. Taylor Montreal A. A. A.; G. H. Avery, Manhattan A. C.; H. W. Beckett, Hon. Sec. C. A. A. A.; measurers, Lyman Dwight, Toronto Snowshoe Club; N. Fletcher, Montreal A. A. A.; scorers, J. Keith Reid, Montreal A. A. A.; D. Watson, Montreal A. A. A.; J. Sutherland, Montreal A. A. A.; clerk of course, W. L. Matthews, Hon. Treas. C. A. A. A.; assistant, W. Cutthbert, Argyle S. C.; W. Stark, Toronto Police A. A. A.

The election for officers took place the same night, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. Pearson, Toronto; First Vice-President George R. Starke, Montreal; Second Vice-President, H. Brock, Toronto; Honorable Secretary, L. Dwight, Toronto; Honorable Treasurer, Capt. J. O. McGee, Toronto. Executive Committee — Messrs. George Tracy, Halifax; F. W. Garvin, Toronto; M. J. Polan and J. G. Monk, Montreal; J. Massey, Toronto; H. W. Beckett, J. S. Robertson, W. L. Maltby and J. A. Taylor, Montreal.

THE INDIVIDUAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING, held under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club, on September 18, at the club's grounds at Mott Haven, was quite a success, the weather being fine and the wind light.

The order of the programme, and the standards for each event were as follows: 100-yards run, 11½s.; throwing 36-pound weight, 18 feet; running high jump, 5 feet; 440-yards run, 58s.; putting 16-pound shot, 32 feet; pole-vault, 8 feet, 6 inches; 120-yard hurdle race, 10 hurdles 3 feet, 6 inches high, 20¼s.; throwing 16-pound hammer, 70 feet; running broad jump, 18 feet; 1-mile run, 5m. 30s.

The established Laws of Athletics governed all competitions, with the exception of broad jump, hammer, shot and 56-pound weight, in each of which the trials were limited to three for each competitor. Also, in throwing the 56-pound weight, that clause of Rule XXX., Laws of Athletics, reading: "The competitor shall stand at and behind the scratch, facing as he please, grasping the weight by the handle, and shall throw it with one hand," was altered so as to read: "The competitor shall stand facing as he pleases, at and behind the scratch. The foot nearest the scratch must remain on the ground from the commencement of the swing until the weight leaves the hand."

First place in any competition entitled a competitor to five points, second place to three points, and third place to one point. The competitor winning the greatest number of points was the winner of the championship. But if any competitor failed to reach the standard in three of the ten competitions, he was disqualified; any points which he had already scored were declared void, and the record of each event in which he had scored points was made up exactly as if he had not competed.

The contestants were M. W. Ford and J. P. Thornton, New York Athletic Club; A. Ing and J. J. Van Houten, West Side Athletic Club; A. A. Jordan, Manhattan Athletic Club, and J. K. Shell, Athletic Club of Schuylkill Navy, Philadelphia, Pa.



The winners were as follows :

One-hundred-yards-run, standard 111-2s. — Malcolm W. Ford first, in 10 2-5s.

Throwing 56-pound weight, standard 18 feet. — Alfred Ing first, with 20 feet.

Running high jump, standard 5 feet. — M. W. Ford first, clearing 5 feet, 5 7-8 inches.

Quarter-mile run, standard 58s. — M. W. Ford first, in 54 1-5s.

Putting 16-pound shot, standard 32 feet. — M. W. Ford first, clearing 36 feet, 7 3-4 inches.

Pole-vaulting, standard 8 feet, 6 inches. — M. W. Ford, 9 feet, 3 inches.

Hurdle-race, 120 yards, standard 20 1-2s. — A. A. Jordan first, in 17 2-5s.

Throwing 26-pound hammer, standard 70 feet. — M. W. Ford first, reaching 76 feet, 4 inches. The result of the previous contest left all but Ford out of the championship race under the conditions which imposed the penalty of disqualification upon all who failed to reach the standard in three events, but the club decided to allow all to compete for the second and third medals.

Running broad-jump, standard 18 feet. — M. W. Ford first, clearing 20 feet, 10 inches. This left Ford with a score of forty-five points, and he decided not to compete again.

One-mile run, standard 5m. 30s. — J. K. Shell first, in 5m. 19 4-5s.

Referee, William B. Curtis; judges: William Wood, R. H. Halstead and A. H. Wheeler. Ford's performance on this occasion was superior to any accomplished by any other amateur athlete in this country.

### BASE-BALL.

AN EASTERN EXCHANGE says that "the recent feat of Conley, pitcher of the Haverhills, of allowing but twenty-seven men of the opposing team to go to the bat and of the team making no errors has never been equalled." This is a mistake. It has not only been equalled, but surpassed. On June 12, 1880, Richmond, the left-hand pitcher of the Worcesters, retired the Clevelanders in order. They did not see first base on a hit or an error. Ward, then pitcher of the Providences, accomplished this feat as well, June 17, 1880, only five days after the above, when the Buffalos went out in one, two and three order. Galvin accomplished it in 1875, and Edward Kent in 1871. Valentine, the present American Association umpire, accomplished the feat attributed to Conley in 1882, while pitching for the Metropolitans.

A STRIKING contrast between the positions of the Chicago, Detroit, New York and Philadelphia clubs in '85 and '86, is shown in the appended record of the relative positions of the four clubs in the two seasons. The record to September 7 in 1885 stood as follows :

|               | WON | LOST | PLAYED |              | WON | LOST | PLAYED |
|---------------|-----|------|--------|--------------|-----|------|--------|
| Chicago . . . | 73  | 18   | 94     | Phila. . . . | 43  | 48   | 91     |
| New York . .  | 70  | 21   | 91     | Detroit . .  | 30  | 58   | 88     |

That to September 7, 1886, stood as follows :

|               | WON | LOST | PLAYED |              | WON | LOST | PLAYED |
|---------------|-----|------|--------|--------------|-----|------|--------|
| Chicago . . . | 72  | 24   | 96     | New York . . | 61  | 35   | 96     |
| Detroit . . . | 70  | 27   | 97     | Phila. . . . | 55  | 35   | 91     |

It will be seen that while Chicago has not as good a record this year to the same date as they had in 1885, Philadelphia has a far better one than they had, while New York has fallen off very badly, Detroit more than reversing their previous position.

THE Yale Base-Ball Club elected the following officers, September 18, to hold office until January 1,

1887: Ball, '90, president; Clausen, '89, vice-president; Kohler, '90, secretary; and Mitchell, '89, treasurer.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD to date, September 30 inclusive, left the St. Louis club virtually the champions of 1886, with the Pittsburghs second, and Brooklyn a close third. This will undoubtedly be the position at the end of the season. The record is as follows :

|                 | St. Louis. | Pittsburg. | Brooklyn. | Louisville. | Cincinnati. | Athletic. | Metropolitan. | Baltimore. | Won. |
|-----------------|------------|------------|-----------|-------------|-------------|-----------|---------------|------------|------|
| St. Louis . . . | 12         | 11         | 9         | 15          | 13          | 14        | 13            | 87         |      |
| Pittsburg . . . | 8          | 11         | 12        | 13          | 11          | 10        | 14            | 74         |      |
| Brooklyn . . .  | 6          | 7          | 10        | 10          | 13          | 10        | 14            | 72         |      |
| Louisville . .  | 10         | 7          | 7         | 10          | 9           | 11        | 11            | 65         |      |
| Cincinnati . .  | 5          | 5          | 7         | 10          | 9           | 11        | 11            | 66         |      |
| Athletic . . .  | 4          | 8          | 7         | 8           | 9           | 11        | 9             | 56         |      |
| Metropolitan .  | 4          | 8          | 9         | 8           | 4           | 7         | 8             | 49         |      |
| Baltimore . . . | 7          | 5          | 6         | 7           | 4           | 8         | 8             | 45         |      |
| Games lost . .  | 44         | 54         | 58        | 64          | 68          | 69        | 73            | 78         | 508  |

THE RECORD OF THE LEAGUE PENNANT RACE to September 30, leaves the eight clubs occupying the following relative positions :

|                | Chicago. | Detroit. | New York. | Philadelphia. | Boston. | St. Louis. | Kansas City. | Washington. | Won. |
|----------------|----------|----------|-----------|---------------|---------|------------|--------------|-------------|------|
| Chicago . . .  | 7        | 11       | 0         | 10            | 10      | 13         | 17           | 15          | 85   |
| Detroit . . .  | 7        | 9        | 9         | 11            | 15      | 16         | 13           | 80          |      |
| New York . .   | 6        | 7        | 8         | 8             | 11      | 12         | 15           | 70          |      |
| Philadelphia . | 7        | 5        | 8         | 10            | 10      | 12         | 13           | 65          |      |
| Boston . . .   | 5        | 6        | 6         | 3             | 8       | 9          | 13           | 50          |      |
| St. Louis . .  | 4        | 2        | 3         | 2             | 6       | 10         | 12           | 43          |      |
| Kansas City .  | 1        | 2        | 3         | 2             | 6       | 6          | 10           | 39          |      |
| Washington .   | 1        | 1        | 3         | 4             | 5       | 6          | 1            | 23          |      |
| Lost . . . . . | 31       | 34       | 47        | 42            | 59      | 71         | 82           | 445         |      |

It was almost an assured fact at the end of September, that the Chicago club would win the pennant, and it was equally certain that Detroit would stand second, and New York third. The position of the latter team in the race was due to very faulty management, especially during the month of September.

THE LEAGUE TEAMS of Chicago and Detroit were defeated respectively by the Pittsburghs of the American Association, and the Syracuse Stars of the International League on September 24.

YALE'S FAMOUS PITCHER of 1883, Jones, has entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and he will probably pitch in the Pennsylvania nine of '87.

### CANOEING.

THE BROOKLYN CANOE CLUB closed their season September 25 with the deciding races of the series for the handsome prizes offered for sailing and paddling contests. The course was three miles, triangular-shaped, and the results as follows: Sailing—W. V. Brokaw's 570 first, Wm. Whitlock's *Yvonne* second, R. J. Wilkins' 47 third, and C. Gould's *Pilgrim* fourth. Paddling and sailing—Brokaw's 570 first, Wilkins' 47 second, and *Yvonne* third.

AN INTERESTING CANOE RACE took place at Newburg, N. Y., September 10, on the occasion of the Fall Regatta of the Newburg Canoe and Boating

Association. The canoe race was sailed in a stiff breeze over a course in Newburg Bay. There were four entries and the race was won by Grant E. Edgar, Jr., in his canoe *Peggy*, which was second in the international race at Grindstone Island the latter part of August.

THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB had a sailing and paddling race on September 11 for challenge cups which was quite interesting. The entries were as follows:

| NAME.                      | CANOE.    |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Com. H. Neilson . . . . .  | Boreas.   |
| D. B. Jacques . . . . .    | Yanewah.  |
| Colin Fraser . . . . .     | Una.      |
| W. H. P. Weston . . . . .  | Wanda.    |
| W. A. Leys . . . . .       | Alonette. |
| Thos. Gibson . . . . .     | Madge.    |
| Will Mason . . . . .       | Evora.    |
| W. G. McKendrick . . . . . | Mac.      |

The start was made in a fair breeze, the *Yanewah* taking the lead. Her mizzen fouling, the *Mac* passed her. The *Una* had third place, but the wind falling, the *Boreas*, only a short distance behind, worked her way ahead. The finish was made in that order, with the *Alonette* fifth, but being first in the juniors in the race, she took the novices' cup.

In the paddling race, the victor was Mr. McKendrick in his canoe *Mac*, who has won the sailing cup four times this season. Another victory and the cup will become his absolute property.

THE GALT CANOE CLUB, of Galt, Canada, is now officered as follows: Commodore, H. S. Howell; Vice-commodore, J. E. Warnock; Sec'y-Treasurer, H. F. McKendrick; Committee: J. H. Kelman, G. H. Smith, W. Heinhold.

### CHESS.

THE MEETING OF THE NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA CHESS ASSOCIATION for 1886 closed at Cooperstown, N. Y., on September 3, resulted in the success of the following competitors in the Association's annual tourney:

Winner in first class—W. Penn Shipley, of Philadelphia.

Winner in second class—J. S. Seacord, of Tunkhannock, Pa.

Winner in third class—C. McKinney, of Albany, New York.

These three players afterwards played for the championship at the following odds:

Shipley giving Seacord pawn and two moves.

Shipley giving McKinney rook odds.

Seacord giving McKinney pawn and two moves.

The result of this handicap was as follows:

|                    | WON. | LOST. | DRAWN |
|--------------------|------|-------|-------|
| Shipley . . . . .  | 4    | 0     | 0     |
| Seacord . . . . .  | 2    | 3     | 0     |
| McKinney . . . . . | 1    | 4     | 0     |

The most important legislation enacted was as follows:

1. Change of name of association to New York Chess Association.

2. All non-State members heretofore participating in any tourney shall always be eligible to membership in the present reorganized association.

3. The second best player in the handicap tourney becomes vice-president.

4. The next meeting to be held in the city of New York at such time as the local committee shall decide.

5. Messrs. R. B. Keys, W. M. De Nisser, F. M. Teed, S. Loyd, President N. Y. Chess Club, and George T. Green, President Manhattan Chess Club, were constituted the local committee.

6. Mr. E. H. Underhill, of Albany, was re-elected secretary and treasurer.

THE NEWARK *Sunday Call* very sensibly says, in reference to a proposition to establish a chess monthly:

Local chess columns are of the utmost benefit in booming chess in the various localities, but magazines looking to more than local support are a different matter. We now have the *International*, and it seems to us that the wiser plan would be for all chess players to concentrate their support on one for national matters, and not divide their strength on the many ventures. Italy has but one general chess magazine, France but one, Germany but one, Russia but one, and England, Ireland and Scotland only three, two monthlies and a weekly. We have three in this country, which we think, in the present state of the game here, are enough. Support these properly before we think of establishing more.

THE FIRST MATCH in an exciting correspondence chess contest ended September 9, with a brilliant victory for the Philadelphia players over the New Yorkers in a game that is pronounced to be one of the most interesting contests on record, being full of many critical positions and brilliant *coups* such as are seldom seen in close match games. The only terms of the contest were that two games should be played simultaneously, and that in lieu of a regular playing committee every one was allowed to criticise the game, and that a vote of those present at the time of mailing the move should decide the play.

### COACHING.

A COACHING PARTY which left New York the last week in August, for a drive through the picturesque Housatonic Valley, reached Bridgeport on September 10. The party consisted of Mr. William Belden, of the New York Coaching Club; Mrs. Belden, Mrs. S. C. Barlow, Miss Ruth and Miss Williams. They reported having had good weather almost uninterruptedly. The coach was drawn by four horses, each of which, Mr. Belden says, has benefited by the trip as well as the owners. The tourists were all home in the city on September 12.

### CRICKET.

THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS eleven defeated an eleven of the Longwood Club of Boston, on September 11, at Boston, by a score of 136 to 118. T. Lee's 34 not out, E. M. S. Keete's 31, and T. O. Keete's 19 not out, were the double-figure scores on the part of the visitors, H. P. McKean's 37 being the only double-figure score on the Longwood side. Chambers took 14 wickets for 56 runs on the part of the Longwoods, Stewart leading on the other side with 9 wickets for 52 runs.

THE WEST INDIA CRICKETERS played the last match of their tour through the States and Canada on September 13 and 14, on the new cricket field of the Staten Island Club, at Livingston. On the 13th, the visitors went to the bat and they were easily disposed of for 74 runs; G. N. Marshall's 34 and E. M. S. Keete's 16 being the only double figures scored. The Islanders then ran up the good total of 165, of which W. Massey made the highest score, 48, J. H. Lambkin contributing 41, Butler, the club professional, 21, and C. Wilson 20; loose fielding adding 14 extras. In the second day's play, the visitors did better, they summing up the good total of 132, of which J. Lees topped the score with 27, the other double-figure scores being W. H. Farquharson, G. Wyatt, E. M. S. Keete, I. I. Kerr, P. Isaacs and M. Burke, the latter carrying his bat out. Pool led the Island bowling with an aggregate of 7 wickets for 56 runs, Stewart leading on the other side with 7 wickets

for 72 runs. The Islanders led their opponents' score with 7 wickets to spare, Butler carrying his bat out for 19 in the second innings, and Massey for 9.

THE GRAND MATCH AT PHILADELPHIA, on September 25, ended in favor of the English amateurs, who defeated the Philadelphia eleven by a score of 323 in one inning, to 168 and 139 in two. The defeat was quite a surprise party for the home crowd, but the visitors went in to do their very best against the Philadelphia eleven, and they did it, the result being the finest exhibition of the beauties of the game yet seen at the hands of a foreign team in Philadelphia. The visitors marked their innings play with two fine individual records, K. J. Key scoring 109 and W. E. Roller 75. No less than eight of the eleven scored double figures. On the other side the home team opened well with 168, the highest score made against the Englishmen in one inning; but in their second inning they only ran up 137. G. S. Patterson topped the first inning's score with 32, and F. W. Rolston that of the second inning with 32. In bowling Buckland and Chas. Newhall bore off the palm.

THE SECOND MATCH at Staten Island, which ended September 28, resulted in the signal defeat of the picked eleven of New York by the English Amateur Eleven with nine wickets to fall, and that, too, after the local team had closed the first innings with the score of 143 to 75 in their favor. In the second innings, the Englishmen put out the New York eleven for 41 runs only, and then went in and scored 113 with but one wicket down. There were but two American players on the local eleven. Mr. Roller topped the English score with 55 not out in the second innings, Davis's 34 being the highest on the other side. Roller took 6 wickets for 56 runs, Tyers leading on the other side with 5 wickets for 42 runs.

CRICKET IN NEW ENGLAND has been greatly encouraged by the good stand the Massachusetts fifteen made against the strong English amateur twelve they encountered on the Longwood grounds, at Boston, September 17 and 18. The success of the English gentlemen at Staten Island, Montreal and Toronto was such as made it doubtful whether the Boston cricketers would have any chance against them; but the result of the first day's play was an agreeable surprise to the crowd present at the Longwood grounds.

THE WEST INDIA CRICKETERS left New York for their homes, on September 14. The Barbados and Demerara players went by the steamship *Barracouta*, and the Jamaica contingent by the steamship *Alvo*. A large party saw them off. The West Indians said they would come again, for the trip had been a most pleasant one. They have the promise of Canadian and Philadelphia teams returning their visit.

MR. JOHN B. THAYER, the noted young cricketer of Philadelphia, had played in two matches this season up to August 1. The first one was against the Baltimore eleven, in which he made 53, not out. The second was against Germantown, the best bowling team in the city, when he made 63, not out. He has made 116 runs, but not having an out he is, under the anomalous custom in vogue among cricketers, deprived of an average. If a batsman under this rule were to have a "not out" record in four successive games, scoring 50 in each match, his real average would be 50 runs to a match. But under the English rule continuing his record after a not out to the next match his average would be "nix." This is "a nice state of things."

THE ENGLISH AMATEUR TEAM of visiting cricketers began their games in America at Staten Island, on September 1, on the grounds of the Staten Island club, they playing twelve *vs.* twelve, the local team including two professionals, Butler and Lane. The visitors went to the bat first, and before they could be got rid of they had run up a score of 203, A. R. Cobb's 47, being the top score. On the other side the home team were put out for 70 runs, and having to follow on, only scored 80 in their second innings, thereby failing to escape a defeat in one inning by 49 runs. Massey's 22 was the top score in the first innings and Butler's 28 the best in the second. Rotherham led the English bowling with 8 wickets for 40 runs, Butler leading on the other side with 3 for 49.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS played their second match on September 7 and 8, at Toronto, against a picked eleven of the Ontario Association, with the result of a victory for the visitors with 8 wickets to fall. The visitors went to the bat, and ran up a score of 169, of which the Rev. A. T. Fortescue contributed 58 not out. On the Canadian side the eleven were put out for 72, F. Harley's 40 being the top score. They had to follow their innings, and in their second inning they ran up 111, A. C. Allan contributing 45, the best score of the match. This left the visitors 15 runs to get, and they secured the runs at the cost of 2 wickets, thereby winning with 8 wickets to go down. Gillespie led the Canadian bowling with 5 wickets for 62 runs, Roller leading on the other side with 4 for 17.

THE MONTREAL MATCH between the English amateurs and sixteen Canadians was played September 11, 13 and 14, and it resulted in a victory for the English twelve by a score of 257 runs in one inning to 140 in two, the victors having 117 runs to score. The visitors went to the bat first, and when their last wicket fell they had 257 runs to their credit, Turner topping the score with 57, and Key adding 52. On the other side the sixteen were disposed of for 85 in their first inning, Lacey's 24 being the best score. In following on they were put out in their second inning for 55, Pemberton's 15 being the top score. Roller led the bowling score with 20 wickets for less than fifty runs, Savage leading on the other side.

THE GRAND MATCH AT BOSTON between the English amateurs and sixteen of the Longwood club of Boston, on September 16 and 17, resulted in the success of the visitors, who won with 3 wickets to fall. The game opened auspiciously for a close contest, as the home eleven made 96 in their first innings to 77 by the Englishmen. In the second inning, however, the visitors put out their opponents for 43, not a man getting double figures. They then went in and secured the necessary 63 runs with the loss of 7 wickets. Both teams fielded and bowled brilliantly, and so stubborn was the work of the Longwoods that the visitors realized that only the best they could do would be to avert defeat. Bainbridge was badly missed in the second innings, and he probably saved the game for his side. Bixby, Hubbard, McKean, Stuart and Houghton were the double-figure scorers on the Longwood side, and Roller, Bainbridge, Rev. A. T. Fortescue, Buckland and Turner on the other side. Roller led the bowling with 12 wickets for 51 runs, Chambers taking 10 wickets for 63 runs on the other side.

THE MATCH WITH THE NEW ENGLAND FIFTEEN was played by the English amateurs on September 18 on the Longwood grounds, with the result of a draw match, there not being time to play the

game out within the two days appointed for the match. The visitors went in first and scored 116, of which H. J. Cottrell's 29 not out was the best score. The New Englanders scored 109 in their first inning, J. Bland's 47 being the highest score. In the second inning the English players had scored 136, with the loss of 7 wickets, when the time arrived for drawing stumps. In this inning Cottrell led the score with 49. Dutton led the Boston bowling with 5 wickets for 41 runs, and Cottrell the English with 6 for 45.

#### CYCLING.

A RECORD WAS BEATEN on September 19, on the occasion of the second day's meeting of the contestants in the Hartford Bicycle Tournament, when the one-mile handicap professional race was won by F. Wood, of England (scratch) in 2m. 33s., beating Hendee's record of 2m. 34s., and beating the best time ever made in a race.

THE distance from Pau to Calais, about 1,100 kilometres (647 miles), was this year traversed by tricycles in five days and ten hours by M. Baby of Pau, making an average of 200 kilometres (125 miles) per day.

MR. G. P. MILLS, of England, a member of the Anfield Bicycle Club, left Land's End last August for a ride to John O'Groat's, and though he was impeded by wind, rain and bad roads, he arrived at his destination at 10 o'clock, having occupied only five days and ten hours in riding 361 miles, including all stoppages. In July, Mr. Mills performed the journey in nine hours less on his bicycle.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT marked the arrival of a party of touring cyclists from Buffalo at Ithaca, N. Y., on September 10. In descending the steep hill leading to the village, two of the party, Messrs. Warner and Dakin, took headers. Warner received a bad cut under the chin, and was severely jarred. Dakin struck on the right side of his forehead, sustaining concussion of the brain, and possibly a fracture of the skull.

A NOTEWORTHY JOURNEY was made by Herr Fortner this season, a member of the Viennese B. C., who accomplished a journey from Vienna to Paris on a bicycle in 11 days and 2 hours. This beats Lieutenant Zubowitz's famous record of 14 days from Vienna to Paris on horseback.

A. P. RICH, the champion rider of the Kings County Wheelmen, at the club meet at the Brooklyn Athletic Club grounds, on September 18, broke the best cinder-path record for one mile. The race was as follows: 1-mile lap race—A. B. Rich, K. C. W., 2m. 57 4-5s.; S. H. Rich, K. C. W., 2; J. W. Powers, Jr., H. W., 3.

THE RACES AT SPRINGFIELD were timed by an electrical apparatus erected by Julien & Co. At the finish-line a wire was laid across and half an inch above the track, and connected with a battery and electric clock. The touching of the wire on the start, started the clock, and the crossing of the wire at the finish stopped it. At eight different places around the track were poles, each fitted with an electric bell which rang simultaneously at the start, which was of special benefit in handicap races.

THE GREAT MILE-RACE which was the feature of the Springfield tourney in September, took place September 18. The contestants were W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, the American amateur champion, and Fred Wood, of Leicester, England, the professional champion of England. The main struggle was in the final heat, which was to settle the world's

championship for one mile. It was a close contest from start to finish. Rowe made the pace, and at the three-quarter pole both put in their wonderful spurts for the tape. The race was close to within a hundred yards of the finish, then Rowe's wheel was steadily pushed ahead, and he won by 10 yards in 3m. 8 3/4s. He finished very fresh and was given a perfect ovation.

ROCKPORT, NEAR CLEVELAND, OHIO, on September 5, was the scene of a tough piece of work in hill-climbing, in which Messrs. H. E. Chubb and Robert Ruck of Cleveland, Ohio, Star Wheel Club, succeeded in climbing Hogback Hill in Rockport on a Star bicycle. According to measurement since taken by an engineer, the hill is 810 feet in length and 115 feet, 2 inches in height, with an average rise of one foot in 7.04. At 60 and 80 feet from the top grades of 1 in 4.6 are found, and for 60 feet here the rise is 1 in 5. Near the center of the hill the grade is 17 1/2 for 100 feet. This is considerably steeper than the famous Corey Hill, Boston.

AT THE SPRINGFIELD TOURNEY, September 15, the racing incident of the day was the fifth heat for one-mile world's championship, in which "Ned" Wood defeated W. M. Woodside by several lengths in the fast time of 2m. 32 3-5s., beating the world's record for a mile run in competition, which was 2m. 33s., made by himself at Hartford the week previous.

A NEW AMERICAN RECORD was made at the tourney at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on September 14, by Crist and Brown, of Washington, D. C., who rode a Tandem tricycle, they riding the mile in 2m. 43 1/2s.

AT THE HARTFORD MEET of September 8 and 9, at Charter Oak Park, the leading event was the lowering of the mile record. The contest was the one-mile professional handicap. Wood, of England, was "scratch" man, and Neilson, of Boston, was given 25 yards. These two made a grand spurt at the third quarter, and Wood made his phenomenal contest mile in 2m. 33s., with Neilson second in 2m. 35 1/4s.

TWENTY MILES in 59m. 27s. was Engelheart's record at a time ride at the Coventry Cricket Ground, England, on August 17, he making his last mile in 2m. 48s.; 5 miles in 14m. 46 3-5s.; 10 in 29m. 55 2-5s.; 15 in 44m. 55s.

MR. H. S. POTEROUS, of Denver, Col., has donated a handsome diamond medal, valued at \$150, to represent the championship of Colorado, and to be raced for every year under the auspices of the Colorado Wheel Club, until won three times by some one of the contestants.

THE FIRST RACING MEET of the Brooklyn Athletic Club took place on September 11, when cyclists from both New York State and New Jersey competed. There were forty-five contestants and a large assemblage witnessed the races. The track was not in condition to make fast time, and two accidents, happily neither of a serious nature, were the result of flaws in the course. The following were the winners in the principal events:

One-Mile Novice, Final Heat—Joseph W. Whitson, Mercury W. C., first, time 3m. 25 3/4s.; H. Van der Linden, Ariel W. C., second. The latter fell at the finish, his wheel crashing through the ribs of Whitson's machine, throwing him heavily into the field on his right shoulder. Both men were helped to the club-house, but neither was seriously injured. One-Mile Club Championship—J. W. Powers, Jr., first, time 3m. 18 3/4s.

Three-Mile State Championship League of American Wheelmen—After a close race from start to finish, A. B. Rich, Staten Island A. C., won; time, 11m. 23/4s.

Two-Mile Record Race—A. B. Rich, first. He won after covering one and one-half miles.

440-Yards One-Legged Race—E. D. Halsted, Harlem, first; time, 59 1/2s.

One-Mile, 3.10 Class, Final Heat—E. I. Halsted, first; time, 3m. 28s.

One-Mile Championship (Morrisania Wheelmen)—W. A. Carpenter, first; time, 3m. 45s.

Two-Mile Handicap, Final Heat—A. F. Edwards, 125 yards, first; time, 6m. 46 1/2s.

Half Mile Without Hands—A. F. Edmonds, first; time, 1m. 42 1/4s.

The closing event was the race of the day. It was a team race between the Harlem and Kings County wheelmen. The Brooklyn men, with A. B. Rich and E. Valentine, won and carried off a silver cup, twenty-three inches in height.

### FISHING.

MR. THOMAS B. MILLS, of Wm. Mills & Son, No. 7 Warren street, this city, reports the capture of large trout at Rangeley Lake. Dr. Charles Haddock, of Beverly, Mass., George Oakes, guide, took off Sandy Point, Lake Mooselucmeguntic, a trout weighing 10 3/4 pounds. The weight was taken nine hours after the fish was caught, and must have been at least 11 pounds at time of capture. Length, 28 1/2 inches; girth, 16 1/4 inches.

A JEW FISH is reported to have been caught near the jetties in the Mississippi River that was more than 7 1/2 feet long, and weighed 500 pounds, while a still larger one was caught off Port Eads. It is claimed that they exceeded in size any food fish ever caught off the coast of the United States.

A SPECKLED trout, 28 inches long, and weighing 13 pounds, was recently caught in Lake Mooselucmaguntic, Maine. It was the largest of the species ever caught in this country. The lucky angler was Mr. J. F. Grote, of New York.

GEN. RODNEY C. WARD, of Brooklyn, has presented a handsome Marster's bass rod to the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, to be presented to the most successful fisherman who shall kill on a fly rod, after August 21, 1886, the largest small-mouthed black bass in the St. Lawrence River, Section 7 of the by-laws to govern. The prize is one of the most beautiful pieces of work that can be imagined for the purpose of fly fishing, and is finished in the highest style of art. The material is split bamboo, every joint as perfect as nature could have made it, and the trimmings are all that could be desired by the most fastidious angler. The rod balances as gracefully as the waving of a willow in a gentle breeze, and has remarkable strength and pliability. General Ward is a veteran fly fisher. He has enticed black bass from their haunts in all parts of this country. His gift is a very handsome one, and the members of the Anglers' Association are very grateful to him for his kindness.

THE STATE LAWS now prohibit the stocking of waters in the Adirondack region with any kind of fish except trout and land-locked salmon. The penalty of putting other fish or fish spawn in the lakes of the Adirondack district is \$50 for each offense.

GLORIOUS SPORT has been at command of Sacramento anglers since the 1st of September, men with rods congregating daily on the Oakland long Wharf, where fine sport was had fishing for salmon-

trout. Two splendid fish were caught September 14, by J. Wilcox, of Oakland. Both fish weighed over seven pounds.

THE KING FISH have been very plentiful in Peconic Bay this season, especially in Noyac Bay, opposite the Eldredge Mill. They bite well until the cold weather sets in in November.

MR. J. B. ADAMS, of Waverley Place, New York, has a record of capturing a 32-pound salmon, 44 inches in length, girth 22 1/2 inches, killed on a 7-ounce 8-section round bamboo fly-rod, 10 feet long. He had 50 yards of "D" line on his reel. Time of killing, 30 minutes.

The best trout record of the season, using a light rod, was that of the Rev. Jas. E. O'Brien, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Cambridgeport, Mass., who, on September 17, landed, with an 8-ounce rod, a brook trout (genuine *Salmo fontinalis*) weighing 7 pounds. Fly used, Hamblin. It was the largest fish caught with a fly in the Rangeley region this fall. Mr. O'Brien's companion, Mr. C. J. Bateman, formerly City Architect of Boston, landed two trout the same week, weighing respectively 6 and 6 1/4 pounds.

THE NOVELTY OF BRUSH SEINE FISHING was witnessed by a large crowd of people on September 18, at Big Bend, on the Alleghany river, near Jamestown, N. Y., who gathered from the neighboring towns and villages to see the drawing of a seine by a party of Cornplanter Indians. The occasion was the first time of a brush seine drawing in that river for over ten years, and the result was the capture of over 2,000 pounds of bass, pike, and other river fish by the Indians. When a seine is to be drawn a delegation of Indians select a location where the water is very deep and ending in a long, shallow riffle. Here they go into camp, and begin cutting brush, the butts of which are deftly woven together, leaving the bushy end loose. When this has reached a length sufficient to cross the stream, one end is carried over and made fast to a tree. The loosely constructed drag is then interwoven with other branches, among which are fastened large stones, pieces of iron and junk, until the lower side of the drag rests on the bottom of the stream.

The seine is now completed, and on the first bright day the main body of Indians arrives, and the fun opens. They are divided into three squads. One of these, armed with spears or harpoons, is stationed on the riffle, and the other two are delegated to draw the seine. Soon after the drag begins moving the fish start down stream, and the scene becomes animated in the extreme. Swarthy braves, dressed *à la* Newport, dash here and there in the shallow water, driving a spear through a ten-pound pickerel or a half-pound bass with the same energy and skill, and all the time keeping up an unearthly yelling that resounds for miles through the forests. As the seine moves slowly down stream the excitement increases, and the Indians seem wild with delight as fish after fish, in endless variety, is thrown flopping and twisting upon the banks, to be taken care of by the old men. This method of fishing is novel, and is prohibited by the laws of Pennsylvania, but the noble red man, like necessity, knows no law except that of supply and demand, and when he gets ready to fish, the county jails have no terrors for him.

CRATER LAKE, the recently surveyed wonder in the Cascade Mountains, in Oregon, is a fishless lake. The water is clear and cold, and a depth of 2,005 feet has been found. The lake is almost entirely surrounded with cliffs from 800 to 1000 feet high, and the water is only accessible at two points. It

will probably be stocked by the Government with land-locked salmon.

### FOOT-BALL.

THE WESLEYAN FOOT-BALL CLUB on September 22 elected J. M. Stevens, '87, as manager of the club, and Charles Stiles, '89, treasurer. Jordan C. Wells, '88, was the choice of the team for captain in place of Hamlin, resigned.

THE INTERCLASS FOOT-BALL GAMES of the Pa. University were begun on September 22 at Philadelphia, on the Athletic grounds, Thirty-seventh and Spruce streets. The seniors and sophomores faced each other in the field. The teams were: '87, Pepper, captain; Graham, Townsend, Eyster, Coates, Frazier, Hovey, Cline, Crane, Montgomery, Farnum; '89, Hulme, captain; Frazier, Hyneman, L. Scott, Dougherty, Fleming, W. Forbes, Bache, Knight, Darby and Strader. Play was begun at 3.15, and two halves of thirty minutes each were played. The first was the more exciting, a number of fine runs being made and better scoring resulting. The seniors got three touch-downs, secured by C. C. Townsend, A. L. Cline and J. A. Eyster. The latter's play was one of the features of the afternoon, his work at end rush being remarkably steady. In the second half the sophomores played to better effect, and held their opponents down to one goal. The latter was secured by Crawford Coates, who played an excellent half-back game. The final score stood 18 to 0 in the upper classmen's favor. At the September meeting of University foot-ball players F. W. W. Graham was chosen captain of the team to act during the fall season.

THE HAMILTON (Ont.) FOOT-BALL CLUB, on September 20, elected the following officers: Patron, Mr. William Hendrie; President, Major McLaren; Vice-President, Mr. John Crerar; Secretary, Mr. W. Hendrie, Jr.; Treasurer, Mr. J. W. G. Watson; Captain, Mr. T. H. Stinson. Committee—Messrs. W. Ferris, Geo. Gates, J. W. G. Watson. Delegates—T. H. Stinson, A. D. Braithwaite. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays were fixed upon as practice days.

THE CANADIAN COLLEGE CLUBS include the following organizations: Ontario Agricultural College, Toronto University, Upper Canada College, Trinity College, Queen's College, Royal Military College, Ottawa College, Brockville High School.

FOOT-BALL BY ELECTRIC LIGHT was the attraction at Galt, Canada, on the night of September 18, the contesting teams on the occasion being the elevens of the Victorias, of Toronto, and the Galt F. B. C. The match was witnessed by over a thousand spectators, who seemed delighted with the game in every respect. The teams were as follows:

| VICTORIAS.           |                      | GALT.      |  |
|----------------------|----------------------|------------|--|
| Milne . . . . .      | Goal . . . . .       | McKendrick |  |
| Ball . . . . .       | Balls . . . . .      | Harvey.    |  |
| Thompson . . . . .   |                      | Blake.     |  |
| J. Meldrum . . . . . | Half-backs . . . . . | Murray.    |  |
| Apsey . . . . .      |                      | Ross.      |  |
| Elliott . . . . .    | Forwards.            | Barber.    |  |
| G. Meldrum . . . . . |                      | Parker.    |  |
| Laidlaw . . . . .    |                      | Kay.       |  |
| Barr . . . . .       |                      | Kilmain.   |  |
| Catto . . . . .      |                      | Kellcher.  |  |
| H. Meldrum . . . . . |                      | Kay.       |  |

The result of the contest was the success of the Galt team by 5 goals to 1. The playing of Blake, Kellcher, Kay and Barber for Galt was greatly admired, while for the Vics. Ball, Thomas and Milne distinguished themselves. A match has been arranged between these clubs to be played in Galt on Thanksgiving day, when the Vics. intend to

place the best team on the field, and if possible, defeat the champions of Canada.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Upper Canada College Foot-Ball Club was held September 17. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Martland; Vice-Presidents, Mr. Scott and Mr. Gordon; Secretary, H. P. McGwerin; Treasurer, T. Lockray; Committee—H. G. Crocker, F. L. Leys, S. W. Smith, F. R. Martin, G. E. Martin.

W. A. BROOKS is the new captain of the Harvard Foot-Ball Team for the season of 1886, and he will be "center rusher" of the team. Peabody, of '87, is to be "full back," Fletcher, "quarter back," and Porter and Holden "half backs." These, with a "rush line," including Fiske, '87, Burgess, '87, Woodman, '88, Trafford, '88, Russell, '88, Churchill, '88, and Cabot, '89, will make up a strong team.

THE YALE FOOT-BALL CLUB elected the following officers on September 25: President, Straight, '90; Vice-President, Fleming, '89; Secretary, Warner, '90; and Treasurer, Matthews, '89.

YALE HAS elected Dann, '88, Sheffield Scientific School, the very able catcher of the team of '86, as captain of the Yale nine of 1887.

THE NORTHERN INTER-COLLEGE FOOT-BALL ASSOCIATION met in Springfield, Mass., September 25, with delegates present from Amherst, Tufts and Williams Colleges. The following officers were elected: President, A. J. Wells, Williams; vice, A. E. Snow, Tufts; secretary, W. J. Nourse, Amherst; treasurer, Mr. Cooley, Institute of Technology. Dartmouth applied for admission, but was refused on account of distance. The schedule of games adopted for November was as follows: November 3, Technology against Williams, at Boston; Tufts against Amherst, at College Hill; November 4, Technology against Amherst, at Boston; November 6, Williams against Tufts, at Williamstown; November 9, Amherst against Tufts, at Amherst; November 17, Williams against Technology, at Williamstown; November 20, Tufts against Technology, at College Hill, and Williams against Amherst, at Williamstown.

THE LAFAYETTE COLLEGE class of '88 in a game of foot-ball at Easton, Pa., September 25, defeated the class of '90 by the score of 32 to 0. Following this was a game between '87 and '89, resulting in favor of '87 by the score of 4 to 0.

FOOT-BALL PRACTICE for the season of 1887 began at Yale on September 25. With nine of last year's team in college, the prospects are most encouraging. Pike, of last year's Wesleyan's team, who played next to center, has entered Yale '89 and is an applicant for the eleven.

WELLS, '88, has been elected captain of the Wesleyan foot-ball team, vice Captain Hamlin, resigned.

### HOMING PIGEONS.

THE EXCELSIOR HOMING PIGEON CLUB of East Baltimore had its annual young-bird race from Philadelphia, Pa., September 19. H. Yaeger's blue hen Mayflower won first prize; Riley's bird second. Time of flight, 3h. 5m.

### LACROSSE.

DANGEROUS PLAY seems to be the order for visiting teams at Brockville, Canada, judging from the reports of the Canadian papers:

"There was great rivalry between the Capitals of Ottawa, and the Brockville Club for the intermediate championship. The deciding match was played at Brockville on September 15. The Capitals went reinforced by three men named Clews, Hull and

Crown, lately of the Ontarios of Toronto, and said to have been hired by the Capitals, though lacrosse is alleged to be an amateur game. The Toronto men were badly handled during the game. Crown had his face cut open, and Clews had a shoulder-blade broken in two places. Hull was only saved by the detectives from maltreatment by the crowd after the match."

THE *TORONTO Mail*, in an ably written editorial on the abuses which have crept into the Canadian game this season, says: "The time has arrived when a determined attempt should be made to put an end to the slugging contests into which lacrosse has degenerated, and to teach the experts in fouling a sharp lesson whenever the opportunity presents itself. The future of the national game is in the hands of the referee, and as the rules for his guidance are clear and explicit, he will, if he fails to do his duty, share in the odium which must attach to a discreditable exhibition on a lacrosse field. There is no reason why the foul player should be treated with any leniency whatever. The man who commits a deliberate foul upon an opponent is a disgrace to the club to which he belongs, and the player who, under pretense of checking, will strike another with his lacrosse, is manifestly a coward. With such men the referee can use his power to the fullest extent without inflicting punishment of too severe a character, and it is sad to admit that among the lacrosse clubs of Canada there are many of them. Over and over again players have been heard boasting of the manner in which, while apparently engaged in playing for the ball, they slashed an opponent for what may have been a fancied injury. 'So-and-so,' says one, 'gave me a blow on the ribs in the first game, but you can bet your life I watched for him and laid him out with a skelp on the head in the second game.' And the speaker supposes that he displayed a manly spirit in so doing, whereas he was a sneak of the meanest kind. Frequently a player has been accidentally hurt by an opponent, and, perhaps, eager for an excuse, jumps at the conclusion that he was purposely injured, and seeks for a sly revenge at the first opportunity. It is not difficult in lacrosse to hit an opponent on the head or body without intending to do so. The expert dodger is more liable to receive such accidental blows than others, as an opponent may aim at his lacrosse to dislodge the ball and find his head or shoulders under it when the stick descends. Too often these accidents are accepted as intentional blows, and soon after a deliberate foul is committed by the player who fancies that he has been purposely struck. The referee, however, can readily distinguish between accidental blows and deliberate assaults, and should promptly recognize the difference when the latter are committed."

THE DUBLIN LACROSSE CORRESPONDENT of *Sport* in his last letter to that paper says: "I cannot close my last letter without referring in the strongest terms of pleasure to the magnificent hospitalities we met with both in New York and through all Canada. We were fêted like princes. People's hearts seemed to warm to us as Irishmen, and we began to feel fully the truth which says: 'blood is thicker than water.'"

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST at Montreal, on September 25, between the teams of the Montreal and Toronto clubs, the former of which has the championship this year, was marked by the largest attendance of spectators ever seen at a match in Canada. The interest was intensified by the knowl-

edge that if the visitors won, they would be entitled to the belt, as they stood one game ahead of all others in the series. The Montrealers were the favorites at slight odds. The match was a brilliant one, both teams playing with remarkable skill and vigor throughout. The Montrealers from the start had the best of it, and came out victorious with three straight games, the time of each being 4m., 15m. and 25m., respectively. The Montrealers must play the Shamrocks a game, and, if the former wins, they must then meet the Torontos on the latter's own field for a final match.

THE LAST MATCH of the season for Westchester cup, between the New York and Brooklyn clubs, took place on the beautiful ball field at St. George, Staten Island, on September 11, on which occasion the New York club's team came off more victoriously than they did at the August match. The score is appended.

| New York.                                                  | Position.                      | Brooklyn.      |
|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|----------------|
| W. Robinson . . . . .                                      | Goal . . . . .                 | J. R. Flannery |
| A. D. Ritchey . . . . .                                    | Point . . . . .                | W. C. Post     |
| D. Brown . . . . .                                         | Cover Point . . . . .          | C. Brown       |
| Seers . . . . .                                            | First defense field . . . . .  | W. Bush        |
| E. Merritt . . . . .                                       | Second defense field . . . . . | T. M. Crossett |
| Isles . . . . .                                            | Third defense field . . . . .  | Stevens        |
| J. Gerndt . . . . .                                        | Center-field . . . . .         | E. McLean      |
| G. Popham . . . . .                                        | Third attack field . . . . .   | W. Pearce      |
| W. Mather . . . . .                                        | Second attack field . . . . .  | C. H. Roberts  |
| W. Meharg . . . . .                                        | First attack field . . . . .   | E. Miller      |
| J. F. McClain . . . . .                                    | Inside home . . . . .          | Butler         |
| F. S. Wheeler . . . . .                                    | Outside home . . . . .         | E. L. Mitchell |
| E. Cluff . . . . .                                         | Field captain . . . . .        | Fields         |
| Referee—D. J. Ross, of the North of Ireland Lacrosse Club. |                                |                |

Goals—New York, 8; Brooklyn, 1.  
Time of game—1h. 30m.

Goals taken: By Popham in 3m.; Wheeler in 6m.; Wheeler 3m.; McClain 16m.; Bush 1m.; Popham 19m.; Wheeler 4m.; McClain 17m.; Meharg 10m. Umpires—Messrs. J. Fraser and Robinson.

# PEDESTRIANISM.

THE SERIES OF COUNTRY WALKS arranged under the auspices of the Spartan Harriers of New York, proved quite a success in October. Those arranged for November and December are as follows:

November 7, Tremont and return; meet at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street "L" station, at 2 P.M.  
November 14, Tarrytown, return by train; meet at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street "L" station, 10.30 A.M.  
November 21, Woodlawn and return; meet at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, "L" station, at 2 P.M.  
November 28, across Staten Island; meet at foot of Whitehall Street at 2 P.M.  
December 5, Peekskill, return by rail; meet at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street "L" station, at 8 A.M.  
December 12, Yonkers and return; meet at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street "L" station, at 11 A.M.  
December 19, Hastings, and return by rail; meet at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street "L" station, at 11 A.M.

IN THE FIVE-MILE RACE of September 11, between the English professionals, George and Cummings, at London, George led until they entered on the fourth mile, when Cummings spurted and went to the front. Cummings finished the distance alone, George retiring on the sixteenth lap. The time for the four miles was 20m. 12.2-5s. The first two miles was made in 10m. 12.2-5s. Twelve thousand persons witnessed the race.

THE HALF-MILE FOOT-RACE between the pedestrians Bryan, of Philadelphia, and Preddy, of Pittsburg, which was run at the Exposition Park, Pittsburg, on September 11, for \$1,000 and the State Championship, was won by Bryan in 1m. 57½s.

## POLO.

AN INTERESTING SERIES OF GAMES at Polo were played on the Essex County Polo Club Grounds, on September 4, in which the contestants were: Blues—Charles H. Lee, captain; Charles Heckscher, Emile Pfizer and Marshall Perry. Yellows—Douglass Robinson, Jr., captain; Robert Sedgwick, F. H. Powers Farr, Charles Pfizer. In the first game the blues captured the willow sphere, and by a series of brilliant plays forced it to yellows' goal, and in three minutes Mr. Perry sent it flying between the flags. The second game was the longest contest, lasting over fifteen minutes. It was a rattling game, filled with such incidents as the breaking of mallets, colliding of ponies, Mr. Pfizer's fall, etc. It was also won by the blues, and Mr. Perry made the goal. The yellows went in to win the third game and did so in five minutes, Mr. Robinson making the winning stroke. The blues were successful in the next two games, Mr. Perry making both goals. There were two accidents, but neither of them resulted in any injury to the players. In the second game Mr. Charles Pfizer's pony fell and rolled completely over its rider, and in the next game Mr. Farr's pony fell.

THE FALL POLO SEASON, at Cedarhurst, S. I., was opened on September 25, on the grounds of the Rockaway Hunting Club. Teams from the Country Club, of Pelham, Westchester county, and the Rockaway Hunting Club played an exciting and hotly contested game, which was witnessed by a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen.

There were three twenty-minute contests, with ten-minute intervals. At the end of the second twenty minutes the score stood 1 and 1, but vigorous playing on the part of the Country Club team enabled them to secure two more points in the third contest, this giving them a victory with a score of 3 to 1. Following is the personnel of the teams:

Country Club—Messrs. Raymond, Purdy, Belmont, Sanford, Bird and August Belmont.

Rockaway Hunting Club—Messrs. Sands, Cowdin, Mortimer and Keene.

## QUOITING.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL TOURNAMENT of the Dominion Quoit Association closed on September 11, with the following list of prize winners: Light weight competition (quoits 7 pounds each and under)—First prize and championship of the Dominion, Wm. Kitchen, Eglinton; second prize, James McTague, Galt; third prize, Alex. Muir, Toronto. Heavy weight competition (quoits 10 pounds each and under)—First prize and championship of the Dominion, Alex. Young, Toronto; second prize, Wm. Kitchen; third prize, Joseph Lawson, Eglinton. The London quaiting tournament resulted as follows: Heavy weight competition—First, Matthew Brown; second, Dodd; third and fourth, J. Robertson and W. Whitehall, a tie. Light weights—First, Jos. Lawson; second, A. Lawson.

## RACQUETS.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS Challenge Cup of England resulted in the success of Harrow, that school's players beating those of Rugby by four games to two, and by four games to one. The record stands as follows:

1868 Eton  
1869 Eton  
1870 Rugby  
1871 Harrow  
1872 Harrow  
1873 Harrow  
1874 Harrow

1875 Eton  
1876 Harrow  
1877 Eton  
1878 Eton  
1879 Harrow  
1880 Harrow

1881 Harrow  
1882 Eton  
1883 Harrow  
1884 Harrow  
1885 Harrow  
1886 Harrow

<sup>1</sup>Secured Cup outright.

## RIFLE.

THE MATCH FOR THE MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP of the United States, was shot at Creedmoor, L. I., on September 15, under favorable circumstances of wind and weather. There were fifty-nine entries in this match, which was divided into two stages. There were twenty-three winners in the first stage, and some remarkably good shooting was done. Out of a possible score of 70, C. W. Hinman took first prize with a score of 66 points, and W. W. Ball was second with a score of 64. The lowest score among the prize winners was 58. The winners in the first stage then competed for the championship, they representing regiments in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, and the Regular Army. The championship fell to Boston, W. W. Ball, of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, winning the much-coveted prize with a score of 44 points out a possible 50.

LIEUT. E. MAURER, of KEYPORT, N. J., a member of the Third Regiment, N. G. N. J., was, on September 17, declared the winner of the Governor's badge that has been contested for at the State rifle range at Camp Mott since August last. It was open to the whole National Guard of New Jersey. Maurer's score, on September 17, was 35 out of a possible 50. He had previously made a score of 40, but tied with Lieut. T. A. Curtis, of Long Branch, and in shooting the tie off Maurer's best was 35, Curtis making but 33. The badge is one of the handsomest prizes that has ever been contested for in the guard. Governor Abbott is the donor.

## ROWING.

THE INTERNATIONAL ROWING MATCH, which took place at London on September 18 between the American oarsman Gaudaur, and the Australian Beach on the well-known rowing course from the new bridge at Putney to the Ship tavern, Mortlake, for £1,000 and the sculling championship of the world, was one of the most hotly-contested in the memory of the present generation of oarsmen. The American was beaten, but he made the gamest fight possible, and Hamm, his trainer, says that he is confident that if Gaudaur had had another week in England, he would have been the victor. At the end of the race the men rowed together and shook hands. Beach said, with emphasis: "Gaudaur, you're the best man I ever met." The American modestly replied: "But you're fastest to-day." There was an enormous concourse to witness the contest. Both banks of the river were crowded nearly all the way from start to finish. Beach won the toss and chose the Surrey side. The veteran ex-champion, Harry Kelly, piloted the American from the bows of an eight-oared cutter, and Tom Green did the same service for the Australian. Gaudaur had the best of the start, and in a dozen strokes had a quarter-length lead. He then settled down to a 34 stroke, while Beach was pulling 36. The latter gradually gained, and at the concrete wall he had a slight advantage. Here they were rowing, Gaudaur 33, Beach 34. The Australian, inch by inch, crept by, and at Dorset villa had gained a length's lead. Gaudaur here seemed tired and rolled somewhat. Beach continued to gain to Hammersmith bridge, which he shot in nine minutes, Gaudaur then being five seconds behind. Beach narrowly missed fouling the pier, and, having to shorten his right-hand scull, lost a little. Gaudaur took advantage of this, and, without hurrying a stroke, lifted his shell ahead at such a pace that he got even with the Australian at Chiswick Church. Here Beach stopped an instant,



missing one stroke. Gaudaur pushed on, Kelly shouting to him: "Go on, he's dead!" But Beach was not dead, and with all his power he forged along. His spurt came near proving fatal to his chances, however, for just as he was drawing to a level with Gaudaur he was again obliged to stop, this time for at least five seconds. His head dropped and everybody thought he was done up. A hundred to five was offered on Gaudaur, on the umpire's steamer, with no takers. The American got a good lead of two lengths meantime, but Beach's wonderful staying powers enabled him, after his brief rest, to resume. Neither man was rowing with much force here, and Gaudaur was bothered by a steam launch ahead, whose swell affected his left-hand scull and made him roll. Beach crept up, inch by inch, and they shot Barnes bridge on even terms. Just above, off Beach's quarters, at the White Hart, a great crowd of admirers encouraged him with cheers and fired a cannon. This seemed to lift him, and he put up his stroke to thirty-two, Gaudaur being able to pull only twenty-eight. The Australian had the most power left, and slowly but surely gained until, when off Mortlake brewery, he had a lead of two lengths. This, with all his efforts, he was only able to increase to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lengths as he crossed the finish line in 22m. 29s. Gaudaur's time being 22m. 34½s.

The detail of time was as follows: Creek, 1m. 29s.; the steps, 2m. 52s.; crab tree, 1 mile, 1 furlong, 4m. 51s.; soapworks, 7m. 20s.; Hammership bridge, 9m.; Chiswick church, 13m. 58s.; Barnes bridge, 18m. 58s. The race was started three-quarters of an hour before high water, and the tide was running good, but not so fast as when he made quick time on Monday. The wind was very light, the water smooth and all the conditions were favorable.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN, in his annual report stated that:

"The Laws of Boat-Racing adopted by the Association on the 28th of August, 1882, have served excellently well the purposes for which they were framed, and the test of experience has shown with what care and wisdom they were drawn. But, although admirable, they were by no means faultless, and it seemed to your Executive Committee that in one particular they were notably deficient. We refer to the operation of the rule which provided that every boat should abide by its accidents. Accidents due to the faulty construction of boats, weakness of oars or sculls, breaking of steering gear and the like, we believe stood in no need of legislation; accidents caused by the fouling of competing crews were already provided for in the rules, but those, the result of interference by outside boats, whether such interference was unintentional or malicious, admitted of no redress. Such accidents have more than once prevented a speedy crew from winning a race already in its hands, and the umpire was powerless in the matter. Where great rivalry existed between two clubs, or any wagers had been made upon the result of the race, it was an easy matter for interested parties to arrange that a skiff should happen to appear in the course of the leading boat. Careful training, skilful oarsmanship and unquestionable speed went for naught, and an inferior crew would be awarded a prize which was the rightful property of the rival boat, which through no fault or inferiority was prevented from crossing the line. Well-known experts in boating law were called into consultation; an extensive correspondence was conducted, and the wisest counsel your committee could command asked

to assist in framing an amendment which should correct this acknowledged abuse. After a prolonged meeting held in New York City, a new rule was drafted, and this we submitted to the clubs connected with the Association. Thirty-seven clubs formally approving the change, and not a single club voting in the negative, the following rule was adopted:

"15. Every boat shall abide by its accidents, except when, during a race, a boat, while in its own water, shall be interfered with by any outside boat, the umpire may order the race to be rowed over, if, in his opinion, such interference materially affected its chances of winning the race."

"At the same time the words, 'the judge or' were stricken from Rule 13, so that any contestant desirous of making the claim of foul, must appeal to the umpire and no one else."

"The old rules gave the judge at the finish independent power to declare the winner of a race. Your committee, considering him as properly a subordinate of the umpire, asked, and obtained authority to make the rule read:

"18. The judge at the finish shall report to the umpire the order in which the competing boats cross the line, but the decision of the race shall rest with and be declared by the umpire."

"The Laws of Boat-Racing, thus amended, have been accepted and approved by the Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association, the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association, the Passaic River Amateur Rowing Association, and the Schuylkill Navy."

The code of laws as they now stand are the most complete that the rowing fraternity have ever been governed by.

President Garfield, in his able report, also referred to a subject which has caused the association a great deal of careful consideration in their efforts to evolve an effectual remedy for the growing evil of some professionalism in amateur races. He says:

"Your committee, representing different sections of the country, measurably competent to form an intelligent opinion as to the progress of aquatic sports and always endeavoring to be properly solicitous for the welfare of the true amateur oarsman, are compelled to notice with regret the decreasing number of entries in the prominent regattas from crews composed of those who are neither mechanics nor artisans. A check to the growing interest in aquatics was given in the years 1875 and 1876 by the formation of crews compensated directly or indirectly for their membership in wealthy clubs. In order to eradicate this flagrant abuse, the association in January, 1876, amended its definition of an amateur, and by a prompt exercise of the additional powers entrusted to them your committee were enabled to at first check, and at last to completely remove this standing reproach. Since that time a new element has appeared, a class represented and typified by such oarsmen as Charles E. Courtney, the champion amateur sculler of 1875; George W. Lee, the champion of 1877 and 1878; Jos. Laing, the winner of the championship in 1883 and 1884, and Messrs. Enright and O'Connor, who were in 1884 the champion double-scutt crew. These men, with others who could be named, have but abused the honorable title of amateur as a means of personal pecuniary profit and a stepping-stone to their proper place in the ranks of avowed professional oarsmen; a position they would have assumed at the first had not the rôle of nominal amateur proved more remunerative. We do not deem it at present practicable to adopt a definition of an amateur, which should seem to be

un-American or savor of caste distinction, and yet the undeniable fact remains that the class whose insidious influence is doing so much to blight the prosperity and threaten the perpetuity of amateur oarsmanship has been entirely recruited from among those whose avocations call in play the use of muscle rather than of mind. The honest artisan who rows for pastime is deserving of recognition and protection, but he who neglects or abandons his trade for the incidental profits of an oarsman's career should be rigorously excluded from amateur competitions. To make the proper distinction is a delicate matter, and yet it is a duty which should not be shirked. Whatever course you may, after due deliberation, deem to be the wisest, the action taken should be carefully considered and the remedy fearlessly applied. We are not now prepared to recommend any specific legislation, but we desire to record our conviction of the gravity of the situation and our desire, so far as it may be in our power, to take steps towards the removal of this threatening danger."

ON SEPTEMBER 25, in the sculling match between William Beach, of Australia, and Wallace Ross, of New Brunswick, for £500 a side and the championship of the world, Ross was beaten by four lengths. The race was rowed over the championship course from Putney to Mortlake. Beach's time, 23m. 5s.

THE SINGLE SCULL RACE between Beach, of Australia, and Wallace Ross, of New York, which took place over the Thames championship course from Putney to Mortlake, on September 25, resulted in a victory for Beach by a lead of four lengths. The time was only 23m. 5s. The stakes were \$2,500 a side.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL REGATTA of the Kill von Kull Rowing Association was held off Bergen Point, N. J., on September 18, over a mile course straightaway, with a favorable tide, fine weather, though with lumpy water. The events and the winners each were as follows:

Senior single-scull shells — W. C. Rowland, Staten Island Athletic club, in 7m. 14s.

Junior four-oared shells — Staten Island A. C., C. R. Armstrong (bow), A. F. Rodewald, R. P. Smith, Jr., F. O. Speddon (stroke), 6m. 44s.

Pair-oared shells — Staten Island A. C., R. T. P. Fiske (bow), and R. Conyngham (stroke), 6m. 43 1-5s.

Pair-oared gigs, with coxswains — Arthur Kull R. A., D. G. Bartlett (bow), E. Bartlett (stroke), J. Fountain (coxswain), 5m. 44s.

Junior single-scull shells — H. W. Janssen, S. I. A. C., 6m. 10s.

Senior four-oared shells — Alcyone B. C., J. W. Shreve (bow), A. B. Haughwout, C. Kurtz, W. Gillies (stroke), 5m. 23 4-5s.

Four-oared barges, with coxswains — Clifton B. C., C. M. Smith (bow), F. J. Ticker, L. Doherty, S. M. Dix (stroke), J. B. Eccleston (coxswain), 5m. 45 2-5s.

Eight-oared shells, with coxswains — Staten Island A. C., R. Conyngham (bow), G. Janssen, G. Richards, C. R. Armstrong, C. A. White, R. P. Smith, Jr., H. W. Janssen, W. C. Rowland (stroke) A. S. De Duc (coxswain), 5m. 48 1-5s., Alcyone B. C., C. Levitt (bow), W. Weber, W. D. Wilson, J. Ball, W. Gillis, C. Kurtz, A. B. Haughwout, J. W. Shreve (stroke), W. H. Shreve (coxswain), 2.

#### SHOOTING.

A CHALLENGE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD has been issued by Mr. J. E. Bloom, of Cincinnati, in which he proposes that a team of

5 (or 10), with 2 alternates — the whole selected from the country at large — be formed in Great Britain, to be known as the "British Team." 2. A similar team to be formed in the United States, to be known as the "American Team." 3. That one similar team may be admitted from any other country. 4. That said teams meet in friendly contest for the international shot-gun, clay-pigeon championship, at Boston, Mass., during the Third International Shot-gun, Clay-pigeon Tournament, under the auspices of the National Gun Association, to be held at the grounds of the Boston Gun Club, Boston, Mass., June 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1887. 5. That the conditions of the contest shall be that each contestant shall shoot at 100 Ligowsky clay pigeons, viz.: 50 singles and 25 doubles, shooting at one-fourth of same only on each of the four days of the tournament, the rules of the National Gun Association to govern.

THE WATERBURY GUN AND FISHING CLUB is the name of a new club in Waterbury, Conn., the objects of which are "To protect, preserve and replenish the game and fish of this locality." No market hunters are to be admitted; provisions are made for guarding the fences, crops, etc., upon lands over which the club may shoot or fish, and Sunday shooting and fishing is to be considered grounds for expulsion. The officers are: N. Wallace, President; I. L. Atwood, Treasurer, and F. W. Whitlock, Secretary.

REED SHOOTING began on September 1, with the birds plentiful from Philadelphia to Washington. In this State not only is the reed bird prohibited as a game bird for shooting, but the sale of the birds in the market brought from other States also.

#### SWIMMING.

THE ENGLISH PROFESSIONAL SWIMMER, J. Haggerty, whose reputed performance of 100 yards in 1m. 7½s. against time, at the Lambeth Baths, London, seemed too good to be true, on September 18, satisfied skeptics that he was fully capable of such a feat. He and J. J. Collier met in a match of ninety-nine yards on Hollingsworth Lake, Rochdale, when, although a high wind made the water rough, Haggerty won by nearly three yards, in 1m. 5½s. R. Watson was starter and referee. The course was straightaway, marked off by means of ropes and buoys.

#### TENNIS.

THE TOURNEY AT PROSPECT PARK last September was the most numerous attended of any tourney of the season, over two thousand spectators being present the last day of the tourney. The tourney passed off successfully, though the playing was not of a very high order.

THE BROOKLYN HEIGHTS TENNIS CLUB tourney ended September 30, the final rounds resulting as follows:

Gentlemen's Singles — O. Campbell beat Juan Smith, 6—2, 6—4, 6—2, and won first prize.

Second Prize — Juan Smith beat P. F. Mason, 6—5, 6—5, and won second prize.

THE ROSEVILLE, N. J., annual tourney closed on September 25, after a very successful series of contests occupying three days. The tournament was characterized by excellent play, and with the exception of the Orange tournament, was the most brilliant series ever given in Essex county. In the finals for the ladies' singles, the score was as follows: Miss Miller beat Mrs. Peck 6—5, 6—3; Miss Miller beat Miss Baldwin 6—0, 6—1, 6—0. In the final gentlemen's doubles, Peters and Boyd beat Slimson and

Laidlaw 6—5, 6—2, 6—2. The prizes were awarded as follows: First prize gentlemen's singles, Mr. Boyd, of Montclair; prizes for gentlemen's doubles, Messrs. Boyd and Peters; for ladies' singles, Miss Miller.

THE PEEKSKILL TOURNEY, which closed on September 11, was a most enjoyable meeting, it being graced by the presence of a large number of lady contestants, prominent among whom were Miss Carrie Husted, Miss Carhart, Miss Emma Frost and Miss Emily Southard. The Executive Committee comprised Miss Johnson, Miss Belle G. Murdock and Miss Husted. In the first round of the ladies' and gentlemen's doubles Miss Carrie Husted and John Shedd beat Miss Bayley and Frank A. Sutton, 6 to 2, 6 to 1. Mr. Shedd played a particularly strong game, and the ladies won admiration for the plucky fight that they made, Miss Bayley scoring several excellent points. In the second round Mr. Shedd did more good work. Miss Husted and Mr. Shedd defeated Miss Emma Frost and Mr. William M. Carhart after a strong fight, the score being 6 to 3, 6 to 2. The third set of the first round between Miss Johnson and Charles N. Welles and Miss Carhart and Charles L. Carhart resulted in a hard-earned victory for Mr. and Miss Carhart by 6 to 3. In the second round Mr. and Miss Carhart beat Miss Emily Southard and J. R. Southard, 6 to 3, 6 to 2. The prizes presented to the winners consisted of two handsome banners of red and blue silk. In the gentlemen's doubles Mr. Shedd and Mr. Elihu B. Frost beat Mr. Clinton Bird, of New York, and Mr. John W. Snowden, 6 to 2. A handsome orange and white flag, made by Miss Murdock, was flying from the marquee flag-pole.

THE LENOX TENNIS TOURNEY held at Pittsfield, Mass., September 9, was marked by a series of contests, in which Messrs. Beeckman, Slocum and the Sears brothers took part. In the final singles Beeckman beat Slocum 6—2, 6—3, 2—6, 6—1, thus winning the championship and the beautiful \$150 silver cup made by Tiffany. In the final double Beeckman and Slocum beat the Sears brothers by a score of 6—3, 9—7, 6—3, both winners receiving handsome \$100 silver cups made by Tiffany. The games were all close and exciting.

THE ORANGE TENNIS CLUB'S TOURNEY which ended on September 18, was a very successful and well managed tournament, the attendance of ladies being specially noteworthy. The last day of the tourney was marked by several exciting contests. The finals included the match arranged between Messrs. Sears and Dr. Dwight against Beeckman and Slocum, and owing to the absence of the latter the match went by default to the former pair. Mr. Sears and partner then easily defeated Mr. Bacon and Mr. Thomas, and won the prize for the doubles. Of the two concluding matches in the singles, the first, between Mr. Brinley and Mr. Taylor, was full of merit and was finally won by Mr. Brinley, who then met Mr. Bacon in the finals and won in three straight sets. He was awarded the prize in the singles. Mr. Slocum had by this time made his appearance and an exhibition game was played between the two great pairs, which was easily won by Mr. Sears and Mr. Dwight.

The events in the finals resulted as follows:

*Singles*—G. M. Brinley beat J. F. Bacon, of the Meadow Club of Southampton, L. I., 6—0, 6—2, 6—3.

*Doubles*—R. D. Sears and James Dwight beat J. F. Bacon and J. M. Thomas of the Meadow Club of Southampton, L. I., 6—1, 6—2, 6—1.

The prizes were awarded the winners by John Crosby Brown, President of the club, who took occasion to remark on the great improvement in the play compared with that of previous years.

THE MONTCLAIR CLUB TOURNEY of September 11 attracted a very fashionable gathering of society people of Montclair, N. J., and the surrounding district, and it proved to be a very interesting series of contests. There were sixteen entries in the singles, won by Howard A. Taylor, of the Newport Club, who was awarded the silver cup prize. In the ladies' and gentlemen's doubles, the cup prizes were won by Miss Mary Clark, of Montclair, and T. W. Porter, of Yale College, who defeated Miss Grundy and J. C. Elliott, of Elizabeth, by a score of 6—8, 6—2, 6—4, 6—1. In the doubles Mr. T. W. Porter and Mr. R. S. Thomas, of the Montclair Tennis Club, beat Mr. Hobert and Mr. Whitmore, 7—5, 6—2, 6—4, and won first prize.

### THE TURF.

THE NOTED RACE HORSE "Dew Drop" died at Sheepshead Bay, L. I., on September 11, of spinal meningitis. This splendid animal, one of the greatest racing fillies the turf has known, was purchased at the Rancocas sale by the Dwyer Brothers for \$29,000. Since her purchase she has won for her owners over \$25,000. It would appear from all accounts that she has been run when not in good condition, the last time on September 1, at Prospect Park, when she was badly beaten by Elkwood and Barnum. It was then apparent that all the speed had been run out of Dew Drop, and every one hoped that she would be retired for the season to save her from further humiliation. But it was too late. Her owners sent her repeatedly on the course when she was not fit to run, and raced her through the hot summer against the strongest and hardiest colts, a reckless policy to pursue with a filly whose health was delicate.

### YACHTING.

MR. ROBERT M. WHITING, of Brooklyn, desires to place on record his objections to the time limit given to American yacht races. He says: "I claim to be one of the oldest yachtsmen in this country, having owned my first yacht sixty years ago, and in all that time I have never seen anything in it but trouble, expense and annoyance. I would have it the same as it is in a horse race. When the word is given to go let it be a race, whether it takes seven hours or seventeen. It is as fair for one as it is for the other. Let all take their chances. The limit in the races now being sailed by the sloops is seven hours. If the course is sailed in seven hours, it is a race, but if it takes a second longer, it is no race. It is only necessary to state the case to see how absurd it is. In regard to the outside race sailed Thursday, I doubt if there was one unprejudiced person among all the thousands who witnessed it who is not well satisfied which is the faster boat. And if the *Galatra* did not go over the course and the *Mayflower* did, and in the windward work beat the cutter about four miles in twenty, what sense is there in making the *Mayflower* do the same thing over again, as no doubt she is able to do every day in the week?"

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS of the South Boston Club this season were taken by the *Violet* and *Maggie*, Lizzie Warner, Raven and Breeze, Fearless, Venture and Cooper, Em-Ell-Eye, Tike and Myth, Flora Lee and Victor, Vidette and Mischief.

A YEAR AGO the *Puritan* defeated the English yacht *Genesta* over the New York club course, 16m. 19s. This year the *Mayflower*, the successor in point of design of the *Puritan*, beat the *Galatea* over the same course in 12m. 2s. The relative position of the boats for this last race was established in the first ten minutes. After the first tack the *Mayflower* took the windward position, and slowly increased her advantage over the whole course. She beat the cutter on every point of sailing, and there was no time that she was in danger of being overtaken.

STORMY WEATHER and a small gale of wind met the plucky yachtsmen of the Toledo Yacht Club on the occasion of their annual regatta, on September 13, at Toledo. The course was triangular in shape and twenty-one miles long, and the cup was won by the *Oberon*, 3h. 2m. 10s., although the *Sylvia* went over the course in the quicker time. The high wind caused several of the boats to withdraw from the race and repair damages to sticks and sails.

THE EVENT OF THE MONTH was the trip of the electric yacht *Volta* across the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, and back, made on September 13. The yacht was propelled entirely by electricity, and on her trip to Calais she made the 21 miles in 3h. 51m. On the return trip the conditions were not so favorable, and the time was 4h. 15m. Her accumulators were charged only once for the whole journey of fifty miles. The sea was very calm, and the passage was made so noiselessly that a sea-gull asleep on the water was not disturbed by the approach of the yacht.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE for informing the public of the position of the competing yachts in the international race was hit upon by the *World* people. Stretched across the building was a blue cloth, so arranged and painted as to convey a good representation of the water, along which a couple of tiny vessels, called the *Mayflower* and *Galatea*, were moved to and fro, so as to correspond with the latest bulletins from the Maritime Exchange reporting the relative positions of the boats. Thus, while the crowd were posted up with the latest news, they also had a capital "object lesson" at the same time.

THE *Galatea* was ruled out of the race for Citizen's Cup at Newport, R. I., for striking the buoy and the race given to the *Mayflower*. If no English yacht challenges for the *America* cup next year, several United States boats will go over there. The owner of the *Puritan* has announced that he will go, and Commodore Hovey says he will take the schooner *Fortuna*.

THE SWIFT LITTLE STEAM YACHT owned by Mr. Norman Munro, the *Henrietta*, on September 10 started the yachting world by making the 133 1-3 miles from Catskill Landing, N. Y., to Sandy Hook in 6h. 40m., an average of 20 1/4 miles an hour.

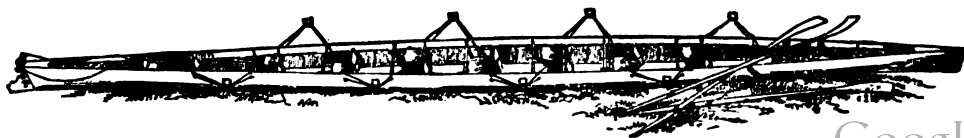
THE AMERICAN SLOOP YACHT *Thetis*, on September 21, defeated the English cutter yacht *Stranger*, in a race from Newport to Marblehead. The *Thetis* is owned by Harry Bryant, of Boston, and the English cutter, imported, crew and all, from Southampton, is owned by George H. Narrin, of the same city. The two yachts are almost evenly matched in size. The *Stranger* is a foot or two longer. There has been a rivalry between them ever since the *Stranger* arrived. The race was a private match. Captain Snow was at the wheel of the *Thetis* throughout the race. The captain of the *Stranger* said: "It was an interesting and exciting race all through, and was handsomely won. While some of the big fellows anchored on account of the wind and sea, the *Thetis* and *Stranger* held to their match race, and the \$500 was handsomely won by the Bostonian."

THE YACHT RACE off Newport on September 18, was, after the first few miles, little better than a drifting match, and little satisfaction will be taken in the disposition of the Citizens' Cups. The race was sailed over the Block Island triangular course of forty-five miles. An hour before the start the wind was blowing strong from the northward. When the preparatory signal was sounded it had decreased materially, and at noon it was but a gentle zephyr. The official returns were as follows:

| Name                        | SCHOONERS.    |                 |
|-----------------------------|---------------|-----------------|
|                             | Elapsed Time. | Corrected Time. |
|                             | H. M. S.      | H. M. S.        |
| <i>Gitana</i> . . . . .     | 11 22 10      | 11 22 10        |
| <i>Montauk</i> . . . . .    | Not timed.    |                 |
| <i>Miranda</i> . . . . .    | Not timed.    |                 |
| <i>Sachem</i> . . . . .     | Not timed.    |                 |
| FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.         |               |                 |
| <i>Mayflower</i> . . . . .  | 12 16 50      | 12 16 50        |
| <i>Galatea</i> . . . . .    | 12 23 58      | 12 23 14        |
| <i>Puritan</i> . . . . .    | Not timed.    |                 |
| SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.        |               |                 |
| <i>Stranger</i> . . . . .   | 9 37 10       | 9 32 39         |
| <i>Thetis</i> . . . . .     | 11 24 32      | 11 19 25        |
| <i>Bedouin</i> . . . . .    | Not timed.    |                 |
| THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.         |               |                 |
| <i>Cinderella</i> . . . . . | 11 16 36      | 11 16 36        |
| <i>Clara</i> . . . . .      | 11 37 31      | 11 35 55        |
| <i>Bertie</i> . . . . .     | Not timed.    |                 |

According to this official table the *Mayflower* beat the *Galatea* 6m. 24s. The *Stranger* beat the *Thetis* 1h. 46m. 46s., and the *Cinderella* beat the *Clara* 19m. 19s.

THE REGATTA COMMITTEE of the American Yacht Club has decided that in the last regatta of the club the steam yacht *Atalanta* won in all the events contested. She has chosen the Commodore's Cup. The steam yacht *Yosemite* won the first class Emery Cup; the steam yacht *Lagonda* won the second class Emery Cup, and the steam yacht *Nereid* won the third class Emery Cup. The steam yacht *Inanda* won the Haswell Cup, but it is declared no race between the steam launches *Henrietta* and *Surprise*. The launch of the steam yacht *Orientas* wins the prize given for the "naphtha" launches.



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POULTNEY BIGELOW, *Editor*.

Offices, 140 Nassau Street, New York.

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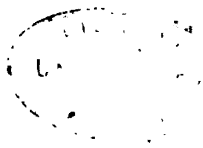
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OUTING FOR DECEMBER.



THE MAYFLOWER-GALATEA CONTEST, 1886.

[The artist has chosen that part of the race of September 7th, when "Mayflower" set her balloon jib, immediately upon rounding the Lightship. The original painting hangs in the OUTING office.]



# OUTING.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1886.



No. 3.

## THE SUNSET LAND<sup>1</sup>

A TALE OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

BY CAPTAIN EDWARD KEMEYS, JR.

### XII.

"THIS yer'er been an eventful time, Captain, but ye may es well kick up es long's ye feel like it; we aint goin' ter have this weather forever.

"The Shoshones know it, an' have some sort of a move in view. I saw one of 'em on that high butte ter the west, sittin' with his horse picketed beside him, a-prayin' ter the Great Spirit for success in huntin', or some sich thing."

We did not rest, therefore, till all was made ready for the expected storm. The weather continued delightful; but late one afternoon I noticed Paul, who was sitting near the fireplace, incline his head to one side as if listening attentively to something.

"It's comin'," he said, "I knowed it, just put yer ear ter this pint."

Leaning closely against a particular point of the rock-blasted fireplace I distinctly heard a low, murmuring sound, which increased in volume, and then went wandering off in a long howling. When I removed my ear from the stone not a sound could be heard, and turning an astonished gaze upon Paul, my question was answered before it was asked.

His face wore a strange expression, as if he knew the meaning of the mystery, and when he spoke, it was in a whisper almost. Calling me to the long, narrow window he pointed to the north-west; not a cloud stood in the sky, only over a towering mountain, called the "Captain," was any change visible. Above this, resting almost upon it, was a yellowish vapory mass with dark center.

"Look, that's the storm, but 'fore ever that cloud formed I heard the first shiver, as plain as if I was standin' on the Captain's dome."

"Your chimney's a regular barometer, Paul."

"'Tis sunthin' far better; I look and listen in that chimney fur more things than a storm.

"I felt you was a-comin' the day you did, and that war the reason I rode out ter meet yer, saw ye plain a-follerin' the faint trail while settin' right here in this cabin. See how low the cloud has settled, ye can't see but half the mountain, his head's in the tempest. Down, down it comes, lower yet, look! It's reached the plain an' spread out its roarin' white army; see the trees all rise up ter meet 'em an' then go down before the gale. Go listen at the chimney now."

I did. A confused, rushing sound reached me, above which seemed to peal long howls, wild and ravening, as though a legion of gaunt wolves were sweeping toward us on the blast. Instinctively running to the window to watch its approach, I saw the gale was upon us, with driving snow that filled the air. It roared and raged as if the fiends were loosed, but vainly spent its force against the low, heavily-walled cabin. A few shooting flakes found their way underneath the door and that was all. Night came, and still the storm swept by. Long moaned the wind, then fell, and the snow piled high. With the morning came the sun. My first look was toward the great peak. There he stood, clear, impenetrable and defiant. Too many storms had been born on his glistening front for him to fear; they had spent their strength on that lofty dome, then been dashed from his sides down to the earth below. The snow had hemmed us in. We might roam northward, 'twas true, but south, the ranges

<sup>1</sup> This tale commenced in the June OUTING.

were high piled with drifts, over which no man might pass till spring unloosed the winter's clutch. Next came intense cold, and the river froze nearly to the bottom. The storm drove the hunting party of Shoshones back to their first camp near our cabin. They were frequent visitors, and I used also to sit in their warm lodges while the squaws made me moccasins of buffalo skin for winter wear, as I used to hunt almost invariably on foot; on one occasion, though, I was glad of a horse.

Having wounded a black-tailed deer, but lost all my cartridges in stalking, it was impossible to secure it. Suddenly I became aware of a mounted Indian upon a bluff which commanded a view of the cañon where the wounded deer was. By signs he was induced to descend, though with

Next day, with a few blood-drops and hoof-marks to guide me, I found my game stone dead; it had climbed to a rocky niche to avoid being taken, and there died. Two magpies gave notice of his whereabouts by their extravagant movements and voices. The Shoshones moved south after their hunting was done, and left me a beautiful embroidered rifle-cover before their departure, as a memento.

The surrounding gulches afforded a good harbor for game, which in nearly every instance appeared when approached. One evening, having just begun a hard climb



"LEANING CLOSELY AGAINST THE ROCK-BLASTED FIRE-PLACE."

evident reluctance, and began forcing his mustang downward over the slippery snow of the hill-side until he reached my standpoint. He, having no cartridges wherewith to secure the game, we concluded to abandon the chase. He then invited me to mount with him, and we started homeward, the wiry mustang carrying both of us, much to my amazement, our novel position in no wise interfering with the Indian's lofty train of thought, for though subjected to a fearful pressure of my arms (done purposely) he called attention to the flight of a golden eagle overhead, intimating that his mind was absorbed in contemplation of it.

along the rough path, a coyote sprang from behind a sage-brush, and started upward. Knowing that he would stop and look back when gaining the summit, I settled down in the snow and waited. He *did* stop. My rifle-ball caught him through the loins. Down he came, biting at the wound like mad, and never stopped rolling till he touched my feet, when a blow from a stone put him out of pain.

This is mentioned to show that, with a knowledge of the habits of a wild animal, hunting is stripped of half its labor.

For a time Paul and I were left alone, and I had abundant opportunity of studying him, for in Paul's character were still depths, which his wild and lonely life had intensified, bringing forth a rude but true philosophy which had stood him well in many a year of privation undergone; fitting itself to the great world of nature, it partook of her expanse, while the surface was bright and sparkling as a mountain stream.

When tired of mentalizing, he related some adventure he had known, which made the low-ceiled cabin expand and peopled it with the strange creation called to life.

"Dogs is queer critters," said he. "Look at Bluelight there — what a dog he is — a bull bloodhound cross; an' fur sense an' a fair stand-up fight, thar aint his equal. He's got a curus sort uv way from his bloodhound mother; seems ter reason an' act on his plan jest like a human, cruel an' cunnin'; he's saved me many a tough time. Hold up, Blue!" The great maltese-and-white spotted dog raised his heavy head, lifted his sullen eyes a moment to his master, then slouched over on the floor again to sleep.

"I remember once in the early days of Nebraska, how a little tan-colored dog saved a man's life. He war a greenhorn or ye'd never ketched him in sech a scrape. It war in the spring and this ere young feller thought he'd take a ride

would go; the more he tried to drive her hum, the more determined she wuz to fol-ler. So flingin' a last stun and a cuss at her, he gave up and let her come. She did not frisk about like most dogs when they get what they want, but jest trotted 'long after the hoss, as tho' savin' herself fer some p'ticlar occasion. The greenhorn knowed 'nough ter take his gun an' that war all. It war a fine day, an' he kept on till some four miles from the station, then got down, picketed his hoss, an' begun ter look fer agates an' sich. He went potterin' 'round, an' continered his sarch s'long that the dog begun ter jump an' paw about, but he never minded her, an' when he got good an' ready, started fur hum. He told me afterwards he felt kinder curus, an' no wonder, fur he got his breakin' in all ter wunst. After goin' 'bout a mile the little grayhound commenced ter jump again, an' look back. This made *him* turn 'round, an' there wuz six



"WE STARTED HOMEWARD."

from the tradin' station an' see what wuz goin' on. So, contrary to ginal orders, he saddled a hoss an' off he piked, follered by the little tan grayhound. She

*red-skins comin'* toward him es fast es their mustangs could gallop.

"He'd often heard tell how Inguns sometimes scared folks in play, and for fun, but

he knowed in a minnit that fun war not their game, an', ter be on the safe side, he legs it, with the little dog a-paddlin' on behind.

tallest of their race, whose homes were upon the far-away banks of the Yellowstone. They stalked about the place,



"CLINCHED 'IM BY THE LEGS."

He war makin' boss time, too, when he seen a slim figger away *ahead* uv him. This discouraged him, so ter speak, but he'd nothin' ter do but ter lick it like blazes, with the little dog a-follerin' along. The next view he hed uv his slim friend he wuz standin' behind his hoss, a-holdin' sunthin' in his hand, an' the next—a red flash come from that sunthin', an' he felt sort a cold on one side, an' then sort a hot. He didn't stop ter annulize these feelins', but laid down ter split, with the little tancolored dog a-comin' right along. Es the man behind the hoss had to load, Greenhorn was well onter him before he could finish, an' then he up with his own gun an' fired at the Ingun hoss; the shot tuck effect, an' it capered away. Ingun he made a grab at the trailin' lariat, caught the eend, an' tried to finish loadin', but he never did finish loadin' thet gun. Cause why? The little dog, thet I said had been a-follerin' all the time, clinched 'im by the legs, an' made times so hot fur him, that between her an' his caperin' hoss, he did jist nothin' at all. Thet little animal raked the Inguns' shins till Greeny was beyond range. Even then the others hed ter help their kumrade—fact. They war so delayed, thet the boss Ingun fighter hed time ter git ter the station. Then the little dog cum a-follerin'."

Some of the Crow or Absaraka Indians staid over night at the cabin about this time—gigantic men they were, the very

examining each object of interest, while the sounds of their deep voices echoed back from the cabin's walls. They were loud in praise of the amount of game killed by Paul and me, as shown upon the outer logs of the cabin, where the skins were fastened. Next day they started northward again, in Indian file, upon their ponies, bound for their own tall lodges and hunting-grounds.

"Ye war lucky, mighty lucky, Captain, ter git thet grizzly es ye did, said Paul.

"I knowed a feller wonst so dead sot on a bear thet he tuck up with a hunter named 'Ingun Dick,' and 'greed ter give him a wheen of money if he only would jist show him a bear within fair shot. Wall, Dick 'greed ter the 'rangement, an' tuck the feller ter live with him till he could find a bear fur him. Dick had a big tepé, with a Shoshone woman for his wife, and a hull grist uv half-breed children, not ter speak uv a considerable lot of possibles ter make things comfortable. The Ingun woman she tended ter all the hum management, sich as wallopin' the kids, cookin', dressin' hides, an' sand-papering the entire kit uv possibles 'till they shone 'gin. This yer feller's name was 'Strutlege,' or sunthin', an' he hailed from Ingianny or some other Eastern State. Wall, things went on so fur a considerable spell. Strutlege fooled 'round the tepé, an' now an' then tuck a shot at some small wild critter or other, when one day Dick come gallopin' up,

an' sez he : 'Boss, I kin fill yer bill. I done got the "ole man" down fine fur ye.' All in a minnit the feller seemed as though he war goin' ter back water. Ingun Dick somehow 'peared so fresh frum the bear, he actilly seemed ter smell uv him; but it war too late, so he said : 'All right, Dick; I'll go right 'long with ye;' an', takin' his gun, together they sloped. 'Bout a mile away Dick said : 'Get down — gimme yer hoss — climb thet ridge — look over an' ye'll see him; he's diggin' roots thar, not

ter kill, an' kill he must, so he drew in a long breath, stopped wavering fer an instant an' pulled; the bullet jest grazed the skin by Ephram's leg, while Strutlege, forgittin' every word Dick told him, dropped his gun, an', instead uv climbin' the cedar, ez he'd orter, started full run fur hum, accompanyin' himself with a yell at every jump. He might ez well hev tried ter run away from a steam-engine, fur the bear, snortin' an' fumin', closed down on him like a tornado, an' in a



THE ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY.

more'n seventy-five yards off, in good fair shot. Then draw fine jest behind his fore-shoulder — hold stiddy — an' let drive. Then, whether ye hit or no, skin up thet low cedar, he can't climb, an' ye'r safe. I'm here ter purtect ye; now git.'

"Dick said he jest mentioned the cedar tree, 'cause Strutlege's lips war white 's a fox's. He clumb the ridge, an' thar, sure 'nuff, war Ephram, lookin' big ez a steer, rippin' up sods by the yard, an' chawin' fresh roots, most 'mazin'. The feller didn't hev ter lay down, he war down already; but stiddy his gun he could not. Every time he pinte at the bear, it wobbled like the shacklin' wheel uv an ole shay, coverin' in its range the plain an' mountain alike indefinite; but he'd come

minnit more his goose would hev been cooked, but Dick, seein' how things wuz, spurred up, an' sent a ball through the bear's lights; then two more, which postponed his runnin' fur a spell. But Greenhorn never stopped. On he flew till he got ter the tepé, an' at one jump busted right through the flap, kerchunk! inter the middle uv the family, grub, possibles an' all. He paid the money, but left the mountains shortly fur some other place, whar he could kill bears in 'nother way, an' more ter his likin'.

"I've got a dug-out in those mountains ter the westward, Captain, whar I sometimes go fur wild sheep; maybe we kin strike 'em fust thar — let's try." So Paul packed Old Star, and one afternoon found us winding over the rough ridges toward a tower-shaped mountain west of our cabin. The snow lay in patches everywhere, but here and there the brown earth showed, spreading away before us or cropping out

in brilliant blue and yellow clay belts, along the sides of the hills. So, leading the pack-horse, we trudged along before him up the ever ascending trail of the foothills. The prairie-dogs and their villages were left, with the bands of antelope, away below us in the warmer valleys and meadows, and in their places the fox-squirrel barked from the upper limbs of a pine, and a plunging crash in some thickly-wooded

this wall Paul halted, observing, "Here we be!"

"Where's your dug-out, Paul?"

"Golly! Captain, where's your eyes?" He pushed a mass of trailing creeper aside, and right behind it, in the face of the earth wall, appeared a heavy door of slabs. Then hitching and unpacking Old Star, he fastened him to a post in an old stable of logs, to the left of the dug-out,



PAUL'S DUG-OUT.

gulch told of the flight of Billy Black-tail below. The great coniferous trees of the mountains now, as many a time before, began to ope the way, and marshal us onward and upward, till, under their darkening shadows, naught could be seen of the far-lying plain, where the Gray Bull River rushed and foamed.

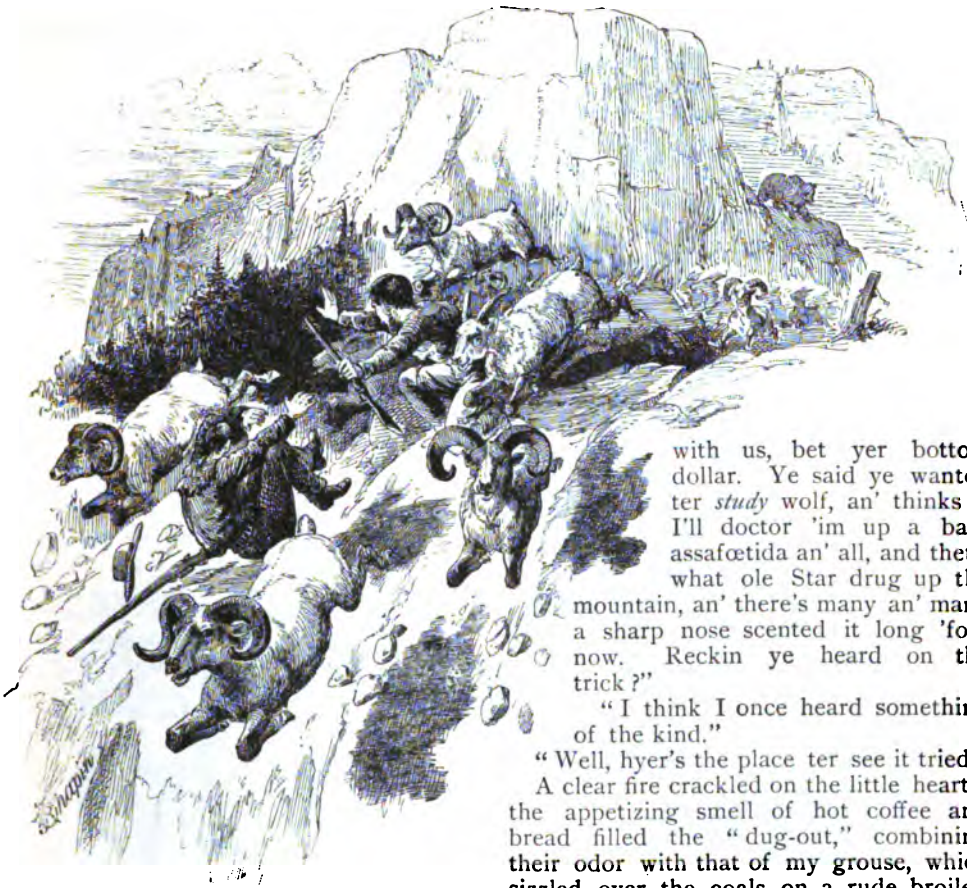
The sweet pine-scented air circled about us, and made each nerve and fiber thrill with life, as we spurned the trail beneath, following a little tinkling rill upward along its course, till the clear spring which formed it was reached. Then, the tall trees opened into a glade, at the extremity of which was a perpendicular wall of earth about ten feet high — extending clear across the little opening, and apparently blocking the passage onward most effectually. Close to

among the trees, and opening the creeper-covered door, motioned me to enter.

It was dingy enough, and the smoky smell, and strange light streaming down the chimney, almost predisposed me to hesitate a moment. *Such* a queer den! The walls were smoothly cut from the gray clay of the hill, but the ceiling was upheld by heavy beams and rafters of pine, further supported by uprights in the center of the floor, which was as hard as stamped clay could make it. A rude table, bench, and bed came one by one into light, and were, without doubt, the only furniture which the place contained.

"Quiet kinder place, hey, Captain? Ye must wait till it gits tuned up. So you jest take a stroll, while I put things to rights; some time sence I been hyer."





"'T WAS HIM STAMPEDED THE SHEEP."

Outwardly there was no sign of the strange habitation, except the abrupt rise of the clay bank seemed just the place in which to build (or dig) a "dug-out." The plateau above was hemmed in by the dark ranks of the pines; only a collection of rough stones showing where the chimney underneath poured out its smoke. Entering the timber, a small covey of ptarmigan (mountain grouse) whirred up and settled at such provokingly short distance that I could not resist a couple of shots, which brought me a brace of the birds, so soft and white in their thick, smooth plumage. Tying these to my belt, I continued my walk, but gained nothing but a more excellent appetite for supper than before, if that were possible.

"Takes time, takes time; jest hold on where ye be for a spell," said Paul. "Did ye notice the drag I hitched to old Star? Well, that drag cum all the way

with us, bet yer bottom dollar. Ye said ye wanted ter *study* wolf, an' thinks I, I'll doctor 'im up a bait, assafœtida an' all, and thet's what ole Star drug up the mountain, an' there's many an' many a sharp nose scented it long 'fore now. Reckin ye heard on the trick?"

"I think I once heard something of the kind."

"Well, hyer's the place ter see it tried."

A clear fire crackled on the little hearth, the appetizing smell of hot coffee and bread filled the "dug-out," combining their odor with that of my grouse, which sizzled over the coals on a rude broiler, found on the old clay wall. So the sweet repast was done, (ah, what abode of wealth could produce such a one?) and while Paul went outside for fresh fuel, I watched the wavering tongues of flame as they wandered over the glowing bed beneath, and had nearly dropped off to sleep, when Paul pushed the door open, and, standing still a moment, turned his head to one side, saying: "Listen! they're coming!" then entering, he barred the heavy door, and I heard the mass of vines outside rustle their trailing limbs against it.

"Hark t'ole Star! He hears 'em."

A legion of light feet seemed sweeping by, then the shrill voice of a coyote went echoing among the hills, and as his comrades, a ghostly train, took up the chorus, every rock and tree sent back the shrill yelping of the never-ending strain. Suddenly all was quiet.

"Look up, Captain." I did, and through an opening in the roof saw two pairs of gleaming eyes, then a foxy snout was thrust in and withdrawn. Next came some stealthy

footsteps at the door. But now, above the gibbering whines, came a mournful howl, rising like a wind among the deep gorges, and like the wind dying away among the hills, till all the gullies seemed laden with the sound; and I knew an old gray wolf was calling for his kind. Then they came —

while an undertone of baffled growls made us feel our fate, should an entrance once be made. The horse neighed loudly as he scented the fierce beasts, but his strong shelter of logs would withstand a much harder attack than that one. All night those wild unearthly voices still



"GRUBBED 'IM BY THE LEGS."

like fierce flakes of snow before the driving wind. Each cañon emptied forth its den, till our little shelter seemed but an atom in that gray roaring army. The scent of the drug had driven them wild, and now the red jaws were fearlessly thrust into the sky-light and against the door,

chided the rocks, till with the night the gray army drew backward, and when at dawn I opened the door the last of the Witch's Horses could be seen trotting away, and now and then sending a glance backward to the scene of the night's wild revel.

[To be continued.]



## THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE SURPRISE.<sup>1</sup>

(Being the Diary of a Trip Around the World by a College Boy.)

### VIII.

#### FROM CHEE-FOO TO SHANGHAI.

*Yellow Sea, April 1, 1876.*—Among my fellow passengers is a military attaché to one of the legations at Pekin, who has spent many years in the country, is making a study of the Chinese as "food for powder," and preparing a series of reports for his government. His language to me on the subject of China's military power was about as follows:

"The Chinese Government is to-day making vast preparations for war. They are, however, in true Chinese fashion, commencing at the wrong end. They are buying from all quarters the most expensive arms and ammunition, but they have no soldiers to handle them. Although the Chinese Government works with the utmost secrecy, they cannot hide all things. The last steamer up the Yellow Sea carried ten four-ton steel Krupp guns, each one costing from \$20,000 to \$30,000. These were destined for the works about the Peiho. The forts at the mouth of the Peiho River, called the Taku forts, are swarming with coolies engaged in strengthening them. These are, to be sure, all of old-fashioned build, and yet will prove very effective defenses, by reason of the soft mud and morass that surround them. A land attack is almost impossible, and all gun boats attempting to reach Pekin must run the gauntlet of these forts.

"Further up the river, between Taku and Tien-Tsin, a distance of fifty-four miles, is a famous collection of defenses known as the 'Nine forts.' These are first-class fortifications. They are hidden from view to those navigating the river, and are built on the most approved military models, somewhat after the design of those at Coblenz and Mayence. This collection forms, perhaps, the most important defense work in China, and has created considerable comment among foreign military critics.

"And yet with all this they have not a single military training school in the empire. The Chinese are taught to look upon soldier work as servile, and none but the most degraded can be induced to enter the army. Among the thousands of native officers paid by the Government, there is not, probably, a single one capable of handling a body of men in the field. An officer's position is one strictly of official dignity.

He is not expected to belittle himself by drilling his men. The incapacity of the officers, of course, makes cowards of the men here, as it would anywhere else."

Although trained bodies of soldiers are never seen, there is no end of so-called soldiers who are found lounging about the streets, sleeping on the steps of palaces, and exhibiting in their manner and dress the habits of insolent vagabonds. I have seen them in Pekin dozing away at noon on the sunny side of a building. Sometimes they would have an antiquated bow and a quiver of arrows about them, as weapons, and sometimes a rusty sixteenth century blunderbuss match-lock that looked ready for a museum of antiquities. These soldiers are as much feared by the people as though they were foreign troops quartered upon them. They are chiefly retainers of the Manchoo, and serve to prop up the present dynasty. This dynasty feels its dependence on them so completely, that it would be fatal to it should any attempt be made to effectually reform the army.

Once a year a great military review is held, at which the Emperor bestows prizes in an archery contest among his retainers.

I found the general opinion among European residents to be that, though the Chinese will fight pretty well behind walls or when driven into a corner, they are ridiculous cowards in the open field. How much this is due to their inefficient organization how much to the incapacity of their leaders, how much to ignorance and superstition, and how much to natural cowardice it is hard to say.

#### A GREAT JESUIT MISSION.

*Tuesday, April 4.*—Count —, of the French Legation, appears to be on very intimate terms with the fathers of the Jesuit Mission at Zikawei. On his invitation we went together from the French Consulate to pay it a visit. The count drove me out in his brougham, a matter of five miles from Shanghai.

We had barely announced our presence, when two French priests entered the room and greeted us most cordially. On their heads they wore the peculiar Chinese silk skull cap; on their feet they wore the peculiar native shoe; down their backs streamed the celestial pigtail, and their garments

<sup>1</sup> The first instalment of the Diary was in OUTING for May

consisted of the usual silk tunic and gown. Were it not that they allowed their beards to grow, they would, at a distance, be readily taken for Chinamen.

While my companion went off for a chat with one of the Jesuits, the other started with me for an inspection of the mission. His manner was frank and agreeable, and the way he spoke of missionary life indicated that it was to him one full of cheerfulness and progress. Had my experience of missionaries in China been limited to the few cheerless Protestants I met at Pekin and Chee-Foo, I should have had scant reason to wonder at the small progress of the gospel among Chinamen.

"Mon Père" and I went first to the boys' and girls' schools. We entered a large room, full of young Chinamen repeating in unison. They were sing-singing vigorously and swaying their bodies to and fro to emphasize the rhythm. All were clean, neatly dressed and as alert as any New England room-full.

"These," said the priest, "are children of good families, and pay for their instruction. They are day scholars only, but many turn out to be good Catholics, although the majority of course remain heathens. Of these paying pupils we have forty. A number of them are trained to perform services in church and at festivals.

"In the College of St. Ignatius we have eleven Chinamen taking a severe course in Latin and studies of the Church. These will soon be fit for the Theological Seminary, and after that will be ordained for the missionary field.

"To deal with the Chinaman," said the priest, impressively, "you must meet him on his own ground. The Chinaman's nature is serious — very serious. You must therefore treat him seriously. You must make him work hard. You must work hard yourself. You must show him that you are in dead earnest. Otherwise he has no respect for you."

#### MISSIONARY WORK SHOPS.

"Here are our work-shops," continued the priest, as we entered upon a series of one-storied buildings noisy with the sound of hammer and saw. "You can hardly

name a department of mechanical activity that is not represented among these Chinese here. They are mostly foundlings whom we are teaching to appreciate the forces of European civilization. When we once teach the Chinaman that we are physically stronger and more skilful than him, we have gone a long way towards making them accept our religion."

And truly the industrial picture was remarkable. On this side were Chinese children, picked up in the fields and the gutters only a few years ago, now setting up type, and turning out from Yankee printing presses Chinese versions of Catholic prayer-books, Catholic catechisms, and the lives of Catholic saints. On the other side were Chinese lads engraving on wood figures of



AFTERNOON TEA AMONG THE FATHERS.

Christian saints and martyrs intended to ornament the books which the others were printing. The saints, to be sure, were uniformly represented as wearing the Chinese garb, including the native pigtail, but this, no doubt, made them the more acceptable to the Chinese.

Others were carving, most elaborately, vast pieces of church furniture. Altar pieces, chapels, canonical chairs, baptismal fonts, church doors and crucifixes were being made here with a delicacy and finish unrivaled even in Rome.

Some were coloring large cuts, illustrating church doctrine. These were about five feet long by three wide, and were evidently intended to be displayed in school-rooms and chapels belonging to the Jesuit

mission. One of these vast religious "posters" represented the Creator in the garb of a Chinese mandarin, with Christ and the Virgin Mary on either side of Him. All three, under ordinary circumstances, would be mistaken for Chinese father and son. Both wore pigtailed and the peculiar, Chinese curled-up shoe. Hosts of Chinese angels floated about—in fact, the picture was a painfully realistic tribute to Chinese ideas. Another of these colored prints represented the death-bed of the wicked. A Chinaman, whose features represent most horrible agony, lies on a Chinese couch, surrounded by Chinese women and children. At his side are an opium pipe and a dice box—emblematic of the two chief vices of China. Great tongues of flame are leaping from a hole in the center of the floor, and in their midst is seen a group of Chinese devils armed with pitchforks, casting hungry glances towards the wicked man's couch. Sorrowing angels, wearing Chinese gowns, slippers and head-dress, stand near the wife of the departing one, as though to suggest the happiness that would have been in store for all concerned had not the Chinese husband turned wicked.

These pictures struck me very painfully. Must we then, I thought, turn our Saviour into a Chinaman in order to save sinners from Cathay? Is it not bad enough to see Christian priests making Chinamen of themselves?

Then there were others engaged in gilding frames and religious furniture; some were binding books, some learning the hair-dressing trade, some learning to be tailors, some at looms learning to be weavers; in short, all were engaged in some handicraft that would enable them to earn a living. In the meantime they were receiving religious instruction from the priests, and in many respects making themselves very useful to their preceptors.

From the workshops we went to the establishment of the "Auxiliatrices du Purgatoire." One of the sisters, dressed very much like a Friend, showed us over the establishment. She was a cheerful, motherly lady, devoted to her work and enthusiastic over the results. She took us to a room occupied by a hundred little cribs, each crib occupied by a little Chinese foundling—perhaps only a day or two old. "This little one," said she, pointing to a wee thing whose color showed that the Angel of Death was near, "was picked up yesterday. It will be in Paradise to-day."

The sister could not conceal her satisfaction in the thought that the little

foundling had been baptized in the Catholic faith.

"A large percentage of these little ones die," continued she, in answer to a question of mine. "We pick them up, I am sorry to say, in great abundance. They are often full of disease, a shocking reminder of their parents' vices. We do the best we can with them. Those that grow up are taught useful trades, and are allowed to do as they please when they come of age."

"Of course," added she, "they are trained as good Catholics, and many remain faithful after they have left our care."

"We have great prejudice to overcome," said she, "and we are daily diminishing this. The Chinese have a high regard for our scientific attainments, and even where in all other respects they hate us, they will, when seriously ill, call upon us for relief. They have no confidence in their quack doctors who charge exorbitantly for their nostrums. Our advice and medicine they get for nothing, an advantage no one appreciates so well as a Chinaman."

"Of course, when we have a Chinese patient in our hospital, we take good care that his soul shall be ministered to as conscientiously as his body. We surround him with holy pictures and give him holy words along with his medicine. When he leaves us, I am sure, he must do so with kindly feelings towards us."

We next visited the Natural History Museum.

"Our collection," observed the priest, "is very valuable. The father in charge is a thorough naturalist, and spends nine months out of every year in ransacking the province with his gun, his rod, his net and his boat. The balance of the year he devotes to organizing the specimens he has secured. He is, of course, protected by treaty rights, and learns a vast amount about the country that is exceedingly valuable to the mission."

The work-shop of this priestly scientist was packed high with unopened boxes full of birds, insects, beasts and reptiles. His table was littered with glasses, feathers and bones. His library was full of the best and latest works relating to his specialty. Conspicuous among them was a handsomely bound quarto edition of Siebold's "Flora Japonica."

In passing through their extensive general library, I remarked to the priest that I had seen an unusually large number of second-hand books exposed for sale on the stands in Shanghai. I remarked that

I had bought a copy of Machiavelli's "Livy," for twenty cents. My companion frowned at this and said severely that it was "*un mauvais livre*."

We saw nothing but the outside of the Carmelite nunnery. Nine Europeans and eight Chinese are leading the contemplative life here. As the Buddhists are strong on monastic life, it would not do for the Jesuits to attempt a religious mission without a nunnery. Hence this one.

We next reached the observatory, where I found Count—in social converse with half a dozen of the fathers.

"We can now," said the priest, "determine the state of the weather in all parts of the world. We are in communication with the Washington weather bureau, and I can testify to the excellence of the scientific work done there. We have here the best instruments in existence, and are constantly at work making observations that are of great value to science."

After more admiration for the completeness of their scientific apparatus, refreshments were brought in. These consisted of cigars, wine, tea and cake. The wines were particularly choice, and there was no stint in the supply. The priests, in true missionary style, waited one upon the other, no servants entering the room while I was there.

While standing at a window I ventured to ask one of the fathers in regard to a chapel erected on an eminence about forty miles distant, and just visible on a clear day. It was dedicated to "Immaculate Mary."

After a moment's hesitation he said: "The fact is, the Chinaman is morbidly fond of processions. We missionaries could do nothing with him unless we gave him an occasional pilgrimage to a shrine. *Voilà tout*."

"Our work," continued he, changing the subject, "is serious. We cannot afford to take any risks. If the Chinaman likes pictures of saints with Chinese slippers on, it is our duty to see that Chinese slippers do not stand between us and a convert. If the Chinaman has a prejudice against missionaries with short hair, it is not for us to deny him the gratification of seeing us in Chinese queue and cap.

"This province, over which we watch, has a population of 50,000,000. Of these, we claim 90,000 as Christians. We have ninety Jesuits at work among this 50,000,000 all the time. The province is subdivided into parishes, and we see that a station, once occupied, is never abandoned. The work goes on continuously. There is no

working at cross-purposes among us. We have no large families that require us to keep to the larger towns, and which periodically give the excuse for going home on sick leave. The priest who comes out here, comes here to die."

Speaking of the most powerful means of making converts, my priestly cicerone told me the following: "The circulation of religious anecdotes does much good. For instance, last year Père Pouplard worked a miracle by the aid of prayer and Lourdes water. We printed the story in our annual report."

Here is the story, translated from the report given me by the priest:

A young Chinese woman is dying. Her heathen attendants ignore her cries for the sacrament. At last, wearied by her importunities, and despairing of her life, the two Chinese physicians in attendance allow the priest to be called.

Father Pouplard goes on: "Notified by her handmaid, I leave the confessional and hasten to the bed where she lies on the point of death. She had lost all sense of speech or hearing. Her mouth is open, as with one about to breathe her last. In haste I administer extreme unction, dreading momentarily to see her pass away before my very eyes.

"After the sacrament, I recall Notre Dame de Lourdes, and the miracles worked by its waters. I rush to my room. I find my little bottle of Lourdes water. I hurry back.

"I pray to the Holy Virgin to work a miracle upon this body in order thereby to save the souls of those of her family who might be witness to it. I make the dying one swallow some of the water, and made her repeat the words:

"'Save me, Immaculate Mary!'

"After the draught she fell asleep and passed a good night. Next day, another spoonful and the words 'Immaculate Mary, save me.'

"I bring the viaticum. After the holy mass she begins to recover rapidly. Speech, hearing and intellect return; her appetite also returns.

"The pagan physician exclaims as he sees the wonder: 'In truth, it is a good thing to believe in God!'

"The result is that the heathen aunt, together with the father and brothers, propose to embrace Christianity. The sister vows to remain single and devote herself to the Church."

I did not ask my friend, the priest, whether he believed this story.

[To be continued.]

# AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS STEVENS,

[Our Special Correspondent.]

## XIV.

### PERSIA AND THE TABREEZ CARAVAN TRAIL.

A SHORT trundle to the summit of a sloping pass, and then a winding descent of several miles brings me to a position commanding a view of an extensive valley that looks from this distance as lovely as a dreamy vision of Paradise; an hour later and I am bowling along beneath overhanging peach and mulberry trees, following a volunteer horseman to Mohammed Ali Khan's garden. Before reaching the garden a gang of bare-legged laborers engaged in patching up a mud wall favor me with a fusillade of stones, one of which caresses me on the ankle, and makes me limp like a Greenwich pensioner when I dismount a minute or two afterwards. This is their peculiar way of complimenting a lone Ferenghi, and proves that in Persia, as in other countries, there is more rowdiness in suburban villages than anywhere else. Mohammed Ali Khan is found to be rather a moon-faced individual under thirty, who, together with his subordinate officials, are occupying tents in a large garden; here, during the summer, they dispense justice to applicants for the same within their jurisdiction, and transact such other official business as is brought before them. In Persia the distribution of justice consists chiefly in the officials ruthlessly looting the applicants of everything loatable, and the weightiest task of the officials is intriguing together against the pocket of the luckless wight who ventures upon seeking equity at their hands.

A sorrowful-visaged husbandman is evidently experiencing the easy simplicity of Persian civil justice as I enter the garden; he wears the mournful expression of a man conscious of being irretrievably doomed, while the festive Kahn and his equally festive secretary are laying their wicked heads together and whispering mysteriously, fifty paces away from everybody, ever and anon looking suspiciously around as though fearful of the presence of eaves-droppers. After duly *binning*, a young man yclept Abdullah, who seems to be at the beck and call of everybody, brings forth the *samovar*, and we drink the customary tea of good

fellowship, after which they examine such of my modest effects as take their fancy.

The secretary, as becomes a man of education, is quite infatuated with my pocket map of Persia; the fact that Persia occupies so great a space on the map in comparison to the small portions of adjoining countries visible around the edges, makes a powerful appeal to his national vanity, and he regards me with increased affection every time I trace out for him the comprehensive boundary line of his native Iran. After nightfall we repair to the principal tent and Mohammed Ali Khan and the secretary consume the evening hours in the joyous occupation of alternately smoking the *kalian* (Persian water-pipe, not unlike the Turkish narghileh, except that it has a straight stem instead of a coiled tube), and swallowing glasses of raw arrack every few minutes; they furthermore amuse themselves by trying to induce me to follow their noble example, and in poking fun at another young man because his conscientious scruples regarding the Mohammedan injunction against intoxicants forbids him indulging with them. About eight o'clock the Khan becomes a trifle sentimental and very patriotic; producing a pair of silver-mounted horse-pistols from a corner of the tent, and waving them theatrically about, he proclaims aloud his mighty devotion to the Shah. At nine o'clock Abdullah brings in the supper; the Khan's vertebra has become too limp and willowy to enable him to sit upright, and he has become too indifferent to such coarse unspiritual things as stewed chicken and musk-melons to care about eating any, whilst the secretary's affection for me on account of the map has become so overwhelming, that he deliberately empties all the chicken on to my sheet of bread, leaving none whatever for himself and the phenomenal young person with the conscientious scruples.

When bedtime arrives it requires the united exertions of Abdullah and the phenomenal young man to partially undress

<sup>1</sup> The first number of this series appeared in OUTING for April, 1885.

Mohammed Ali Khan and drag him to his couch on the floor, the Khan being limp as a dish-rag and a moderately bulky person; the secretary, as becomes an individual of lesser rank and superior mental attainments, is not quite so helpless as his superior, but on retiring he humorously reposes his feet on the pillow and his head on nothing but the bare floor of the tent, and stubbornly refuses to permit Abdullah to alter either his pillow or his position. The phenomenal young man and myself likewise seek our respective pile of quilts; Abdullah removes the lamp, draws a curtain over the entrance of the tent, and retires.

one drinks enough to become drunk and happy?" Following this brilliant idea, many of them get "drunk and happy" regularly every evening. They likewise frequently consume as much as a pint before each meal to create a false appetite and make themselves feel boozy whilst eating.

In the morning, the secretary, with a soldier for escort, accompanies me on horseback to Khoi, which is but about seven miles distant over a perfectly level road. Sad to say, the secretary, besides his yearning affection for fiery, untamed arrack, is a confirmed opium smoker, and after last night's debauch for supper and "hitting



MOHAMMED ALI KHAN GOES TO BED.

The Persians, as representing the Shihite division of the Mohammedan religion, consider themselves, by long odds the holiest people on earth, far holier than the Turks, whom they religiously despise as Sunnites and unworthy to loose the latches of their shoes. The Koran strictly enjoins upon them great moderation in the use of intoxicating drinks, yet the Persian nobility are given to drinking this raw intoxicant by the quart daily. When asked why they don't use it in moderation, they reply, "What is the good of drinking arrack unless

the pipe" this morning for breakfast, he don't feel very dashing in the saddle; consequently I have to accommodate myself to his pace. It is the slowest seven miles ever ridden on the road by a wheelman, I think; a funeral procession is a lively rattling affair beside our onward progress towards the mud battlements of Khoi, but there is no help for it; whenever I venture to the fore a little the dreamy-eyed secretary regards me with a gaze of mild reproachfulness, and sings out in a gently-chide-the erring tone of voice: "*Kardash? Kardash?*"—

meaning "If we are brothers, why do you seem to want to leave me?" Human nature could scarcely be proof against an appeal wherein endearment and reproach are so beautifully and harmoniously blended, and it always brings me back to a level with his horse.

Reaching the suburbs of Khoi, I am initiated into a new departure—new to myself at this time—of Persian sanctimoniousness; halting at a fountain to obtain a drink, the soldier shapes himself for pouring the water out of the earthenware drinking vessel into my hands; supposing this to be merely an indication of the Persians' own method of drinking, I motion my preference for drinking out of the jar itself. The soldier looks appealingly towards the secretary, who tells him to let me drink, and then orders him to smash the jar. It then dawns upon my unenlightened mind, that being a Ferenghi, I should have known better than to have touched my unhallowed lips to a drinking vessel at a public fountain, defiling it by so doing, so that it must be smashed in order that the sons of the "true prophet" may not unwittingly drink from it afterwards and themselves become defiled. The secretary pilots me to the residence of a certain wealthy citizen outside the city walls; this person, a mild-mannered, purring-voiced man, is seated in a room with a couple of *seyuds*, or descendants of the prophet; they are helping themselves from a large platter of the finest pears, peaches and egg plums I ever saw anywhere. The room is carpeted with costly rugs and carpets in which one's feet sink perceptibly at every step; the walls and ceiling are artistically stuccoed; and the doors and windows are gay with stained glass.

Abandoning myself to the guidance of the secretary, I ride around the garden walks, show them the bicycle, revolver, map of Persia, OUTING sketches, etc.; like the secretary, they become deeply interested in the map, finding much amusement and satisfaction in having me point out the location of different Persian cities, seemingly regarding my ability to do so as evidence of exceeding cleverness and erudition. The untraveled Persians of the northern provinces regard Teheran as the grand idea of a large and important city;

if there is any place in the whole world larger and more important they think it may perhaps be Stamboul. The fact that Stamboul is not on my map whilst Teheran is, they regard as conclusive proof of the superiority of their own capital. The secretary's chief purpose in accompanying me hither has been to introduce me to the attention of the *hoikim*; although the pronunciation is a little different, I attribute this to local brogue, and have been surmising this personage to be some doctor, who, perhaps, having graduated at a Frangistan medical college, the secretary thinks will be able to converse with me. After partaking of fruit and tea we continue on our way to the nearest gateway of the city



DEFILING THE JAR.

proper, Khoi being surrounded by a ditch and battlemented mud wall. Arriving at a large, public inclosure, my guide sends in a letter, and shortly afterwards delivers me over to some soldiers, who forthwith conduct me into the presence of—not a doctor, but Ali Khan, the governor of the city, an officer who hereabouts rejoices in the title of "the *hoikim*."

The governor proves to be a man of superior intelligence; he has been Persian ambassador to France some time ago, and understands French fairly well; consequently we manage to understand each other after a fashion. Although he has never before seen a bicycle, his knowledge of the mechanical ingenuity of the Ferenghis causes him to regard it with more intelligence than an untraveled native, and

to better comprehend my journey and its object. Assisted by a dozen *moullahs* (learned men) in flowing gowns and henna-tinted beards and finger-nails, the governor is transacting official business, and he



A GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

invites me to come into the council chamber and be seated. In a few minutes the noon-tide meal is announced; the governor invites me to dine with them, and then leads the way into the dining-room, followed by his counselors, who form in line behind him according to their rank. The dining-room is a large, airy apartment, opening into an extensive garden; a bountiful repast is spread on yellow-checked table-cloths on the carpeted floor; the governor squats cross-legged at one end, the stately-looking wiseacres in flowing gowns range themselves along each side in a similar attitude, with much solemnity and show of dignity; they—at least so I fancy—evidently are anything but rejoiced at the prospect of eating with an infidel Fereghi. The governor, being a far more enlightened and consequently less bigoted personage, looks about him a trifle embarrassed, as if searching for some place where he can seat me in a position of becoming honor without offending the prejudices of his sanctimonious counselors. Noticing this, I at once come to his relief by taking the position farthest from him, attempting to imitate them in their cross-legged attitude. My unhappy attempt to sit in this uncomfortable attitude, uncomfortable at least to anybody unaccustomed to it, provokes a smile from His Excellency, and he straightway orders an attendant to fetch in a chair and a small table; the counselors

look on in silence, but they are evidently too deeply impressed with their own dignity and holiness to commit themselves to any such display of levity as a smile. A portion of each dish is placed upon my table, together with a travelers' combination knife, fork and spoon, a relic, doubtless, of the governor's Parisian experience. His Excellency having waited and kept the counselors waiting until these preparations are finished, motions for me to commence eating, and then begins himself. The repast consists of boiled mutton, rice *pillau* with curry, mutton chops, hard-boiled eggs with lettuce, a pastry of sweetened rice-flour, musk-melons, water-melons, several kinds of fruit, and for beverage glasses of iced sherbet; of all the company I alone use knife, fork and plates. Before each Persian is laid a broad sheet of bread; bending their heads over this they scoop up small handfuls of *pillau*, and toss it dextrously

into their mouths; scattering particles missing the expectantly opened receptacle fall back on to the bread; this handy sheet of bread is used as a plate for placing a chop or anything else on, as a table-napkin for wiping finger-tips between courses, and now and then a piece is pulled off and eaten. When the meal is finished, an attendant waits on each guest with a brazen bowl, an ewer of water and a towel.

After the meal is over the governor is no longer handicapped by the religious prejudices of the *moullahs*, and leaving them he invites me into the garden to see his two little boys go through their gymnastic exercises. They are clever little fellows of about seven and nine, respectively, with large black eyes and clear olive complexions; all the time we are watching them the governor's face is wreathed in a fond, parental smile. The exercises consist chiefly in climbing a thick rope dangling from a cross-beam. After seeing me ride the bicycle the governor wants me to try my hand at gymnastics, but being nothing of a gymnast I respectfully beg to be excused. Whilst thus enjoying a pleasant hour in the garden, a series of resounding thwacks are heard somewhere near by, and looking around some intervening shrubs I observe a couple of *farrashes* bastinadoing a culprit; seeing me more interested in this novel method of administering justice than in looking at



the youngsters trying to climb ropes, the governor leads the way thither. The man, evidently a ryot, is lying on his back, his feet are lashed together and held soles uppermost by means of an horizontal pole, whilst the *farrashes* briskly belabor them with willow sticks. The soles of the ryot's feet are hard and thick as rhinoceros hide almost, from habitually walking bare-footed and under these conditions his punishment is evidently anything but severe. The flagellation goes merrily and uninterruptedly forward until fifty sticks about five feet long and thicker than a person's thumb are broken over his feet without eliciting any signals of distress from the horny-hoofed ryot, except an occasional sorrowful groan of "A-l-l-ah!" He is then loosed and limps painfully away, but it looks like a rather hypocritical limp, after all; fifty sticks, by the bye, is a comparatively light punishment, several hundred sometimes being broken at a single punishment. Upon taking my leave the governor kindly details a couple of soldiers to show me to the best caravansary, and to remain and protect me from the worry and annoyance of the crowds until my departure from the city.

Arriving at the caravansary, my valiant protectors undertake to keep the following crowd from entering the courtyard; the crowd refuses to see the justice of this arbitrary proceeding, and a regular pitched battle ensues in the gateway. The caravansary-*jees* reinforce the soldiers, and by laying on vigorously with thick sticks, they finally put the rabble to flight. They then close the caravansary gates until the excitement has subsided. Khoi is a city of perhaps 50,000 inhabitants, and among them all there is no one able to speak a word of English. Contemplating the surging mass of woolly-hatted Persians from the *balakhana* (balcony; our word is taken from the Persian), of the caravansary, and hearing nothing but unintelligible language, I detect myself unconsciously recalling the lines: "Oh my! how pitiful; in a whole city full——." It is the first large city I have visited without finding somebody capable of speaking my own language. Locking the bicycle up, I repair to the

bazaar, my watchful and zealous attendants making the dust fly from the shoulders of such unlucky wights whose eager inquisitiveness to obtain a good close look brings them within the reach of their handy staves. We are followed by immense crowds, a Ferenghi being a *rara avis* in Khoi, and the fame of the wonderful *asp-i-awhan* (horse of iron), has spread like wild-fire through the city. In the bazaar I obtain Russian silver money, which is the chief currency of the country as far east as Zeudjan. Partly to escape from the worrying crowds, and partly to ascertain the way out next



MY IDEA OF A DERVISH.

morning, as I intend making an early start, I get the soldiers to take me outside the city wall, and show me the Tabreez road.

A new caravansary is in process of construction just outside the Tabreez gate,

and I become an interested spectator of the Persian mode of building the walls of a house; these of the new caravansary are nearly four feet thick. Parallel walls of mud bricks are built up, leaving an interspace of two feet or thereabouts; this is filled with stiff, well-worked mud, which is dumped in by bucketsful and continually tramped by barefooted laborers; harder bricks are used for the doorways and windows. The bricklayer uses mud for mortar and his hands for a trowel; he works without either level or plumb-line, and keeps up a doleful, melancholy chant from morning to night. The mortar is handed to him by an assistant by handfuls; every workman is smeared and spattered with mud from head to foot, as though glorying in covering themselves with the trade-mark of their calling.

Strolling away from the busy builders, we encounter a man—the “wather bhoi av the ghang”—bringing a three-gallon pitcher of water from a spring half a mile away; being thirsty, the soldiers shout for him to bring the pitcher; scarcely conceiving it possible that these humble mud-daubers would be so wretchedly sanctimonious, I drink from the jar, much to the disgust of the poor water-carrier, who forthwith empties the remainder away and returns with hurried trot to the spring for a fresh supply; he would doubtless have smashed the vessel had it been smaller and of lesser value. Naturally I feel a trifle conscience-stricken at having caused him so much trouble, for he is rather an elderly man, but the soldiers display no sympathy for him whatever, apparently regarding an humble water-carrier as a person of small consequence anyhow, and they laugh heartily at seeing him trotting briskly back half a mile for another load. Had he taken the first water after a Ferenghi had drank from it, and allowed his fellow-workmen to unwittingly partake of the same, it would probably have fared badly with the old fellow had they found it out afterwards.

Returning cityward we meet our friend, the Père Secretary, looking me up; he is accompanied by a dozen better-class Persians, scattering friends and acquaintances of his, whom he has collected during the day chiefly to show them my map of Persia, the mechanical beauty of the bicycle, and the apparent victory over the laws of equilibrium in riding it being, in the opinion of the scholarly secretary, quite overshadowed by a map which shows Teheran

and Khoi, and doesn't show Stamboul, and which shows the whole broad expanse of Persia, and only small portions of other countries. This latter fact seems to have made a very deep impression upon the secretary's mind; it appears to have filled him with the unalterable conviction that all other countries are insignificant compared with Persia; in his own mind the patriotic secretary has always believed this to be the case, but he is overjoyed at finding his belief verified—as he fondly imagines—by the map of a Ferenghi. Returning to the caravansary, we find the court-yard crowded with people, attracted by the fame of the bicycle; the secretary straightway ascends to the *bala-khana*, tenderly unfolds my map, and displays it for the inspection of the gaping multitude below—whilst five hundred pairs of eyes gaze wonderingly upon it, without having the slightest conception of what they are looking at—he proudly traces with his finger the outlines of Persia. It is one of the most amusing scenes imaginable; the secretary and myself, surrounded by his little company of friends, occupying the *bala-khana*, proudly displaying to a mixed crowd of fully five hundred people a shilling map as a thing to be wondered at and admired.

After the departure of the secretary and his friends, by invitation I pay a visit of curiosity to a company of dervishes (they themselves pronounce it “darwish”) occupying one of the caravansary rooms; there are eight of them lolling about in one small room; their appearance is disgusting and yet interesting; they are all but naked in deference to the hot weather and to obtain a little relief from the lively tenants of their clothing. Prominent among their effects are panther or leopard skins which they use as cloaks, small steel battle-axes and huge spiked clubs. Their whole appearance is most striking and extraordinary; their long black hair is dangling about their naked shoulders; they have the wild, haggard countenances of men whose lives are being spent in debauchery and excesses; nevertheless, most of them have a decidedly intellectual expression. The Persian dervishes are a strange and interesting people; they spend their whole lives in wandering from one end of the country to another, subsisting entirely by mendicancy; yet their cry, instead of a beggar's supplication for charity, is “*huc, huc*” (my right, my right); they affect the most wildly picturesque and eccentric costumes, often wearing nothing whatever but

white cotton drawers and a leopard or pantherskin thrown carelessly about their shoulders, besides which they carry a huge spiked club or steel battle-axe and an alms-holder; this latter is usually made of an oval gourd, polished and suspended on small brass chains. Sometimes they wear an embroidered conical cap decorated with verses from the Koran, but oftener they wear no head-gear save the covering provided by nature. The better-class Persians have little respect for these wandering fakirs; but their wild, eccentric appearance makes a deep impression upon the simple-hearted villagers, and the dervishes, whose wits are sharpened by constant knocking about, live mostly by imposing on their good nature and credulity. A couple of these worthies, arriving at a small village, affect their wildest and most grotesque appearance and proceed to walk with stately majestic tread through the streets, gracefully brandishing their clubs or battle-axes, gazing fixedly at vacancy and reciting aloud from the Koran with a peculiar and impressive intonation; they then walk about the village holding out their alms-receiver and shouting "*huc yah huc! huc yah huc!*" Half afraid of incurring their displeasure, few of the villagers refuse to contribute a copper or portable cooked provisions.

Most dervishes are addicted to the intemperate use of opium, bhang or Indian hemp, arrack and other baleful intoxicants, generally indulging to excess whenever they have collected sufficient money; they are likewise credited with all manner of debauchery; it is this that accounts for their pale, haggard appearance. The following quotation from "In the Land of the Lion and Sun," and which is translated from the Persian, is eloquently descriptive of the general appearance of the dervish:

The dervish had the dullard air,  
The maddened look, the vacant stare,  
That bhang and contemplation give.  
He moved, but did not seem to live;  
His gaze was savage, and yet sad;  
What we should call stark-staring mad.  
All down his back, his tangled hair  
Flowed wild, unkempt; his head was bare;  
A leopard's skin was o'er him flung;  
Around his neck huge beads were hung,  
And in his hand, — ah! there's the rub —  
He carried a portentous club.

After visiting the dervishes, I spend an hour in an adjacent *tchai-khan*, drinking tea with my escort and treating them to sundry well-deserved *kalian*s; among the rabble collected about the doorway is a



HASSAN KHAN TAKES A RIDE.

half-witted youngster of ten or twelve summers, with a suit of clothes consisting of a waist string and a piece of rag about the size of an ordinary pen-wiper. He is the unfortunate possessor of a stomach disproportionately large and which intrudes itself upon other people's notice like a prize pumpkin at an agricultural fair; this youth's chief occupation appears to be feeding melon-rinds to a pet sheep belonging to the *tchai-khan* and playing a resolute tattoo on his abnormally obtrusive paunch with the palms of his hands. This produces a hollow, echoing sound like striking an inflated bladder with a stuffed club; and considering that the youth also introduces a novel and peculiar squint into the performance, it is a remarkably edifying spectacle. Supper-time coming round, the soldiers show the way to an eating place where we sup off delicious *bazaar-kabobs*, one of the most tasteful preparations of mutton one could well imagine. The mutton is minced to the consistency of paste and properly seasoned; it is then spread over flat iron skewers and grilled

over a glowing charcoal fire ; when nicely browned they are laid on a broad pliable sheet of bread in lieu of a plate, and the skewers withdrawn, leaving before the customer a dozen long flat fingers of nicely browned *kabobs* reposing side by side on the cake of wheaten flour — a most appetizing and digestible dish.

Returning to the caravansary, I dismiss my faithful soldiers with a suitable present, for which they loudly implore the blessings of Allah on my head, and for the third or fourth time impress upon the caravansary-*jee* the necessity of making my comfort for the night his special consideration ; they fill that humble individual's mind with grandiloquent ideas of my personal importance by dwelling impressively on the circumstance of my having eaten with the governor, a fact they likewise have lost no opportunity of heralding throughout the bazaar during the afternoon. The caravansary-*jee* spreads quilts and a pillow for me on the open *bala-khana*, and I at once prepare for sleep ; a gentle-eyed and youthful *seyud* wearing an enormous white turban and a flowing gown, glides up to my couch and begins plying me with questions ; the soldiers noticing this as they are about leaving the court-yard, favor him with a torrent of imprecations for venturing to disturb my repose, a score of others yell fiercely at him in emulation of the soldiers, causing the dreamy-eyed youth to hastily scuttle away again. Nothing is now to be heard all around but the evening prayers of the caravansary guests ; listening to the multitudinous cries of la-Allah-il-Allah around me, I fall asleep. About midnight I happen to wake again ; everything is quiet, the stars are shining brightly down into the court-yard, and a small grease-lamp is flickering on the floor near my head, placed there by the caravansary-*jee* after I had fallen asleep. The past day has been one full of interesting experiences ; from the time of leaving the garden of Mohammed Ali Khan this morning in company with the secretary, until lulled to sleep three hours ago by the deep-voiced prayers of fanatical Mohammedans, the day has proved a series of surprises, and I seem more than ever before to have been the sport and plaything of fortune ; however, if the fickle goddess never used anybody worse than she has used me to-day there would be little cause for complaining.

As though to belie their general reputation of sanctimoniousness, a tall stately

*seyud* voluntarily poses as my guide and protector *en route* through the awakening bazaar towards the Tabreez gate next morning, cuffing obtrusive youngsters right and left, and chiding grown-up people whenever their inordinate curiosity appeals to him as being aggressive and impolite ; one can only account for this strange condescension on the part of this holy man by attributing it to the marvelous civilizing and leveling influence of the bicycle. Arriving outside the gate, the crowd of followers are well repaid for their trouble by watching my progress for a couple of miles down a broad straight roadway admirably kept, and shaded with thrifty *chewars* or plane trees. Wheeling down this pleasant avenue I encounter mule-trains, the animals festooned with strings of merrily jingling bells, and camels gaily caparisoned, with huge, nodding tassels on their heads and pack-saddles, and deep-toned bells of sheet iron swinging at their throats and sides, likewise the omnipresent donkey heavily laden with all manner of village produce for their Khoi market. My road after leaving the avenue winds around the end of projecting hills, and for a dozen miles traverses a gravelly plain that ascends with a scarcely perceptible gradient to the summit of a ridge ; it then descends by a precipitous trail into the valley of Lake Ooroomiah. Following along the northern shore of the lake I find fairly level roads, but nothing approaching continuous wheeling, owing to wash-outs and small streams leading from a range of mountains near by to the left, between which and the briny waters of the lake my route leads. Lake Ooroomiah is somewhere near the size of Salt Lake, Utah, and its waters are so heavily impregnated with saline matter that one can lie down on the surface and indulge in a quiet, comfortable snooze ; at least, this is what I am told by a missionary at Tabreez who says he has tried it himself ; and even allowing for the fact that missionaries are but human after all and this gentleman hails originally from somewhere out west, there is no reason for supposing the statement at all exaggerated. Had I heard of this beforehand I should certainly have gone far enough out of my course to try the experiment of being literally rocked on the cradle of the deep.

Near midday I make a short circuit to the north, to investigate the edible possibilities of a village nestling in a *cul-de-sac* of the mountain foot-hills ; the resident Kahn turns out to be a regular jovial blade,

though sadly partial to the flowing bowl. When I arrive he is perseveringly working himself up to the proper pitch of booziness for enjoying his noontide repast by means of copious potations of arrack ; he introduces himself as Hassan Kahn, offers me arrack, and cordially invites me to dine with him. After dinner, when examining my revolver, map, etc., the Kahn greatly admires the photograph as a peculiar proof of Ferenghi skill in reproducing a person's physiognomy, and blandly asks me to "make him one of himself," doubtless thinking that a person capable of riding on a wheel, is likewise possessed of miraculous all 'round abilities. The Kahn consumes not less than a pint of raw arrack during the dinner hour, and, not unnaturally, finds himself at the end a trifle funny and venturesome. When preparing to take my departure, he proposes that I give him a ride on the bicycle ; nothing loath to humor him a little in return for his hospitality, I assist him to mount, and wheel him around for a few minutes, to the unconcealed delight of the whole population, who gather about to see the astonishing spectacle of their Kahn riding on the Ferenghi's wonderful *asp-i-awhan*. The Kahn being short and pudgy, is unable to reach the pedals, and the confidence-inspiring fumes of arrack lead him to announce to the assembled villagers, that if his legs were only a little longer he could certainly go it alone, a statement that evidently fills the simple-minded ryots with admiration for the Kahn's alleged newly-discovered abilities.

The road continues level but somewhat loose and sandy ; the scenery around becomes strikingly beautiful, calling up thoughts of "Arabian Nights" entertainments, and the genii and troubadours of Persian song. The bright bluewaters of Lake Ooroomiah stretch away southward to where the dim outlines of mountains, a hundred miles away, mark the southern shore ; rooky islets at a lesser distance,

and consequently more pronounced in character and contour, rear their jagged and picturesque forms sheer from the azure surface of the liquid mirror, the face of which is unruffled by a single ripple and unspecked by a single animate or inanimate object ; the beach is thickly incrustated with salt, white and glistening in the sunshine ; the shore-land is mingled sand and clay of a deep red color, thus presenting the striking and beautiful phenomena of a lake-shore painted red, white and blue by the inimitable hand of nature. A range of rugged gray mountains run parallel with the shore but a few miles away ; crystal streams come bubbling lakeward over pebbly-bedded channels from sources high



THE MAIVAH-JEE'S STOCK DEPLETED.

up the mountain slopes ; villages, hidden amid groves of spreading jujubes and graceful chenars, nestle here and there in the rocky gateways of dark ravines ;

orchards and vineyards are scattered about the plain. They are imprisoned within gloomy mud walls, but, like living creatures struggling for their liberty, the fruit-laden branches extend beyond their prison-walls, and the graceful tendrils of the vines find their way through the sun cracks and fissures of decay, and trail over the top as though trying to cover with nature's charitable veil the unsightly works of man ; and all is arched over with the cloudless Persian sky.

Roaming the roads of this picturesque region in search of victims is a most persistent and pugnacious species of fly ; rollicking as the blue-bottle, and the veritable double of the green-head horse-fly of the Western prairies, he combines the dash and impetuosity of the one, with the ferocity and persistency of the other ; but he is happily possessed of one redeeming feature not possessed by either of the above-mentioned and well-known insects of the Western world. When either of these settles himself affectionately on the end of a person's nose, and the person, smarting under the indignity, hits himself viciously on that helpless and unoffending portion of his person, as a general thing it doesn't hurt the fly, simply because the fly doesn't wait long enough to be hurt ; but the Lake Ooroomiah fly is a comparatively guileless insect, and quietly remains where he alights, until it suits one's convenience to forcibly remove him ; for this redeeming quality, I bespeak for him the warmest encomiums of fly-harassed humans everywhere.

Dusk is setting down over the broad expanse of lake, plain and mountain when I encounter a number of villagers taking donkey-loads of fruit and almonds from an orchard to their village ; they cordially invite me to accompany them and accept their hospitality for the night ; they are traveling towards a large area of walled orchards but a short distance to the north, and I naturally expect to find their village located among them ; so, not knowing how far ahead the next village may be, I gladly accept their kindly invitation, and follow along behind. It gets dusky, then duskier, then dark ; the stars come peeping out thicker and thicker, and still I am trundling with these people slowly along up the dry and stone-strewn channel of spring-time freshets, expecting every minute to reach their village, only to be as often disappointed for over an hour, during which we travel out of my proper course perhaps four miles. Finally, after crossing several little streams, or,

rather, one stream several times, we arrived at our destination, and I am installed as the guest of a leading villager, beneath a sort of an open porch attached to the house. Here, as usual, I quickly become the center of attraction for a wondering and admiring audience of half-naked villagers ; the villager whose guest I become brings forth bread and cheese, some bring me grapes, others newly gathered almonds, and then they squat around in the dim religious light of primitive grease-lamps and watch me feed, with the same wondering interest and the same unconcealed delight with which youthful Londoners at the Zoological gardens regard a pet monkey devouring their offerings of nuts and ginger-snaps. I scarcely know what to make of these particular villagers ; they seem strangely child-like and unsophisticated, and moreover perfectly delighted at my unexpected presence in their midst ; it is doubtful whether their unimportant little town among the foot-hills was ever before visited by a Ferenghi ; consequently I am to them a *rara avis* to be petted and admired. I am inclined to think them a village of Zezeeds or devil-worshippers : the Zezeeds believe that Allah, being by nature kind and merciful, would not injure anybody under any circumstances ; consequently there is nothing to be gained by worshiping him ; Sheitan (Satan), on the contrary, has both the power and the inclination to do people harm—therefore they think it politic to cultivate his good-will, and to pursue a policy of conciliation toward him by worshiping him and revering his name. Thus they treat the name of Satan with even greater reverence than Christians and Mohammedans treat the name of God. Independent of their hospitable treatment of myself, these villagers seem but little advanced in their personal habits above mere animals ; the women are half-naked, and seem possessed of little more sense of shame than our original ancestors before the fall. There is great talk of *Kardash* among them in reference to myself. They are advocating hospitality of a nature altogether too profound for the consideration of a modest and discriminating Ferenghi—hospitable intentions that I deem it advisable to dissipate at once by affecting deep, dense ignorance of what they are discussing.

In the morning they search the village over to find the wherewithal to prepare me some tea before my departure. Eight miles from the village I discover that four miles forward yesterday evening,



instead of backward, would have brought me to a village containing a caravansary. I naturally feel a trifle chagrined at the mistake of having journeyed eight unnecessary miles, but am perhaps amply repaid

certainly, and is only depended upon for a fastening during the temporary absence of the owner in the day-time; during the summer the owner and family not infrequently live in the garden altogether.



THE LANDLORD IS IN A HURRY.

by learning something of the utter simplicity of the villagers, before their character becomes influenced by intercourse with more enlightened people.

My course now leads over a stony plain. The wheeling is reasonably good, and I gradually draw away from the shore of Lake Ooroomiah. Melon-gardens and vineyards are frequently found near the little streams that meander here and there across the plain; the only entrance to the garden is a hole about three feet by four in the high mud wall, and this is closed by a wooden door; an arm-hole is generally found in the wall to enable the owner to reach the fastening from the outside. Investigating one of these fastenings at a certain vineyard, I discover a lock so primitive that it must have been invented by prehistoric man. A flat, wooden bar or bolt is drawn into a mortise-like receptacle of the wall, open at top; the man then daubs a handful of wet clay over it; in a few minutes the clay hardens and the door is fast. This is not a burglar-proof lock,

During the forenoon the bicycle is the innocent cause of two people being thrown from the backs of their respective steeds. One is a man carelessly sitting sidwise on his donkey; the meek-eyed mule suddenly makes a pivot of his hind feet and wheels round, and the rider's legs as suddenly shoot upwards. He frantically grips his fiery, untamed steed around the neck as he finds himself over-balanced, and comes up with a broad grin and an irrepressible chuckle of merriment over the unwonted spirit displayed by his meek and humble charger, that probably had never scared at anything before in all its life. The other case is unfortunately a lady whose horse literally springs from beneath her, treating her to a clean tumble. The poor lady sings out "Allah!" rather snappishly at finding herself on the ground, so snappishly that it leaves little room for doubt of its being an imprecation; but her rude, unsympathetic attendants laugh right merrily at seeing her floundering about in the sand; fortunately, she is uninjured. Although Turkish

and Persian ladies ride *à la Amazon*, a position that is popularly supposed to be several times more secure than side-saddles, it is a noticeable fact that they seem perfectly helpless, and come to grief the moment their steed shies at anything or commences capering about with anything like violence.

On a portion of road that is unrideable from sand, I am captured by a rowdyish company of donkey-drivers, returning with empty fruit baskets from Tabreez. They will not be convinced that the road is unsuitable, and absolutely refuse to let me go without seeing the bicycle ridden. After detaining me until patience on my part ceases to be a virtue, and apparently as determined for their purpose as ever, I am finally compelled to produce the convincing argument with five chambers and a rifled barrel. These crowds of donkey-men seem inclined to be rather lawless, and scarcely a day passes lately but what this same eloquent argument has to be advanced in the interest of individual liberty. Fortunately, the mere sight of a revolver in the hands of a Ferenghi, has the magical effect of transforming the roughest and most overbearing gang of ryots into peaceful, retiring citizens. The plain I am now traversing is a broad, gray-looking area surrounded by mountains, and stretching away eastward from Lake Ooroomiah for seventy-five miles. It presents the same peculiar aspect of Persian scenery nearly everywhere—a general verdureless and unproductive country, with the barren surface here and there relieved by small oases of cultivated fields and orchards. The villages being built solely of mud, and consequently of the same color as the general surface, are indistinguishable from a distance, unless rendered conspicuous by trees.

Laboring under a slightly mistaken impression concerning the distance to Tabreez, I push ahead in the expectation of reaching there to-night; the plain becomes more generally cultivated; the caravan routes from different directions come to a focus on broad trails leading into the largest city in Persia, and which is the great center of distribution for European goods arriving by caravan to Trebizond. Coming to a large, scattering village, sometime in the afternoon, I trundle leisurely through the lanes inclosed between lofty and unsightly mud walls, thinking I have reached the suburbs of Tabreez; finding my mistake out upon emerging on the

open plain again, I am yet again deceived by another spreading village, and about six o'clock find myself wheeling eastward across an uncultivated stretch of uncertain dimensions. The broad caravan trail is worn by the traffic of centuries, considerably below the level of the general surface, and consists of a number of narrow, parallel trails, along which swarms of donkeys laden with produce from tributary villages daily plod, besides the mule and camel caravans from a greater distance. These narrow-beaten paths afford excellent wheeling, and I bowl along quite briskly; as one approaches Tabreez, the country is found traversed by an intricate network of irrigating ditches, some of them works of considerable magnitude; the embankments on either side of the road are frequently high enough to obscure a horseman. These works are almost as old as the hills themselves, for the cultivation of the Tabreez plain has remained practically an unchanged system for three thousand years, as though, like the ancient laws of the Medes and Persians, it also were made unchangeable.

About dusk I fall in with another riotous crowd of homeward bound fruit-carriers, who, not satisfied at seeing me ride past, want to stop me; one of them rushes up behind, grabs my package attached to the rear baggage-carrier and nearly causes an overthrow; frightening him off, I spurt ahead, barely escaping two or three donkey cudgels hurled at me for pure wantonness, born of the courage inspired by a majority of twenty to one. There is no remedy for these unpleasant occurrences except traveling under escort, and the avoiding serious trouble or accident becomes a matter for every-day congratulation. At eighteen miles from the last village it becomes too dark to remain in the saddle without danger of headers, and a short trundle brings me, not to Tabreez even now, but to another village eight miles nearer. Here there is a large caravansary; near the entrance is a hole-in-the-wall sort of a shop wherein I espy a man presiding over a tempting assortment of canteloupes, grapes and pears; the whirligig of fortune has favored me to-day with tea, blotting-paper *ekmek* and grapes for breakfast; later on two small water-melons, and at 2 P. M. blotting-paper *ekmek* and an infinitesimal quantity of *yaort* (now called *mast*); it is unnecessary to add that I arrive in this village with an appetite that will countenance no unnecessary delay. Two splendid ripe canteloupes,



several fine bunches of grapes and some pears are devoured immediately, with a reckless disregard of consequences justifiable only on the grounds of semi-starvation and a temporary barbarism born of surrounding circumstances. After this savage attack on the *maivah-jee's* stock, I learn that the village contains a small *tchai-khan*; repairing thither I stretch myself on the divan for an hour's repose, and afterwards partake of tea, bread and peaches. At bedtime the *khan-jee* makes me up a couch on the divan, locks the door inside, blows out the light, and then, afraid to occupy the same building with such a dangerous-looking individual as myself, climbs to the roof through a hole in the wall.

Eager villagers carry both, myself and wheel, across a bridgeless stream upon resuming my journey to Tabreez next morning; the road is level and rideable, though a trifle deep with dust and sand, and in an hour I am threading the suburban lanes of the city. Along these eight miles I certainly pass not less than 500 pack-donkeys *en route* to the Tabreez market with everything, from baskets of the choicest fruit in the world to huge bundles of prickly camel-thorn and sacks of *terek* for fuel. No

Tabreez with fuel; their brutal drivers seem utterly callous and indifferent to the pitiful sufferings of these patient toilers. Numbers of instances are observed this morning where the rough, ill-fitting breechstraps and ropes have literally see-sawed their way through the skin and deep into the flesh, and are still rasping deeper and deeper every day, no attempt whatever being made to remedy this evil; on the contrary, their pitiless drivers urge them on by prodding the raw sores with sharpened sticks, and by belaboring them unceasingly with an instrument of torture in the shape of whips with six inches of ordinary trace-chain for a lash. As if the noble army of Persian donkey drivers were not satisfied with the refinement of physical cruelty to which they have attained, they add insult to injury by talking constantly to their donkeys whilst driving them along, and accusing them of all the crimes in the calendar and of every kind of disreputable action; fancy the bitter sense of humiliation that must overcome the proud, haughty spirit of a mouse-colored jackass, at being prodded in an open wound with a sharp stick and hearing himself at the same time thus insultingly addressed: "Oh, thou son



ANXIOUS TO TRADE.

animals in all the world, I should think, stand in more urgent need of the kindly offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals than the thousands of miserable donkeys engaged in supplying

of a burnt father, and murderer of thine own mother; would that I myself had died rather than my father should have lived to see me drive such a brute as thou art!" yet this sort of talk is habitually indulged

in by drivers. Whilst young the donkeys' nostrils are slit open clear up to the bridge-bone; this is popularly supposed among the Persians to be an improvement upon nature in that it gives them greater freedom of respiration. Instead of the well-known clucking sound used among ourselves as a persuasive, the Persian makes a sound not unlike the bleating of a sheep; a stranger, being within hearing and out of sight of a gang of donkey drivers in a hurry to reach their destination, would be more likely to imagine himself in the vicinity of a flock of sheep than anything else.

As is usually the case, a volunteer guide bobs serenely up immediately I enter the city, and I follow confidently along, thinking he is piloting me to the English consulate, as I have requested; instead of this he steers me into the custom-house and turns me over to the officials. These worthy gentlemen, after asking me to ride around the custom-house yard, pretend to become altogether mystified about what they ought to do with the bicycle, and in the absence of any precedent to govern themselves by, finally conclude among themselves that the proper thing would be to confiscate it. Obtaining a guide to show me to the residence of Mr. Abbott, the English consul-general, that energetic representative of Her Majesty's government smiles audibly at the thoughts of their mystification, and then writes them a letter couched in terms of humorous reproachfulness, asking them what in the name of Allah and the Prophet they mean by confiscating a traveler's horse, his carriage, his camel, his everything on legs and wheels consolidated into the beautiful vehicle with which he is journeying to Teheran to see the Shah, and all around the world to see everybody and everything?—ending by telling them that he never in all his consular experiences heard of a proceeding so utterly atrocious. He sends the letter by the consulate dragoman, who accompanies me back to the custom-house. The officers at once see and acknowledge their mistake; but meanwhile they have been examining the bicycle, and some of them appear to have fallen violently in love with it; they yield it up, but it is with apparent reluctance, and one of the leading officials takes me into the stable, and showing me several splendid horses begs me to take my choice from among them and leave the bicycle behind.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott cordially invite me to become their guest while staying at

Tabreez. To-day is Thursday, and although my original purpose was only to remain here a couple of days, the innovation from roughing it on the road, to roast duck for dinner, and breakfast in one's own room of a morning, coupled with warnings against traveling on the Sabbath and invitations to dinner from the American missionaries, that I conclude to stay till Monday, satisfied at the prospect of reaching Teheran in good season. It is now something less than four hundred miles to Teheran, with the assurance of better roads than I have yet had in Persia, for the greater portion of the distance; besides this, the route is now a regular post route with *chapar-khanas* (post-houses) at distances of four to five *fars-akhs* apart. On Friday night Tabreez experienced two slight shocks of an earthquake, and in the morning Mr. Abbott points out several fissures in the masonry of the consulate, caused by previous visitations of the same undesirable nature; the earthquakes here seem to resemble the earthquakes of California in that they come reasonably mild and often. The place likewise awakens memories of the Golden State in another and more appreciative particular: nowhere, save perhaps in California, does one find such delicious grapes, peaches and pears as at ancient Tauras, a specialty for which it has been justly celebrated from time immemorial. On Saturday I take dinner with Mr. Oldfather, one of the missionaries, and in the evening we all pay a visit to Mr. Whipple and family, the consulate link-boy lighting the way before us with a huge cylindrical lantern of transparent oiled muslin called a *farnooze*.

These lanterns are always carried after night before people of wealth or social consequence, varying in size according to the person's idea of their own social importance. The size of the *farnooze* is supposed to be an index of the social position of the person or family, so that one can judge something of what sort of people are coming down the street, even on the darkest night, whenever the attendant link-boy heaves in sight with the *farnooze*. Some of these social indicators are the size of a Portland cement barrel, even in Persia; it is rather a smile-provoking thought to think what tremendous *farnoozes* would be seen lighting up the streets on gloomy evenings, were this same custom prevalent among ourselves; few of us but what could call to memory people whose *farnoozes* would be little smaller than brewery wash-tubs,

and which would have to be carried between six-foot link-boys on a pole.

Amee-i-Nazan, the *Valiai* or heir apparent to the throne, and at present nominal governor of Tabreez, has seen a tricycle in Teheran, one having been imported some time ago by an English gentleman in the Shah's service; but the fame of the bicycle excites his curiosity and he sends an officer around to the consulate to examine and report upon the difference between bicycle and tricycle, and also to discover and explain the *modus operandi* of maintaining one's balance on two wheels. The officer returns with the report that my machine wont even stand up, without somebody holding it, and that nobody but a Ferenghi who is in league with the devil, could possibly hope to ride it. Perhaps it is this alarming report, and the fear of exciting the prejudices of the *moullahs* and fanatics about him, by having anything to do with a person reported on trustworthy authority to be in league with the devil, that prevents the Prince from requesting me to ride before him in Tabreez; but I have the pleasure of meeting him at Haji Agha on the evening of the first day out. Mr. Whipple kindly makes out an itinerary of the villages and *chapar-khanas* I shall pass on the journey to Teheran; the superintendent of the Tabreez station of the Indo-European Telegraph Company voluntarily telegraphs to the agents at Miana and Zendjan when to expect me, and also to Teheran, Mrs. Abbott fills my coat pockets with roast chicken, and thus equipped and prepared, at nine o'clock on Monday morning I am ready for the homestretch of the season, before going into winter quarters. The Turkish consul-general, a corpulent gentleman whose *avoir-dupois* I mentally jot down at four hundred pounds, comes around with several others to see me take a farewell spin on the bricked pavements of the consulate garden. Like all persons of four hundred pounds weight, the Effendi is a good-natured jocose individual, and causes no end of

merriment by pretending to be anxious to take a spin on the bicycle himself, whereas it requires no inconsiderable exertion on his part to waddle from his own residence hard by into the consulate. Three soldiers



A RYOT ACT.

are detailed from the consulate staff to escort me through the city; *en route* through the streets the pressure of the rabble forces one unlucky individual into one of the dangerous narrow holes that abound in the streets, up to his neck; the crowd yell with delight at seeing him tumble in, and nobody stops to render him any assistance or to ascertain whether he is seriously hurt. Soon a poor old ryot on a donkey, happens amid the confusion to cross immediately in front of the bicycle; whack! whack! whack! come the ready staves of the zealous and vigilant soldiers across the shoulders of the offender; the crowd howls with renewed delight at this, and several hilarious hobble-de-hoys endeavor to shove one of their companions in the place vacated by the belabored ryot, in the hope that he likewise will come in for the visitation of the soldiers' o'er-willing staves.

The broad suburban road, where the people have been fondly expecting to see the bicycle light out in earnest for Teheran at a marvelous rate of speed, is found to be nothing less than a bed of loose sand and

stones, churned up by the narrow hoofs of multitudinous donkeys. Quite a number of better class Persians accompany me some distance farther on horseback ; when taking their departure, a gentleman on a splendid Arab charger, shakes hands and says : " Good-bye, my dear," which apparently is all the English he knows. He has evidently kept his eyes and ears open when happening about the English consulate, and the happy thought striking him at the moment, he repeats, parrot-like, this term of endearment, all unsuspecting of the ridiculousness of its application in the present case.

For several miles the road winds tortuously over a range of low, stony hills, the surface being generally loose and unrideable. The water-supply of Tabreez is conducted from these hills by an ancient system of *Kanaats* or underground water ditches ; occasionally one comes to a sloping cavern leading down to the water ; on descending to the depth of from twenty to forty feet, a small, rapidly-coursing stream of delicious cold water is found, well rewarding the thirsty traveler for his trouble ; sometimes these cavernous openings are simply sloping, bricked archways, provided with steps. The course of these subterranean water-ways can always be traced their entire length by uniform mounds of earth, piled up at short intervals on the surface ; each mound represents the excavations from a perpendicular shaft, at the bottom of which the crystal water can be seen coursing along towards the city ; they are merely man-holes for the purpose of readily cleaning out the channel of the *Kanaat*. The water is conducted underground, chiefly to avoid the waste by evaporation and absorption in surface ditches. These *Kanaats* are very extensive affairs in many places ; the long rows of surface mounds are visible, stretching for mile after mile across the plain as far as eye can penetrate, or until losing themselves among the foot-hills of some distant mountain chain ; they were excavated in the palmy days of the Persian Empire to bring pure mountain streams to the city fountains and to irrigate the thirsty plain ; it is in the interest of self-preservation that the Persians now keep them from falling into decay.

At noon, while seated on a grassy knoll discussing the before-mentioned contents of my pockets, I am favored with a free exhibition of what a physical misunderstanding is like among the Persian ryots. Two companies of *katir-jees* happen to get into an altercation about something, and from words it gradually develops into blows ; not blows of the fist, for they know nothing of fisticuffs, but they belabor each other vigorously with their long, thick donkey persuaders, sticks that are anything but small and willowy ; it is an amusing spectacle, and seated on the commanding knoll nibbling "drum-sticks" and wish-bones, I can almost fancy myself a Roman of old, eating peanuts and watching a gladiatorial contest in the amphitheatre. The similitude, however, is not at all striking, for thick as are their quarter-staffs the Persian ryots don't punish each other very severely. Whenever one of them works himself up to a fighting pitch, he commences belaboring one of the others on the back, apparently always striking so that the blow produces a maximum of noise with a minimum of punishment ; the person thus attacked never ventures to strike back, but retreats under the blows until his assailant's rage becomes spent and he desists. Meanwhile the war of words goes merrily forward ; perchance in a few minutes the person recently attacked suddenly becomes possessed of a certain amount of rage-inspired courage, and he in turn commences a vigorous assault upon somebody, probably his late assailant ; this worthy, having become a little cooler, has mysteriously lost his late pugnacity, and now likewise humbly retreats without once attempting to raise his own stick in self-defense. The lower and commercial class Persians are pretty quarrelsome among themselves, but they quarrel chiefly with their tongues ; when they fight without sticks it is an ear-pulling, clothes-tugging wrestling sort of a scuffle, which continues without greater injury than a torn garment until they become exhausted if pretty evenly matched, or until separated by bystanders ; they never, never hurt each other unless they are intoxicated, when they sometimes use their short swords ; there is no intoxication, except in private drinking-parties.

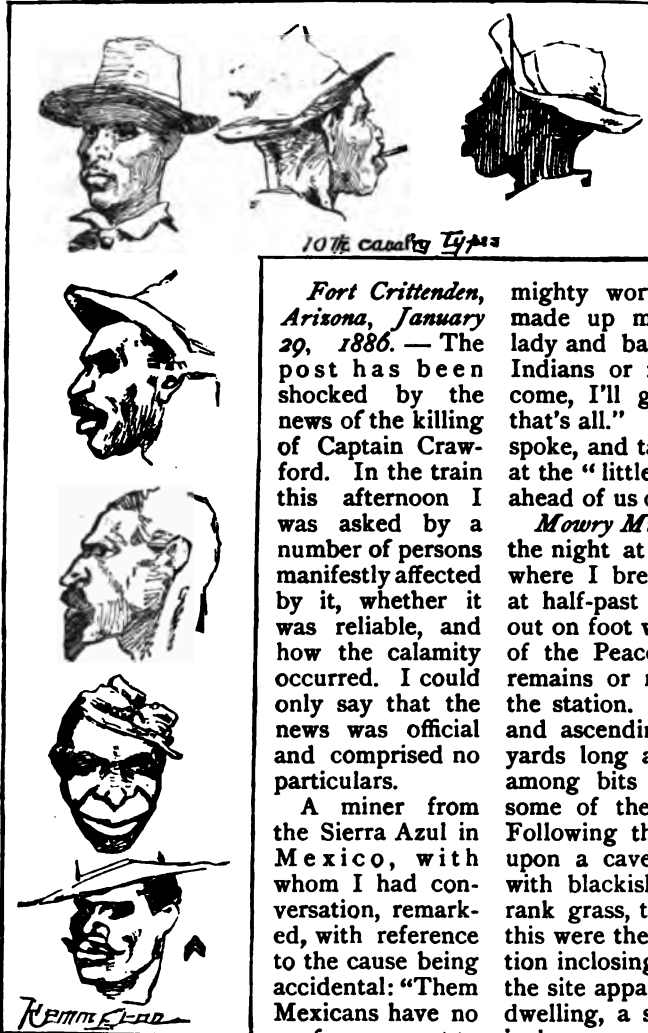
[To be continued.]

# AFTER GERONIMO.<sup>1</sup>

BY LIEUT. JOHN BIGELOW, JR., U.S.A.

Author of "MARS LA TOUR AND GRAVELLOTTE."

X.



TENTH CAVALRY TYPES.

*Fort Crittenden, Arizona, January 29, 1886.* — The post has been shocked by the news of the killing of Captain Crawford. In the train this afternoon I was asked by a number of persons manifestly affected by it, whether it was reliable, and how the calamity occurred. I could only say that the news was official and comprised no particulars.

A miner from the Sierra Azul in Mexico, with whom I had conversation, remarked, with reference to the cause being accidental: "Them Mexicans have no use for us except to beat us out of all

they can. What them fellows wanted was to get our camp outfit, that's the idea." This man, when the Chiricahuas broke out was with his family and three or four Mexicans on his mine, and had just got well started—getting out carbonate of silver going \$100 a ton—when the Indians commenced

killing Mexicans around him. Seeing a party one day passing near his camp, he thought it time to take his young wife and child and go away. He accordingly moved to Tombstone, where he has been ever since. "I had nothing to do there," he said, "and spent lots of money, and a man gets

mighty worthless doing nothing; so I made up my mind I'd take my little lady and babe and go back to the mine, Indians or no Indians; and now if they come, I'll give them the best I've got, that's all." I could not but turn as he spoke, and take a look of reverent interest at the "little lady and babe," a seat or two ahead of us on the other side of the car.

*Mowry Mine, January 30, 1886.* — Spent the night at the Crittenden section house, where I breakfasted with the early risers at half-past five. At half-past eight I set out on foot with Mr. Manning, the Justice of the Peace, to look at certain ancient remains or relics about a half-mile from the station. Crossing the Sonoita bottom and ascending a low plateau about 1,000 yards long and 100 wide, I found myself among bits of pottery and earthenware, some of them colored in bright stripes. Following the mesa lengthways we came upon a caved-in well, a circular hollow with blackish bottom, covered with long rank grass, the Mexican *sacaton*. Beyond this were the remains of a wall or foundation inclosing an area of two acres or more, the site apparently of a combined fort and dwelling, a sort of castle. Inside of the inclosure was another old well. This part of the plateau was more thickly strewn with pottery than any other.

From here we went across a gully to the burying ground on an adjoining plateau. The top of the latter was artificially leveled and the sides were cut down a certain distance, vertically making a rectangle of it, and a step all around it; on each side was

<sup>1</sup> This diary of a United States cavalry officer in pursuit of the hostile Apaches was commenced in March, 1886.



THE CAVALRY PICKET.

a terrace constructed by similar leveling and trimming. All the graves, however, were on the top. I felt very much like expending a few dollars in Mexican labor for the purpose of getting into and under some of these mounds, especially a big one in the center, which I presumed to be that of a chief; but I feared that I might spoil them for some expert or connoisseur who should examine them after me.

From the evidence of architecture in the village and of engineering on the burying-ground, I am satisfied that this settlement was not one of wild Indians, such as the Apaches of the present day.

I should state that among the relics on the first plateau were numerous broken *metates*, worn very deep, indicating long usage. A *metate* is a rude stone mortar, still used by the Mexicans to grind and crush corn, chili, coffee, etc. The population must have been of those prehistoric Arizonians, if I may so call them, who attained to a state of semi-civilization and left their traces in the ruins of Casa Grande, Pueblo Viego, etc., and various cliff and cave dwellings. But who those people were—Aztec, Toltec, or ancestors of the Pueblo or Village Indians of the present

day, such as the Zunis, Moquis, etc.—is yet to be determined. There can be no doubt that they lived in fear of some formidable enemy, and it should seem that they sought security in a social and military organization not unlike that of the mediæval Europeans—the rich and powerful establishing themselves in castles, the poor and weak coming under their protection as vassals.

On our walk we crossed a quarter section, 160 acres, of Government land that had been taken up by Mr. Manning, but which he forfeited by failing to comply with the legal requirement that he reside with his family upon the land for at least six months and cultivate a few acres of it. It has since been taken up by Mr. Richardson under the "Timber Culture" act. According to this law, a patent may be acquired for a quarter section or a smaller tract of ground by planting one-fourth of it with timber, protecting such timber, and keeping it in a healthy growing condition for a period of eight years, the trees not being

more than twelve feet apart in any direction. Comparatively little advantage is taken of this law, most land being taken up under the pre-emption law, which leaves the settler free to plant and cultivate as he chooses. The availing himself of it on the part of Mr. Richardson was due, I am told, to his having exhausted his right of pre-emption.

One would expect, in this dry country, to see more trees planted than there are, and it would seem a wise measure to increase their cultivation by still further legal action. Their present neglect is due to a variety of causes, foremost among which is the failure to appreciate the influence of timber upon climate and agriculture. Another is the hard utilitarianism of our frontier populations, the lack of æsthetic sense and consequent blindness and indifference to the improving effect of timber upon the landscape. Another is the unsettled feeling and changeful mode of life common among frontiersmen, and the consequent disregard of permanent improvements. A large proportion of the people of this section have come as the Chinese come—to make their fortunes, but not their homes. Those even who

come to stay, or who subsequently decide to do so, are more or less disposed to roam, through an original propensity that brought them out, or through attractions to new enterprise.

Another cause is the uncertainty of the tenure and ownership of much of the best

me. They used to come in and make long visits on my tobacco-box, and would often ask me for tobacco and cigarette papers, of which I kept an extra supply for them. They never say "thank you," or anything that seems like it. I do not think there is any such phrase in their language. I once gave to one who asked me for tobacco, an unopened half-pound package; all he did was to grunt and stow it away in his breast pocket, and turn to me for papers. Their begging and sponging goes on all the same, whether they have money or not. Often as I have been to their tents and camp fire, never has one offered me a cigarette, or a taste of coffee, or anything else.

*Mowry Mine, February 1, 1886.*—Made a special visit to the Mexican family, the Rioses, to present them with a few toys and articles of clothing, that I brought out with me from Fort Grant. The old man has not yet had his roof fixed, but he has given notice to his employer that if it is not fixed for him he will leave. He is determined not to fix it himself, because it was in the contract that his *patron* should furnish him with a house, and in its present condition, the structure that he is living in, he claims, is not a house. His monthly pay and emoluments consist of thirty dollars, and forty pounds of flour and fifty of fresh beef. In return for this he keeps the stock within a certain range from straying off the ranch.

The month is opening with beautiful weather, still and balmy, like the late spring in the north. Mrs. Rios tells me that this is an *año bueno*, that last year was an *año malo*. Leap year, or as the Mexicans call it, *año bisiesto* (bissexile year), is regarded by Mexicans as a bad year, bringing death and sickness and troubles of all kinds to both men and animals.

*Mowry Mine, February 2, 1886.*—Hearing that there had been a great *find* made at the Blue Nose, and that the mine was looking better than it had been for many months, I walked to it, a distance of three miles, and went through it. There are two ways into it, one a vertical shaft and the other a horizontal tunnel. My guide took me first to the mouth of the shaft, over which a large bucket dangled from a half-inch wire cable, and skipping into position on the rim of it, with one end of the handle between his feet, called upon me to "get on." I did so, but with less



DISMOUNTED NEGRO, TENTH CAVALRY.

land, owing to Indian outbreaks and Spanish grants. The settlement of the latter would contribute greatly to the prevention and repression of the former. Many of the vast tracts now held under Spanish titles as pasture land would, doubtless, be opened thereby to settlers, and secured against Indian raids by a population of comparatively small proprietors.

I set out from Crittenden at half-past nine, and traveling slowly, arrived in camp at three o'clock. Tonto Jim was in our tent with the captain to receive us. He did not stay long, as I offered him nothing to smoke. These Indians are greater smokers of cigarettes than the Mexicans. Not smoking now myself, I have discontinued keeping tobacco, and I apprehend that my Indian friends will fall off from

alacrity than he, placing myself over the opposite end of the handle. Both of us being "on," he gave a signal to the man at the engine, whereupon I felt as if suddenly disembarassed of my feet and perceived that I was making a rapid and accelerating descent. With that lightning quickness of thought that is said to come to drowning people, I conjured up a series of dreadful liabilities. I imagined the bucket striking something and suddenly tipping up, tumbling us both into it or off it; our clutching it and hanging to it for dear life; our being severed from it by a projecting beam or spike and held dangling while it sped on without us. Noticing that my guide, holding out one hand, gave the timbers an occasional tap that sent us out into the middle of the shaft, I loosened one hand and kept up an unsatisfactory attempt at shoving off at the right time from my side until passing through twilight and darkness, we sank into such utter blackness that I could distinguish nothing, not even my companion. Leaning forward, then, with a sway in my back, my both hands grappled to the cable, I dismissed

or rock; I even imagined its being a powerful spring-board. Suddenly, without having felt the slightest jar, I found myself at a standstill, and, looking about on the side of an approaching candle, perceived that our conveyance was on terra firma. Each of us taking a candle, we went to the end of a drift where two men were timbering up a *shoot*, an inclined passage through which to drop ore to a lower level. From here the ore is to be shoved to the shaft. Coming back to the shaft it was pointed out to me how the magnesian limestone was slaking and scaling off. Every morning an hour's work is done clearing the drift of the droppings. Returning safe and sound to the surface we proceeded to the tunnel, and, having followed it to the end, branched off through tortuous downward sloping passages to where the *find* was alleged to have been made. I had already learned that the latter had proven a very great disappointment, the ore not going, according to the assayers, over six dollars to the ton. It seems that the miners had mistaken *zincblende*, the resinous variety, for the waxy variety of *hornsilver*. I asked one at the mouth of the mine the name of a mineral that I brought out with me and was answered: "Them scientific cusses calls it *Rosa cobaltic*, we calls it *Rose quartz*." It was a variety of *Cobalt bloom*, the arsenate of cobalt. According to my guide this magnesian limestone is a poor rock to mine in, the veins rarely, if ever, being true fissure, and always running out at a small depth. The ore of the Blue Nose occurs principally in *pockets* or *kidneys*.

*Mowry Mine, February 2, 1886.*—

In the course of an after-dinner visit to Señora Rios, who lives here, I heard the sad story of the killing of her father's five brothers by Apaches. They were out with fifteen other men after cattle, and the whole party had sat down to lunch, when they were fired into, and all but one were killed. He alone had kept his horse saddled, and, jumping on it, he got away with but a wound in his thigh. The *vecinos*, fellow villagers, came out at daybreak, and, putting the nineteen bodies in one wagon, conveyed them to the village. That afternoon—the graves having been laboriously prepared—the population, mournfully chanting and mutely sorrowing, accompanied the nineteen coffins to *Campo Santo*, each one borne on the



ARCHÆOLOGY ON THE BORDER.

the timbers and their perils from my mind and thought of the bottom. I wondered whether we should strike it at the rate at which we were traveling, and speculated as to its being water

lage. That afternoon—the graves having been laboriously prepared—the population, mournfully chanting and mutely sorrowing, accompanied the nineteen coffins to *Campo Santo*, each one borne on the



shoulders of four men. The five brothers in their separate coffins were interred in one grave.

The tri-weekly drills (dismounted) which had been suspended on account of the bad weather, have been resumed, the First Sergeant commanding, as before. What a fine opportunity should present itself in a camp like this for instruction in fencing, signaling, estimating distances, etc. I have not seen a fencing-mask or glove in the army since I left West Point, and we did not see much of those implements there. If in the matter of fencing we are never to get beyond the slashing and thrusting at the air as laid down in Upton's drill book, let us spare the troops the carrying and polishing of a sabre, and put more of his time on whatever weapon is deemed his most effective one. Assuming the sabre as done away with, the pistol is of doubtful advantage as a substitute for it. I am rather in favor of a long rifle, or long-range carbine, for both mounted and dismounted firing, with a bayonet or attachable lance head for hand-to-hand work.

*Mowry Mine, February 3, 1886.*—It is about time for the conference between General Crook and Geronimo. I doubt its resulting in the termination of hostilities, as I apprehend that Geronimo is not yet ready to make an unconditional surrender.

I see in the papers that there is a bill before Congress for the suppression of gambling in the army, and that a number of officers have written to its framer or backer, approving of it, and urging his pushing it through. I should not like to see it passed. It stands already enacted that: "Any officer who is convicted of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, shall be dismissed from the service" [61st Article of War], and that "All crimes not capital, and all disorders and neglects which officers and soldiers may be guilty of to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, though not mentioned in the foregoing articles of war, are to be taken cognizance of by a general or a regimental, garrison or field officer's court-martial, according to the nature and degree of the offense, and punished at the discretion of such court" [62d Article of War].



DOWN THE SHAFT.

These two enactments should answer every judicious purpose of the bill in question.

*Mowry Mine, February 6, 1886.*—Private A— is to be discharged for enlisting under false pretenses. Upon the expiration of his first enlistment, he was given what is called a *bobtail* discharge, a discharge without character; and he subsequently had one forged with the character "Good," and re-enlisted. When the battalion was at Lordsburg last summer, this man sold his carbine to a citizen, and pretended to have lost it through no neglect of his. The great difficulty, not to say impossibility, of preventing this sort of rascality, under

our present system of discipline, is among the reasons of some of our officers for their disuse of the pistol in the field.

Three wagons arrived yesterday from Fort Huachuca with grain, and with provisions for the mess. This does not look like an early termination of the campaign. I am about equally likely, a week from to-day, to be at Fort Grant on the march towards the Sierra Madres, or here. If the campaign does not close with the impending meeting of Geronimo and General Crook, it will not do so for months, for the Indians will have decided to fight us or defy us to the bitter end.

*Mowry Mine, Sunday Morning, February 7, 1886.*—Have just finished inspecting the troops, which leaves me free from duty until next Sunday, when I shall have the same fifteen minutes' occupation again. If those who are preparing themselves for a commission in the army appreciated the importance to an officer of intellectual preventives against idleness, ennui and dissipation, they would never begrudge the time spent in edifying studies unconnected with the military art.

The men of the troop, having spent or gambled away most of their pay, spend less time drinking and smoking in the two rum-shops near camp, and more basking in the sun, cracking jokes and playing tricks. While a colored soldier will stand more work and hardship without grumbling than a white one, he will exert himself less of his own accord. Gymnasiums, foot-balls, base-balls and bats, and such things, move him comparatively little.

*Mowry Mine, February 8, 1886.*—The Mexicans are about as independent of doctors and apothecaries as the Apaches. They know the healing properties of a great variety of plants, and keep a stock of them on hand. Don Sebastian, the Mexican who lives with the Rioses, informed me to-day that he has a medicine that he does not think anybody else knows of, not even the Apaches, and, telling me that it could be found in certain cañons of the Huachucas, brought it out and showed it to me. It is a black seed, somewhat larger than caraway. Two or three pinches of it, he says, is a dose. He told me that Mrs. Rios—and she corroborated his statement—was taken with a pain one night in her chest and shoulders, so violent that she could not turn over in her bed—she told me that had it lasted two minutes



INSPECTING THE MINE.

longer, it would have killed her—and that a dose of this *mochilita*, as he calls it, cured her instantly. He told of a tree or shrub in Mexico, called *cocolmecca*, of such virtue as an anti-rheumatic that carrying a cane of

it is certain cure ; adding, however, that a decoction is ordinarily taken along with the cane. Mrs. Rios brought out several of her vegetable specifics, *medicinas de las Viejas*, old women's medicines, as the Mexicans call them, done up in little bags and packages, and tied up in the corners of handkerchiefs, and discoursed on their

his wife, a Mexican woman, who is thought to be fatally ill, to her home in Sonora. She is so weak that she can hardly speak, and her face and limbs are swollen from a cold, so the Mexicans say, contracted during a fever. I helped lift her out of the wagon in which she was lying on three thicknesses of mattress, and move her into the house,



NO TIME TO LOSE.

nature and use to me. One of them was *tierra de encina*, earth of evergreen oak, which is taken out of the pith or from a hollow of that tree. How it forms there, whether in the process of growth or of decay, she did not know, but I presume in the latter. It is given for lung troubles. Among her other remedies were anise seed, peony and chamomile.

Old Mr. Rios informed me with pride that he had never taken an apothecary's drug in his life, and getting up from his chair, and raising himself to his full height of six feet or more, he beat his chest and slapped his arms, declaring himself sound and strong in every part.

Mr. Thompson, an American living in Harshaw, stopped at the Rioses this evening in a wagon in which he is transporting

where she was placed on the only bed. I afterward had our cook take her over a can of peaches, the only nourishment she cares for.

No campaign news to-day, except a report communicated by the stage driver, that General Crook has gone down into Mexico to meet the Indians, coming up in a party of about forty (men, women and children), including Geronimo and other big chiefs.

*Mowry Mine, February 9, 1886.* — Mrs. Thompson was better this morning. Mrs. Rios administered peony to her during the night, which alleviated a pain in her head, and gave her some sleep. At half-past nine, the party having breakfasted and the team being hitched up, I helped put the invalid back in the wagon, and then

watched it start jolting up the stony road, over the divide. Mr. Rios rode ahead, his horse helping pull, by means of a lariat or picket rope fastened to the horn of his saddle and to the pole of the wagon. At La Noria, Mr. Thompson will borrow a conveyance that has paid the Mexican custom duty, and transferring his wife to it, will push on to cover, if possible to-day, the twenty-one miles from here to his destination.

As soon as his *patron* comes back from the East, and Mr. Rios has some money, he is going to send his little harum-scarum Blas-tia, who is growing up, as he says, like a coyote, to an American school at La Noria. Meanwhile, I am coaching her in her pot-hooks, with the more satisfaction, as it affords me a certain practice in Spanish. When I am at my books translating English into Spanish, or Spanish into English, I feel as if I were quite a Spaniard, but no sooner do I get among Mexicans, and one of them opens on me in idiomatic speech, than I feel like an ignoramus.

The language of border Mexicans is good enough Spanish for the professional purposes of an army officer. It will enable him to make himself understood among Spaniards anywhere.

*Mowry Mine, February 10, 1886.*—Mr. Rios has just completed a fine horsehair sinch, and has promised to make me an especially handsome one to take East with me as a keepsake. He makes also, as most Mexican ranchmen do, bridles, reins, halters, lariats, whips, etc., of braided thong. I left him standing this morning

on the sunny side of his house, absorbed in the occupation of paring thongs off an old boot top.

I hope when I go East to take with me some earthen cooking utensils, the main secret of the excellence of Mexican cookery.

*Mowry Mine, February 11, 1886.*—Mrs. Rios informed me yesterday that she had a cow in the corral, and asked me to send my cook daily for milk, and this morning I witnessed for the first time the milking of a *bronco* or undomesticated cow. It was tied to the inside of the corral, and its hind legs were fastened together with a light rope just above the hocks. Its calf was allowed to come up and suckle it until the milk was well started, and then taken off and tied. Mr. Rios thereupon came up on its right side and held the pail, ready to jump and run, while Mrs. Rios, stealing up on the other, took the principal part in the performance.

As I was returning to my tent to take up my Spanish grammar and reader, I was pleasantly surprised to see Doctor Terrill ambling briskly into camp, followed by his orderly. I was expecting him to-morrow to go with the

captain and myself to the ball at Harshaw. He came to-day in order to have time to recuperate after his thirty-five-mile ride from Copper Cañon.

*Mowry Mine, February 12, 1886.*—We have gone back to three meals a day, having gone through the season of short days on two. Lunching at half-past twelve, and dining at five, I have now more time unbroken in the afternoon for exercise. I usually start out after lunch on a climb



"WHAT! NO TOBACCO?"

to some neighboring peak, in search of a new prospect, or to some mine that I have not visited, and get back in time to do about an hour's reading before our attendant, deferentially assuming the position of a soldier, announces to me: "Sir, Lieutenant, dinner's ready, sir."

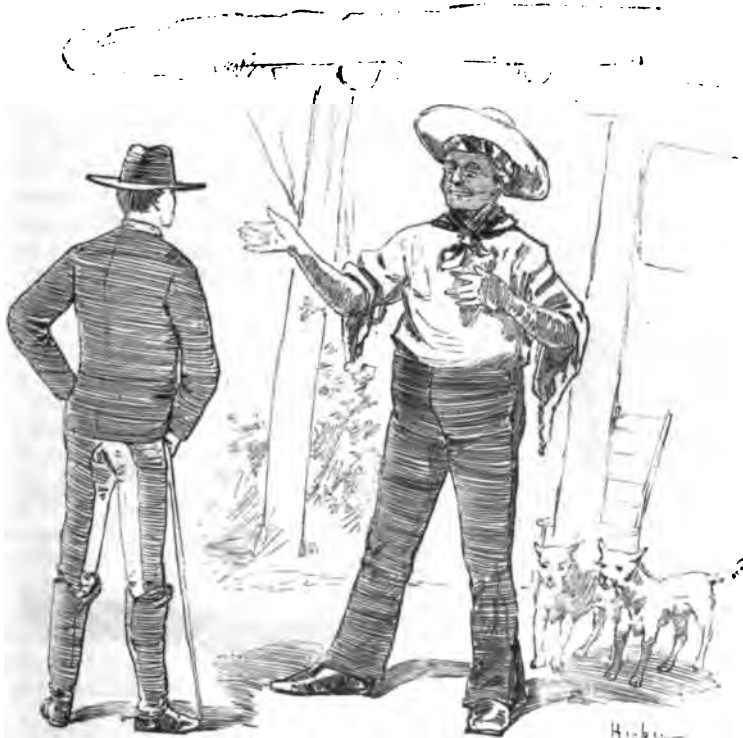
We had the company at dinner, today, of Mr. James, the custom's agent, and Mr. Philpin, the school teacher, going, like ourselves, to the ball. Shortly after the repast they went on their way, Mr. James sharing the seat of a buggy with a Mexican musician whom he had brought with him from La Noria; and Mr. Philpin filling a fine and comfortable-looking Mexican saddle. Our party set out



AN ARIZONA EPISODE.

about an hour later at the transition of twilight into a bright star-and-moonlight. A ride of about an hour and a half took us over the road familiar to the captain and myself, but new to the doctor, crossing the open summit of the mountain, and going down the broken declivity into the

gradually narrowing cañon; past the Blue Nose camp, where the sides are highest; and along the rocky-bottomed creek, where they are closest and steepest; and thence out through the expanding mouth into the pass in which Harshaw is situated. Upon arriving in town we were shown into the hotel, the interior of which consisted of a room fitted up with six cots and one washstand, over which we read the notice: "Transients are required to pay in advance." Being the first arrivals, we had the choice of beds, and a dry towel. Our final toileting done, we repaired to the ball-room where



"LOOK AT ME! NEVER TOOK A DRUG IN MY MOUTH."





MILKING THE BRONCO.

we walked in on the quadrille. We were introduced through the combined politeness of a number of persons, there being no one in the room, it is safe to say, whose acquaintanceship extended to all the ladies that we met. The guests had come from far and near in all directions, some from ranches on the Babacomori, forty and fifty miles off, whence they had ridden since morning. The attendance must have numbered about two hundred, and included many children whose parents, no doubt, believe in allowing them as well as themselves all the social advantages that their lonesome lives afford. The room danced in is ordinarily a school-room, but has been disused as such for some time on account of the depletion of the county treasury. It was amply large and well lighted with lanterns and candles. The floor was everything that a dancer could wish, unless exception be taken to a few empty knot-holes in which a heel would occasionally catch — flaws, as it were, on the surface of perfection. The musicians, most of the time, were two violins, one guitar, and

one accordion, who changed with others, now Mexican music predominating, and now American. The dances were the quadrille and the ordinary American round dances, two of the former to one of the latter. In accordance with frontier custom the dances were *called*, and not twice alike. The caller is an improviser, whose chief aim it is to perplex and confuse. It is, in fact, no small com-

mendation of a caller that he can "tangle 'em up."

This was the first American ball outside of the army that I had been to on the frontier. I was surprised at the number of women, having no idea that there were that many within the social radius of this essentially masculine center. Many of them have grown up in their present homes since a community of sanguine prospectors laid the foundation of this once thriving and now lifeless mining town. There were no costumes presenting anything especially characteristic.



WE ARE GROWN TO NO. 6 BED-ROOM.

*Mowry Mine, February 22, 1886.* — Dr. Terrill's birthday coinciding with George Washington's, I set out this morning for Captain Hatfield's camp to celebrate both anniversaries, separately or together as might be arranged, but I got no further than La Noria. As I stopped in front of the store, Mr. Sydow came out with the remark :

"You have come just in time."

"Time for what?" I inquired.

"Why, haven't you heard the news?"

"No."

I was informed that last Friday morning a party of Indians killed three American prospectors and a Mexican who was with them, also a Mexican vaquero near Genovérache Ranch, about sixty miles east by south from La Noria, and fifteen from Captain Hatfield's camp; that the Indians numbered from thirty-five to forty; were *muy arreglados* well equipped, and were making westward towards Milpías in the Cananea Mountains. Thinking it more than likely that Captain Hatfield was out of camp, and the doctor with him, and not knowing but that there was an opportunity for K troop to get on the war path, I gave up my trip to the Huachuclas; and, sending back one of my two men with a note to the captain, settled down to waiting for further news, or confirmation of what I had received. Messengers were expected from Santa Cruz, where men were arming and organizing, while others were scouring the country for trails, looking out for dust and signal smokes, and warning isolated ranches and mining camps.

In the course of inquiries among Mexicans, I met a man who was wounded in a fight at Limpías last summer, and was for three weeks in the hospital at Fort



A SUGGESTION OF SPAIN.

Huachuca. According to him the Indians in that affair were not Apaches, but Indians of Mexico serving in the Mexican army, or deserting from it. Much of the robbing and killing along this border that is charged to the Indians is done by Mexicans.

I remained at La Noria until three o'clock in the afternoon, when having learned nothing further, and trusting to the citizens for notification in case of developments, I went back to camp. My messenger had rejoined me with word from the captain that he would have the command ready to move, and upon my arrival in camp I found the horses in the corral, rations weighed out, all ready to pack, and extra ammunition issued to the men.

[To be continued.]

## A DAY'S FISHING IN BERMUDA.

BY CHARLES E. CLAY,

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NOW, then, gen'lemen, all aboard, if *you* please ; want to make the mos' o' dis here good slant o' wind dis bright mornin'," cried old "Commodore" Da Shields, waving a weather-beaten old sou'wester that, to preserve its efficacy against wet and rain, had been liberally painted with two or three coats of the same bright blue that adorned the band of his fishing boat ; and as we gathered together the luncheon baskets and boxes of ginger ale and soda-water that are inevitable adjuncts to an orthodox fishing voyage in Bermuda, the "Commodore" ordered two of his myrmidons to our assistance with : "Here, Jim ; jump lively, *bye* ('Mudian for boy), and hand 'em ea'bles and drink'bles into the boat, and, you, sonny, run for'ard and gie her bit o' the jib."

By the time the jib was run up our party, which consisted of five, was comfortably settled around the after end of the cockpit of the staunch old *Lucky Penny*, and we began to survey our surroundings. The boat itself was a veritable type of the island model, bluff bowed, full-waisted and beamy amidships, with a good full square stern without the modern innovation of an overhanging counter. She was built entirely of the beautiful red cedar with which the islands abound, the timbers and knees of natural growth, strongly bolted together with copper fastenings. The *Lucky Penny* had been built in the old slavery days and was evidently intended to last. She had, for over sixty years, withstood the buffetings of the fierce Atlantic gales and threaded her way backwards and forwards over the dangerous reefs that girdle Bermuda with an adamant belt that has proved the grave of many a stately galleon and richly-freighted cotton ship and Indian trader. All her "midships" is taken up with a roomy well, some ten by

eight feet square, into which the fresh water played all the while through small square holes cut in her sides a little above her "garboards," and covered over carefully with stout perforated pieces of zinc sheeting. This is an excellent receptacle for keeping the fish alive, and also serves the purpose of storing the mussels and lobsters, which are used for bait for porghy and hog-fish, fresh for use. Along the "risings" under the after end of the deck, to starboard and port, hang lines of every size and length, from the heavy coil as stout as a "penny line," capable of holding a monster rockfish of over a hundredweight, to the little bait lines used for snappers and bream. These were all leaded, according to their size and requirements, at about a foot to eighteen inches, from the end on which was strapped the hook. Bermudian fishermen do not use the leaden sinkers common to American waters, but beat out a strip of sheet-lead to the proper width and lap it round and round the line tightly until the requisite weight is on, when the ends are strongly nipped to the line so that the lead can only be run up and down with considerable exertion.

Our rig is the universal leg-o'-mutton mainsail on a mast that rakes away aft at an angle of some 70° to 80° ; the foot of the sail is not laced to the boom, as is always the case in pleasure or racing yachts, but is set flowing, as being handier when luffing about in among the reefs picking up their fish-pots. A short bowsprit with a handy sized jib which runs up on a stay, serving the double purpose of headstay and jib traveler, completes our canvas. On the outer end of the bowsprit is a large ring, through which one end of the spinnaker boom is run out, the other end resting on deck ; thus the spinnaker boom can be run out to form a jibboom for extra head-sails in light breezes, or launched aft and rigged out in the usual manner for



the squaresail when dead before the wind. When not in use it is always carried in the way I have described to afford a better foothold in going out to furl jib, which is not lowered and stowed on the bowsprit as with

Hamilton, the capital of the colony, is situated at the head of a wide and exquisitely beautiful bay whose mouth is formed by a grand sheet of water, called the Great Sound, with an area of nine or ten miles, and



APPROACHING HAMILTON.

us, but is simply wound about the stay and held snugly by hauling taut the jibsheets. The anchor, or "*killick*," as it is technically called, which was to hold us on the fishing ground was of the most primitive construction, and, to the inexperienced, totally inadequate to the important part it has to play in the day's programme; it was a large, irregular sized block of limestone, in weight about fifteen to twenty pounds, securely lashed to a young cedar sapling, which in turn was fastened to the rope by which we were to ride. On one of our novices expressing grave doubts as to the capabilities of such uncouth looking ground tackle, he was assured by our dusky commodore that "that ar stun would hold 'er till blue blazes wrung the stick clean out on 'er." The reason, however, that the usual grapnel is not used is that, owing to the rocky, cavernous bottom on which they fish, it often happens that a grapnel gets so inextricably caught that it cannot be recovered, and all that can be done is to cut the rope and leave the moorings. A few experiences like this quickly suggests the advisability of a less expensive holdfast.

its broad bosom dotted with picturesque islands covered with a luxuriant growth of fine cedars, palmettos, and other tropical trees. It affords safe anchorage for the largest ships of war, and its northern boundary is Ireland Island, on which is the dockyard, containing an ample basin especially excavated and built to receive the celebrated *Bermuda*, the largest floating dock in the world.

As we leave the steamer wharf, where is lying the good ship *Trinidad*, one of the fine vessels belonging to the Quebec Steamship Company, which for the past decade and a half has carried mails and passengers to and from New York without a single accident, the landscape widens and we gain a good view of the quiet, clean little town with its whitewashed roofs shining in the bright November sunlight, giving one the impression that all the houses are covered by a fresh mantle of new-fallen snow. On the left hand rise the cedar-crowned hills of Paget, and nestling among the dark and feathery foliage are the homes of the wealthier members of the community. We soon leave the town behind, and are coasting swiftly along the Pembroke shore

where towers on a rocky elevation the handsome Princess Hotel, with its long, cool verandas commanding a magnificent view of the whole entrance to the harbor. On, on, we glide past Agars Island, stored with enough powder and gun-cotton to blow Bermuda out of existence should accident ever cause these combustibles to ignite; the red-coated sentry turns to gaze idly at us for a moment and resumes his slow and measured beat. On a bare and rocky little promontory on the eastern boundary of the sound stands a silent monolith raised by their comrades to the memory of the poor fellows who fell victims to that scourge of tropical climes, Yellow-Jack.

Across the wide Sound looms up Gibb's Hill, the highest point of land in Bermuda, and perched upon its verdant crest the tall shaft of the lighthouse is distinctly outlined against the deep, clear blue of the western sky. We round the eastern end of the dockyard and pick our way carefully over the "flats" that defend the seaward side of the battlemented crags of Ireland Island. A keen and practised eye is required to work through the narrow and tortuous channels winding in and out between great beds of coral rocks on whose jagged tops grow large sea-fans and rods which at low tide are partially exposed and emit a faint and peculiar odor known to the fishermen as "husker" smell. The tiller is never still a moment; Jim Williams, an ideal negro, with a broad ebon countenance, deep-chested and square-shouldered, is stationed on the bowsprit end, and shouts incessantly the warning to "luff" or "keep off" as the exigency of our progress requires. The Commodore is at the helm; a false move and we should be dashed to pieces on the relentless rocks. The sun throws his rays over the dancing waves; the dark patches denote the dangerous reefs beneath; the deep blue streaks of clear water mark the path for the *Lucky Penny*. Gazing over her

side we hold our breath as we rapidly approach what appears to be nothing but a bewildering mass of black and cruel rocks, and at the moment we feel that one more bound and strike we must, Jim's voice rings out clear and sharp "hard off, hard off," and in obedience to her helm the good boat swings and the dreaded danger is passed with but a few inches to spare. An involuntary sigh of relief is heard and Jim looks back an instant to grin and display a dazzling set of ivories that might well be the pride of many a city belle.

The Somerset "flats" are crossed, and looking back over the network of reefs we cannot help marveling how we ever got safely through; but these hardy sons of the deep, inured to the constant peril, seem to be able to pick their way, as does a horse of a dark night, by instinct. We have now gained the ship channel leading



A BIT OF NORTH SIDE SCENERY.

to the western outlet of the barrier reefs, known as Chub Cut. Long Bay stretches its silvery margin of shining sand away on our port beam; rising precipitately behind, the storm-beaten head of Scaur Hill shuts out the glimpse of the mighty Atlantic

beyond ; on our lee bow appears the isolated crag of Dan'l's Head, grim, gaunt and desolate, like some giant sentinel guarding the green and pleasant farms inland.

We were lost in the magic witchery of this fairy scene, when the gruff voice of

old seadog really enjoyed, he cast an eye round the horizon, and, taking bearings by the prominent buildings on shore, gave the following instructions to Jim, at the same time relinquishing the tiller to him : " Put her out to Blue Cut, bye ; take lighthouse over wes'ernmos' end o' Sum'set Chu'ch for yer runnin' mark, and keep her at that till ye brings dockyard pint ower Clarence Hill flagstaff ; I reckon that oughter 'bout fetch us 'mung the rockfish and hamlets."

"O'course," began the commodore, lifting his sou'wester and giving the crisp breeze a chance at his still crisper grizzled and matted wool, " it were all along of a ooman, or rayther two or three oomins, for them critters is bound to be at the bottom o' every kittle o' fish ye bile. This young chap, as was named Edward, was married, ye mus' know, to a cullud 'ooman ; a good, savin', hard-workin' kind o' a gal by the name o' Anna Regina, which Hamilton folks do say means 'queen' in one o' them furrin languages as mos' people knows nuffin about, but it

war mighty little like a queen he treated her ; do her bes' to please him she might, and kicks and curses and short wittles was all her thanks. But, as the ole man said, as the parson was a-blowin' up for not treating his missus good, 'I tuk her for better nor wusser, and begad it's all wusser and no betterer.' Well, it was 'bout same way wie Anna, and so, poo' gal, she bore up wie him and his ways for three or four yearn, and said little or nuffin to her folks nor nobody, and was pleased ef she was let go to chu'ch and prayer meetins' and such like 'oomins' framgammery.

"Ned, he made a kind o' livin' by doing odd jobs in the fiel's 'round, and pieced out wie boatin', fishin', and settin' one or two fishpots round the rocks ; but he had plenty of idle time, and he spent it in goin' galavantin' off with a young 'ooman as was no better than hisself. This, as you may suppose, gen'lemen, was kind o' rilin' to Anna, an' she up an' gin him a bit o' her mind, and that led to hard words and blows from him. Things was 'bout as bad as they well could be, when one bright Sunday a'ternoon Anna rigged up for the parish chu'ch meetin', and found, when she got there, this other young ooman as was tanglin' herself wie her husband. When



"AS WE LEAVE THE STEAMER WHARF."

our pilot jarred on our senses and brought us back to the realities of the workaday world. "See that there small house by the edge o' the water," said he, pointing, with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand full of an enormous pinch of snuff, to a tumbled-down looking shanty among some straggling clumps of oleanders and Spanish bayonets, "a foul and wicked murder were done thar one bootiful Sunday night, some four or five yearn ago."

Had an infernal machine exploded in our midst I don't think it would have startled our party much more than this unexpected announcement. The fair and peaceful repose of that distant sunlit valley suggested far sweeter thoughts than those of violence and bloodshed. We eagerly gathered round the old fisherman and importuned him to recount the details.

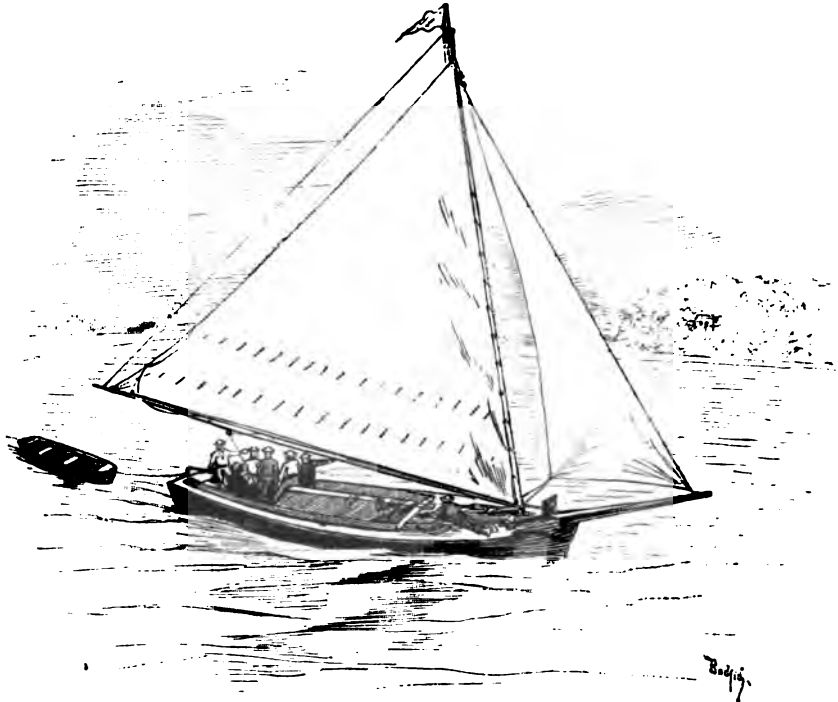
"Well, it ain't the pleasantest subjeck as you could a sot to me," said the old man, inhaling liberally of the pungent stimulant, and making, as some worthy very tritely remarked, "a dusthole of his nose" ; "but these be the main facks o' the case, which kicked up a mighty rumpus about these 'ere parts jes where they happen'd."

Before settling himself down in earnest to a task which, in his heart of hearts, the

sarvice was over who should come a-saunterin' into the chu'chyard but Ned, and as the folks came out he makes up to the other little hussy right afore his wife's eyes, and walks off so barefaced wie her, leaving Anna to find her own way home. No ooman wie any kind o' spirit would stand sich an insult, so Anna she goes a'ter 'em, an' flashes up awful. There was Old Nick to pay all round; neighbors joined in—some of Anna's folks and some o' his'n—and high words was spoke on both sides. Anna was cryin' and sobbin', and seemed as she was goin' into convulsions, but things was patched up and Anna was took home, while Ned and the other gal went off together spite of all as was said. Ten o'clock that night Ned went home, and there was Anna ready waitin' fur him, and he'd scarce darkened the doorway afore she 'gun railin' at him tremenjous. The man wassulky, and that ugly that he war positively dangerous; but Anna she didn't care, and though he told her, in hard, cruel tones, to stop naggin' or it would be the wuss for her, she

hair all afire. Crazy with pain and fear, the miserable ooman yelled and screamed and ran all round the wretched hut with her hair and back all ablaze; how the flames was put out nobody ever could tell. Folks round heard the screamin', but didn't care to get mixed up in the quarrel 'cos they knowed Ned to be a wery wicious customer to deal wie when real ugly.

"Nex' mornin' Ned did not go to work; and when some of Anna's frien's went round to see how she come out o' last night's squabble, he told 'em that Anna'd runned away, and to carry out the story he actually offered thirty shillings reward in the Hamilton newspapers for information 'bout her. But folks began to scrape up bits o' stories about Ned's goin's on and some told how they had heard the screams, so the police was called in, and they took Ned into safe holdin' and searched the hut. They found nuffin of the missin' gal, but it was clear that a lot o' clothing had been burnt in the open chimbley and here and there about the floor they picked up burnt rags and bits o' half-burnt hair. The lamp



"SEE THAT THAR SMALL HOUSE?"

kep' right on. Well, he got beside hisself, and, catching up the kerosine lamp as was burning on the table, he flung it, with all his might, full at her face. It struck the poor gal on the head and burst, setting her

was smashed and on the floor in pieces, and a chair was flung down and all broke.

"Ned was locked up, and everybody being now thoroughly roused and up to fever pitch o' excitement, the search was



continued day after day all over the rocks, and the beach ; the bay was dredged ; they hunted high and low, but nuffin was heard from the missin' 'ooman, but s'picion gained ewery day that the poo' critter

whalemen, gen'lemen, an' in rough weather they'd spilt many a bucket of ile to make jes sich a calm. But what could make it there that day? Without sumthin' was under that there water, the calm would



"BUT THESE BE THE MAIN FACTS 'O THE CASE."

had met wie foul play, and though discouraged a bit, no one gave up huntin'.

"So things went on for a hull week, and a bright, calm Sunday came round again ; not a breff o' air stirred a ripple on the sea, which lay like a great sheet o' shiny glass. On the top of Wreck Hill, which you can see right back of Dan'l's Head, some pilots was standin' talking o' the strange case of the missin' Anna, and at the same time, as they mos' en gen'ral does o' mornins', they cast their spy-glasses all around the horizon for any sail as might have hove in sight since last evenin' and was lookin' for a pilot-boat. Sail there was none, but a faint sigh o' wind was creepin' up, jes ripplin' the water like dimples on the cheeks o' a chubby baby, when, all o' a sudden, one o' the chaps pointed to the middle o' Long Bay, right in the middle o' Ship Channel, jes about where we be sailin' 'long now, and there they saw an *ile calm*, like as if some one had thrown a barrel of ile on the water. There was no mistakin' the greasy, slimy kind o' spot. The Somerset folks is old

never stay right there in one round spot, and like a flash it struck 'em all that perhaps the missin' gal had been moored off under there by her willain of a husband. a'ter he'd killed her. One stayed to keep track o' the place, the rest soon had their pilot-gig out, and guided by the man on the 'Wreck' they was soon over the spot. The water was kind o' thickish for our clear water, and bein', as I told ye, right in Ships Channel, was too deep to see anythin'. However, they took marks and had the place fixed in their mind so as they could come any time. They then went and told the police magistrate their ideas, and bright and early Monday morning, being nine days after Anna was gone, the dockyard 'thorities sent down a diver. Well, he was down a mighty long time, but when he did come up he brought a shoe and a bit o' cullud calico petticoat. This was fust evidence, bein' easily recognized as Anna's by her folks on the spot, for every boat mos' from Dockyard, Somerset, and the near parishes was round the place, and encouragin' the diver to go again. He

went a second time, and a'ter what to the people hangin' about seemed to be hours, he signalled by his string to haul up and up came a great double-eight sandstone block, such as is used for building wharves, piers, fish-ponds, and sich like places.

"But still the diver stayed below and signalled for the rope to be sent down; when they hauled it up, very gently indeed, accordin' as the signals came, all that remained of the unlucky gal was lashed to the lower end. Ah!" said the seasoned old salt, making a wry grimace, "guess I needn't tell you what the bundle looked like;" and to stomach the memory of so grewsome a sight, another great pinch of snuff was absorbed by his capacious nostrils.

"The attorney gen'l, he soon got a case up with those awful proofs. The stone was found to fit exactly into a nitch in Ned's fish-pond wall; the clothing was identified: the jury, after disagreein' twice,

promise of publishin' the account and sellin' copies, the price of which was to go to his poor ole mother, how he did the murder. He jes' flung her on the floor and strangled the breff clean out o' the poor soul.

"He's buried out thar on one o' them islands in the Sound, and at the head of his unhallowed grave is placed the double-eight as had held his wife down in Long Bay. A fittin' monument, as you'll admit, gen'lemen, for sich a cruel and brutal act."

While the old fisherman was giving us the details of the ghastly tragedy that had so startled the inhabitants of those lovely shores as to become for ever after a tradition among them, the *Lucky Penny* had sped merrily on her way and was beginning to feel the effect of the long, even swell of the great Atlantic. The islands were a dim and filmy outline far on the distant horizon, on which we could only just distinguish



"AN INQUISITIVE NIBBLE WAS FELT."

found the wretch guilty at last, and he was condemned to be hanged inside o' Hamilton jail. Jes afore goin' to the gallows he told a newspaper writer, upon the

the most prominent landmarks. Jim and the Commodore went for'ard and got the killick all clear to heave overboard; the mainsail was allowed to run down, and

soon the boat was luffed sharply into the wind, the jib furled, the anchor dropped, and we were on the ground.

The first thing to do was to catch small fish enough to serve for bait for the larger

water, and leaning carefully over the gunwale you ease your finger under his gills, and the first fish is landed. The fun waxes fast and furious, for we have evidently struck a school of large yellowtails,



"BLEST EF YE AIN'T HOOKED A SHARK!"

game, and we all had our small lines quickly prepared, baited with fat mussels and a toothsome morsel of lobster that would tempt the veriest epicure of a yellowtail. Soon the fine electric shock that tells of an inquisitive nibble was felt, and at the next signal a sharp jerk backward meets with a vicious tug-tug-tugging at the bottom that sends a thrill of pleasure through you and tells you that you have not struck in vain. Hand over hand you rapidly take in your line, which is carried through the water in zig-zag flashes as your captive dashes wildly about in the vain endeavor to free himself of the hook ; but the shining scales gleam through the pellucid

and line after line is hauled in with the striped beauties flapping and wriggling on the hook. Jim and the Commodore are delighted with the success of the drop, and have all they can do taking the fish off each line as it is hauled up, and rebaiting it for a fresh cast. Those of the party who are new to this kind of work are wild with excitement, but the old hands are languid and undemonstrative, knowing that this is but the prelude to the real work of the day.

About twenty minutes or so after the commencement of the sport there comes a lull to the harvest, and the eager fishermen hang carelessly over the lines, when suddenly

the Doctor, who is sitting in the stern, gives a tremendous strike on his line and jumps up on his feet in a flash as he feels the weight far heavier than anything he has yet experienced.

"Gather in, gather in," shouts Da Shields, "or ye'll lose him sure as fate," but the tautened line is flying backwards and forwards as if it is attached to a flash of forked lightning, and the Doctor is wildly endeavoring to get it in, but every now and then, wet and slippery, it eludes his grasp, and is only recovered after a frantic grab. "Don't gie him any slack, sir," is Jim's warning, and the Doctor commences slowly to pull in, yard by yard. Jim is peering over the side to catch the first glimpse of the prize, and as the dark object shines deep down in the transparent depths below, he's the first to exclaim: "Haul, sir, haul; blest ef ye ain't hooked a 'shark!'" and sure enough, darting frantically about, a young cub shark is seen making effort to recover his liberty. The Doctor is a keen sportsman, and hangs manfully to his fish, which is now within two or three yards of the surface, when the Commodore comes up behind him, saying, "Guess you'd better let me take him in for ye," and the Doctor reluctantly hands him the line. The old man stands up on the edge of the stern, and taking the line as low down as he can reach, swings the fish dexterously inboard. Jim is on the alert. Grabbing the line from Da Shields, he lifts the shark quickly up, and in a moment the struggling little demon is gripped between his knees as if within a vice. Holding the line taut with his left hand, the agile fellow whips out his sheath-knife from his belt, and with a few sharp gashes the hook is out and the fish freed, but not done with by a long chalk. Very carefully and gingerly Jim now seizes it with both hands, just where, if it were an animal, the neck would be, and carries it to the deck, pressing its nose against the planks. The Commodore is ready with the hammer end of a hatchet; one swift, heavy blow right on the end of the snout and the game little shark is quivering in its death struggle.

"Well, gen'llemen, ef as there's sharks round," said the Commodore, rather dolefully, "ye ain't goin' to ketch many big fish hereabouts." But we protested that we did not want any better fun than catching such fighting fellows as the one that had just been killed. "Oh, very well, go ahead then," grumbled the old man; and within the next hour five others had been added

to the first victim, and others were seen darting at the bait and lobster scraps that were thrown over, when Jim exclaimed, "He'd bet a dollar he'd clear the cussed critters away," for while they were round not another fish would be allowed to take the bait. So when the next fish, a fine fellow about two and a half feet long, was hauled in, instead of beating his brains with the blunt end of the hatchet, the Commodore brought a small piece of board with him, and, after some manipulation, managed to hold it under the wriggling tail, while a quick blow severed that appendage from the body, and Jim deliberately flung the struggling fish overboard again. For a moment it lay perfectly still and stupefied, but finding itself in its natural element once more, attempted to wag its stump, but without its finny extremity could neither sink nor swim at all. It was the most ludicrous sight you ever saw, and made us all laugh heartily, though it seemed like needless cruelty. The effect was wonderful; for no sooner was he noticed by his brethren of the deep than he was surrounded by three or four of them, who began to dart at him and bite and tug until he sunk slowly out of sight, whether killed by the loss of his tail or put an end to by his ruthless congeners, I know not, but after his disappearance we never saw another shark.

This was, indeed, a novel method of getting rid of unwelcome visitors, and was new to us all, but the Commodore said that it was often resorted to by the fishermen when the sharks interfered with the catching of the more valuable fish. In Bermuda the young or cub shark, which after all is not the real man-eating ocean shark, but a species of dogfish, is considered a delicacy by the natives, and when properly prepared, as the French say, "*avec les condiments*," is not half such bad eating, even for a white man.

It was now decided to try our luck with the rock-fish, and for that purpose lines of a suitable size were uncoiled. A fine young yellowtail of about a pound weight was impaled artistically through the upper portion of his back, and the flapping fish was laid on the deck while Jim, who had been busily engaged pounding up a large bucketful of chopped fish and fry, took a large handful of this uninviting mixture and deftly wound several yards of the line above the lead around the bolus until the mass was firmly held within the coil, and a kind of half bow-knot held all firm. Our several lines being prepared in this manner, they were lowered carefully over



the boat's sides, their direction being governed by the Commodore's inspection of the bottom through the medium of a good water-glass. When almost to the bottom a sudden upward jerk of the fishing line liberated the ball of chopped bait,

by wind and wave. The apparatus is made of four wooden sides, into one end of which a strong pane of glass about eight inches square is let in after the manner of an ordinary pane in a window sash, and the other end left open for the admission



THE CORAL HOME OF THE ROCK FISH.

which spread silently over the hooked yellowtail. A water-glass, I ought to explain, is a very simple, and at the same time, excellent contrivance for getting a clear view of the bottom, when, without it, it would be impossible to do so by reason of the ruffle on the water's surface, caused

of the gazer's face. The glass of the box is laid on the surface of the water, and by placing your face well into the aperture at the top, the bottom can be distinctly seen even at the depth of twelve and thirteen fathoms, so wonderfully clear is the water around Bermuda.

But let us return to our fishing. As soon as the lines were all placed in good position, Jim went for'ard and began to slack away the grapnel rope, and the *Lucky Penny* drifted gently away to leeward until we were fifteen or twenty yards astern of where our bait lay. Of course we had paid out our fishing lines so as not to disturb our bait. "Now," said our mentor, "ef ye feels a bite, don't be in too great a hurry to strike; let 'em kind o' gorge it fust, and as ye feels 'em sneakin' off, then jes lay back and sock it to 'em wie all yer might."

We were evidently at work in real earnest now; no one spoke a single word for awhile, but kept a eager gaze on his own line, only casting a furtive glance now and then at one's neighbor's to see how he fared. The strain was kept up for some little while till one of us, uneasily shifting his position, said, "Commodore, I guess there are no fish hereabouts now." "Ain't they?" grunted the old man, contemptuously. "You jes' wait till the smell of that there fry coaxes the critters out o' the rocks; and when ye find yer line a-whizzin' through yer fingers like a red-hot poker, p'raps you'd wish ye hadn't spoke so quick, may be."

And as if to verify the truth of the last assertion, I felt a slight nibble at the end of my line. I cautiously raised my right hand, ready to strike if the warning was a genuine bite. The fish, taking my bait into his mouth, was slowly backing with his prey, while he sucked it well into his gills preparatory to bolt; and as I felt the first rush of the line in my left hand, down came my right on the tautening tackle, and with a backward jump, holding fast to the line with both hands, I landed into the cockpit. Tug—tug—tug—and despite my strongest efforts to resist I was dragged to the comings, against which I breasted my chest, while my hands, drawn forward by the battling fish, rattled a regular castanet tune on the deck which was anything but agreeable. "Hold him, hold him!" exclaimed Jim, excitedly, "let me take him, sir; I don't think you kin manage him by yourself." "Get away, confound you!" I panted, "I will fight him if it tears my hands off;" and I held on like grim death to a nigger, to use a familiar simile of the island. My companions were all interested spectators of the struggle until Da Shields warned them to mind their own lines if they did not wish to lose their chance. In the meanwhile my steady strain on the captive

began to tell, and straightening up I began with all my might to gather in a yard or two of my tackle; but as the fish would in his turn begin to jerk and tug I had to desist from hauling in, and simply wedge my hands against the gunwale of the boat, and let him rap my knuckles until they were cut and bleeding.

It was a grand tussle for mastery, and roused every feeling for conquest keenly within me. My teeth were set firmly together, and the exertion made my breath come thick and fast. Jim smiled grimly, and said: "Don't give him slack, sir, or he'll have you on the rocks in a flash, and cut your line off short as a pipeshank on one of them heads." I knew well enough what my captive was after, and bent all my energies to prevent it. Again I felt him yielding, and commenced hauling in, very little at first, but after one or two tugs he came more easily. "That's it; keep him comin'; now's the time; haul hard, haul hard, and he's your'n." I answered to the encouragement, and gathered in the line hand-over-hand as fast as I could.

As the big fellow caught sight of the boat he "flurried" again for a short while, but not an inch would I yield, till at length, exhausted by the protracted struggle, my stubborn antagonist gave in, and I was enabled to bring him safe to the boat's side, where Jim was awaiting him. As I lifted just his head out of the water, a hooked gaff was quickly passed between his gills, and with a last hoist the prize was flapping on the ladle-board of the *Lucky Penny*. He proved to be a magnificent rockfish of over fifty pounds, and in prime condition.

In the well a dozen or more fine fish were splashing by the time the stately sun began to blink at us in the face as he slowly wended his way towards the western horizon, as if loth to quit a world where all looked so sweet and calm and fair. Lines were reluctantly coiled, bait and scraps thrown overboard, decks washed down, and finally, after some difficulty, which gave the Commodore a chance for a choice and varied catalogue of unique ejaculations, the killick was aboard, and we spread our canvas for home.

The Commodore told us, as he settled himself aft at the tiller, that they in general preferred running out to the westward, if the wind admitted it, because the morning sun was behind them in the east and cast the shadows of the rocks clear and distinct before the boat,

and the same happy arrangement came about when running home to the eastward, while the sun was descending in the west ; but of course this was only in reality a secondary consideration, the main one being to select such of the numerous good fishing grounds as insured them a fair wind home ; their axiom is that if there is any beating to windward to be done to do it going out. Sometimes they are left in the lurch even with the most careful calculations, as the wind is liable to shift during the time they are on the fishing grounds. It is considered always very dangerous to cross the "flats" after dark ; and if the weather is calm and settled they often prefer spending the night at anchor in their boats than attempt the hazardous undertaking of groping their way home over the rocks. In the winter months, especially during the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, sudden and violent storms are apt to occur, but the staunch little boats are so sea-worthy, the fishermen such skilled mariners and such practiced judges of the weather, that accidents are of very rare occurrence.

Fishing by hook and line is carried on mostly during the winter months when the fish seem to bite better, but during the hot months the fish are mostly caught by setting fishpots among the broad flats that bound Bermuda on the northern



THE ROCKS OF SPANISH POINT.

side, and the surplus stock, which is always brought home alive in the wells with which most of the fishing boats are fitted, is stored away in large fish ponds 'longshore for winter consumption and trade.



### ON THE WHEEL.

How fair they lie ! — the circling hills,  
Down whose green slopes the summer spills  
Her lavish wealth of sun and rain,  
Of light and dew. Along the plain,  
The errant spice-winds, breathing balm  
And scent of southern pine and palm,  
Whisper amid the rustling corn  
That shakes its plumes beneath the morn.

Through grassy closes, clear and bright  
The brooks dance in the misty light,  
And one blithe bird, loud caroling,  
Dips in the flood a glancing wing.  
The flowers that bloom beside the way,  
The glistening hedge, the thorny spray,  
And myriad beaded blades of grass  
Sparkle with diamonds as we pass.  
Hark! from the field the farmer's song,  
And answering echoes, sweet and long,  
Redouble round the emerald vale,  
Till o'er the wold they faint and fail.

Still as we pass on noiseless wheels,  
The changing landscape glows and reels;  
The flaming sun, high and more high,  
Mounts up the cloudless summer sky:  
We catch the shouts of lads at play  
Amid the fragrant new-mown hay,  
And sounds of shrill-voiced grigs that sing,  
And whetted scythes that cheerly ring.  
Through many a shifting scene we flash:  
We hear the busy mill-wheel dash;  
We hear the shaft that creaks and groans,  
The ceaseless whirring of the stones;  
Then on we fare; the clattering mill  
Is left behind, and all is still.  
Ay, all is still; high noon o'erhead  
A poppied influence hath shed;  
The very insects cease to hum,  
And all the breathless world is dumb.

Still on with noiseless wheels we go,  
Till in the west the sun dips low—  
Till whip-poor-wills begin to call,  
And o'er the fields slim shadows fall.  
Along our way the midges spin;  
Hushed is the day's melodious din,  
While piping voices, far and near,  
With sweet lamenting vex the ear.  
The forest aisles are still and dark,  
Save where the fire-fly lights his spark;  
And o'er the marish by the way  
A mist is rising, ghostly gray.  
Now softly glows the evening star  
Above us; we have ridden far,  
And night is come; a sound of bells,  
Like sudden music, sinks and swells  
In yonder vale, and through the night  
A lamp shines like a beacon-light.  
Ah, happy inn! ah, happy guest!  
How sweet is night! how sweet is rest!

*James B. Kenyon.*

## PADDLING IN THE WINNIPEG COUNTRY.<sup>1</sup>

As we paddled nearly fifty miles the day before we reached the Cat Head, it is provoking to be again stopped by the waves an hour after breakfast, and landed on a little sand-spit, backed by a marsh full of mosquitoes, where we must spend the remainder of the day; nor comforting that night

their might, for the wind is increasing rapidly, preventing our return before we go a mile, and necessitating a run of several miles before the wind ere we can gain a haven. Billy, always a dismal prophet, begins to exclaim at the large and increasing size of the waves between us and the



THE WINNIPEG STERN-WHEELER.

to hear the rain pattering on our tent, betokening a storm, and further delay. What is our pleasure to find, after breakfast, that our men think we may proceed; that the traverse from Point Wigwam, where we are, to the nearest island in the bay, six miles distant, is decided on.

As we leave the little harbor, a tremendous splash beneath our very paddles startles us. "Nahmä!" cry the men, "ah ha, Nahmä," and we are introduced to the king of the northern waters.

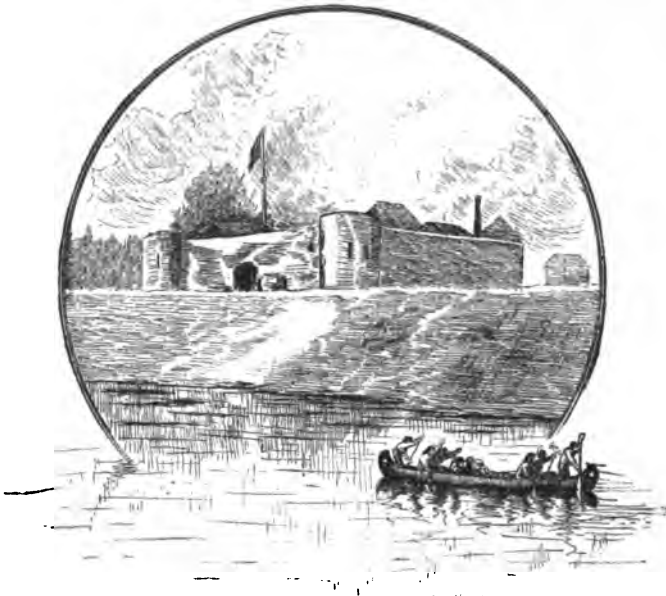
We now try the sail, a rude affair enough—a square-sail hauled up over a forked pole in the front part of the canoe—but by means of which we make much more rapid progress than is our wont; yet not rapid enough for George, who sets the men at work paddling also with all

Sturgeon Islands, to which we are heading, asserting in short and decided phrase that we can never reach them. The waves grow larger and noisier, and we reckon with anxiety the space that still remains. We speed along as never before, the wavecrests occasionally dashing over our gunwales, the canoe bending and twisting as each wave rushes angrily from stern to bow, and the wind threatening to tear the mast from its frail lashings.

We are glad enough when the lee of one of the Sturgeon Islands is reached at the end of an hour—the most perilous experienced. Did we know that this island was to be our prison for three miserable days, we should have taken our arrival with less equanimity! Hoping later in the day to be able to push forward, our canoe is not

<sup>1</sup> This article forms one of the chapters of a most entertaining volume just published by Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston. The author made a journey from St. Paul, in Minnesota, to a point on the Saskatchewan River, in Canada, for the purpose of observing the eclipse of 1860. A part of the country which at that time was a wilderness contains, by the census of 1880, 70,000 souls, supporting 28 newspapers. We would like to find room for the whole book, for it is full of suggestive narrative.





THE START FROM THE STONE FORT.

at first unloaded, but merely kept next the shore by small trees falling from the beach across the bow and stern. Landing is made in the pelting rain; and the tent-poles being at the bottom of the canoe, we three philosophers solace ourselves with one umbrella and one rubber blanket between us, until the men have made a sort of wigwam of poles, bent, twisted, and bound together, and on the windward-side have thrown over it the tent-cover; to this, and the comfort of a roaring fire in front, we then retreat and bemoan our fate. The days are gliding swiftly by. Ten have passed since leaving Fort Garry. Less than ten remain to the day of the eclipse, after we are at last freed from our prison; and half the journey is not made. It is true that winds will not detain us on the river, but there we will have to contend with the unfailing current.

The island which affords the philosophers at once a shelter and a prison is about a foot above the level of the lake, and about a hundred and fifty yards long by half as wide: so at least we estimate it; but with all our explorations, we are unable to penetrate to either extremity. It is made up of a bulrush muskeg, willow and alder chapperal, sand and boulders. We explore nearly half an acre of it with limited success, and have for an outlook fragments of similar islands of equal interest in the near distance.

We are glad to be called at three o'clock on the morning of the fourth day by the

ever watchful George, and though the waves are still high, and the traverse ahead a long one glad enough to venture it. The men hastily arouse themselves, light their pipes, take two or three whiffs, and then, laying hold of the canoe with many interjections and "ughs," they turn it over, and, three men on each side, carry it, stern foremost, into the water, bringing it around as the stern floats, so that it lies broadside in water up to the men's knees. Steersman and bowsman then hold each his end, steadying the canoe, and directing the loading. Narcisse jumps in, and stows away, with the two

Georges' help, the boxes and bags which the others bring, working always on the run. An open framework is placed on the floor in the middle, and on it oil-cloth, tent-bag, and blankets are thrown for the philosophers' seats; the men sit on narrow slats slung by thongs about six inches below the thwarts. The baggage



A RISKY SHOOT.

all in, the philosophers are carried out in the same way, the men get in, and the canoe is off. After rounding Limestone Point, and crossing Portage Bay, we land on a little island for breakfast, which the men by this time have surely earned. Breakfast, dinner and supper are all one and the same thing. Pemmican, bannocks (simple flour, water, and salt), and hard biscuit are the staples, washed down with tea. Potatoes long since gave out, and the ham and salt beef are so strong that the saltless pemmican is soon preferred. This, too, is the genuine article, just as put up on the plains—now no longer to be had—and a vastly different thing from the material of that name put up in England for Arctic travelers.

The meat, cut in long flakes from the warm carcass of the buffalo, and dried in the sun, is afterwards beaten into shreds by flails upon a floor of buffalo-hide on the open prairie; the hide is then sewn into a bag, the meat jammed in, the top sewed up, all but one corner, into which more meat is crowded; and then the fat, which has meanwhile, been tried, is poured in scalding hot, filling every crevice. A species of cranberry is often added with the meat. The whole forms a bolster-shaped bag, as solid and as heavy as stone; and in this condition it remains, perhaps for years, until it is eaten. Each bag weighs from a hundred to a hundred and twenty pounds. One who has tried it will not wonder that it was once used, in the turmoils of the contests between the Northwest and Hudson Bay Companies, to form a redoubt, armed with two swivel guns.

We have two ways of preparing this—one called "rub-a-boo," when it is boiled in a great deal of water, and makes a soup; the other more favorite dish is "rousseau," when it is thrown into the frying-pan, fried in its own fat, with the addition, perhaps, of a little salt pork, and mixed with a small

amount of flour or broken biscuit. But sometimes, when our philosophers are hard put to it, and forced to take their meal in the canoe, the pemmican is eaten raw, chopped out of the bag with a hatchet, and accompanied simply by the biscuit, which has received the soubriquet of "Red-river



PADDLING.

granite." These wonderful objects, as large as sea-biscuit, are at least three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and against them the naturalist's geological hammer is always brought into requisition.

But the "infidel dish," as we termed rousseau, is by comparison with the others palatable, though it is even then impossible to so disguise it as to avoid the suggestion of tallow candles; and this and the leathery, or india-rubbery, structure of the meat are its chief disqualifications. But even rousseau may lose its charms when taken as a steady diet three times a day for weeks; especially when it is served in the frying-pan, and breakfast or dinner over, one sees the remnants with the beef or pork all hustled together into the boiling kettle;



WILL PORTAGE FOR PEMMICAN.

the biscuit, broken bannocks, and unwashed cups placed in the bread-bag; the plates, knives, and forks tossed into the meat-dish, and all, combined in the ample folds of an old bit of gunny-cloth which has served daily at once as dish-

cloth and table-cloth, thrown into the canoe to rest until the next meal, when at last Billy finds time to wash the dishes—the table-cloth, never.

We are able, indeed, to vary our diet a little now and then—but they are rare occasions—by barter with the Indians for fish, which they catch in the streams (not in the lake), by shooting a stray duck, goose, or gull (nothing coming amiss), or—shall we tell it to civilized ears?—by the eggs of sea-fowl, picked up on the sandy islands, where they can be found in every stage of incubation. Our first experience of this was only a few days out—the day we made the traverse from the west to the east coast. We passed an island where the men dashed ashore to get a gull they had shot, and brought it back with several dozen eggs besides. The gull measured fifty-six inches in spread of wings, and the eggs were as big as turkeys'. We ordered ham and eggs that night, but, when the meal was served, discovered that Billy had fried the ham indeed, but *boiled* the eggs. They were "fresh," however, Billy declared; for had he not tested them by a plunge in water? Not one, however, but had been under the mother for a week, and some were on the



THE SERIOUS WORK OF CANOEING.



point of hatching. We were a little hesitant at first, but four or five days of pemmican gave us less scruple; and, the Rubicon once crossed, incipient feathers no longer alarm us, and half-hatched gulls' and terns' eggs are an eagerly sought diet. We are indeed fast lapsing into savagery.

We have now a long stretch of tame coast before us—low-lying forest land of tamarack and spruce, with occasional poplars and willows, edged by a muskeg, and that by a sand beach little indented. Here and there horizontal layers of limestone crop out a few feet only above the water; and now and then the marshes appear to overflow, as some small stream seeks a dozen outlets for its murky flood.

Along this uninteresting shore we fortunately make steady progress. We are glad enough, however, as toward nightfall we espy some Indian lodges, to stop and exchange, with equal relish on both sides, pemmican and tobacco for fresh fish and ducks. As usual, the women come out to the canoe for the barter, wading nearly to their waists, regardless of their clothing, and among them a very pretty maiden of about seventeen with whom our boys pass many a merry word; while the men squat on the beach, speechless, smoking, their faces half hidden behind their knees. This little diversion gives our boys new spirit; and after paddling briskly twelve miles farther, making in all about sixty miles this day, we come to a cosy little harbor and a most welcome fish supper.

The following night proves the coldest we have experienced, the thermometer falling to forty-four degrees (July 10-11). The men awake stiff with their long day's pull and the chilly air, and it is sunrise or nearly four o'clock before we are off—an unwonted late hour for an auspicious day. But after a time, when at the end of our long uniform coast line we have begun to turn toward the east, to round Cape Kitchinashi, alias "Missineo," the Big Point," or "Detour," which stretches ten miles or more abruptly into the lake, the wind freshens, and we are forced to the lee of one of the Gull Islands, which we reach by dinner time and cannot leave until the

next morning, finding a bit of grass-land for our bed, but scarcely a stick of wood for a fire.

The next day we paddle from three o'clock in the morning until supper time, rounding the cape and camping perhaps ten miles north of where we started; the wind being southerly and freshening with the day, we are fortunate in getting around



PORT GARRY IN 1860.

the point to its northern lee shore in season; an hour later might have detained us another day.

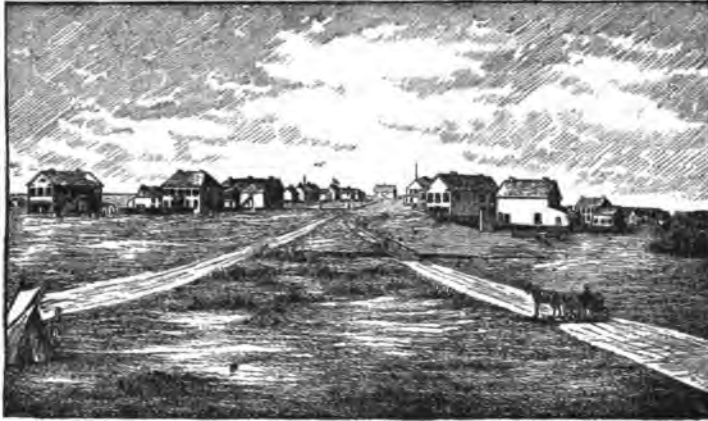
Along this smooth coast we try for the first time a new style of progression—tracking. A long light line is attached to the canoe near the bow, while to the other end three men upon the beach fasten their tracking or portage straps—long pieces of rawhide, broad in the middle and ending in thongs; the broad part is passed over the shoulder, the ends fastened to the rope, and thus harnessed, the men drag our canoe at a dog-trot, while George, with his sweep-paddle, keeps the bow from shore, and Boozie has an eye out for rocks. The water in this portion of Lake Winnipeg is much clearer; and we judge its name, "dirty water," was given it by frequenters of the southern portion. The same difference was noted on the return voyage.

Billy announces "no more sugar;" even the flour is getting low. The only article of food of which there appears to be an abundance is pemmican, and of this we have already cached a bag on the road, and now make a second cache.

We comfort ourselves, however, by a sight of the shores about and beyond the entrance to the Saskatchewan, which only a northerly or easterly storm can now prevent our reaching on the morrow. Still, we confess to much uneasiness. But five days remain to the eclipse, and George says, and all his men corroborate him, that

five days is the least time in which the journey up the river can be made. Are we to miss it by the paltry distance that the eye can traverse? Cumberland House, a Hudson Bay Company's post, is our destination, and is most favorably situated in the very center of the belt of total eclipse; but

the river below it runs in a very oblique course through the belt, so that if we can only reach the Pas, a mission-station some distance farther down the river, we shall still gain the desired belt, though only its edge, where the period of totality will be very brief. But we say nothing of this to our men.



WINNIPEG IN 1871.

### TRAINING FOR THE RACE.

WHew! Did ye hever see henny-think like it, the way 'e's a flyn' round?  
 What do ye s'pose the younker ud do with a track for 'is trainin'-ground?  
 I tell ye, Bob, 'e's as likely a covey as hever I 'ad in tow;  
 The feller what shows 'im 'is little wheel ye 'ad better believe haint slow.  
 What! ahead o' the record a minute! an' still' e's a spinnin' round!  
 If 'e puts that on to-morrow, mate, we be winners a 'undred pound.  
 Just keep this performance shady, Bob, an' we'll divy, will you an' me—  
 The manner 'e dives at that nasty curve just a curdles my blood to see!  
 Slow hup! slow hup, my hindustrious kid! ye be hover a-steppin' work.  
 Slow hup! an I'll give ye a rubbin' down as is fit for a royal Turk.  
 Yer a-doin' a-middlin' well, my boy, but yer time is a trifle bad!  
 Just a *leetle* be'ind the fence, aye, Bob, just a *leetle* be'ind, my lad.

*S. Conant Foster.*

## MY EXPERIENCE IN BALLOONING.

BY P. L. STERNBERGH.

### I.

IN the early part of last summer I found myself planted for three months in Vineborough, a little town in Central New York. I was recruiting my health and studying English literature as exemplified by some of the best novelists, but I found it very dull work. I had soon become acquainted with all the people in the place, and discovered that their society was not quite so stimulating as that to which I had been accustomed, so there was but little diversion to be looked for in that quarter. There was a beautiful lake near Vineborough, and sailing, fishing and boating were afforded by it. But to tell the truth, I had soon become tired of this, and hardly two weeks had gone by before I systematically avoided the beautiful sheet of water. Well, three or four weeks had passed; I was beginning to acknowledge to myself that I had been a fool to come to such a slow-going old place, and I heartily wished myself away.

One day I was rummaging among the books that comprised the scanty library in the house where I had taken rooms. There was little or nothing that could interest me, and I was about to throw down in disgust the last one that I had picked up, when the title caught my eye. It was the "History and Practice of Ballooning," by David Loomis. The first cause of my disgust had been some mathematical tables which I saw on one of the pages. On turning over the leaves, however, I saw that they were almost the only ones in the book, the rest being a history of æronautics and an account of the writer's own experience. I read a few pages of the latter, and was so interested that I turned back to the beginning and began to read. To my intense surprise it was nearly dark when I looked up from the last chapter; my eyes were aching, and my name was being called over the house. Hastily closing the volume I hurried down stairs to supper, my mind full of the thoughts suggested by the wonderful tales I had just read. After supper I read the first part of the book, a history of ballooning since the days of Montgolfier. For the first time I made the acquaintance of Pilote de Rozier, Charles, Blanchard, Green, Godard, Nadar, Glaisher, Wise, and

many others. Their names since became so familiar to me through this and other histories that I always hated to meet them. For balloon histories, as the reader will find on examination, are the most intensely monotonous things on earth until they get down to the very latest period. However, the subject was all new to me then and I was deeply interested. The best part of the book was the account of the author's experience. He was a plain man, who set out with no other help than his own ingenuity and perseverance, to become a balloonist. As such men usually do, he succeeded, and left a straightforward account of it, written clearly and in an interesting way that aroused my most ardent enthusiasm. I went to bed convinced that ballooning was a thing within the reach of any one who had a little common sense and enough money to build a balloon. My dreams were a strange mass of conglomerate balloon adventures. I fell from my car at a height of two miles as many as four times that night. I exploded my balloon, it caught fire and dropped me in the burning car into the lake; I was carried over the Atlantic Ocean, and left in England, and met with many other thrilling adventures, most of which ended in my waking up with my heart in my mouth, and an intensely satisfied conviction that I was not quite dead.

The next morning I viewed things in a less rose-colored light. I was not sure that I could make and navigate a balloon, but I felt that it was within the range of possibility. I carefully read portions of Mr. Loomis's book a second time, and used up many fair sheets of paper in calculation, but I went to bed with a determined conviction that the next month should see me in the clouds, with a fine balloon over, and air under me.

Next day I set myself to the work. I decided that I could make a balloon myself, and resolved to depend on the labor of others as little as possible. My first work was to decide on the material I should use. Silk is by far the best fabric for balloons, as it is both light and strong; but silk is very expensive, and however confident of success I might be, the couple of hundred dollars that I could spare for my experiment would

not be increased by faith, so I decided to use cotton cloth. For my purpose it must be of good width. I could get it nearly six feet wide, but I was a little afraid that this width would be rather unmanageable, and I finally resolved on a width of forty inches. Thirty gores cut from cloth of this width, allowing for seam, would make a balloon of about 32 feet in diameter. It would hold between 17,000 and 18,000 cubic feet of gas, and this would carry me as high as I should care to go. It was easy to tell how much I wanted. The gores were to be 48 feet long, half the circumference of the balloon. But the lower third of the gore can be made by sewing together the cuttings from the upper part, so that between 10 and 11 yards of cloth were needed for each gore. Multiply eleven by thirty, and you have three hundred and thirty. I immediately sent to New York for 340 yards, and it proved to be enough. When the cloth came, the good people of the town thought I was going into the dry goods business, and for more than a week after I had continual hard work to keep a grave countenance.

And now I began to work in earnest. I made with infinite care a wooden model to cut my gores by. Of course, I did not make it the full size of a gore, for that would be too bulky and would have no advantage over the one I actually constructed. The latter was the exact size and shape of one quarter of a gore. It was made of hickory slats about three inches wide, held out to the curve of the gore by strong braces. It was very effective, and could be easily handled. When I had finished this, I took it and the cloth out to the barn, and set to work cutting out the gores. I proceeded in this wise: I laid five or six lengths of cloth on top of each other, taking care to leave no wrinkles, and fastened down the edges; then placing my model over them, I made a long cut down one side of the curved edge. My knife was as sharp as a razor, and the plan worked beautifully. By turning the model over, I cut the opposite edge. I suppose I might have saved this second cut by folding my cloth lengthwise down the middle, but I was afraid that the folds would take too much cloth. When I had done all this, I had my lengths shaped for two-thirds of their actual length, and one-half their final length. The other third of the gore was to come out of the cuttings, and I was a little undecided whether to sew these to the lower end of my gores, or cut the first

third of the lower half, sew on the rest, and shape the ends for the neck of the balloon. By the latter process, I should save a good deal of sewing, but could not do my cutting at one time, and the fit might not be so well as otherwise; so I decided on the first plan. And here a new difficulty arose. My balloon must not be quite round, but pear-shaped; in fact, the cutting from the upper part would not admit of an exact pattern for a round lower half. It must taper gradually to the neck, and this taper form involved curves hitherto unascertained.

I finally got over this difficulty by making a small balloon of paper, and when, by experimenting, I had found the proper shape, I enlarged the pattern and made a new model for the lower half of the gores. Before I could use this I must sew the cuttings together, and then fasten them to the upper pieces. For this work I obtained the use of a sewing machine, taking care to get one that was strong and serviceable, and that had a very long arm. I made two lines of stitches for every seam, and pursued a plan that seemed to me a very novel one. I made the first row of strong linen thread, and then turned the fabric over and sewed another of silk, leaving a welt of half or three-quarters of an inch. The plan worked very well, and I believed, and still believe, that it combined strength and closeness of seam. It was but the work of a few days to do all the cutting and preliminary sewing. The result of my labor was thirty gores of cloth, all ready to be varnished and sewn together.

But now that I had gotten so far, I called a halt to attend to other important matters. I thought it time to be looking about for the netting and car, and I decided to attend to this immediately, so as not to be delayed, on finishing my part of the labor, by the non-appearance of so indispensable parts of my outfit; so I began to scour the country for some one to make the netting for me. I must find a person accustomed to making fish nets, and it was hard work. However, I at last succeeded in coming across a man who offered to do the work, and, supplying him with the material, I left him to make it up into netting. It must be confessed that I had strong doubts of the fellow's getting through in time for me, but it was the best I could do. I was agreeably disappointed, a few days before I needed the net, to see him drive up with it all finished.

My next and rather more difficult work, was to get a proper basket. I wanted to

have it made with great care, for my life might depend upon its reliability. It must be made of strong material, and the ropes fastening it to the hoop of the balloon woven down the side, across the bottom and up the other side, and thoroughly incorporated into its structure. I spent two whole days in a neighboring town going about to find some one to do this work. My perseverance was at last rewarded by the discovery of a capable basket-maker, who offered to do what I wished. He also was prompt in supplying me, and his work proved very satisfactory.

I now returned to my work. I suppose that it would have been better to varnish my cloth before sewing it at all, but I was in so great a hurry to get the gores all ready that I postponed the varnishing. It must be known that the matter of varnishing is one of the most important things about the construction of a balloon. The varnish must be elastic, and not given to spontaneous combustion. It must not be too expensive, and must be nearly impervious to air. Elasticity, however, is the chief requisite of a balloon varnish. This need was fully met by the varnish I used, which was nothing more than boiled linseed oil, much reduced by turpentine. I used, in fact, a great deal more turpentine than prescribed by any receipt I ever saw, and I did so for this reason: no coat of varnish is itself impervious to air; only by several coats can the balloon be made air-tight. For this purpose, the same amount of varnish put on in several light coats is very much more effective than when applied in one heavy coat. My plan made possible a great many coats. The large amount of turpentine would render my work rapid by quick drying, and an idea of my own made the thorough saturation of the cloth easily obtainable. This idea was to use a clothes-wringer. I filled a tub partly full of varnish, and threw in several gores. By passing them through the wringer, I economized in the use of varnish, and forced it into all the fibers of the cloth and well into the seams. The first coat dried quickly, and I repeated the operation several times. I regarded this method as a very useful invention, and my balloon was certainly as tight as I could desire.

I now had before me the long and laborious work of sewing the gores together into a finished balloon. The last steps of all this work were very pleasant. I saw the results of such continued labor gradually approaching completion, and found with

great satisfaction that the seams were all smooth and regular, without puckering or unevenness of any kind. I could scarcely contain myself as I finished the last seam in the balloon. I had of course to sew it by hand, and it was very wearisome work, but I did not at the time mind it at all. During all the time of my work I had rigorously excluded everyone from the barn, and now that I had finished the hardest part of my work, I threw up my hat and cheered at the top of my voice. My jubilation was cut short by a banging on the door, and I had to satisfy the alarmed curiosity of half a dozen neighbors before I was again left in quiet.

I had read that a balloon may be inflated with air by a common palm-leaf fan, and was so anxious to look at my work from the inside that I immediately went and got a fan and began to use it. In an hour I had the pleasure of seeing the barn nearly filled by a yellow monster, that puffed his heaving sides nearly to the roof. I dropped my fan, and crawled inside, to find myself the sole tenant of a large room, as it seemed, with round sides and roof, and smelling like a house that had recently received a dozen coats of paint. The sun shone upon one part of the balloon through a small window, and the transparent material reproduced the shadow of the sash in such a way as to seem itself pierced by a window. A golden light filled the interior, and it seemed to hold a summer-like, luxurious air. I stayed inside the balloon some time, building cloud castles, until I found the air so oppressive that I was glad to go out. I fanned the balloon as full of air as I could, and carefully fastening the mouth I left it for the night, hoping that the morning would show my work to be tolerably air-tight.

On entering the barn the next morning, I was delighted to find that the balloon had hardly lost enough air to show any difference in appearance, and I reflected with satisfaction that a coat of varnish over the newly-made seams would make my work well-nigh perfect. I found it rather tedious, to tell the truth. This time there was no running the stuff through the clothes wringer. I had to hang the balloon up and revolve it before me. Then I would begin at the top, and, standing on a ladder, apply the varnish to six feet or so of the seams at a time. Then I did another six feet, and so on until the last touch had been given.

When this was finished I made the valve. This was simply a piece of wood a

foot in diameter, pierced by a hole five inches in diameter. Over the latter a clapper was pressed by a spring. The valve rope hung from the clapper, and would come to within reach from the car.

Now I was ready for an ascent. My netting and car were ready. The ropes that I needed had been in readiness for some time. I had bought a grapnel, and a number of strong canvas bags would carry my ballast. The only requisite was gas, and I confess I felt some uneasiness on that score. Hydrogen was out of the question for my limited finances, so I resolved that the Vineborough Gas Works must supply me. When I first made my demand, they opened wide eyes and wanted to know what on earth I wanted of so much gas in one day. I told them I was going to make a balloon ascension, and was immediately overwhelmed by a string of questions that nearly took my head off. I filled the old fogies chuck full of astonishment, and got a promise of gas. To my considerable surprise, when the time came they did not disappoint me.

And now my work was nearly done. I had only the enjoyment before me, at least, I called it enjoyment, although, for all I knew, it might be a broken leg that was in store for me, but I was not much afraid of that, and felt in pretty high spirits. I resolved to make an ascent on the first favorable day, and now, at last, I began to let my secret out. The next day was cloudy and windy, and I did not try an ascent. I had the barn crowded all day with people who came to see my balloon. I was really astonished to see what intense interest was felt, and I expected a large crowd when I should eventually try my handiwork. I said nothing about my previous experience, and managed to evade all questions regarding it, for I did not want to hear the gush of ominous prophecy that would follow. No place is so prolific in wisecracks as a country town, and I had learned that their talk was not very enlivening. I used to laugh in my sleeve, however, to think of my going up in a balloon (unless some accident should happen) without the slightest experience. Yet, as I look back upon it now, I do not seem to myself to have been at all reckless. I had made a balloon in which I had a right to feel perfect confidence. I had certainly mastered the principles that govern the art of ballooning, and I was in a populous country, where ascents and descents would be easy. Yes, on the whole I think I was justified

in feeling perfectly safe in my venture; of course, barring accidents.

After the visitors had gone, I took a last look at all the apparatus of the balloon. The great oiled bag hung knowingly from a rafter. The car was taking a nap in the corner. The bags of baked sand, stood in a neat row beside the anchor, and the netting was spread out all ready for the insertion of the balloon. I locked the door upon it all, and turned to look at the western sky. There was a rosy glow spread over the breaking clouds, and I felt a satisfied assurance of pleasant weather. That night I slept well, but my dreams were all of ballooning. I did not once touch terra firma until morning.

## II.

I awoke early and sprang out of bed immediately; with great delight I saw that the day was magnificent; the sky was almost cloudless, and the air was still. I could not have desired better weather, and in excellent spirits I hurried out to put my balloon together. What was my surprise to find over fifty people waiting patiently for my appearance. Still greater was my astonishment to learn that the town was rapidly filling with curious country people. They had heard of my intended ascent and were pouring in to see the "man with a balloon." I did not feel much satisfaction to know that I should be pestered by a crowd, and reflected with some uneasiness that a failure would be doubly disagreeable from its being known to so many. But there was no help for it. I must sink or swim in the presence of several thousand people, and at least, if my ascent should be successful, I should be the means of affording pleasure to a large number. If it failed, that was my own affair, and the disappointed spectators would have only themselves to blame. Arrived at this conclusion, I unlocked the barn door and went in. Several bumpkins offered to follow and afforded me a good deal of amusement by the blank faces they put on as I slammed the door behind me. I suppose I ought to have felt a throb of joy on seeing my apparatus in good order as I left it, but I didn't. I only set about getting it all ready for use, with no thought but the desire to save time.

I was soon satisfied by the sight of the balloon in its netting, and the car all ready to be attached. The latter would be put on while the balloon was being inflated.

Up to this time I had eaten no breakfast, and I was as hungry as a bear; so I rushed into the house and swallowed a hasty meal; and that finished, I was ready to start. I harnessed the horse into a light wagon, and set out with the bag and netting.

The place chosen for the ascent was a point where four roads met, forming a square of sufficient size for my purpose. As I approached the place, I found my progress stopped by an immense crowd who elbowed and jostled each other for a long distance up each of the four streets. I could scarcely make way at first, until the crowd saw that I was the man with the balloon, when they raised a shout of "Here he comes!" and promptly made way. I was soon met by the man who was to manage the inflation. He reported a good head of gas, and everything in readiness. A rope had been carried diagonally across the square, and on this the balloon could be suspended until it could support itself. We had some trouble in clearing away the crowd from around the gas pipe, but finally succeeded in obtaining an open space in the center, large enough to carry on the inflation. The earth had been removed from the gas pipe, and a short branch used to convey the gas to the balloon. Everything was ready. The ropes which I would use to hold down the balloon during inflation, were attached, the gas turned on, and the great yellow bag began to swell. I now returned for my car, anchor and ballast. Quickly loading them upon the wagon, I soon returned, to find the inflation steadily progressing, and the crowd greatly increased.

I will not dwell upon the time spent in getting ready for the ascent. There was nothing of note about it. Of course, the crowd kept growing, and the balloon was growing, too. I myself was too busy to give any thought of uneasiness to the journey, as I was engaged in fastening the car to the ropes that hung from the netting. This was done by means of the hoop, and my only care was to see that the knots were strongly tied.

At last everything was ready. I had a basket of lunch put up and stowed away in the car; the bags of ballast were neatly piled in the corners. A barometer and thermometer hung from the hoop, and the valve-line was ready for use. I could see nothing that remained to be done, and amid the congratulations of all my old-fogy friends, I stepped into the car. The ropes that had held the balloon to the earth

were unfastened from the stones, and grasped by eight men. I directed that they should let go when I should signify that I was ready to ascend. I saw with a good deal of satisfaction that the "pull" upon the ropes was quite strong, but as I wanted to be as safe as possible I called out for more ballast; and, several bags being put in, the strain upon the ropes lessened so that it would not have been difficult for two men to hold the balloon. But now everything was ready. I had no reason to delay, and so I gave the signal to let go.

Whiz! It seemed as though the solid earth were dropping into space. A tremendous cheer followed me; I looked down and saw the crowd below, much resembling a huge animal, with four arms where the four streets were, while their upturned faces looked like white spots on its body. I felt delighted and frightened at once. The earth was still sinking, but not so fast. In reality my flight was not diminished, but I was now so far from the earth that the apparent speed was much less. But my brain was for the first few moments all in a whirl. I was suddenly almost terrified at my rashness. What a multitude of dangerous chances I had braved! How slight the probability of a safe descent! But there was no help for it now, and I tried to put aside all fears, and enjoy the situation. Indeed, there was ample opportunity to distract the mind from disagreeable thoughts, and I soon forgot everything but the glorious view around me. The breeze that I traveled in was from the west, but it was so slight that I moved at a very moderate rate. Below me was spread out a country of wonderful beauty. All the unsightly features of the landscape, as seen from the earth, were softened into insignificance by my altitude. Every field, every road, every bit of water, all the varied elements of the surface, were closely distinguishable. I could read the whole like a map.

Around me were beautiful clouds, growing more numerous, or seeming so at least, at a distance. They were of all shapes and sizes, and this wonderful variety was such as to draw my attention from the ground. It was not long before I passed above them, and then the aspect of the earth was very curious. For I had no sooner arrived at a moderate height above the clouds than they appeared to be a part of the earth's surface, and to rest on the fields and houses. In one or two cases a cottage would appear



to be half buried by a snow drift, or a lake would be filled by an iceberg, or a road blocked by a vast pile of marble. It was some time before I noticed the barometer, so absorbed was I in the curious scene before me. Then I saw with surprise that I was more than a mile high, and still slowly rising. Soon, however, the needle became stationary, and I found that I was floating along at a height of eight thousand feet. The view was very extended. In the north-east I caught glimpses of the Catskills and Adirondacks. To the north Ontario was a great sight, and Erie was a broad blue expanse on the west. I could find no words to express my delight, but I have an indistinct remembrance of breaking out into some rhapsodies, that must have sounded very ridiculous to the spirits of the air.

So I floated along for several hours. My ascent began at half-past nine, and at one o'clock I must have traveled fifty miles. This was a very moderate speed, however, and before the day was over the wind freshened. At one I ate my luncheon. As I opened my basket I glanced at the barometer, and saw that I was nearly two miles high. In fact, I had been slowly rising all the time, for my balloon had attracted the rays of the sun, and the gas had become heated, so it was made lighter for a given bulk than when I started. I found, on beginning my lunch, that I was ravenously hungry; and, indeed, all my experience in ballooning has served to show me that it is the generator of a most famous appetite. As I opened a bottle of cold coffee, I was much surprised to hear a loud pop, and to see the cork shoot into the air. In a moment I was laughing heartily at my alarm, as I remembered that the air in the bottle was much denser than that around me, and so my harmless coffee put on all the airs of champagne. Another incident of my lunch made me laugh. As I gnawed the last shred of meat from a bone, I tossed the latter overboard, and at the same time noticed the needle of the barometer give a slight jerk. Looking all about, I saw no cause for the movement, and applied myself to another bone. I threw this one overboard also, and again noticed a slight change in the barometer. I now recognized the cause. My balloon was so perfectly balanced in the air, as it necessarily must be if it were stationary, that even the insignificant weight of a bone had an effect on its equilibrium, and a rise of several yards resulted in the throwing over of so much ballast.

After lunch I determined to rise to a much greater height than any I had yet reached. For this purpose I picked up a bag of ballast, and, resting it on the side of the car, began to pour out the sand by slow degrees. I kept my eye on the barometer, and was rewarded by seeing the needle begin to go backward. Slowly it moved at first, so slowly that I could scarcely detect its movement, but in a few moments it began to quicken, and soon it was slowly moving around the dial. The last half of the sand slipped very rapidly out of the bag, and the balloon quickened its movement. Bits of paper which I threw over seemed to fall like lead, and there was a peculiar surging and rushing noise over my head, caused, doubtless, by the rise of the balloon through the air. It was not long before the barometer indicated a height of fourteen thousand feet. At this point my speed was beginning to lessen, and I began to hesitate about going higher. I looked over the side of my car and became absorbed in the beautiful cloud scenery below. The earth was rather more covered with clouds than it had been before, and there was no longer the distinct view of everything on terra firma. Still, the scene was entrancing, and I gazed at it for a long time. When I next looked at the barometer I saw to my intense disgust that I was sinking rapidly. Clouds had closed above me, sprung mysteriously from some unknown source, and the envelope of the balloon had been chilled. This, of course, condensed the gas and made it heavier, and thus my descent. But I was not to be balked of my intention in any such fashion. Quickly raising a bag of ballast, I flung it overboard in a rage, and, seeing that my descent was not immediately checked, I seized another and discharged its contents, but more slowly and not without a pang of misgiving as to the fate of the bag I had so hastily thrown overboard. When I came to think over this act I regretted it very much, for if it should fall on any person, or even a horse or cow, it would mean instant death; even should it strike a house, it would crash through the roof.

But I soon forgot any remorse I might have felt in the interest of my position. I was now again rapidly rising. The second bag of ballast emptied, I began to throw out handfuls which I took from a third, but the barometer brought me to my senses very soon. When I happened to glance at it, I saw that I had reached a height of 18,000 feet. At the same time I began to

feel that the altitude was affecting my breathing and circulation. A roaring sound in my ears, difficulty of getting enough breath and other indications of approaching danger alarmed me not a little. On looking about me, I saw that I was entirely surrounded by clouds. Those above were very thin, and the light easily pierced them, but below, they had a more threatening aspect, and I began to feel some doubts about my descent. That, of course, was the most dangerous part of the journey, and I felt that I could not take too great precautions for it. But the situation was growing desperate. I was mounting steadily, and although I did not during this time look at the barometer, I felt sure that I must have reached an altitude of 20,000 feet. The gas of the balloon, expanded by the decrease of pressure, was pouring from the open end in a smoky cloud, and I found it very hard to breathe. There was no time to lose. I looked hastily about me, but saw nothing but clouds growing momentarily more dense. I then quickly grasped the valve-rope, and tugged lustily upon it. The effect was instantaneous, and I began to descend. It was quite time. The roaring in my ears was like thunder, and the blood leaped through my swollen veins as though it would burst them.

I have no remembrance of the first few moments of the descent. I must have been unconscious for a short time, and when I regained my senses I was just emerging into the sunshine. The barometer indicated a height of seven thousand feet, and the earth was invisible. In fact, I was only passing through a narrow belt when the sun shone, for the clouds above and below were thick, and those directly beneath were especially threatening; but I did not wish to fall to earth like a log, and so I emptied a bag of ballast. This somewhat moderated my fall, and gave me time to recover my self-possession. As I sank through the clouds I heard a rushing noise that proved to be caused by the wind blowing over the tree-tops, and it became more and more evident that I was going to have a rough time of it. I burst through the lower part of the clouds in a few moments, and caught my first glimpse of earth. All was dismal and forbidding. A drizzling rain was falling, and the wind was as high as I had feared. As I glanced almost hopelessly around, feeling that there was scarce time for consideration, and wondering how I should survive a landing on the rough ground beneath, I saw right

before me a hill, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet. My course was apparently taking me to a landing on the hither side of it. I quickly resolved to prevent this if possible, and to descend in the shelter afforded by it on the farther side. To throw out a few handfuls of ballast was all that was necessary. I was rapidly nearing the earth, but the slight rise in my position would be enough to carry me over the hill. The grapnel swung below, ready to take hold upon the first obstacle, and I was hopeful of making a safe, if not easy descent. In a few seconds I swept over the hill, saw a level field beyond, and pulled hard on the valve-rope. According to my expectation the wind was not so fierce beyond, and my speed was slightly more moderate than it had been. In less time than I can tell it I had reached the earth, and the grapnel dragged along over the ground, and finally stuck fast in a tree stump. The wind was beating the balloon about in a very disagreeable manner, and I made haste to jump out. With the valve-rope still in my hand I stepped over the side of the car.

Foolish mistake! I had forgotten that my weight was all that held the balloon to the earth. As it was thus relieved, it had plenty of ascensional force to carry it up again into the air. The second my foot left the car, the cord flew through my hand, cutting it and burning it like fire. Before I knew it, the balloon was thirty feet above me, tugging madly at the grapnel rope. My heart leaped into my mouth as I saw it. I sprang back toward the grapnel, hoping to catch it and hold the balloon, but I was too late. With a mighty effort the grapnel was torn from the rotten stump, and my balloon, my beautiful balloon, was in an instant dashing upwards to the darkening clouds. I could have beaten my head on the ground from rage. To have made so successful an ascent, to have mounted so high on the work of my hands, and to have sacrificed all by my mad carelessness—but there was no remedy. The balloon was gone, and no one could tell whether I should ever hear of it again.

I spent half an hour in storming about, and execrating my folly. The worst of it was that I could blame no one but myself. However, there was no help for it; I could only go back to Vineborough, tell my sad story, and grin and bear it. But how terribly disagreeable to face all the knowing smiles and senseless condolence that I knew was awaiting me!

I was interrupted in these gloomy thoughts by an increase in the wind, which was now accompanied by a heavy rain. So I slowly set forth to find shelter. After some hours walking through mud and over stones, I reached a village which, to my great surprise, I found to be in western Connecticut. I had traveled a considerable distance in my balloon. The pride of the achievement, however, was wholly swallowed up by the thought that the balloon would now be blown out to sea, and that I should certainly never see it again.

And such I suppose was the case, for I never received the most meager tidings of my unfortunate runaway.

Thus, for the time at least, ended my balloon experience. I did, however, renew my experiments later, and with more success; but of them I need not speak here. On reaching Vineborough, I found that the impression created by my ascent was sufficiently great to outweigh the unfortunate result of it, and for so much I was thankful. But I resolved that another attempt should be made somewhere else.

## CHESS.

### PECULIARITIES OF CHESS-PLAYERS.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE peculiarities of chess-players is a theme which offers an excellent opportunity for interesting comment. One cannot visit any chess club or join in with any private coterie of chess players, without having his attention called to the peculiar ways in playing their games which characterize the majority of the votaries of chess. Of course I do not refer to the mere moving of the pieces, or to the varied plans of attack and defense in the game; but simply to the personal characteristics of the players themselves, as shown in their manner of playing chess. If ever there was a game calculated to bring into prominent view the idiosyncrasies of individuals, it is chess. It shows up a man's prevailing characteristics at times so plainly that he who runs may read. The faults of human nature, as shown in conceit, selfishness, obstinacy, ill-temper and meanness, are brought out into prominence in playing the game, as strikingly as are the virtues of humility, generosity, good temper and a charitable consideration of your adversary's weak points. The amenities of social life, of course, have their influence in suppressing, to a certain extent, any conspicuous exhibition of one's faults; but they do not altogether repress the tendency to show a man up in his true colors. In fact, in the eager desire for victory in a contest in which one's mental power is brought into play, and in a game in which the element of chance is entirely eliminated, a man is very apt to exhibit his prominent traits of character very plainly at times. For instance, suppose you sit down to play a game with an opponent who has an immense idea of his own skill in chess strategy, and a proportionately small opinion of your ability as a player. The game progresses, and by careful and skillful play your adversary is worsted in the encounter. Does the defeated antagonist acknowledge the fact that you have outwitted him in play, and generously awarded you due credit for superior

skill? Not a bit of it. On the contrary, his defeat is attributed to this, that or the other drawback he labored under in the contest, either in the form of such explanation as "I don't feel right to-night," or "I did not see that pawn behind your piece," or "This light bothers me," or "I had the best of the game by all odds," etc., these flimsy excuses for being out-manuevered taking the place of a candid acknowledgment of his having been neatly defeated. This last excuse, by the way, is a laughable one, for if he did have "the best of the game" and then allowed himself to be beaten, all the more discredit to his play. Contrast this peculiarity of conducting a contest with that of a generous and magnanimous foe. The latter, as he saw himself defeated by some pretty piece of strategic play, would exclaim, "Upon my word, that was neatly done," "You have out-played me very nicely," or he would say, "I don't mind being beaten by such fine play as that." Acknowledgments like these take the sting out of your defeat, besides enhancing ten-fold the pleasure your adversary receives from his victory. But how rarely do we meet with such liberal opponents at chess! Such adversaries are sadly in the minority.

There is another phase illustrative of the illiberal methods in chess-playing which is still more objectionable than any flimsy excuses for bad play, and that is the habit some players have of trying to irritate an opponent so as to cause him to lose his temper and with it clear judgment. Such players will resort to little mean ways of one kind or another, well calculated to annoy an opponent, such as taking five or ten minutes to consider upon a move on the board which has but one possible direction in which it can be made. Also by making irritating comments on your opponent's plan of operations, or very impatiently fidgeting about on your seat, etc. In fact, there are numberless ways in which this can be done without absolutely outraging common politeness.

With such as these as adversaries a game of chess becomes a disagreeable task rather than an enjoyable mental recreation. There are adversaries at chess, however, one occasionally meets with who play the game in a manner that really makes it as much of a pleasure to sustain defeat at their hands as it is to win a dozen games from their opposites in their habits of play. But in a majority of instances I regret to say that the disagreeable prevails. It is a matter of regret that it should be so, especially in view of the fact that a little consideration for the feelings of a defeated adversary in a game like chess would make chess-playing so much more enjoyable than it otherwise would be. The royal game is one which requires such a clear, cloudless mental atmosphere to play it in, that any current of wind in the wrong direction upsets one's judgment, wrecks his calculations and disturbs the mental condition to such an extent that careful, skillful play is very

difficult, if not impossible. It is a pity that chess clubs cannot well have special codes of rules of the amenities of chess-playing hung up in their parlors which should be as strictly enforced as are the regular playing rules of the game. At any rate, if this is something not within reach to be carried out to the letter, its spirit might be tacitly understood to be a club rule. In this connection let me say that it is difficult, if not impossible, to play chess enjoyably with the general class of opponents one meets with, unless the playing rules are strictly observed, especially the clauses which make it imperative to move a touched piece, and which makes a move complete when the hand holding it is removed. The habit of allowing an opponent to take back a move made is one full of opportunities for petty annoyances in one shape or another which present temptations to draw out disagreeable characteristics of disposition which might otherwise lie dormant.

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### A KNELL OF DEPARTED DAYS.

SOME years before I came to college,  
I fell in love with charming Nell;  
Though much my senior, I acknowledge,  
Indeed, I liked her just as well.

No lover ever more devoted,  
No knight more gallant than was I.  
(Boys have a certain age, I've noted,  
At which they like the older fry.)

Tennis was our chief employment.  
To hit her serves I vainly tried;  
Then cried: "Nell, grant me some enjoyment,  
Let some love, too, be on your side!"

She swung her tennis-racket lightly;  
Her grace was that of any queen,—  
"Why, I am thirty, love," she sprightly  
Said, "and you 're not yet fifteen."

Some years have passed; Nell has another,  
Unacquainted with her tricks;  
Last night I heard her ask her mother,  
"Am I twenty-five or six?"

O let some wise man tell the reason  
Fortune deals *us* such a fate;  
We grow older every season,  
But the girls rejuvenate!

*J. P. Denison.*



### BASE-BALL.

THE past season, in the professional base-ball arena, has been the most successful in every respect known in the history of the professional associations. Financially the majority of the stock company clubs have been successful beyond their highest expectations, the patronage bestowed upon the game being unprecedented, the attendance at the prominent contests of the season being larger than ever before known in the annals of the national game, one instance of this being very conspicuous, and that was the vast crowd gathered at the Polo grounds to witness the contests between the New York and Detroit club teams in their championship series on Decoration Day, when an aggregate of 30,000 people visited the grounds at the two games of the morning and afternoon, and, that, too, at half a dollar admission, with half a dollar additional for seats on the grand stand, this gathering surpassing the record of large attendances at the leading cricket events in England. Another feature of the past season's professional campaign for championship honors, has been the splendid exhibitions of fielding skill displayed by the leading competing teams, which included the Chicago, Detroit, New York, and Philadelphia clubs in the National league; the St. Louis, Pittsburg, and Brooklyn teams of the American Association; with the Utica, Rochester, and Toronto clubs of the International League, and the Newark, Waterbury, and Jersey City clubs of the Eastern League, not to mention the other minor Leagues, among which was the Atlanta Club of the Southern League. Three of these professional associations out of the five prominent leagues were admirably managed during the past season; but the Eastern League and the Southern League cannot be included in the list, the former being a decided failure financially as a league, while the latter fell far short of a creditable campaign in the best interests of the game, owing to their connection with the Southern pool gambling class. The National League and the American Association can point with honest pride to their unsullied reputation for playing the game in its integrity since their respective

associations were organized, and what each association lacked in carrying out this object was fully supplied under the protective laws of the compact known as the "National Agreement." By this means the professional class have secured the entire confidence of the patrons of the game in the integrity of their field work, and this it is which is the foundation stone of their financial prosperity. In our Record Department will be found an exhaustive array of interesting statistics covering the past season's work in the professional arena.

In the collegiate base-ball world the past season has witnessed a greater number of games played under collegiate association rules than ever before; and in point of skill in exhibitions of fielding the season's championship contests have been far above the average. The battle for the championship of the Intercollegiate Association between the champion Harvard nine of '85, and the champion Yale nine of '84, was made noteworthy by the plucky rally of Yale at the finish, after a hard up-hill struggle. A feature of the collegiate campaign was the fine showing made by the Columbia College nine, who captured all three of the association nines of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, thereby winning the right to enter the lists for championship honors in 1887, as a member of the Intercollegiate Association. The closing month of the professional season was marked by a special series of contests between the champion teams of the League and the American Association, which was won by the St. Louis club, which defeated the League champions of Chicago in four games out of the six played, they winning one in Chicago and three in St. Louis, thereby winning the professional championship of the United States.

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THE umpire question in the professional base-ball arena reached a point this past season, when further hesitation on the part of the National League and the American Association to take the matter in hand for a permanent settlement will become suicidal. The discreditable scenes enacted during the season of 1886, on

the League club grounds at New York, Washington and Philadelphia, and on American club grounds at Pittsburg and Cincinnati, were such as imperil the existence of professional ball playing as something no longer worthy of reputable patronage. The game cannot be played unless the umpire's position is made one which a self-respecting man can occupy.

The manner in which players were allowed to insult umpires in questioning the integrity of their decisions by their "kicking" propensities, and the utter lack of protection afforded by clubs to umpires from the insulting abuse of partisan "heelers" and "betting roughs," if much longer continued, will drive every desirable man from the umpire's position.

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## BICYCLE.

LE VELOCEMAN, one of our most valuable French exchanges, under date of the 15th of September, 1886, deplures the absence of good tracks in France, and accounts for the failure of some of their best men who made the records in England, on the score that foreign tracks are better than domestic ones. The closing lines of the article are: "Let us occupy ourselves seriously with this grave question. Let us construct, without hesitation, permanent tracks, otherwise the sport is ruined for France."

The same number has an excellent account of the bicycle races held at Christiania, Norway. It would seem to us that a meet at Peekskill or West Point would have been quite as unfavorable to 'cyclists as that of Christiania; for, as we remember the place, there is very little opportunity for level work; but the Norwegians are full of enterprise and they have done in their unfavorable surroundings what all of France has hardly yet accomplished. Speaking of the races of the 29th of August, *Le Veloceman* says:

"A great feature of the day was the grand race of ten kilometres (about six miles), which brought to the front such fast men as Messrs. Lees, de Civry, Dubois and Farndon, approved champions. The Velociped Klub, of Christiania, having announced before the start that a prize of \$50 would be given to each man who beat the record of 18m. 26s., made by Civry in Germany, you may well imagine the race was to be a startling one. In truth, no sooner was the start signal given, than Lees shoots forward as though for a 500-yards dash, followed immediately by de Civry and Birt, and the first lap of 1,371 metres is covered in 2m. 10s. De Civry, Dubois and Birt are alternately ahead and there is no diminishing of pace. The bell finally announces the last round, and the silence becomes profound. Birt is ahead, followed by Lees, Dubois and Farndon, de Civry bringing up the rear. To be sure, there are yet 1,371 metres ahead, but in spite of that, the speed is something marvelous.

"Half a lap more and de Civry takes first place, shooting like an arrow, with Lees in hot pursuit.

"One hundred yards from the finish and Civry still holding his lead, but having entered upon

his spurt too soon, he cannot keep it up and Lees passes him, for the purpose of gaining a length upon Dubois, who is some distance ahead of Birt; time, 18m. and 9 1-5s. Every racer has beaten the record.

"The scene at the finish was something beyond description; the hurrahs, the cheers, the waving of handkerchiefs, were indications of the feelings of the spectators; the contestants were borne in triumph on the shoulders of the crowd, and congratulations in French and English were showered from all sides."

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AMERICA now has the best professional and amateur bicycle riders in the world. Woodside, Crocker, Frazier, Rowe, Hendee and Neilson are representatives of the first class; Crist, Foster, Rich, Gaskell, De Blois and Hart of the second.

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## CANOE.

MR. CHANNING PAINE writes to OUTING as follows: "Someone has taken advantage of your Open Window in the August number to cast an unwarranted slur upon a worthy man. 'The person calling himself Captain Frazer,' is clearly meant for Captain Willard Glazier, and the very uncomplimentary manner in which the writer refers to him is proof of a strong animus directed against the so-called 'Captain Frazer,' or Glazier. Having myself formed one of the Glazier Expedition to Lake Itasca in July, 1881, and being a long-standing friend of the leader of the expedition, I am naturally interested in the verification of his claim to have discovered the true source of the Mississippi. \* \* \* \*"

Mr. Paine goes on to say that Itasca was finally reached in July, 1881, by his party, over a route probably never before traveled by white men; that their object in going there was of a purely intellectual character; that the trip was made in canoes under the guidance of an Indian native; that the lake they were taken to by the Indian was some five miles to the south of Itasca, and its outlet flowed into Itasca; that no white man had ever before seen this lake, and that it was really the source of the great river, and Captain Glazier discovered it and was therefore entitled to all credit, and deserved to have the lake named after him.

The facts in the case are as follows: Elk Lake is a small body of water less than a mile south of Itasca and connected with it by a small stream. There is no other lake in the region that answers Glazier's description in any way. This lake appears on a map filed in the Land Office at Washington, February, 1876, to a scale of one mile to the inch. The survey was made in September and October 1875, by government officials. A party of canoeists from Cincinnati visited Itasca and Elk lakes in July, 1879, and an account of their trip was published in *Lippincott's Monthly*, August, 1880, p. 171, just one year before the Glazier party claim to have discovered the lake never before seen by white men. If Mr. Paine, or anyone else interested in the subject, will refer to *Science* issue of

October 8, 1886, page 322, not a doubt can possibly remain in the mind that Glazier's claim is absurd and unfounded. Whether Glazier knew of the survey of 1875 before he made his trip or not, is immaterial, because he was shown the government map shortly after his return when he called on a well-known map-publishing firm to get his "Indian map" put into shape for publication. He expressed surprise at seeing it, and stated that "if he had only known of its existence, he would have been saved great trouble and expense." Yet, since then he and his friends have been trying to bolster up his claim, that he and his party were the discoverers, and the first white men to see the true source of the Mississippi. From these facts—and they can be substantiated—it would seem that the statement that Glazier is a fraud is well-founded.

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THE majority of American canoes are built lap streak—that is, the planks forming the sides and bottom lap over each other at their edges. The English canoes and the Canadian are built smooth skin—the planks are laid with flush edges. The *Pecowisc*—winner of three races at the A. C. A. meet—is a smooth skin canoe. The *Vesper* and *Lassie*, winners of the A. C. A. trophy and N. Y. C. C. International Cup, are lap-streak canoes. A very lively discussion has arisen among canoeists as to the relative merits of each build, and some comparative tests are likely to be made in the near future. Other things being equal, a smooth skin is undoubtedly the best. Whether a canoe built in the usual way can be made as strong and tight smooth as lapped remains to be seen.

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UNDER the new constitution adopted one year ago the A. C. A. has divided itself into Eastern and Central Branches. Another year will witness a still further division probably of the Central Branch into Northern, Western, Southern and Central or Hudson River. All the Branches or Divisions are under one head, but have local officers, and will have local meets annually. By this arrangement a much larger number of canoeists will be able to attend the meets and take an active interest in A. C. A. affairs.

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FROM a letter which appears in the Record department of OUTING this month, it will be seen that a very liberal offer has been made by Mr. Thomas S. Eldridge, a property-owner of Noyac village, S. I., to the members of the National Canoe Association, he having placed at their disposal the free use of the waters fronting his mill at Noyac, and also the use of land on his farm for camping purposes during the cruise of the Association's members in the summer, together with facilities for water supplies and such other conveniences as a safe little harbor, easily accessible from Noyac Bay, affords. This bay is formed by the peninsula terminating in "Jessup's Neck" on one side, and "Hogg Neck" on the other, the bay being a part of Little Peconic Bay. This, with Great Peconic Bay, forms finer cruising waters for the Canoe

Association's fleet than are at command on the Atlantic seaboard, the reach from Shelter Island to the head of the bay at Riverhead being twenty-five miles, with an average width of two miles.

### CRICKET.

WHILE the English Cricketers were in Philadelphia, last September, they were visited on the Germantown cricket field by several of the prominent players of the Philadelphia base-ball club, who went there to see cricket played as it should be. Before the match began, Harry Wright got Ferguson, Casey and Titcomb, three of his base-ball pitchers, to give the English team a sample of their skill in pitching, with which they were much interested. The next day the cricketers witnessed the match between the Philadelphia and St. Louis base-ball clubs, and while they expressed themselves as well pleased with the exhibition, they could not understand why the players batted so poorly. Mr. Rogers, of the Philadelphia club, who sat with them to explain the game, intimated that the lack of heavy batting was due more to the excellence of the pitching than to the weakness of the batsmen. This the cricketers doubted, and being desirous of realizing the fact by practical illustration, they were allowed an opportunity to test the matter. A base-ball bat was produced, and Key, who is considered about the best bat of the team, prepared to knock the cover off the ball. Ferguson gave him a good wide curve with a quick drop on it, and the cricketer fanned the air nearly a foot from the ball. "Fergy" then gave him a fast-in-shoot, and Mr. Key missed again. Half a dozen balls were delivered before the cricketers could even touch one. Casey and Titcomb also delivered a few balls, and Buckland and Rotherham took a hand at the batting. The cricketers now understood why ball players are such poor batters. Buckland was much interested in the pitching, and got Ferguson to show him how to hold and deliver the ball for the different curves. He says he will practice them and try to adapt some of them to bowling.

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THE past cricket season in the United States has been one which has shown a marked increase in the popularity of the noble old game in America; especially has this been the case in the New England States, where cricket has flourished as it has never done before. This desirable result has been largely due to the energy of the cricket clubs of Massachusetts, prominent among which is that splendid organization, the Longwood Club, of Boston, whose efforts to foster the grand game have placed Boston cricket next to that of the home of the game in this country, Philadelphia. Here in this city the same old obstructions have been allowed to prevent any progress in the popularity of the game as prevailed years ago. The system of "revolving" in vogue among the clubs of the metropolitan district has barred the way to any advance, as it always will do. A lack of harmony among the clubs, too, has had its influence



as a drawback to improvement, and hence metropolitan cricket, which should be in the van, is away behind that both of Boston and Philadelphia.

The Canadian cricketers taught our American clubs that in the International matches they were no longer to be counted as subjects of easy victories, the honors having this year been taken from the picked team of Philadelphia by the Canadian picked team in the International contests.

Our American cricket clubs—as did our Canadian friends, for that matter—practically realized the fact that they yet have much to learn in team work and skill in winning matches before they can hope to cope successfully with picked elevens from across the Atlantic. In 1885 Philadelphia did manage to win one match from the picked amateur eleven of England which visited us that year. This season, however, the English visitors carried off the honors without the drawback of a single defeat, and our Philadelphia friends mourneth in sack-cloth and ashes in consequence.

The time will come, however, when things will be equalized, and we hope to see in 1887 Philadelphia and Boston combining to present an American team which will trouble the visiting amateurs from England to defeat them.

#### FISHING.

PROFESSOR SPENCER F. BAIRD, United States Fish Commissioner and Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has issued a circular calling for information in regard to the German carp imported some years ago and distributed throughout the country. There is no question that the carp has been a most valuable addition to our food-fishes and its wonderful increase and rapid growth in inland waters unsuitable for other fishes, has been a subject of never-ending wonder to fish culturists. They are said to be rather shy of the angler, but fight well when once hooked.

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NEVER having having eaten a carp that seemed to us to equal our salt water or many of our fresh water fishes in flavor, we applied to a friend, a well-known epicure, for his recipe; he gave it in somewhat this manner; it has some novel features: "Carp! Carp! Now, if there's any one thing I do know, it's how to cook a carp. First catch—No! that's Mrs. Glass. Well, we will suppose you have the fish already caught and all the ingredients ready.

"Lay the fish down on a large napkin diagonally, so as to cover it completely, and wrap it up closely—very closely—and pin it together so as to be sure that none of it shall get away, then boil until the flesh is thoroughly tender and ready to part from the bones. This can be readily tested either with a toothpick or a hairpin.

"Now prepare your sauce. Into a saucepan put some slices of fat corned pork, and fry them out thoroughly until, when you lift them out on the fork, they have a dry appearance on the outside, and are crisp, even to the rind. Remove these, and pour into the pan a half pint of

Madeira with a lump of butter, just a suspicion of cloves, a dash of cayenne and black pepper, and a little curry powder. Then put in a brace of woodcock and English snipe, with a little brown flour dredged in, and, covering the pan, let them simmer until almost done; then add a glass of champagne, and cook till done, and you have a dish fit for a king."

"But the fish?"

"What fish? Oh! the carp. I'd forgotten that. When the sauce is ready you wander to the open window in a fit of abstraction, see your own or your neighbor's cat blinking and purring complacently in the sun, and some way or other you drop the fish to him. And then you go to the table at peace with yourself and all mankind and eat—the sauce. That's my recipe for cooking carp.

"Hold on, you're not going yet. I forgot to say that a roast goose or turkey may be added to this sauce without detriment to the flavor of the fish."

F. E.

#### FOOT-BALL.

THE *Princetonian* says that "both foot-ball and base-ball would be benefited by having the class championship games of base-ball played in the spring instead of the fall seems to have become the opinion of the college. The greatest objection to the proposed change is that base-ball interests may suffer. But we doubt the validity of even this objection. It is not proposed to give up base-ball practice in the fall. All members of the Freshman class who wish to try for the University team are invited to practice every day, and it is proposed to arrange games between the best nines we can pick and some of the amateur nines. It may be urged in support of the other side of the question that the change will make the class championship what it should be. Instead of compelling the Freshmen to play after less than a week's practice they will be able to select their best men and give them a reasonable amount of time to learn to play together."

#### IZAAK WALTON.

THERE is a vacant niche in the new grand screen of Winchester cathedral, England, which is to be filled by a statue of Izaak Walton, provided funds can be raised sufficient for the purpose. We shall be glad to receive any money for this object, and to publish the result from month to month in our columns. Mr. R. B. Marston, the editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, of London, has started a similar subscription for Englishmen, and no doubt similar efforts are making in Australia and Canada. It is eminently suitable that all English speaking anglers should unite in an effort of this kind, even though the individual contribution be small.

OUTING offers \$5 to the memory of Izaak Walton. Let every club of fishermen join us, and we will soon have a goodly amount.

#### LACROSSE.

THE lacrosse season of 1886 has been the liveliest known in the history of the game in the

United States, and it has been made plainly evident that this exciting game has "come to stay." The visit of the Irish team served to encourage American lacrosse players, from the fact of the easy victory our local teams scored over the picked twelve of Ireland. In the American lacrosse arena, the transfer of the championship from St. Paul to New York, and afterwards from New York to Boston, was the leading event of the season. Boston has progressed so rapidly in a practical knowledge of the game, that hereafter that city's clubs will have to be regarded as very prominent rivals of those of the metropolis. At any rate, the Boston players have this year carried off the honors from New York.

#### THOMAS STEVENS.

WE give every reader of OUTING a chance to guess the date of our correspondent's arrival at Yokohama, and to win the prizes set forth in the Publisher's Basket. Of course no guess will be recorded after the day of arrival.

#### YACHTING.

THE best racing of the yachting season of 1886 took place in eastern waters on October 1st, the contests off Newport between the schooner yachts *Sachem* and *Miranda*, and off Marble Head between the sloop and cutter yachts *Thetis* and *Stranger*, being the most exciting yacht races of the season in American waters. As a test-race of two different types of schooner yachts, the contest between the English cutter *Miranda* and the American center board schooner *Sachem*, was fully as interesting as the match between the *Galatea* and *Mayflower*.

The *Sachem*, designed by the designer of the *Mayflower*, is as nearly as possible what the *Mayflower* would be if she were rigged as a schooner. She is a "compromise boat," as deep and able and seaworthy as a yacht can be made while retaining or needing her center-board and without a sacrifice of speed — while the *Miranda* is as typical an example of the

British model as the *Galatea*, with the important difference that whereas the *Galatea* is by no means the champion British cutter, and is scarcely entitled to be called a crack cutter, the *Miranda* is beyond dispute the crack British schooner, she having the prestige of having beaten everything of her class and rig in British waters.

Fortunately the breeze was fresh enough to prevent either boat from carrying club topsails even off the wind, and the disadvantage the *Miranda* might have suffered earlier in the season by being undersparted for American yachting weather was converted into a positive advantage. At any rate no yachtsman, British or American, will dispute that a breeze that enables a yacht to do twenty miles to windward and return, making a race nearer fifty miles than forty, in less than five hours, is the perfection of racing weather. In this breeze it was that the American model beat the English by eight minutes in corrected time, or by nearly two miles at the rate at which they were going on the return. Her gain was greatest and her superiority most manifest in working to windward, the point of sailing on which everybody admits that speed is most valuable and desirable. The superiority of the *Sachem* in the run home, however, was unmistakable.

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THE race off Marblehead the same day, between the sloop yacht *Thetis* and the English cutter yacht *Stranger* resulted in a decided victory for the center-board sloop, which won the race by 2m. 22s. corrected time. The two yachts kept almost bow and bow in the run of 15 miles to the stakeboat before a light breeze. On the beat to windward home, in a regular cutter wind that at times threatened to develop into a gale, the Boston boat gained a good lead, and held it handsomely until she flew over the finishing line with the water boiling over her lee-rail and on to her deck in torrents.

These triumphs for American yachts, following upon the heels of the cup races, made quite a brilliant finish for the yachting season of 1886.





## AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.

CALCUTTA, Sept., 14, 1886.

### EDITOR OF OUTING:

I TAKE pleasure in announcing my safe arrival in Calcutta, after a very trying journey through India. My tour has been accomplished in the season when all Europeans, who can possibly escape from business, are up in the hill stations, and where exposure and much exertion is considered highly indiscreet. I have, however, escaped with only one slight attack of fever, which laid me up for a couple of days at Benares. This is worthy of mention, only as being the first occasion on the entire journey that I have had anything approaching a day's illness, or even a day's indisposition. Altogether it is regarded as remarkable, by the English in Calcutta, that I have traversed 1,400 miles of Indian roads on a bicycle, at this season of the year, and escaped with one slight attack of fever. The weather has been very trying and fever-inducing. All through Lower Bengal, the clouds were hovering near the tree-tops; when it wasn't pouring rain it was drizzling, and the roads were shallow streams.

What with the profuse perspiration, the rain and the excessively humid atmosphere, a dry thread of clothing was entirely out of the question. I passed through districts where the natives were dying at a fearful rate, with a peculiarly malignant type of fever. But the natives have no stamina; like a sheep, when they get fairly down, they seldom recover. My own immunity from serious illness, I credit to the daily exercise. It must be this; because, from sheer necessity, I have daily drank indifferent water, slept in damp clothes, and committed various other indiscretions, inseparable from a bicycle tour through India in August and September.

Notwithstanding these discomforts and drawbacks, there has been all along, a genuine element of pleasure and satisfaction, in the splendidly metalled roads, smooth for the most part as an asphalt pavement, as well as in the many interesting objects, and equally interesting people, so different from any other country. From Lahore to Sasseraw, a distance of about 1,000 miles, the road may truthfully be described as the finest in the world. It is perfectly level, metalled with *Kunkah*, which makes a smooth cement-like surface, and for a good portion of the way it is no exaggeration to call it an avenue. Through the Bengal hills, it is less level, and is

metalled with rock; the drenching moonsoon rains, have washed away the earth, and left the surface rough and trying on a wheel.

My stay in Calcutta will be but three or four days, as I am anxious to push on to China and avoid the possibility of being overtaken by wintry weather in the interior of that country. I intend if possible to get through the China and Japan towns, and return home by Christmas or New Years.

*Thomas Stevens.*

## WHEELING IN SWITZERLAND.

BIENNE, Switzerland, Oct. 17th, 1886.

### EDITOR OF OUTING:

BEING a veteran wheelman, and an admirer of your magazine, therefore I take the liberty to write to you, of one of the numerous pleasant tours that I have had with the Velo Club de Bienne, of which I am now a member. I came to this country last June, with no thoughts of bicycling here, but upon my arrival I could not resist purchasing a 54 inch ball-bearing Coventry machine, for here one can find enjoyment on the wheel, to his heart's content. Magnificent roads, charming scenery, and a good climate all go toward making bicycling the acme of sports. Receiving an invitation from the Velo Club de Bienne to go with them on a tour to the northern shore of Lake Geneva, I of course accepted. On Monday morning, August 30, 4:30 A. M., we left the club-room at Bienne. Taking the roads that border the lakes of Bienne and Neuchatel, we had been riding along the lake of Bienne for some time, when the sun commenced to rise. This was a beautiful sight, the sun in all his glory rising right out of the lake, as it seemed. After a few hours of good spinning we arrived in Neuchatel. Dismounting we went into a cafe, drank some good Neuchatel wine, mounted our machines, and soon left Neuchatel far behind. Arriving at Boudry we took breakfast at the hotel. Breakfast over, we mounted our wheels. Passing through many interesting places we soon reached Grandson. Here we saw a picturesque old castle, overgrown with ivy. The town is memorable for its siege, by Charles the Bold, in 1476, when the populace were cruelly massacred, after being induced to surrender by promises of safety. Roused by this atrocity, the Swiss collected their forces, rushed on the Burgundians, and totally routed them. A fine collection of

antiquities are kept at the old castle. Leaving Grandson, we skirted along the South-western border, where we soon came to Yverdon (pronounced Iverdon), the end of Lake Neuchâtel. Here we dismounted, first took some refreshments, then took a stroll about the town. We found it to be a picturesque old place, an ancient castle, which now contains a museum, with Lacustrine curiosities from the mysterious ancient lake dwellers, and Roman antiquities; also other interesting sights. Mounting our wheels, we left the lake with some regret, for the ride along the lakes was fine; but we had a great deal finer scenery before us, when we reached the Lake of Geneva. Riding for some time, we came to the foot of a mountain; here we pushed our machines up half way, and then rode the other half; that was a good climb. Some of the men had to walk the whole distance (one hour's walk). Arriving at the top, the route was one long steady descent till we reached Lausanne. At 1:15 P. M. we wheeled in Lausanne, or should say, legs over the handle-bar, for we had many a good jolly coast after leaving the summit of the mountain. After taking dinner, we looked at our cyclometers, and found that we had traversed 107 kilometers since morning at half-past 4; this was very good time, as we had made a good many halts. Mounting our wheels we went down to Ouchy and took the steamer for Vevey, my first ride on Lake Geneva. The scenery here is too grand for description. My pen would certainly fail to describe the extreme beauty of the lake, and its surroundings. The color of the water is a magnificent blue, that of the other Swiss lakes being green. All around in a circle there are high mountains covered with snow and ice. Landing at Vevey we took our wheels, and put up at the hotel; then went out for a walk. Going upon the high promenades that overlook Vevey, we found an ingenious contrivance for distinguishing the various mountains in the vicinity. A brass plate forming a half circle, has the names engraved on its outer margin, and a style, fixed by a pivot, works from one end of the half-circle to the other, bringing the style in a direct line with the name of the mountain we wished to see. Then sighting over it like we would a rifle, we could distinctly see the mountain we wished to see. Here we stayed and watched the beautiful sunset on Lake Geneva; so we witnessed two beautiful sights of the sun—in the morning, sunrise on the Lake of Bienné, and in the evening, sunset on Lake of Geneva. Watching the sun disappear, we went down to the hotel, and procured our supper. After supper we went down to the lake, hired a boat, had a delightful row, then went in for a good swim, coming out much refreshed, and ready for our tour homewards next day. Going back to the hotel the club sat around the table in a jolly good mood drinking the health and prosperity of the club. The wine that we had here is of a fine quality, for Vevey is the center of the Swiss wine growing district. The Vintners' Fete at Vevey is famous everywhere, and though still in vogue, is a genuine relic of the old worship of Bacchus, a deity long revered

in this, a vine country *par excellence*. Discussing our programme for the coming day, we retired for a good night's sleep. Morning came with another beautiful day before us. Having breakfasted, we went down to the quay, and took the next steamer for Montreux. Here we took the new mountain railway, and ascended to Glion. It makes one dizzy looking out from the car, for the ascent is so steep, that upon looking from below, one would think that the car was going up a vertical wall. Up here we obtained a magnificent view of the lake, with its surroundings. The lake, the shape of a crescent with the many sail-boats and steamers plying on its lovely blue bosom, and the surrounding mountains, made up one grand scene, that I shall never forget. Coming down from Glion we took a look at some of those sail-boats, whose sails are constructed like the wings of a butterfly. Seeing them at a distance you would think that they were huge butterflies gliding over the smooth surface of the water. From Montreux we went to see the Castle of Chillon. This castle, washed by the waters of the lake, which at this point is over 300 feet in depth, was built in the year 830 A.D. and fortified by the Duke of Savoy about four centuries afterwards. Apart from its historic interest, it is impressive from its solid walls and towers, and its strangely isolated situation on a rock connected with the bank, by a wooden bridge. Over the entrance is the inscription, "God bless all who come in, and go out." It well repaid us to visit the dungeons beneath, in one of which thousands of Jews are said to have been sentenced to death, and forthwith drowned in the lake. The beam where criminals were hung, the torture chamber, the oublieth, and the dungeon where the pavement is worn down by the feet of the prisoners. Leaving Chillon we made haste for Montreux, to catch the steamer for Vevey, arriving a few minutes before the steamer left. Arriving at Vevey, we went up to the hotel, settled up with the landlord, put our wheels in good trim, choosing this time an entirely different route than the one which we came. For two hours we steadily ascended the mountain back of Vevey, sometimes riding, and sometimes pushing our wheels up some steep grade, stopping every now and then to taste the contents of a good glass of wine, which is very cheap here, the litre (which is about the same as our quart measure) we procured for the small sum of 70 centimes, which equals 14 cents of our money. Arriving at the top, we had a splendid view of the surrounding country. Here we found a beautiful little lake embosomed in the summit of the mountain, and were almost tempted to go in for a good swim; but on a second thought we had better not, as a bath would have its weakening effect, for we had a long journey before us. Resting for some time on the border of the lake, we again mounted our steeds of steel. At first we coasted many a long stretch; then the descent became too steep; then we put our feet down on the pedals and pressed pretty hard on the brake. Arriving at Moudon 3 P. M., we ate a good hearty meal. Here we were joined by a Moudon

wheelman, who rides a Kangaroo. He accompanied us as far as Payerene; then bid us farewell. Our wheels fairly flew over the ground between Moudon and Payerene, for the road was hard and smooth as a skating rink floor. At Payerene we halted for refreshments and to adjust my saddle, for it had steadily slipped down the spring till it could go no farther. Adjusting my saddle securely, we again mounted, and made our wheels spin, for it was getting dark. In a short time we pulled up at Murton. Here we got off, took some refreshments, lit our lamps and took the route along the lake of Murton. At one place a big dog jumped out and wanted to nab the head wheelman. He promptly pulled out his revolver and shot at the dog; we did not stop to see if the dog got hurt, but sped on. In an hour we arrived at a wayside inn, where we got something to drink, and in another hour we were in Bienne. Looking at our cyclometers, we found they registered 127 kilometers distance between Vevey and Bienne. This is one of the numerous trips that I shall never forget—the beautiful rides along the lakes, over mountains, past old castles, over rustic bridges, through beautiful forests, long avenues of trees, quaint old villages, stopping every now and then to taste the contents of a good glass, and the fine coasting we had winding our way down a mountain road. Next season the club intends to take a trip down through Italy. If I am here at that time I think I shall go along.

Yours Respectfully,

*Fred. E. Wittlig.*

Formerly an Ohio Wheelman.

LONDON, Canada, Nov. 16, 1886.

EDITOR OF OUTING:

*Dear Sir*—I see by the daily papers that your celebrated world-circling traveler, Mr. Thomas Stevens, reports his safe arrival at Calcutta, and that made me think of my first experience of bicycle riding in India; and in the hope of its being of interest to your American wheelmen, I send it along.

I went out to Madras in '72, carrying with me the most approved pattern of the old bone-shakers of those days, and being young and

enthusiastic was not long before I started on my first spin. Mild-eyed tapal peons, dhobies and Massulah boatmen crowded eagerly round as I wheeled my machine out of the go-down on the "First Line" beach. The road was as smooth as a bowling alley, and I started at a pace that soon left the troublesome coolies behind; but their shouts of wonder soon roused the bazaar, and as I turned into the narrow streets that lead to the People's Park, through Royapooram and Chintawdrapettah bazaars I was surrounded by a jostling crowd that made my progress extremely difficult, until finally an ambitious little Hindoo boy about four or five years of age, and capering in all the virgin nakedness of Eden, attempted to cross in front of me; but being pushed back by the crowd on the other side of the street, fell right under my wheel, and before I could turn, stop, or in fact do anything, my wheel was on him, and I immediately followed. Such a howling and wailing and beating of mouths with the palms of the hands you never heard before. Picking myself up and mounting again I had hardly proceeded a couple of hundred yards before I met with a much more serious disaster. A fat old baboo was being rattled along in the square little box of a trap on two wheels, called by the natives a "*shigrum po*," and to which was harnessed a miserable little rat-tailed country pony; when on turning the corner the wicked half-wild animal was face to face with the bicycle, and, shying badly, started to rush past me; but being hauled frantically over by the idiot of a driver, the *shigrum* collided sharply with my front wheel, smashing it all to pieces and hurling me into the filthiest gutter I was ever so unfortunate as to be rolled into. I was very badly bruised and shaken, but on rising had the satisfaction of seeing the *shigrum* a bad wreck a little further on the road, the collision having carried away one of his wheels. The corpulent baboo was stretched on the mats of a neighboring bunneah's veranda; but a great deal more frightened than hurt.

Carrying my broken machine home, I consigned it to an obscurity from which it never again emerged. Yours faithfully,

*Charles Cleveland,*

London B. C.



**ADIRONDACK STORIES**, by Demings, is a collection of eight pictures of wilderness life, reminding one of Daudet's *Contes Choisis* in treatment. Lida Ann is the best. The volume is fit for the knapsack, and costs 50 cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

In the Wilderness, by Charles Dudley Warner, comes to us from the same publishers, in the same tasteful make-up, about the same size and for the same price. Nine short tales are between the covers, and no one familiar with the author will fail to read them through or think them too long.

Charlotte Dunning has just published a tale called *A Step Aside*, making something over 300 pages, in a handy volume, from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. Price, \$1.25.

Sidney Buxton, M. P., is one of that famous family in which public spirit and charitable enterprise are prominently developed. The names of Elizabeth Fry, the Gurneys and Bunsens, occur to us as we write. One of the best works he has recently edited is that on Imperial Federation, by the Marquis of Lorne. The volume makes 134 small 8vo pages, and is of more than passing interest to Americans.

*Leaves from a Diary* is the title of a book telling how the author, S. T. Clover, made his way around the world by a variety of means, not always creditable. M. D. Kimball, of Chicago, is the printer and publisher.

Clinton Scollard is well known by all OUTING readers, for his name has been a conspicuous one in our pages. He has at length gathered the verse contributed to the periodical literature of the day, into a volume called *With Reed and Lyre*, published by D. Lothrop & Company, of Boston. It is a comfortable little pocket-sized edition, and invites companionship on a tramp, not only from its shape, but its tasteful appearance.

*Watery Wanderings 'mid Western Locks*, a practical canoe cruise, by T. H. Holding, is a clever addition to the small library already in existence, touching this magnificent sport. The illustrations look like the work of an amateur, but as such are exceedingly good. If Englishmen only knew how to build their canoes, what splendid canoeists they would be! London,

Marlborough & Co., 51 Old Bailey, E. C. Price, 75 cents.

The Crown Colonies of Great Britain is a pamphlet by C. S. Salmon, touching their social condition and methods of administration. It will interest students of political economy, and may be had by addressing the Secretary of the Cobden Club, Pall Mall, London.

*Ancient and Modern Methods of Arrow-Release* is an illustrated pamphlet by Edward S. Morse, published in the Bulletin of the Essex Institute, October-December, 1885. Any person interested in the subject should address the author at Salem, Mass. The cost of the pamphlet is probably a nominal sum only—say 25 cents.

*Land's End to John O'Groat's on a Tricycle*, is a little pamphlet sold at 12 cents a copy by H. Etherington, 152 Fleet street, London. It is primarily an advertisement for a special brand of tricycle, but in spite of that may be of service to one attempting the same journey.

S. R. Stoddard, of Glen's Fall, N. Y., has on hand an assortment of photographs illustrating canoe life. Such as we have examined are to be recommended.

*Annuaire du Yacht, 1886*. Price, 50 cents. Published by the *Yacht*, of Paris, 50 Rue Saint Lazare. This little annual gives all the most important information touching rowing and yachting from the French point of view. One chapter, pretending to give the naval etiquette of American yachtsmen, quotes only the rules of the "Seavanhaka" (*sic*) Yacht Club on the subject. How do you like that, the rest of you?

The Overman Wheel Company have issued a *Cycling Log Book* altogether too clumsy for general purposes. It resembles a cash book, costs \$1.25, and stupidly confines its pages to puffing a brand of bicycles.

Emery E. Childs sends us a *History of the United States, from Columbus to Henry George*, in chronological order. The author does not say where it can be bought, or how much it costs. We must therefore refer our readers to the printer, 324 Pearl street, New York.

Cassell & Co. have published the third volume of *Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States, from the days of David Garrick to the present day*. Edited by Brander

Matthews and Lawrence Hutton. Kean and Booth and their contemporaries are discussed. Price, \$1.50.

The following additions have been made to Cassell's National Library: Lives of the English Poets: Butler, Denham, Dryden, Roscommon, Spratt, Dorset, Rochester, Otway; Taylor's Translation of Nathan, the Wise; Milton's Earlier Poems, and a Translation of the Sorrows of Werter.

The same house have just published three juvenile Christmas Books, entitled respectively: A World of Girls, The King's Command, and Under Bayard's Banner.

The Management of the Eye, Ear and Throat comes to us from Cassell & Co. It is a small volume replete with illustrations, and edited by Henry Power, George P. Field, and John S. Bristowe.

W. H. Mallock is the author of a book printed by G. P. Putnam's Sons, called The Old Order of Things. Price, \$1.00, cloth, 16mo.

Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité par Georges Perrot and Charles Chiprez. Tome IV. Sardaigne, Judee, Asie Mineure. 206th Instalment. Paris: Hachette & Co., 79 Boulevard Saint-Germain.

Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature, edited by Edward T. Mason, is published

by G. P. Putnam's Sons in three small and attractive volumes, suitable for carrying about in the pocket of the young man bent on making a good impression as a second Choate or Depew.

Isabella Valancy Crawford has written a volume of verse entitled Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and other poems. Published at Toronto by James Bain & Son.

Oscar Fay Adams goes on with his poetic chronicle of the seasons. The last volume before us is October, a charming little book of verse glorifying that month in the language of many poets. The separate volumes, devoted each to one month, cost 75 cents, and are exactly the right size for those of us who love a book in our pocket. Published by D. Lothrop & Company, Boston.

J. H. Soule & Co., of Washington, publish two valuable works of special information. One is the United States Military List, with Index; the other is a full Hotel List of this Country.

A Souvenir of the "Wanderer" Caravan, by J. B., is a little pamphlet of 21 pages, 16 mo., published in London, at one shilling (25 cents), by Whiting & Co., 30 Sardinia street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

We have received a bicycle song called Gem of the Track, by its author, S. White Paine. It can be procured in Cincinnati at 74 W. Fourth St.

[From the "Tricycling Journal.]

OH !

A WANDERING wheelman, I,  
A thing of shreds and patches,  
Of bruises, bangs and scratches,  
With rainbows on each eye.

My catalogue is long,  
Through ev'ry mis'ry ranging,  
And to my bruises changing,  
I groan my mournful song,  
Oh ! Sorrow, s-o-r-r-o-w, s-o-r-r etc.

*Pedals.*





# AMENITIES.



THIS IS THE WAY IT SHOULD BE—



AND THIS IS THE WAY IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS.



time, 5m. 20s. Quarter-mile race (graduates), W. P. Mustard, 1st; time 1m. Quarter-mile race, open, S. Sewell, 1st; time, 54½s. Hurdle-race, 120 yards, E. O. Sliter, 1st; time, 19s. The prizes were subsequently presented by Miss Wilson. The president of the college, Prof. Wilson, was present and delivered a brief address.

THE UNIVERSITY OF Pennsylvania held their fall games on the college grounds, West Philadelphia, on October 16, on which occasion the events and winners were as follows:

One-hundred yards run—Final heat, Thibault, 3 yards, first, in 11s. Putting the shot—F. Black, '88, allowed 1 foot, first, 30 feet 9 inches. Half-mile run—E. C. Knight, '89, scratch, first, in 2m. 15½s. Hurdle-race, 120 yards—J. K. Shell, Dental, scratch, first, in 21½s. Standing long-jump—W. A. Paris, '89, allowed 4 inches, first, 9 feet 8 inches. Mile walk—Fuguet, '89, 90s. start, first, in 8m. 4s. Standing high-jump—H. A. Little, '90, allowed 2 inches, first, 4 feet 4½ inches. Half-mile, strangers' race—Forman, Swarthmore College, first, in 2m. 10½s. One-furlong run—C. Thibault, '88, 2 yards start, first, in 25 2-5s. Running high-jump—The presence of the champion, W. B. Page, kept all others out. He cleared the bar at 5 feet 6 inches. Mile run—Taylor, '89, first, in 5m. 40½s. Hammer-throw—Pepper, '87, first, 68 feet. Running long-jump—J. K. Shell, Dental, 1 inch, first, 18 feet 6½ inches. Pole-vault—G. P. Quinn, Medical, unopposed, cleared 8 feet 3½ inches. Quarter-mile run—E. C. Kinglet, '89, 10 yards start, first, in 1m. 3¾s. Mile bicycle-race—B. Keen, '89, scratch, and Geary, '89, 17s. start, rode a dead heat in 3m. 10½s.

THE WILLIAM COLLEGE fall sports took place at Hoosac Valley Park, North Adams, Mass., October 9, the successful competitors being as follows: Running broad-jump—Duryee, '88; distance, 16 feet, 10 inches. 100-yard dash—Baldwin, '90, in 11s. Running high-jump—Duryee, 5 feet, 3 inches. Putting shot—Baldwin, '90; distance, 27 feet, 3½ inches. Throwing baseball—Campbell, '89; distance, 379 feet. Standing high-jump—Amadon, '89; height, 4 feet, 5 inches. 220-yards dash—Crook, in 24¾s. Bicycle race, half-mile—Vermilye, '88, in 1m. 33s. Half-mile run—Nicoll, in 2m. 1s. Mile-walk—Johnson, '89, in 8m. 8s. Kicking foot-ball—Perry, '87; distance, 35 feet, 3 inches. Quarter-mile run—Conn, '88, in 57½s. Mile-run—Lee, '89; 5m. 8s.

THE AMHERST COLLEGE games, given under the auspices of the College Athletic Association, on Oct. 16, at Springfield, Mass., resulted as follows: Standing high-jump—Jewett, '88, 4 feet, 4½ inches. Putting the shot—Jewett, '88, 26 feet, 4½ inches. Running the bases—Storrs, '89, in 16¾s. Mile-walk—Sherman, '88, in 8m. 38¾s. Running long-jump—Brooks, '88, 18 feet, 10½ inches. Kicking the football—Winslow, '89, 134 feet. Mile-run—Holton, '87, 5m. 10s. Throwing baseball—Holton, '87, 299 feet, 7 inches. Standing broad-jump—Davidson, '88, 9 feet, 2¾ inches. Running high-jump—Warriner, '88, 4 feet, 11½ inches. Half-mile run—Holton, '87, in 2m. 8½s. Hurdle-race—Jacobs, in 20¾s. Hop-step-and-jump—Brooks, '88, 39 feet, 2 inches. 100-yards dash—Jacobs, '88, in 10¾s. Quarter-mile run—Dickerman, '88, in 1m. Pole-vault—Sherman, '88, 7 feet. 220-yards dash—Jacobs, '88, in 26¾s.

Two-mile bicycle race—Dale, '89, in 8m. 5½s. Consolation-race—Gard, '88.

THE ANNUAL SPORTS of the Kingston, Canada, Royal Military College took place on the college grounds, at Kingston, on October 6, when the appended events were decided: Throwing cricket-ball, Cayley, 97 yards. Hop, step and jump, Williams, 40 ft. 4 in. Running long jump, Cayley, 19ft. 3in. Putting 24 lb. shot, Knight, 24ft. Running high jump, Henneker, 5ft. 1in. Kicking foot-ball, Williams, 52 yards 2ft. 120-yards hurdle race, Cayley, 15 2-5s(?) 100-yards race, Rose, 10 1-5s. Mile race, Bremner, 5m. 20 2-5s. One-quarter mile race, Mackay, 54 2-5s.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION held their fall meeting, October 9, at Ithaca, on the Fair Grounds, a large crowd being present. Eight of the records made eclipsed the previous best records. They were the 100-yards dash, putting the shot, half-mile bicycle race, quarter-mile run, running high jump, half-mile run, 220-yards dash, and the hurdle race. Following is the list of events and the names of the winners: 100-yards dash, C. W. Horr, '87; time, 10 2-5s. Putting the shot, W. Z. Morrison, '87; distance, 31ft. 2in. Half-mile bicycle race, C. R. Scott, '89; time, 32 2-6s. Quarter-mile run, F. D. Covill, '87; time, 53 1-5s. Running high jump, G. R. White, '88; distance, 5ft. 3¾in. Half-mile run, H. E. Summers (Fellow); time, 2m. 11 2-5s. 220-yards dash, F. V. Coville, '87; time, 23 3-5s. Hurdle-race, No. 1, F. F. Macfarland, '89; time, 20 3-5s. Tug-of-war between the classes of '89 and '90, 650 lbs. limit, won by '89 by 3in. Mile walk, E. F. Brown, '89; time, 8m. 51s. Throwing the hammer, H. W. Treat, '88; distance, 59ft. 9in. Two-mile bicycle race, C. R. Scott, '89; time, 7m. 8s. Mile run, H. E. Summers (Fellow); time, 5m. 8 4-15s.

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE's twenty-ninth annual field games were held at the Staten Island Athletic club's ground on October 25, the events and winners being as follows: 100-yards dash, won by W. H. Aldridge, '87, by a foot. The mile run was won by J. G. Raymond, '89, in 5m. 20½s. H. Mapes, '90, won the 120 yards' hurdles easily in 17 4-5s., and the one mile walk went to T. McIlvane, '90, in 8m. 7½s. The quarter-mile run, J. S. Appleby, '88, won, time, 54s. The 220-yards was run off in one heat, H. M. Banks, '89, won in 24s. The two-mile bicycle contest was between the brothers E. and H. Hornbostel, '90, and the former won by about 4 feet. The 880-yards' race was run in 2m. 15½s. by J. S. Appleby, '88. S. S. Schuyler won the open quarter in 54s. Guy Richards, '87, and A. F. Parker, '88, tied in the high jump at 5 feet 10 inches, and in the jump-off Richards jumped an inch less and won, beating Parker by an inch. A. Stevens, '87, won the pole vault at 9 feet 4¾ inches. D. Ewell, '88, took the broad jump at 19 feet 9¾ inches. M. T. Bogart, '90, put the shot 29 feet 8 inches, and D. L. R. Dresser, '89, threw the hammer 72 feet 10½ inches.

In the tug-of-war, which was the event of the day, '87 was pulled 2 feet over the line by '88, and '89 did the same for '90, but only by 5 inches. Then '89 and '88 tied in the final, the tape being over the line when the pistol was fired. This made it necessary to have another pull, which '89 won by a bare 3 inches. De Siboury, '88's anchor, was hurt by the rope in the last pull. Solid handsome

silver tankards rewarded the winners of the events for their efforts. W. C. Rowland was referee.

THE YALE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION held their fall meeting on the athletic field on October 20th, at which record breaking was a feature, the events and winners being as follows: Walker, '89, who had a handicap of 5 yards, won the 100 yards dash. His time was 10s. The Yale record is 10 1-5s. In the mile walk, Smith, '89, with a handicap of 60s. came in first in 7m. 43s.; Bradner, '89, won the mile run in 4m. 55s.; Shearman, '89, when he made 10 feet, 1 1/4 inches on the pole vault, won first prize and beat the Yale record by half an inch. The 120 yards hurdle race fell to Berger, '88, S., in 17 3/4s.; McGuire, '90, had a handicap of 10 yards, and took the 440-yard dash in 54 1-5s. In the running high jump Shearman, '89, was first with 5 feet 3 inches. Bradner, '89, was scratch man in the half-mile run, but won the race with Hinckley, '89, who had a handicap of 35 yards; record time, 2m. 10s. Robinson, '90, won the running broad jump by clearing 19 feet 3 inches. Sherrill, '89, the scratch man, was first in the 220-yard dash; time, 2 3/4s.

THE BROOKLYN ATHLETIC CLUB's annual fall meeting was held on October 16, the weather being very disagreeable and cold. One record was broken, that of pole-leaping for distance, which A. F. Remsen, of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, beat by over a foot.

A NEW ATHLETIC CLUB has been organized in Indianapolis, with a membership of 300. The officers are: W. J. Cathie, president; G. H. Bryce, vice-president; M. W. Phillips, secretary; J. C. McCutcheon, treasurer; J. B. Mansur, captain; F. B. Davenport, first lieutenant; C. S. Taulton, second lieutenant.

### BASE-BALL.

THE season's campaign of the National League for 1886 ended October 11, the result of the contest for the League championship being the success of the Chicago Club in winning the pennant, the Detroit club standing a close second, while the New York and Philadelphia clubs had an exciting struggle at the finish for third place, the New York team winning by a small percentage of victories. The other clubs were more or less distanced before the closing month of the season. We append the table showing the victories and defeats scored by each club, together with the percentage of victories in the order of which the clubs are placed, the highest percentage giving the championship pennant:

|              | Chicago. | Detroit. | New York. | Philadelphia. | Boston. | St. Louis. | Kansas City. | Washington. | Wm. | Per Cent. Won. |
|--------------|----------|----------|-----------|---------------|---------|------------|--------------|-------------|-----|----------------|
| Chicago      | 11       | 10       | 10        | 12            | 13      | 17         | 17           | 90          | 725 |                |
| Detroit      | 8        | 11       | 10        | 11            | 15      | 16         | 12           | 87          | 707 |                |
| New York     | 7        | 7        | 8         | 8             | 11      | 15         | 11           | 75          | 630 |                |
| Philadelphia | 8        | 7        | 6         | 8             | 10      | 12         | 14           | 71          | 622 |                |
| Boston       | 8        | 8        | 8         | 8             | 11      | 11         | 13           | 50          | 478 |                |
| St. Louis    | 4        | 3        | 3         | 3             | 6       | 11         | 12           | 43          | 352 |                |
| Kansas City  | 1        | 3        | 3         | 3             | 6       | 8          | 6            | 30          | 247 |                |
| Washington   | 1        | 3        | 3         | 3             | 4       | 5          | 6            | 28          | 233 |                |
| Lost         | 34       | 35       | 44        | 43            | 61      | 70         | 91           | 480         |     |                |

The following summary presents the additional statistics of the championship campaign:

|                            | Chicago. | Detroit. | New York. | Philadelphia. | Boston. | St. Louis. | Kansas City. | Washington. |
|----------------------------|----------|----------|-----------|---------------|---------|------------|--------------|-------------|
| Victories                  | 90       | 87       | 75        | 71            | 56      | 43         | 30           | 28          |
| Defeats                    | 34       | 36       | 44        | 43            | 61      | 79         | 91           | 92          |
| Drawn games                | 2        | 3        | 5         | 5             | 1       | 2          | 5            | 5           |
| Series won                 | 7        | 6        | 4         | 4             | 3       | 2          | 1            | 0           |
| Series lost                | 0        | 1        | 2         | 2             | 4       | 5          | 6            | 7           |
| Series drawn               | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0             | 0       | 0          | 0            | 0           |
| Times "Chicagoed"          | 4        | 1        | 5         | 6             | 3       | 7          | 8            | 10          |
| "Chicagoed" others         | 8        | 6        | 3         | 10            | 3       | 4          | 3            | 5           |
| Runs scored                | 880      | 829      | 683       | 631           | 664     | 535        | 490          | 445         |
| Runs earned                | 360      | 339      | 297       | 230           | 313     | 220        | 223          | 179         |
| Base hits                  | 1179     | 1242     | 1148      | 959           | 1080    | 999        | 915          | 841         |
| Games won on home grounds  | 52       | 49       | 47        | 44            | 32      | 27         | 17           | 18          |
| Games lost on home grounds | 10       | 13       | 13        | 14            | 26      | 34         | 41           | 42          |
| Batting average            | .273     | .275     | .271      | .237          | .258    | .235       | .228         | .206        |
| Fielding average           | .884     | .902     | .912      | .914          | .868    | .873       | .881         | .863        |

THE following is the full record of the championship campaign of the clubs of the American Association for 1886: The American Association championship season of 1886 terminated October 15, with the result of the St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Brooklyn Clubs occupying the first three positions, Louisville, Cincinnati and the Athletics standing next in order, and the Metropolitans seventh, with the Baltimores in their regular position at the tail-end. The record in full is as follows:

|              | St. Louis. | Pittsburg. | Brooklyn. | Louisville. | Cincinnati. | Athletic. | Metropolitan. | Baltimore. | Won. | Per Cent. Victories. |
|--------------|------------|------------|-----------|-------------|-------------|-----------|---------------|------------|------|----------------------|
| St. Louis    | 12         | 13         | 9         | 15          | 15          | 16        | 13            | 93         | .669 |                      |
| Pittsburg    | 8          | 12         | 12        | 13          | 11          | 12        | 19            | 80         | .583 |                      |
| Brooklyn     | 7          | 8          | 13        | 13          | 19          | 10        | 14            | 77         | .557 |                      |
| Louisville   | 10         | 7          | 2         | 10          | 9           | 11        | 12            | 66         | .485 |                      |
| Cincinnati   | 5          | 7          | 7         | 10          | 10          | 13        | 13            | 65         | .471 |                      |
| Athletic     | 5          | 6          | 7         | 11          | 10          | 12        | 10            | 63         | .463 |                      |
| Metropolitan | 4          | 6          | 8         | 7           | 8           | 9         | 9             | 53         | .392 |                      |
| Baltimore    | 7          | 7          | 6         | 7           | 5           | 8         | 8             | 48         | .366 |                      |
| Lost         | 46         | 57         | 61        | 70          | 73          | 72        | 82            | 545        |      |                      |

The following is a summary of the work done in the championship campaign:

|                        | St. Louis. | Pittsburg. | Brooklyn. | Louisville. | Cincinnati. | Athletic. | Metropolitan. | Baltimore. |
|------------------------|------------|------------|-----------|-------------|-------------|-----------|---------------|------------|
| Victories              | 93         | 83         | 77        | 66          | 65          | 63        | 53            | 48         |
| Defeats                | 46         | 57         | 61        | 70          | 73          | 72        | 82            | 83         |
| Per cent. of Victories | .669       | .583       | .557      | .485        | .473        | .463      | .392          | .366       |
| Drawn games            | 0          | 0          | 0         | 1           | 0           | 0         | 0             | 0          |
| Series won             | 6          | 6          | 5         | 4           | 3           | 3         | 1             | 0          |
| Series lost            | 1          | 1          | 2         | 2           | 3           | 3         | 6             | 7          |
| Series drawn           | 0          | 0          | 0         | 1           | 0           | 1         | 0             | 0          |
| Won on home-field      | 52         | 45         | 43        | 38          | 39          | 32        | 30            | 25         |
| Won on other fields    | 46         | 38         | 34        | 28          | 26          | 26        | 23            | 23         |
| Lost on home-field     | 15         | 29         | 25        | 32          | 24          | 31        | 33            | 33         |
| Lost on other fields   | 30         | 28         | 36        | 32          | 44          | 42        | 49            | 50         |
| Times "Chicagoed"      | 5          | 5          | 12        | 4           | 9           | 4         | 6             | 13         |
| "Chicagoed" others     | 14         | 14         | 6         | 5           | 3           | 5         | 6             | 5          |
| Batting average        | .274       | .243       | .248      | .269        | .248        | .236      | .222          | .205       |
| Fielding average       | .916       | .918       | .908      | .903        | .907        | .898      | .911          | .908       |

THE YALE BASE-BALL CLUB's officers are as follows: President, F. P. Ball, '90; Vice-President, W. M. Clawson, '89 S.; Secretary and Treasurer,

S. H. Kohler, '90; Sheff. Treasurer, J. R. Mitchell, '89 S.

WILSON, pitcher for the Bowdoin College nine of last year, has entered Williams College, and will probably pitch for that college next spring.

THE "GATE" has proved profitable to the Harvard Base-Ball Club this past season, the treasurer reporting at the last meeting a surplus of \$1,500 in the treasury.

TWO COLLEGE EVENTS in base-ball are worthy of record, and they are the longest hit ever made on the Yale College ball grounds in a match, and the longest throw of a base-ball made by a college player, both events being credited to Mr. W. H. Lyon of Brooklyn. The hit in question was made in a match between Yale and Dartmouth, played on the Yale field in 1885, when Mr. Lyon made a home run from a ball, which was hit a distance of 450 feet from the home plate to the spot at which it fell. The throw was made on the old Brooklyn Athletic Grounds, corner of Ninth street and Ninth avenue, Brooklyn, on the occasion of the Spring Athletic meeting of the club in May, 1882, Mr. Lyon then being in the Polytechnic Institute Class. The distance the thrown ball went from his hands to the point at which it touched the ground was 335 feet 2 inches, properly measured and authenticated.

#### BOATING.

A NOTEWORTHY TRIP in an open boat was finished last October by Messrs. Myron Rice, Roselle Alley and Fred Grey, of Oconomowoc, Wis., who arrived at Camden, Ark., October 3, having left Watertown, Wis., the first day of August in an open boat for a voyage to Arkansas for the purpose of permanently locating. They were sixty-four days en route to Arkansas City, after traveling over fifteen hundred miles by river. Grey left them below Hannibal, having a malarial attack. Rice and Alley had quite a romantic and eventful trip, being cap-sized once in the Des Moines Rapids; but saving their guns and luggage and righting their boat, resumed their journey. They reported game scarce along the Mississippi, occasionally killing geese and squirrels.

#### BOWLING.

TWO LARGE BOWLING CLUBS have been organized among the residents of Washington Heights for the coming winter, one by Mrs. Percival Tenault and the other by the Misses Audubon.

#### CANOEING.

THE Sagamore Canoe Club of Lynn, Mass., had its annual fall races in the harbor October 9. The winners in the first class sailing race were Frank Passmore, Charles Carleton, and John Center; second class, John Raymond and George Center; Paddling race, John Center, George Center, and John Raymond. The club closed the day with a banquet at the Revere House.

THE PECONIC BAY PEOPLE are alive to the importance of having the American Canoe Association make the east end of Long Island their headquarters, as will be seen by the appended letter from a prominent resident of Noyac, L. I.:

NOYAC, SUFFOLK CO., L. I., October 20, 1886.  
THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Gentlemen:

Referring to an article in this month's "Outing" entitled "The next canoe meet," I observe that its writer has discovered the very great

advantages which the Peconic Bays and adjacent waters possess for the purposes of the Association at its annual meet.

Fully coinciding with the author's views, and being desirous of contributing my mite towards bringing before the Association the unequalled advantages of the locality referred to, I now beg to tender to the Association for its free use during the time of its annual meet next year, the beach property near my mill at Noyac, and the adjacent inlet (or arm of Noyac Bay), which presents every facility for rowing or sailing, in the event of too rough water in the bay itself.

Fresh water for lavatory purposes is at hand in the mill overflow, and such supplies as you are likely to require can be purchased in the immediate neighborhood.

Should you entertain this proposition, please confer with my friend, Mr. Jerome W. Merritt, 21 Grove Place, Brooklyn, who will be glad to give you every detail as to the locality, etc., and who will act for me in the premises.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) THOS. S. ELDRIDGE.

#### CHESS.

THE NEW BROOKLYN CHESS CLUB which was started last August, completed its organization on the night of October 6, when the meeting to elect permanent officers was held at the club parlors, 198 Montague street, near the Academy of Music, the result being as follows: President, James Spencer Turner; First Vice-President, Frederick Perrin; Second Vice-President, E. C. Gilley; Secretary, C. Schubert; Treasurer, A. Smith. Executive Committee, Messrs. Bruel, Eno, Ellsworth, Rose, Dr. Wilde, and Steiner. The club is limited to a membership of one hundred and fifty, and before the close of October one hundred names had been enrolled. The dues are ten dollars a year, payable semi-annually in advance. Among the members are the champion Herr Steinitz; the noted problematist, Chas. Gilberg; Professor Raymond, the champion player of the Danites Club; Frederick Perrin, the veteran opponent of Paul Murphy, of thirty years ago, and a host of chess talent besides.

THE DANITES CHESS CLUB, of Brooklyn, began its twelfth season on the night of October 7, when a very enjoyable reunion was held at the residence of ex-President Wilde, on Fifth avenue. The club is eminently a social organization with a membership limited to twenty-five. The club meetings are held at the residence of members alternately every Thursday night from October until May. The dues are merely nominal, and the club is simply governed by the amenities of social life, the object being to enjoy chess as a recreation and not as a study.

THE SERIES OF GAMES between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Lipschutz, played at the Manhattan Club, was, on October 30, marked by a victory for Mr. Lipschutz, after a protracted struggle of upward of sixty-six moves, who thus secured his first game. The score at the end of October stood three to one in favor of Captain Mackenzie, with five draws.

THE VIRGINIA CHESS ASSOCIATION held its second annual meeting on October 18, when the following officers were elected: President, Col. John B. Carey of Richmond; Vice-president, John A. Smith of Danville; Secretary and Treasurer, John Kirkpatrick of Lynchburg.

THE RHODE ISLAND CHESS ASSOCIATION was successfully inaugurated Friday, October 22. These state organizations will build up American chess as nothing else can. Ultimately a United States Chess Association of a truly representative character can be evolved from them.

THE NEW JERSEY STATE ASSOCIATION has issued the appended circular to New Jersey chess-players.

OFFICE OF THE NEW JERSEY CHESS ASS'N,  
128 BROAD ST., ELIZABETH,  
N. J., October 22, 1886.

*To the Chess Players of New Jersey:* For two years in succession there have been fifty or more New Jersey chess players assembled at Elizabeth on Washington's birthday for practice and mutual enjoyment. At the last meeting a tournament was held, and a State association formed for the purpose of organizing local clubs, matches and tournaments throughout the State. The association now numbers forty-five members. In order more effectually to carry out the purposes of the association, we desire to enroll upon our books the name of every player in the State, not necessarily for membership, but in order to communicate with them. There are already organized clubs existing in Millville, Camden, Plainfield, Elizabeth, Newark, Passaic, Rutherford, Morristown, Summit and Bergen Point, and possibly other places, with a total membership of about 150. By sending your address to me, it may be possible to put you in communication with other players in your vicinity, thus forming the nucleus of a club which will aid materially in the work which has been undertaken. Copies of the by-laws of the association will be forwarded on application.

RALPH W. POPE,  
*President N. J. C. A.*

### COURSING.

THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB held its inaugural field-meeting at Great Bend, Barton Co., Kansas, from October 19 to 23, and it proved to be a very creditable success, alike to the members of the club, who were on the special committees and to the sport loving of the people of Great Bend, who afforded the club such encouragement on the occasion. The scene of the club contests at the meet was the Cheyenne Bottoms, which are peculiarly adapted to the purposes of a coursing meeting. So great are these advantages that there is probably no other section in Kansas that can equal them; hence Great Bend will undoubtedly retain the advantages derived from the meetings which it has so deservedly won. The bottoms are from fifteen to twenty miles long, and from four to ten miles wide, are almost flat, having only a gentle water-shed. The ground is very hard and covered with buffalo grass, a grass so short that it does not obstruct the view in the least — dogs and rabbits could be seen in many instances a mile away, and many of the long courses could be seen from start to finish; some courses were run close by the club house. This immense basin is surrounded by a range of hills, from the top of which a spectator can, with the aid of a good field-glass, command a view of this vast bottom, a vast natural amphitheater that cannot be excelled by any place in the world for the purpose of coursing. In this bottom, and about seven miles from Great Bend is the ranch of Messrs. Uhl and Carney, and by the kind permission of these gentlemen, the coursing was done on their ranch. This ranch contains about nine thousand acres; one field containing five thousand two hundred. The wire fence

inclosing it was cut at intervals of a few hundred yards, so that the judge and spectators could ride through, white flags indicating the places; and the lower wire on ten miles of fence was raised, thus allowing the dogs an unobstructed run in any direction.

Mr. Joseph Halloway, an Englishman thoroughly conversant in coursing matters, was judge, and his brother, Mr. Charles Halloway, was slipper.

The winning dogs were owned by Col. David Taylor, M. E. Allison, and J. R. Price.

### CRICKET.

THE TORONTO CLUB, during 1886, played in seven matches, winning two, losing four, and one being drawn. G. C. Cassels led the batting with an average of 15, K. H. Cameron being second with 14, and G. R. Kingsmill, third, with 12. Cameron led the bowling with an average of 6.

BUTLER, the professional of the Staten Island Cricket club, on October 15, carried his bat out for 112.

CYRILLE WILSON, on October 13, in the match between the Staten Island and Newark clubs, scored 100 runs.

THE OTTAWA CLUB, OF CANADA, during the past season of 1886, played ten matches, of which they won five and lost five. The best batting averages were: B. T. A. Bell, 27.85, and W. C. Little, 24.66; and bowling averages: V. H. Steele, 6.68, and J. B. Brophy, 9.56.

THE HARVARD CRICKET CLUB, on October 18, elected the following officers: President, H. L. Clark, '87; Vice-President, C. Bohlen, '88; Treasurer, L. McK. Garrison, '88; Secretary and Manager, W. Ellis, '89; Captain, H. P. McKean, '89.

A NOVEL CRICKET MATCH was played on the grounds at Windlesham House, England, recently, between eleven ladies captained by Miss Keeting, and eleven gentlemen under Mr. Smith, the gentlemen playing with broomsticks, which were used with the left hand. The ladies scored 126 runs, but the gentlemen beat them with 135.

THE KUHN CUP and the championship of Pennsylvania University was won on October 21 on the Philadelphia Club grounds by the eleven of '87, they defeating '89's eleven by 145 to 74. On the occasion of the first day's play, thanks to the good batting of Ralston, Shaeffer and Frazier, '87's first innings had netted a total of 145; while '89, with but one wicket down for 23, seemed to be in a fair way to win. On the 1st of October the second day's play began, and at 3.30 P. M. Scott and Thomson appeared at the wickets, and Captain Pepper intrusted the attack to Dunn and Coates. Both bowlers were in good form, and Dunn, particularly, gave the batsmen a great deal of trouble. The inning finally closed for 74; Thomson with 29, and Smith with 12, being the only batsmen to reach double figures.

A NOTEWORTHY VICTORY for college cricketers was recorded on October 16, on the Longwood Cricket field at Boston, the occasion being a match of one innings between the visiting eleven of the Pawtucket Cricket Club of Pawtucket, R. I., and the Harvard Cricket eleven. The Harvards went to the bat first, and they were not disposed of until 93 runs had been scored, 30 of which were extras, the fielding of the visitors being very loose. The Rhode Islands then went in, and their last wicket fell for 81



only, and as there was not time to play the full game out, the victory was left for the Collegians. Bohlen's 19 was the top score for Harvard, H. L. Clark and W. S. Ellis adding double figures. A. Leslie's 22 was the best score on the other side, Macklejohn's 14 and Congdon's 10 being the next score. Markoe took the majority of wickets for the Collegians, and Leslie for the visitors.

THE AVERAGES OF THE ENGLISH AMATEURS in the regular matches that appeared in the United States and Canada last fall are appended. The team sailed for England on October 7, after winning every game they played except one, that being drawn. They played eight matches, winning those in New York, Philadelphia, Toronto and Montreal, and one in Boston; the drawn game being that with the Fifteen of New England. In only one game was the contest at all close, and this was with the Fifteen of the Longwood Club in Boston, September 15 and 17, when splendid bowling by George Wright and Chambers caused the visitors' totals to be the smallest of their tour. Their largest score was 323, made in the only inning of their first game with Philadelphia. The English team in these nine games lost 112 wickets for 2,080 runs, thus making the excellent average of 18.57 runs per wicket. Their opponents scored 1,689 runs for the loss of 208 wickets, an average of but 8.12 runs per wicket. Below we give the complete batting and bowling averages of the team in the nine games played, excluding the scores of all exhibition contests:

## BATTING

|                         | Games. | Innings. | Runs. | Most Runs in Inning | Times not Out. | Average Runs for Inning. |
|-------------------------|--------|----------|-------|---------------------|----------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Key . . . . .        | 9      | 13       | 384   | 109                 | 1              | 29.53                    |
| 2. Roller . . . . .     | 7      | 10       | 213   | 75                  | 1              | 21.30                    |
| 3. Buckland . . . . .   | 9      | 11       | 232   | 82                  | 1              | 21.09                    |
| 4. Bainbridge . . . . . | 9      | 13       | 268   | 89                  | 0              | 20.62                    |
| 5. Cobb . . . . .       | 9      | 11       | 210   | 51                  | 1              | 19.09                    |
| 6. Fortescue . . . . .  | 9      | 12       | 174   | 58                  | 1              | 15.81                    |
| 7. Rotherham . . . . .  | 8      | 8        | 111   | 27                  | 2              | 13.87                    |
| 8. Cottrell . . . . .   | 9      | 11       | 143   | 49                  | 4              | 13.00                    |
| 9. Turner . . . . .     | 9      | 12       | 141   | 57                  | 0              | 11.75                    |
| 10. Sanders . . . . .   | 3      | 4        | 19    | 10                  | 2              | 4.75                     |
| 11. Haycock . . . . .   | 9      | 12       | 51    | 15                  | 2              | 4.25                     |
| 12. Welman . . . . .    | 9      | 9        | 19    | 7                   | 1              | 2.11                     |

## BOWLING.

|                         | Balls. | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets. | Average Runs per Wicket. |
|-------------------------|--------|-------|----------|----------|--------------------------|
| 1. Haycock . . . . .    | 284    | 79    | 39       | 15       | 5.26                     |
| 2. Roller . . . . .     | 1,156  | 268   | 142      | 50       | 5.36                     |
| 3. Key . . . . .        | 48     | 21    | 5        | 3        | 7.00                     |
| 4. Cottrell . . . . .   | 1,099  | 398   | 142      | 53       | 7.50                     |
| 5. Buckland . . . . .   | 1,416  | 411   | 151      | 48       | 8.56                     |
| 6. Rotherham . . . . .  | 836    | 247   | 97       | 26       | 9.50                     |
| 7. Turner . . . . .     | 214    | 81    | 27       | 4        | 20.25                    |
| 8. Bainbridge . . . . . | 105    | 46    | 12       | 2        | 23.00                    |

THE LONGWOOD CLUB sent a representative eleven to Concord, N. H., on October 9, to play the eleven of St. Paul's School, of Concord, and they entered upon the contest confident of victory. The St. Paul's School went to the bat first, and though Chambers and George Wright opened the bowling, the first wicket did not fall until double figures had been scored, Foster playing well for 15. The wickets then went down quickly until the ninth had

fallen for 33, when Hammond made a good stand for 10, the last wicket falling for 52. Chambers led the bowling with 5 wickets for 20 runs, George Wright getting 5 for 29. On the part of the Longwoods, after Bixby and Esterbrook had been bowled by Morley, the wickets fell rapidly, four falling for 5 runs and nine for 13. Stimson's 7 not out was the highest score, the last wicket falling for 25 only. The St. Paul's, in their second innings, added 87, Coit leading with 35. There was no time to finish the match, and the first innings was left to decide the contest. Morley led the school bowling with 7 wickets for 14 runs, Coit taking 3 for 9. The Rev. T. J. Drum acted as umpire for the school.

## CROQUET.

THE REV. PHILLIP GERMOND, of New York, and Mr. Charles Bush of Philadelphia, played off their tie in the interstate croquet tournament at New Brunswick October 16. Mr. Germond won, and was awarded the first prize, a gold medal. Mr. Bush took second prize.

## CURLING.

THE THISTLE CLUB, of Hamilton, Ont., has prepared for the coming curling season in Canada, by electing the following officers for the ensuing year: St. Clair Balfour, president; W. Vallance, vice-president; Rev. D. H. Fletcher, chaplain; Geo. H. Gillespie, secretary; John Billings, treasurer; A. Turner and William Southam, representatives to the Ontario branch. Messrs. John Harvey, H. Fairgrieve, John Kerner, R. L. Gunn and F. S. Malloch, with the President, Vice-President and Secretary, were elected the Management Committee, and the following were made skips: Geo. H. Gillespie, John Harvey, James Simpson, John Kerner, H. Fairgrieve, St. Clair Balfour, W. Vallance, M. Leggatt, John Crerar, James Watson, William Southam, George Elmslie, R. Hills, F. S. Malloch and R. L. Gunn.

THE ONTARIO BRANCH of the Royal Canadian Curling Association held a meeting at Toronto on Oct. 19, on which occasion the Aylmer, Bellville, Bowmanville, Brampton, Brockville Chatham, Coburg, Galt, Guelph, Hamilton, London, Niagara, Paris, Peterboro, St. Catherine, Toronto, and a dozen other curling clubs of the province were represented.

The following new clubs were elected members: Brussels, Keene, Wiarton, Shelburne, Bobcaygeon, and the Argyle Club, of Prince Albert, N. W. T. His Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne was re-elected patron. The election of officers resulted as follows: Mr. J. D. Flavelle, president; Mr. W. F. Davison, first vice-president; Mr. R. Ferguson, M. P. P., second vice-president; Rev. Dr. Barclay, chaplain (re-elected); Mr. J. S. Russell, secretary-treasurer. Council of Management—W. Badenbach, Judge Dartnell, D. Walker, J. McL. Stevenson, W. Rennie, and Hugh Miller. Messrs. W. D. McIntosh, W. F. Davison, and J. S. Russell, were re-elected a Committee on Annuals. W. F. Davison, J. Wright, Dr. Ross and Hugh Miller were elected a Committee on Complaints and Appeals. Messrs. Jas. Pringle and W. Badenbach were elected a Committee of Auditors.

It was resolved that the match between the city of Toronto and county of York, on the one side *vs.* the rest of Ontario, on the other side, should be repeated during the coming season, and Messrs. Davison and Flavelle were appointed captains for the respective sides.

A letter was read from the secretary of the Grand National Curling Club of the United States, in which it was stated that they hoped to be able during the coming season to meet the curlers of Ontario in an international bonspiel on a scale of worthy magnitude. It was agreed to leave the matter in the hands of the Executive Committee with full powers to make all necessary arrangements, so that this long deferred match may be carried out.

A letter from Edinburgh was read expressing the belief that at least one rink of the Scotch curlers would visit Canada during the coming season. The Executive were instructed to offer a most hearty welcome to their expected visitors from Scotland, and to make such arrangements as would render their visit as pleasant as possible.

### CYCLING.

THE CRESCENT WHEELMEN, which club was organized in New Orleans, La., last August, held their first road race on October 23, the distance being 5 miles with a turn. It was won, after a fine race, by Charles T. Mitchell, beating R. G. Betts by 20 feet and T. H. Plough, by half a mile. Time, 17m. 45s. The club is officered as follows: T. Harby Plough, president; P. M. Hill, vice-president; R. G. Betts, secretary and treasurer; A. P. Wolfe, captain.

A. B. BARKMAN, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, on October 12, 13, rode 205 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles over roads in 23h. 57m., starting from Hempstead and riding to Far Rockaway, L. I., and return, a distance of 25 miles.

THE ILLUMINATED PARADE of wheelmen in St. Louis on the night of October 1, under the auspices of the League of American Wheelmen, was a novel and attractive spectacle. About 350 riders took part, the procession being about a mile in length.

THE BEST TIME on record for one mile was made at Springfield, Mass., on October 22, on the Hampden Park track. The pacemakers were Woodside, Crocker and Hendee. Both Rowe and George M. Hendee have joined the ranks of the professionals.

THE AMERICAN TANDEM TRICYCLE records for four, six, seven, eight, nine and ten miles were beaten by Harry Walcott and Llewellyn H. Johnson, of the Orange Wanderers, over the Roseville track, October 23. The record by miles is: One mile, 3m. 18 2-5s.; two miles, 6m. 36 4-5s.; three miles, 10m. 15 2-5s.; four miles, 13m. 19 2-5s.; five miles, 16m. 46 2-5s.; six miles, 20m. 35 1-5s.; seven miles, 23m. 45 2-5s.; eight miles, 27m. 13s.; nine miles, 31m. 1 2-5s.; ten miles, 33m. 19 2-5s. The timers were J. W. Smith, W. A. Belcher, and Dr. T. N. Gray.

THE ROAD RACE of the Yonkers Bicycle Club over the four-mile course, ending at the Mansion House, Yonkers, which took place October 9, was marked by some pretty hard riding, owing to the bad condition of the road, particularly on the long hill, about two miles from the finish. The following is the order of the finish: D. G. Holbrook, 7m. 20s.; W. H. Ulrich, 17m. 39s.; H. W. Pagan, 18m. 15s.; R. J. Dick, 19m. 6s.; E. C. Thorne, 19m. 10s.; E. R. Holden, 20m. 35s.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Tech Cycling Club was held October 1. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, E. O. Goss, '87; Vice-

president, M. Rollins, '89; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Basford, '89; Captain, Mr. Hutchins, '89; First and Second Lieutenants, Messrs. Merrill, '89, and Mildram, '89. The club will hold runs every pleasant Saturday afternoon.

MR. MARTIN R. WINCHELL, of Boston, with Mr. Shepard, of New Haven, made a trip last month over the Hoosac to North Adams. After Shepard left, Winchell took a trip to New Hampshire, returning to Orange, N. J., then to Springfield, Mass., to see the racing, and from there to New York, the entire distance being ridden on a bicycle. Winchell's trip kept him on the road just 24 days, during which time he covered in all about 800 miles. The *Orange Journal*, in commenting on these trips says: "When such delightful tours, and such good times are possible, thanks to the 'wheel,' we cannot blame the young men for being anxious to possess a bicycle."

THE CONTEST THIS SEASON between W. A. Rhodes, of Dorchester, Mass., and W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, for record-breaking honors, culminated October 1, in quite an achievement for Rowe, he breaking the records for all distances above five miles. He rode within an hour's time, the remarkable distance of over 21 miles and 5 furlongs. In two subsequent trials against the watch, Rowe succeeded in establishing new records for 2, 3, 4 and 5 miles, and we presume will, at the first favorable opportunity, have a try at the mile figures. These achievements, accomplished in the presence of a full corps of competent officials, furnish indubitable evidence of the superiority of Rowe, as regards speed and endurance combined, over any man of his class in America.

THE ANNUAL ROAD RACES of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, held at Boston, October 16th, were a success in every way. Good time was made, considering the irregular courses, strong winds and bad condition of the roads. The races were started at 2:30 P. M. from the club house on Newbury Street, the first event being the 30-mile open race. The course was from Newbury Street to Wellesley Hills and return. There were eight contestants in the race, which was won by W. S. Doane, first time, 1h., 59m.; prize, \$50, gold medal. There were five entries in the 12 1-2 mile club tricycle race, which was won by W. K. Lewis. Lewis' time was 1h. 56m. The prize was a gold vest-badge. The closing race was over a 13 1-2 mile course, for club members, from the club-house to the Chestnut Hill reservoir, and return. In this race there were four contestants. Mr. R. G. Beazley won the first prize, his time being 1h. 53m. 15s. The prize was a silver cup. The race committee was as follows: A. D. Peck, Jr., W. M. Farrington, and N. D. Carey; starter, A. D. Peck. At the close of the races the prizes were presented at the club-house.

THE TOURNAMENT OF THE ASSOCIATED CLUBS of Baltimore, held at the Arlington Driving Park last month, was a decided success, the weather being fine, the attendance large and fashionable, and the track in excellent condition. In the ride to the tourney, there were 140 men in line, including members of the Maryland Bicycle Club, the Baltimore Cycle Club, of Baltimore; the Capital Bicycle Club, District Wheelmen, Washington Cycle Club, of Washington; Hagerstown Wheel Club, Rambling Cyclers, of Westminster; Wetheredsville Cycle Club, and riders who are attached to no particular club. The races at the tourney resulted as follows: Mile-dash — R. A. Whittingham won the race in 3m. 3 4-5s. In the



mile-dash, open to those riders who had never won a first or second prize, W. P. Hall won in 3m. 18s. In the 1½ mile challenge race, J. D. Lord won in 4m. 44¼s. The fourth race was a half-mile heat-race; Mr. Lord won in 1m. 29s. In the two-mile handicap race, H. L. Kingsland won in 6m. 11s. The three-mile race for Maryland riders was won by Mr. Winttingham. J. H. Cunningham won the three-mile handicap race in 10m. 48s. The credit of the affair was due to the committee of arrangements: Messrs. Samuel T. Clark, manager; G. N. Jacobi, secretary; Dr. C. E. Wingo, treasurer; Frank N. Clotworthy, Claude Worthington, Frank Slothower, C. R. Eisenbrandt, E. F. Le Cato, Ira C. Canfield, and the officers of the day; Messrs. J. Kemp Bartlett, Jr., referee; Dr. C. E. Wingo, J. E. Davidson, E. P. Hayden, judges; Captains: G. N. Jacobi, I. C. Canfield, F. M. Clotworthy, timers; Samuel T. Clark, starter; Claude Worthington, clerk; and J. E. Eberman, superintendent of the course.

#### DEER HUNTING.

A NOVEL RACE was witnessed on October 27, by the occupants of freight train 67, of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad. Just below Hall's station at the Norris siding, a deer ran alongside the track and ahead of the train, and it kept ahead of the train for over a mile, though the engineer put on steam and made extra time to catch it.

THE BLOOMING GROVE PARK ASSOCIATION'S officers for 1886-7 are as follows: President, Andrew J. Post, 102 Broadway, N. Y.; Vice-president, Robert B. Lawrence, 35 Wall street, New York; Treasurer, T. W. B. Hughes, 102 Broadway, New York; Secretary, Nathaniel S. Smith, 95 Nassau street, New York; Executive Committee, A. J. Post, *ex officio*; H. W. Nason, Nathaniel S. Smith. Fish and Game Committee, Spencer M. Nash, Edward Bradley, H. W. Nason, Robert B. Lawrence, Charles Francis Hardy.

#### FISHING.

THE NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION in October elected the following officers: President, Henry P. Wells, the author of "Rods and Rod-making," and "Fishing for Salmon;" vice-presidents, the Hon. H. P. McGown, M. M. Backus, John A. Roosevelt, T. B. Stewart, and Capt. William Dunning; secretary, Gonzalo Poey; treasurer, James L. Vallotton. It was resolved to have the fly-casting tournament on May 25 or 26, but the place was left undecided. The association will meet again on Saturday, January 8, at 2:30 o'clock at the same place.

Mr. Francis Endicott, who has been President of the association for the past five years, could not be persuaded to run again.

#### FOOT-BALL.

THE YALE ELEVEN defeated the eleven of the School of Technology, of Boston, on October 16, at New Haven, by a score of 96 points to 0. The weather was very cold, and the attendance, therefore, quite small. Beecher, the Yale quarterback, bore off the honors. Vorle, of the Techs, was so disabled as to be carried off the field.

THE PRINCETON ELEVEN took the Pennsylvania University team into camp at Princeton, on October 16, by a score of 30 points to 0. The visitors were out-played at nearly all points.

THE HARVARD TEAM met the visiting eleven of Stevens' Institute, at Cambridge, October 16, and

whipped them easily by a score of 44 to 0. Porter, Butler, Fletcher and Remington made the touch down. Captain Hart, of the Stevens' team, was injured and had to retire from the field in the second half.

THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY team defeated the Dickenson College eleven at South Bethlehem, on October 16, by 26 to 0. Butterworth, Howard and Pierce did the finest playing for Lehigh, and Wharton for Dickinson.

THE UNIONS OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE played the Staten Island club eleven at St. George's, on October 16, and won by a score of 22 to 0.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Intercollegiate Foot-Ball Association for 1886, was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city on October 16, on which occasion the college delegates were as follows: Captain R. M. Corwin, '87, and C. L. Hare, '87, represented Yale; Capt. W. A. Brooks, '87, and C. E. Hamlin, '84, Harvard; Capt. H. S. Savage, '87, and R. P. Bradford, '87, Princeton; Capt. J. C. Wells, '88, and J. M. Stevens, '87, Wesleyan; and Capt. F. W. Graham, '87 and N. B. Young, '87, the University of Pennsylvania. Up to the date of this convention Yale may be said to have had a controlling voice at the annual meetings, and in fact has generally run the conventions the past two or three years; but this time the new element from the Pennsylvania University made itself known, and "pooling their issues" with Harvard and Princeton, out-voted Yale and Wesleyan on every important issue. The main point in view for discussion was the question of the schedule of games for the champion cup campaign of 1886, and in settling the issue of the Yale and Princeton games the Princeton delegates advocated the playing of their match with Yale at Princeton. Captain Corwin of Yale, said that such a motion was unconstitutional, as the constitution provides that "the game between the two leaders shall be played on the New York Polo grounds on Thanksgiving day." Princeton said that the decrees of any of the Faculties of the contesting colleges were paramount to the constitution; that her Faculty last year had forbid her forever from playing on other than the grounds of one of the contesting colleges; that this Faculty decree had set aside the constitution last year, and would have to set it aside this year and in all ensuing years; and that she had played in New Haven last year on Yale's promise to play in Princeton this year. This Yale denied. Harvard and Pennsylvania viewed the matter in the same light as Princeton, while Wesleyan's idea of the subject corresponded with Yale's. The convention set the game for Princeton. Yale threatened to leave the association, but the threat was not heeded, and the date-making was gone on with, Yale having nothing to say. At last she came to terms, and a new schedule was arranged to suit the majority. On the question of the adoption of a ball it was decided to make the Lillywhite ball No. 5 the regulation ball of the association, the same to be purchased from Spalding Brothers, the American agents on Broadway. No changes were made in the rules, save that of inserting the words "in play" in the place of "until the ball has been put in motion" in rule.

THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY TEAM, of Montreal, on October 16 commenced its season with a match against the Britannias on the cricket grounds, before a large number of spectators. The game was started at 4 P. M., the Britannias kicking east with a very

heavy wind in their favor. After quite a struggle, the ball was forced down towards the McGill goal, and Blaiklock, by a splendid flying kick, scored a goal for the Brits. The McGill captain disputed this, but the referee decided against them, and the game was again started. From now until time was called there was nothing but scrimmages, with varying success. Unfortunately for McGill, the wind had now gone down, but with any amount of dash they held the ball around the Brits' goal. Their forward play was excellent, and their efforts were rewarded by a touch down by Macdonald, which was converted into a goal by Blanchard. The game now stood 11 to 8, but McGill began playing rather loose, and allowed the Brits to secure two rouges, and a touch down was obtained just as twilight was well set in. Thus ended the first match of the McGill boys this season. For the Brits, Arnton, Blaiklock, Stewart and Prevost, were, as usual, conspicuous, while for McGill, Drummond, Blanchard, May, Kirby and Hamilton played well. Macdonald made a rattling captain, and although suffering with a sprained ankle, played splendidly.

THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY team defeated the Upper Canada College fifteen by 38 points to 0, on the latter's grounds before a large crowd of spectators.

THE TRINITY MEDICAL COLLEGE fifteen, at Toronto, played the Toronto School of Medicine team on October 22, on the Jarvis street grounds. The play was exceptionally good on both sides, the Toronto school boys having a slight advantage, and winning the match by 1 goal to 0.

THE FIRST GAME of the Intercollegiate Association series was played October 30, at New Haven, on which occasion Yale won by 136 to 0. It was the largest record ever made in an intercollegiate game, and was only surpassed by the playing of Princeton and Lehigh in 1884, when the former made 140 to the latter's 0.

HARRY L. HAMLIN, of Chicago, a member of the rush line in the foot-ball team of Yale, while practising at foot-ball last October, during an exciting play, broke his right leg just above the ankle. He was at once taken to his rooms at the college, where the fracture was reduced. It will probably result in his separating from the team for the rest of the season. His loss will be severely felt, as he was one of the most valuable members of the team.

THE YALE FOOT-BALL TEAM began the inter-collegiate season on October 7, at New Haven, where they met the Wesleyan eleven and defeated them 74 points to 0. Yale began to score almost as soon as the ball was kicked off, and scored so often that any account would be monotonous repetition. Yale played a strong team game in which the features were the plays of Watkinson, Wallace, Beacher, Corwin, Gill and Morrison. The teams were: Yale — Rushers, Corwin, Gill, Woodruff, Corbin, Carter, Hamlin, Wallace; quarterback, Beacher; halfbacks, Watkinson and Morrison; fullback, Durant. Wesleyan — Rushers, Faber, Wells, Hughes, Eaton, Floy, Norton, Johnsons; quarterback, Steelman; halfbacks, Cobb and Manchester; fullback, Beattys. Referee — Peters, Yale '86.

NINE OF YALE's foot-ball team of last year have returned to college, while Princeton has lost all but four of her last year's eleven.

THE HARVARD ELEVEN played the "Tech's" team at Cambridge, October 9, and won by 56 to 0.

THE YALE ELEVEN met the Wesleyan team on October 9, at Middletown, Conn., and they again worsted the Wesleyans, the latter making a better fight than in the first match. Yale won by a scored 62 point to 0.

Hamlin, of the Wesleyan rush line, was disabled during the game. He and Battys did the best playing for the Middletown team, while Wallace, Woodruff, and Watkinson led the visitors in sharp work.

THE TORONTO FOOT-BALL TEAM, on October 23, defeated the Ottawa team on the Toronto Cricket grounds on the third round of the ties for the Ontario Rugby Union Cup, by a score of 8 points to 7, the figures being 8 to 0 at the end of the first half. About ten minutes before time was called, Auld received a severe blow on the mouth, his teeth being forced through his under lip. He was forced to discontinue play. The officers for the match were: Referee, Mr. R. M. Dennistoun; Umpires, Mr. A. Boyd, for Toronto, and Mr. A. G. Smith, for Ottawa.

THE FIRST MATCH OF THE SEASON at Princeton was played October 9, when the visiting eleven of the Stevens Institute were beaten by 58 points to 0.

THE PHILLIPS' EXETER ACADEMY eleven, on October 16, defeated the visiting Tufts' eleven, by 18 points to 8. The best playing for Exeter was done by Baker, Cranston and Rhodes; for Tufts' College by Burrill, Raymond and Ames.

HARVARD BEAT TUFTS, on October 23, at Cambridge, by 10 points to 0, the visitors playing a strong game.

THE WESTERN AND CENTRAL ASSOCIATIONS of Canada competed together at the Rosedale Athletic grounds on October 23, for the inter-association championship cup the contestants being picked teams of the two associations, and the result was one of the most exciting games of foot-ball, or indeed of any sport, that it has ever fallen to a Toronto crowd to witness. Last spring, for the first time, the representatives of the Central district, which includes the territory from Toronto to Kingston, succeeded in defeating their Western rivals, and returned with the championship cup in their possession. The Western men, however, felt confident that they had the better team, and that they would succeed in disposing of their opponents on the first occasion of meeting. From the start it was seen that the game was to be fast, scientific, and well contested. At the end of the first half the score stood at 2 to 1 in favor of the visitors, the struggle having been a hard one throughout. When time was called the game stood a draw, and the cup remains in Toronto for another half year.

THE FOOT-BALL CLUBS OF ST. CATHARINES, ONT., on October 14, united under the style and title of St. Catharines' Association Football Club, with the following officers: President, W. K. Pattison; secretary and treasurer, R. G. Macdonald.

THE ANNUAL MATCH at foot-ball between the undergraduates and graduates was played at the University of Pennsylvania grounds October 11, the former proving victorious by the small score of 4 points to 0 — one touchdown to nothing.

THE FIRST MATCH of the Provincial championship series took place on October 23, on the grounds of the Montreal Cricket Club, between the Montrealers and the Britannias. The weather was bright, though too cold to be pleasant for the spectators.

who numbered 1,200 persons. The annual matches between these two clubs always excite a great deal of interest in Montreal. The Britannias have not succeeded in defeating their rivals since the autumn of 1882. This year, however, both teams have undergone some important changes, and it was thought by many that the Brits would at length score a victory, but the Montreal team won by a score of 7 points to 5, after the first half had ended in favor of the Britannias by 3 to 2. The Rev. James Barclay acted as referee. Mr. George Blaiklock umpired for the Britannias and Mr. R. Stirling for Montreal.

THE HAMILTON CLUB on October 23 defeated the Guelph Agricultural College Foot-Ball team at Hamilton by 28 points to none.

THE ROUGHEST FOOT-BALL MATCH of October was that played at the Polo grounds in this city on October 27, between teams of the Wesleyan College and Pennsylvania University, the latter winning easily by 14 to 0. The match was played in a heavy rain-storm on a muddy field. In the last half, Beck, of Pennsylvania, and Fish, of Wesleyan, were disqualified by the referee for fighting. A. T. Baker, of Princeton, '85, refereed the game.

THE UPPER CANADA COLLEGE team defeated the second fifteen of Toronto, October 26, by 14 points to 12. The contest was close and interesting, the collegians playing a strong game.

A REFEREE caused a dispute at the Stevens-Lafayette match, at Hoboken, last month, by rendering a decision and then acknowledging that he had made an error. The question at issue is whether the referee has a right to alter his decision or not. If he has, Stevens wins by a score of 6 points to 5. If he has not, Lafayette wins by 5 to 6.

THE FOOT-BALL MATCHES in October among the elevens of the minor colleges include the following contests:

AT WORCESTER, MASS., October 23. — St. Mark's School, 23 points; Worcester Academy, 16 points.

AT EASTON, PA., October 20. — Lafayette College, 12 points; University of Pennsylvania, 0.

AT WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA., October 23. — High School, 26 points; Entre Nous, F. B. C., 0.

AT ST. GEORGE, S. I., October 23. — Cricket F. B. C. of Stevens' Institute, and Staten Island F. B. C. played a tie, each side scoring 4 points.

AT SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., October 21. — Seton Hall F. B. C., 32 points; Orange F. B. C., 0.

AT HAVERFORD, PA., October 20. — Sophomore teams. — Swathmore College, 21 points; Haverford College, 6 points.

AT BETHLEHEM, PA., October 23. — Lehigh University class games: Juniors, 28 points; Sophomores, 0.

AT FRANKLIN PARK, BOSTON, MASS. — October 23. — Jamaica High School, 8 points; English High and Latin School, 0.

AT MEDFORD, MASS., October 20. — Williams College, 61 points; Tufts College, 0.

IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, L. I., October 15. — Polytechnic Institute and Brooklyn Hill F. B. C., played a draw, neither team scoring.

AT ANDOVER, MASS., October 13. — Phillips Academy, 18 points; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 16 points.

AT AMHERST, MASS., October 13. — Amherst College, 15 points; Amherst Agricultural College, 5 points.

AT WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., October 16. — Williams College, 26 points; Ridgedief F. B. C., Albany, N. Y., 0.

AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October 16. — In Jarvis Field. Harvard College, 44 points; Stevens Institute, 0.

AT JERSEY CITY, N. J., October 16. — Rutgers College, 4 points; Hasbrouck Institute, 4 points.

AT EXETER, N. H., October 16. — Phillips Exeter Academy, 18 points; Tufts College, 8 points.

AT SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA., October 16. — Lehigh University, 26 points; Dickinson College, 0.

AT HAVERFORD, PA., October 16. — Haverford College, Class of '89, 28 points; Class of '90, 0.

AT HARTFORD, CONN., October 15. — Wesleyan University, 47 points; Amherst College, 0.

AT EASTON, PA., October 18. — Lafayette College, 24 points; Dickinson College, 5 points.

AT EASTON, PA., October 16. — Lafayette College, 28 points; Rutgers College, 2 points.

AT VINELAND, N. J., October 27. — Princeton Freshmen, 110; Vineland College, 0.

AT EAST ORANGE, N. J., October 16. — Newark Academy, 10 points; Brick Church F. B. C., 6 points.

AT LAWRENCEVILLE, N. J., October 16. — Tioga F. B. C., 25 points; Princeton Preparatory School, 0.

AT DORCHESTER, MASS., October 15. — High School, 4 points; English High and Latin School, 0.

AT AMHERST, MASS., October 30. — Amherst, 6 goals to Williams 4.

AT HOBOKEN, N. J., October 30. — Lehigh University vs. Stevens Institute, a tie on the score of no points.

AT STATEN ISLAND, October 30. — Cutlers Academy and Austin's School, 26 to 6.

AT ITHACA, N. Y., Sophomores vs. Freshmen, 9 to 0.

HARVARD BEAT DARTMOUTH, October 30, at Cambridge, by 70 points to 0, on a wet muddy field during a heavy fall of rain.

THE NEW ENGLAND INTER-COLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL ASSOCIATION, which embraces Williams, Amherst and Tufts' colleges, as also the Institute of Technology, held a meeting to elect officers in Springfield, Mass., on September 24, with the appended result: The following changes were made in the revised playing rules of W. C. Camp:

Rule 4, line 3, "is held or down," changed to "is carried across."

Section II., Rule 17, last sentence omitted.

The fall schedule was also made out, arranging games from October 20 to November 20, the series making twelve games.

THE ANNUAL MATCH between the Hamilton F. B. C. and the Toronto F. B. C., took place on Saturday the 2d October, at Toronto on the Toronto Cricket Club grounds, before a large turnout of spectators. The Hamilton men took the kick-off; and when Jordan of the Toronto's was running with the ball, Gillespie, of Hamilton endeavored to check him and was unfortunate enough to have both bones of his leg below the knee broken off, with a crack that could be heard across the field. This was a most unfortunate beginning, but by good luck was the only casualty of the day. The Torontos outplayed the visitors everywhere except in the scrimmages, when Hamilton, having a very heavy team, had the advantage, but were unable to do anything in the way of passing the "ball" to the backs as the Toronto forwards were playing dead on the

ball. The score at the finish showed 22 points made up of two goals, a tug and two roughs for Toronto, and nothing for Hamilton.

#### HARE AND HOUNDS.

THE OUTING CLUB of the C. C. N. Y., held their first hare-and-hounds chase of the season on October 16. The start was made at 10.50. The course was past Judge Smith's Road House, through Tremont to Fordham to Williams' Bridge and return. The hares, Messrs. C. K. Johansen, '87, and T. H. Knox, '88, arrived at the finish at 12.54, eleven minutes before the first hounds, Messrs. Berghane, '87, and Charvet, '90, who arrived at 1.05 P. M. Then came L. M. F. Haase, '87, at 1.14 P. M., and Messrs. Pyne and Haniphy, '90, at 1.24 P. M. The others straggled in later, no time being taken. The master of the hunt was W. J. Barr, '88, and the whippers-in Messrs. Bradley and Haase, '87. The chase was an unqualified success, and all present had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

THE HARVARD HARE AND HOUNDS CLUB held their first field meet on October 19, on which occasion Messrs. Austin, '87, and Dana, '88, were the hares, and Mr. Webster, '87, acted as Master of the hounds. The two hares started from the usual meeting-place in front of Matthews' Hall at 3.45 p.m. The pack followed about three minutes later. The course lay first in the direction of Brattle St., via various backyards and apple orchards. Then the scraps of paper led the hounds out near the reservoir to the brickyards not far from Fresh Pond, where it was wholly lost. After a search of some six or seven minutes, the trail again found, led across the railroad to Porter's Station. Here it was lost again, and for a long time the whole pack was entirely at fault. The main part of the hounds, including the Master, started in the direction of Somerville and the suburbs, but about fourteen hounds wandered down Washington St., and, crossing to Columbia St., found the trail. After waiting several minutes and shouting "Tally Ho" repeatedly, and finding that the rest of the pack were not to be found, followed the paper down to Norton's Woods, where it was again lost. After a long search it was discovered, and passing through Hovey's nursery, the trace ended at Cambridge St. The bags were not found, however, as darkness had closed in. The pack then called in the stragglers, and after cheering the H. A. A. made a regular break for the gymnasium. Messrs. R. T. Payne, jr., '88, A. T. Perkins, '87, were respectively first and second. They reached the gymnasium steps at 5.40 P. M. The hares arrived within fifty-seven minutes after starting. The rest of the hounds, with the Master, unable to find the scent, made a break at Porter's Station for home. The first man in was Mr. T. C. Craig, '87. He arrived about twenty minutes after the hares. The weather was perfect, and the run was most enjoyable, as most slow hunts are.

#### HOMING PIGEONS.

THE NEWARK HOMING CLUB liberated their five best birds at Liberty, Va., on October 2, at 6.23 A. M. The air-line distance from Liberty to Newark, 1 372 miles, and the return to each loft were as follows:

|                   | HOME.   | AVG. SPEED.  |
|-------------------|---------|--------------|
| W. B. Garrabrants | 4:15:30 | 1,107 yards. |
| T. F. Pittenger   | 4:33:30 | 1,077 "      |
| Wm. Bennert       | 4:33:30 | 1,073 "      |
| B. Elwell         | 4:38:30 | 2,064 "      |

THE LONGEST FLIGHT on record was that of a pigeon which was released on October 16, at

Wicheta, Kan., and arrived at Wheeling, Va., the same day, after a journey of 1,200 miles, accomplished in fifty-three hours and forty-one minutes. The actual flying time is supposed to be about 24 hours, the bird having done 50 miles per hour while on the wing. This record is one of the best ever made. An offer of \$100 for the bird has been refused. The bird is 1½ years old, half English and half imported Belgium stock. The bird is owned by Michael Freismuth, of Wheeling, a bird fancier.

#### HUNTING.

THE COUNTRY CLUB's annual meet at Bartow, N. Y., on October 22, was a very enjoyable gathering, the weather being very fine. Invitations had been extended to the Meadow Brook, Rockaway and Essex Hunt clubs, and all had some of their members present to contend for the brush. Huntsmen were gathering all the morning at the meeting place, John L. Ellis' home close by the Country's Club's house. There a hunt breakfast was given by Mr. and Mrs. Ellis. At 3 P. M. a blast from the horn brought out the score of men and half-dozen young ladies to mount, and a moment later the pack of hounds were loosed and, led by Frederick O. Beach, the master of the hunt, the start was made. The trail almost at once began to lie through a hard country. For the first mile, however, the party kept closely together. Open country was reached after the second mile, but the run was made over a varying surface more or less broken for the rest of the way. A general direction toward New Rochelle was kept and a run of about 9 miles was made before the tired huntsmen turned their faces toward the Country Club house once more. O. Bird was first whip, and the other members from the Country Club besides Mr. Beach, were N. H. Potter, E. C. Potter, James C. Cooley, Raymond Belmont, Ralph N. Ellis, A. V. H. Ellis, John H. Screven, and Mr. Blondell, of England. In the evening a brilliant ball was given at the comfortable club-house of the Country Club. The house and the grounds were prettily decorated and illuminated. The patronesses of the ball were Mrs. James M. Waterbury, Mrs. C. O. Iselin, Mrs. Henry G. Coster, Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. Frederick W. Jackson, Mrs. Delancey A. Kane, and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

THE HAMPTON CLUB, of Southampton, L. I., had its annual fall meet on the Shinnecock Hills, near Southampton, on September 18, the occasion being the fourth annual meet of the club. About forty people rode to the hounds, and many spectators viewed the run from carriages. Altogether the run of between four and five miles proved one of the most interesting ever held by the club. The hounds used were all bred at the club's kennels, and did very creditable work as a whole, losing the scent but twice. One of the youngsters who ran down the fox the first time was bitten by the animal, and let go his hold before it could be dispatched. Miss Brady, a daughter of Judge Brady, reached the spot as Reynard made a fresh dash for liberty, and to her was presented the brush, when a few minutes later the hounds had again caught up with the fox and killed him. Miss Brady was the first lady in at the death, and proved herself an easy and graceful rider. She fared better than Miss Alice Whitaker, who was thrown, but who, fortunately, escaped injury. After the hunt the riders and their friends were the recipients of the hospitality of master of the hounds, Mr. George Whitaker, at his residence near Southampton.

THE ESSEX COUNTY HUNT opened their Fall hunting season on October 2, with a meet at the club-house at St. Cloud. The feature of the meet was a jumping match between the horses of the hunt, in which Messrs. Farr, Thebaud, Perry, Bronson, Lee, Heckscher, Wheeler, Pfizer, Robinson and Callery participated. Mr. Wheeler had a fall but was uninjured, and Mr. Perry had a narrow escape from injury. He was jumping Mr. Callery's horse at 5 feet 6 inches, when the animal fell, throwing his rider directly under his front feet. The demolishing of a hat appeared to be the only damage. Mr. Perry immediately mounted his own horse and took the jump in fine style. The first prize was won by Mr. F. M. Wheeler's Prince Faithful, ridden at the last two jumps by Huntsman Howard, clearing 5 feet 8 inches. Mr. C. A. Lee, on Mrs. Douglass Robinson's Pilot, captured the second prize. The latter's horse and his rider received the greater part of the applause, the horse for its clean jumps, and the rider for his fine seat. The judges were Messrs. Henry Munn, Frank C. O'Reilly, and Oliver Sumner Teall.

#### KENNEL.

THE FIELD TRIALS at the Robins Island Club are announced for November 23, and the event will be an interesting one. The shares of the club, by the way, are not easily to be had, and are at a premium. Among this year's improvements are the new club-house and the new dock. The plan of stocking the island with birds has been changed, the rule now being to put out a few at a time, and to watch them carefully. The club has also introduced squirrels, rabbits, wild turkey, and pheasants; the pond has been newly stocked with fish, and orchards of fruit-trees laid out. Besides which, members are breeding some first-class dogs.

#### LACROSSE.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP was competed for at Montreal, on October 2, before a crowd of over eight thousand people, the contesting twelve being the Montreal and Shamrock clubs of Montreal. The result was the success of the Montreal twelve by a score of three goals to two, after a most exciting contest. The ball was faced at 3.30 P. M., and after a spirited struggle of six minutes the Montreal scored the first goal. The second game was equally well contested, but the Montrealers scored the second in 12m. The third game was a surprise, as Barry of the Shamrocks made the most magnificent throw, over three-fourths of the field, that has ever been witnessed here, the ball going through the goals and winning the first game for the team; time, 45s. The fourth game was vigorously fought by both sides, but ended in a victory for the Hibernians; time, 4m.

Excitement was now at a very high pitch. The fifth game turned out the longest of all. The Montrealers took this game after a desperate struggle; time, 11m., thereby winning the match. This victory virtually gives the championship to Montreal, as that club, on October 3, stood at the head of the winning teams, with 10 games to their credit during the season, the Toronto club standing second, with nine games scored.

THE BEAUTIFUL LACROSSE FIELD at St. George, Staten Island, was, on October 2, the scene of a well-contested match for the championship of the United States, between the representative club teams of New York and Boston, the Independents of Boston being the challengers. The latter had been defeated the Saturday before by the South Boston club's twelve,

and in consequence they had almost given up the idea of challenging the New Yorkers. But they got together a good team, and came on to New York to do their best, and they did it handsomely. The record of the season showed that the New Yorkers had twice beaten the Druids this year; the New York University, Stevens Institute and Princeton College teams also had fallen to its prowess; they had gained a great victory over the Torontos, champions of Canada, on the home grounds of the latter; three times they defeated the Brooklyns. The New Yorks wrested the national championship from the St. Pauls, who had held it since 1884, winning only after a desperate battle, the western men using every means to keep the honor in their section of the country. Besides the championship the contest was to decide the possession of the Oelrich cup, which the Westchester club gave in 1878 to be won by the club winning the most games in three years. The New Yorks won it in 1881, and presented it to the National Association. Louisville won it in 1882, lost it to the Calumets of Chicago in 1883, who lost it to St. Paul in 1884. This year it was won back again by the New York club from St. Pauls', and now the Independents hold possession of it. The team that the Independents had in the field were probably the strongest ever sent out to represent Boston. All except Simson are players who have had experience in Canada. The team was in charge of ex-President James A. McGee. The Independents are recognized as a team that plays the best lacrosse in New England, fair, square and without roughness, and to no club could the national championship have been more deservedly intrusted.

The Boston team was captained by Mr. Ross, and presented a fine appearance. Edward Clapp was the captain of the New Yorks. The ball was faced by Kirwin, of Boston, and Marson, of the New Yorks, at 4:20.

The New Yorks played a pretty game at the start, but were apparently unprepared for the vigorous attack made by Boston. Simpson, of Boston, after 12 minutes' play, sent the ball down to the New Yorks' goal, and McLaughlin put it through, scoring the goal for Boston.

The second game lasted 8m., but New York was outplayed at every point, McCaull winning the second goal for New York.

In the third game, the Boston attack broke down New York's defense entirely, McLaughlin winning the third goal for Boston, by a pass from Lebrun, the time being 4m.

The New York captain thought it was about time to make some change in the disposition of his field, and, accordingly, took Matthews off goal, and put the veteran Wheeler in his place, sending Matthews to the attack. The change had the desired effect, for, although Boston played up pluckily, the goal was captured for New York by Popham, who had just previously had his head badly cut in a scrimmage.

The fifth game lasted seven minutes, but the champions again allowed Boston to win, McCaull making the winning spot from a pass by Carson.

New York won the next game after four minutes' play, Popham making the shot. Seventeen minutes' further play resulted in goal being made, and the Independents of Boston were declared the champions of the United States and the winners of the Westchester cup.

The New Yorkers, who only won the championship and cup on July 5 last, at St. Paul, Minn., took their defeat gracefully and expressed their intention of going to Boston soon to regain the trophy. The players:

| NEW YORK.               | POSITIONS.               | INDEPENDENTS. |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|---------------|
| Matthews . . . . .      | Goal . . . . .           | N. Hagan      |
| D. Brown . . . . .      | Point . . . . .          | J. K. Simpson |
| A. D. Ritchey . . . . . | Cover-point . . . . .    | J. Royal      |
| W. Robinson . . . . .   | First defense . . . . .  | G. L. Brun    |
| E. Merritt . . . . .    | Second defense . . . . . | G. Lavigne    |
| G. Popham . . . . .     | Third defense . . . . .  | T. J. Fry     |
| T. Marson . . . . .     | Centre field . . . . .   | F. Kirwin     |
| J. C. Gerndt . . . . .  | Third attack . . . . .   | A. Ritchie    |
| E. C. Mather . . . . .  | Second attack . . . . .  | W. Rice       |
| W. Meharg . . . . .     | First attack . . . . .   | G. Carson     |
| J. McClair . . . . .    | Outside home . . . . .   | P. McLaughlin |
| F. S. Wheeler . . . . . | Inside home . . . . .    | T. McCaul     |
| Ed. Clapp . . . . .     | Field captain . . . . .  | W. R. Ross    |

Umpires—Messrs. Hooper and Wade. Referee—W. Ritchie. Time of game—1h. 30m. Goals won—Independents, 4; New Yorks, 2.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONSHIP was won by the Orillia twelve at Toronto, on October 11. The Brants of Paris and Cornwall Juniors played the first game, which resulted in favor of the Brants in three straight goals. The Orillias of Orillia and Young Canadians of Richmond Hill then played, the former taking two goals to one. The Brants of Paris and Thistles of Fergus then entered the field, and the Brants won three straight goals. The Brants and Orillias played the deciding game next day, the latter winning three of the five goals.

THE CONTEST for the senior championship in the New England Lacrosse Association has resulted in a tie for first place between the South Boston and Independents, the latter having been beaten by the former by three goals to nothing on September 25.

THE BALTIMORE DRUIDS took the Princeton College eleven into camp at Oriole Park, on October 30, after a very stubbornly contested game. The Princeton, having been defeated three times in succession by the Druids, had made up their minds that they must win at least one game. Both clubs fought hard and recklessly, paying little or no respect to life or limb. Many a man was bruised. Quite often during the game time had to be called. The game became more and more exciting as it went on, and when it neared the end the strain upon the audience as well as the players became almost beyond restraint.

The Princeton made two goals in the first half to the Druid's one, and when they increased this by another goal, soon after the second half was started, they felt confident of an easy victory. The Druids, however, refused to become demoralized.

C. Bliss made the first goal for Princeton after 13 minutes' play. Two minutes later Nicholson made the second goal. He also made third and last for his team. Penniman and Pennington did the winning work for the Druids.

#### PEDESTRIANISM.

WILLIAM HANNER, '90, of Yale, who is from Philadelphia, on October 23, in a trial run, on the Yale Athletic grounds, ran two miles in 10m. 40 4-5s., breaking the intercollegiate record of 11m. 2s.

#### QUOITING.

THE YONKERS QUOITING CLUB, on October 22, held their first tournament. There were eight competing teams, with the following scores: J. Findlayson, 21, George B. Wray, 19; George Frazier, 21, G. Walsh, 16; John Frazier, 21, William Greenhalgh, 19; Wm. Roy, 21, William Chrystie, 15; W. Kellock, 21, J. Rowland, 12; Sergeant McLaughlin, 12; Thomas Wigley, 21, Charles Pike, 20; E. L. Thomas, 21, R. Eickemeyer, jr., 20. In pitching off the contest narrowed down to W. and J. Kellock, the latter winning by a score of 21 to 12. The prizes, two elegant silver cups, were awarded to these gentlemen.

#### RIFLE.

THE BLUE and the GRAY teams had their return match at Winchester, Va., October 13, when the Blues won by 51 points. The handsome solid silver cannon, given by Herbert C. Hill, of Boston, which was won last fall by the Grays, now returns to Boston. The Blue team consists of Cpts. Geo. W. Carpenter, F. H. Buffum, C. W. Hodgdon, S. E. Howard, of Boston, and Jas. Welch, of Randolph, Vermont. Capt. Hodgdon, of Boston, made the best average, 82 out of a possible 100. The Blues led at the 200 yards by 7, and at the 500 yards by 44.

#### ROWING.

THE FALL REGATTA of the Yale Navy took place on Lake Saltonstall, Oct. 13. In the single-scul race, one and a half miles, for the Cleveland trophy, the starters were: F. C. Copley, '87; J. Fischer, '88; J. G. Ewing, '89; E. V. Hinckley, '89, and H. W. Vernon, '89, Fischer winning in 12:35.

The one-mile race between six-oared crews of the Academic and Scientific classes were won by the Academics in 6:19.

The eight-oared two-mile shell race between the Junior and Sophomore crews was won by the former in 11:48.

Captain Rogers, of the Yale 'Varsity Crew, was the referee.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Harvard University Boat Club, held October 11, when F. S. Coolidge was elected president, C. F. Adams third vice-president, C. Amory secretary, and F. G. Balch treasurer. The resolution that "members or coxswain of the University crew must not row in the class crews" was passed unanimously.

THE HANDSOME BOAT HOUSE of the Staten Island Athletic Club was entirely destroyed early on the morning of October 4 through the carelessness of the pilot of a steam tug having in tow some coal barges, one of which struck the posts supporting the boat-house, and wrecked the whole structure. The boat-house was the finest in the State, and the damage was estimated on the house at \$10,000. Loss on shell-boats belonging to the club, \$8,000; loss on private boats, \$3,000; loss on furniture and piano, \$4,000; total, \$25,000.

AT THE FALL REGATTA at Lake Saltonstall, October 13, the Harvard sophomore crew beat the juniors by 21 seconds. In the freshman race between '90 and '89, S., '90 won by about three lengths.

THE OFFICERS of the YALE BOAT CLUB elected last September, are as follows:

President, L. B. Gawtry, '89, S.; vice-president, H. C. Foster, '90; secretary and treasurer, H. D. Collins, '90; Sheff. treasurer, A. H. Day, '89, S.

THE PALISADE BOAT CLUB of Yonkers celebrated its twentieth anniversary on October 22. The festivities consisted of a dinner at the club-house. After dinner, the president, Robert G. Jackson, made a speech in which he congratulated the club upon its prosperity, and stated that it was nearly of age. He was followed by W. W. Scrugham, who read a paper on the history of the club, showing that it is the oldest organization in America for the promotion of rowing and other sports, the athletic club of New York being the next oldest.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the National Amateur Rowing Association held their October meeting at the Gilsey House this city, on October 9, to adjudicate on disputes and complaints which had occurred

this season since their spring meeting. The committee included: President, H. W. Garfield, N. Y.; secretary, W. H. Gilson, Washington, D. C.; treasurer, H. K. Hinchman, of Philadelphia; M. A. Muller, Commodore Passaic River Amateur Rowing Association; J. S. Aborn, Providence; W. R. Tucker, Philadelphia, and C. G. Peterson, of New York City. As a number of Newark oarsmen were present to present their side of the pair-oared gig-race foul at the Newark regatta on the 5th of July last, the routine business was laid over. It was decided that the committee had no jurisdiction over the dispute between the New York Athletic Club and Eureka Boat Club teams, but as the New York Athletic Club had had a hearing, Weldon and Freeman, the offending rowers, were allowed to testify that it was an accident. The application of Mr. Swingle, of the Nonpareil Boat Club — better known as "Harry Force," who once fought Jack Dempsey, and was therefore disqualified as an amateur — for reinstatement was considered. As his club and a number of well-known amateurs recommended it, he was reinstated. The application of T. F. Buckley, of Lynn, Mass., for his brother's requalification as an amateur was denied, as was the application of McClusker and Smith, of Philadelphia, who rowed in 1879 for a cash prize of \$400.

THE HYDE PARK (ILL.) BOAT CLUB now has a membership of sixty-three, mostly of the active class, and Secretary Douglass, in a note to OUTING, says: "We sail open and decked boats, schooner and sloop rigged, from 16 to 25 feet.

"Although our club has been organized but one year, we have about 28 to 30 boats, and have built the second largest boat-house on Lake Michigan, costing about \$25,000."

The club officers for the season are as follows: Commander, W. H. V. Rosing; vice-Commander, W. R. Root; Captain, J. D. Sherman; Ensign, H. B. Cook; President, D. M. Lord; vice-President, W. S. Noyes; Secretary, Frank L. Douglass; Treasurer, T. D. Yates; Measurer, B. P. H. man, jr.

### SHOOTING.

THE CENTRAL ILLINOIS SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION's eighth annual convention and tournament, at Decatur, October 5, 6, 7, was well attended. Twenty-one matches were shot — six at live pigeons, eight at clay pigeons, and seven at Peoria black-birds. Shoot No. 3, ten single live pigeons, for the individual championship of Central Illinois and a \$25 gold badge, resulted as follows: Carter, 10; Brown, 9; Thursby, 9; Scott, 10; Lamphier, 8; Powers, 9; Pringle, 4; Smith, 10; Heiligenstein, 8; Williams, 9; Parent, 8; Baker, 9. On the shoot-off, J. Z. Scott, of Delavan, won by killing six straight birds. The championship team shoot, at ten single Peoria black-birds, was won by the Decatur team; score, 34 out of a possible 40. Delavan, 31; Jacksonville, 30.

THE CARTERET GUN CLUB had a lively field meeting on October 26, at the club grounds, at Bergen Point, N. J. Although young, this club is in some respects in advance of the other shooting clubs of this vicinity, the proximity of its grounds to the city, and its easy access making it a popular club for New Yorkers fond of shooting. The chief interest of the day centered in a trial of the new system of handicapping devised by the committee, and put into operation for the first time on this occasion. The Carteret Gun Club numbers among its members such first-class shots as W. C. Floyd-Jones, Pierre Lorillard, jr., Dr. Knapp, J. Seaver Page, Frederick P.

Sands, and George Work, and the Handicapping Committee have devised a method which it is hoped will enable the less skillful members to stand upon a more equal footing than the old system of handicapping accomplishes. The plan consists, briefly, in handicapping the contestants at boundaries (within which the birds must be gathered in order to score) as well as rise. The committee has divided the members into three classes: Class A, 35 yards boundary; Class B, 50 yards boundary, and Class C, 80 yards boundary. This does not prevent good shooting (as would the fact of placing a man back to 31 or 33 yards' rise, but affects only the scoring). The shooting on the occasion was for a subscription cup, to be won twice before becoming the property of a member. Dr. G. L. Knapp, Class A, 28 yards' rise, won handsomely, killing 9 in excellent style to 1 missed. The new scheme appeared to give great satisfaction, and the general idea seemed to be that it will go far towards encouraging practice among the less skillful or experienced members of the club.

### SWIMMING.

THE DOLPHIN SWIMMING CLUB, of Toronto, at its meeting on October 1, unanimously resolved to introduce several new features, tending to a more extended organization and greater practical usefulness of the club. Since the organization of the club in 1881 its members have been instrumental in saving forty-five lives from drowning. In view of the above services rendered to the citizens, the club consider themselves entitled to the hearty support of the public. The following are the life-saving medallists of the club: — Capt. W. D. Andrews, R. H. S.; Capt. J. L. Rawbone, R. H. S.; Capt. Wm. Ward, R. H. S., and J. J. D. Patry, R. H. S.

### TENNIS.

MESSRS. BREED, '90, AND HARD, '90, of Yale, were the winners of the doubles in the University Tennis tournament.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION, on October 12, elected G. M. Brinley, of Trinity, president for the ensuing year; P. S. Sears, of Harvard, vice-president, and H. W. Cooley, of Yale, secretary and treasurer.

IN THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT, October 16, between the Phillips Exeter Academy and the Andovers, the Phillips Exeters won the singles and the Andovers the doubles.

THE OPEN LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT of the Staten Island Ladies' Out-Door Club, ended on October 8, after a most enjoyable and interesting series of contests, a commendable feature of which was the participation of so many lady players, there being far too many of these lawn tennis tournaments in which lady players are debarred from entry in the prize series of games. In this tourney the fine play shown by the Misses Leslie, Grundy, Miller, Ward, Austin, Hoberts, and Trowbridge, was very pleasing, these games really being the chief attractions of the tourney. The result is as follows:

#### LADIES' SINGLES.

*Final Round.* — Miss Grundy, Staten Island Ladies' Club, beat Miss Leslie, Philadelphia, 6—2, 6—4.

#### LADIES' DOUBLES.

*Final Round.* — Miss Grundy and Miss Clark beat Miss Austin and Miss Ward, 2—6, 6—2, 6—3.



LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES.

*Third Round.*—Miss V. Hobart and Mr. H. A. Taylor beat Miss Miller and Mr. Campbell, 6—5, 6—2; Miss Hobart and Mr. E. P. McMullen beat Miss Leslie and Mr. C. Hobart, 6—3, 1—6, 6—3.

*Final Round.*—Miss V. Hobart and Mr. H. A. Taylor beat Miss Hobart and Mr. E. P. McMullen, 6—7, 6—3, 6—2.

THE YALE TOURNEY, of October 14, 15 and 16, was marked by the best play seen at any of the recent tourneys. The most interesting event was the match in the doubles between Knapp and Thatcher, of Yale, and Brinley and Paddock, of Trinity. Both teams did sharp and excellent work. In the third round of the singles Brinley, of Trinity, beat Thatcher, of Yale, 6—2, 6—2, and in the final round Brinley defeated P. Sears, of Hartford, 6—0, 6—4, 6—2. For second place in the singles, P. Sears beat Gardner, of Yale, 6—1, 6—2. He also defeated Chase, of Amherst, 6—3, 6—3. This gave Brinley first prize in the singles. On the 16th, Thatcher, of Yale, defeated P. Sears, of Harvard, for second place in the intercollegiate single by a score of 1—6, 6—3, 6—3. In the ladies' tournament, after the sifting process had been completed, the final in the doubles was won by Miss Lente, of Cold Springs, N. Y., and Miss N. B. Trowbridge, of New Haven, over Miss Kellogg and Miss Greggs, of Waterbury, by a score of 6—1, 6—3.

AT THE LADIES' TENNIS TOURNEY, October 18, at the grounds of the New Haven Lawn Club, the first prizes were all won and awarded. In spite of the cold weather there were crowds of spectators present. Miss Lesley, of Philadelphia, won the first prize in the ladies' singles, and Miss Miller and Mr. Brinley took first place in the mixed doubles. The result of the play is as follows: Final round—Miss Lesley against Miss Miller, 6—1, 6—4. Mixed double. Final round—Miss Miller and Mr. Brinley against Miss Trowbridge and Mr. Thatcher, 6—2, 6—4. Handsome prizes were awarded the winners by the Hon. William H. Law, in a witty speech. The tournament has been a great success.

HALL, '87, won the championship in the singles, and Streebeigh and Smith the doubles in the Columbia College Tennis Tournament.

THE LAWN TENNIS ASSOCIATION of the College of the City of New York held its election for officers on October 15, with the appended result: President, L. M. Josephthal, '87; Vice-President, E. B. Currier, '89; Secretary, F. B. Poor, '89.

AT NEW HAVEN, on October 15, Messrs. Knapp and Thatcher won the final set in the final doubles in the intercollegiate tournament, by a score of 7—5, 6—5, against Brinley and Paddock, of Trinity. The result gives the championship to Yale.

AN EXCITING GAME was played October 23, on the Beck Hall grounds, at Cambridge, Mass., between the Harvard players, D. K. Snow, '88, and H. Kuhn, '87, to decide the winner of first place in singles in the fall tournament of the Harvard Tennis Association. A crowd of over 300 students watched the playing. Both men played in fine form, and made many brilliant and difficult plays. Snow is a good all-round man, while Kuhn is weak in serving, but great in returning and placing the ball. After nearly two hours of contest, Snow won the set and

first place by the following score: Snow beat Kuhn, 6—3, 6—2, 2—6, 8—6.

TOBOGGANING.

THE VICTORIA TOBOGGAN AND SNOW SHOE CLUB, of Hamilton, on October 20, elected the following officers: President, Mr. C. K. Domville; secretary, Mr. F. E. Dallyn; treasurer, Mr. J. C. Gillespie; committee of management, Messrs. C. W. Tinling, R. Noblett, R. C. Fearman, T. W. Lester, E. Alexander, P. Domville, T. Wanzer, F. Wanzer, A. Crisp, A. White.

THE ORANGE TOBOGGAN CLUB recently held an election, and chose Mr. Oliver S. Teall, the father of the organization, as president. The club will put forth every exertion to increase the interest in the Canadian sport it introduced so successfully last year. The slide is to be lengthened and improved, and an elaborate programme is being arranged. The Tuxedo Club is also making preparations for tobogganing this winter, and its slide, which is soon to be begun, will be a superb one, and will surpass that at Orange, inasmuch as it will descend to the shore of the lake over whose glassy surface the tobogganers will be enabled to glide.

TURF.

AN INTERESTING STATEMENT relative to the distance a trotting-horse covers at each second at various rates of speed, yields the appended: Maud S., when she covered a mile in 2:08¾, traveled 41½ feet per second. At a 2:20 gait a horse travels 37½ feet per second. At a 2:25 gait he travels 36½ feet per second. At a 2:30 gait he travels 35½ feet in the same time. At a 2:35 gait he travels 34½ feet; at a 2:40 gait the distance traveled is 33 feet; at a 2:45 gait, 32 feet; at a 2:50 gait, 31½ feet; at a 2:55 gait, 30½ feet. When going a mile in 3 minutes he travels over 29½ feet per second; at a 3:10 gait, 27¾ feet; at a 3:20 gait, 26½ feet; at a 3:30 gait, 25½ feet; at a 3:40 gait, 24 feet; at a 3:50 gait, 23 feet, and at a 4:00 gait, 22 feet per second.

IT IS TWENTY YEARS AGO since an English running horse has accomplished the feat performed this season by the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde in winning the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger stakes. The three events were won by West Australian in 1853, by Gladiator in 1865, and by Lord Lyon in 1866.

YACHTING.

THE TOLEDO YACHT *Fanchon*, on October 18, again won the sweepstakes and championship of fresh water in a splendid race on Lake Erie, beating the Toledo yacht *Alice Enright* 15 minutes, and sending the *Sylvia*, of Detroit, and *Scud*, of Toledo, home before turning the stake. The weather was delightful, with a good sailing breeze from the east. The course was 15 miles to windward and return, and the *Fanchon* won from the start, outbeating the *Sylvia*, the crack worker to windward, in her own wind, and performing a similar feat for the *Enright* when running before the wind. The *Fanchon's* time was 5:08:57 for the 45 miles.

THE LEADING ENGLISH YACHTS in the prominent regattas held in England this past season of 1886 were as follows:

| YACHTS.              | Starts. | First Prize Winners. | Total Prizes Won. | Value of Prizes. |
|----------------------|---------|----------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| May . . . . .        | 36      | 17                   | 28                | \$1,055          |
| Irex . . . . .       | 34      | 16                   | 19                | 890              |
| Neptune . . . . .    | 27      | 12                   | 20                | 657              |
| Marjorie . . . . .   | 35      | 9                    | 18                | 700              |
| Mary . . . . .       | 17      | 7                    | 12                | 109              |
| Wender . . . . .     | 24      | 6                    | 12                | 455              |
| Arethusa . . . . .   | 26      | 6                    | 11                | 298              |
| Slouthound . . . . . | 6       | 2                    | 2                 | 205              |
| Genesta . . . . .    | 10      | 1                    | 2                 | 35               |

THE TRIAL RACES between the Boston sloop "Thetis," and the English cutter "Stranger" ended October 11. The series of races were best two in three, and the Thetis won only the first race, the Stranger winning the second and third, and therefore the series. The first race was easily won by the Thetis in a twenty-knot breeze, and the second and third were won by the Stranger in a light eight or ten knot breeze. The entire course was about twenty-five miles in length, and the fact that five hours were consumed in going this distance will give some idea of the strength of the wind in the last race. Both yachts carried club-topsails and jib-topsails to catch every breath of wind that was stirring. The Thetis was sailed by Captain Snow, and at his elbow stood Captain Crocker, of the Puritan. The Stranger won the last race by ten minutes. As showing the relative merits of the two boats in a heavy sea and stiff breeze, Captain Snow says that in the thrash to windward up around Cape Cod the cutter was buried so deeply at the bow that Mr. Warren, her owner, feared to send his men forward to haul in the heavy bowsprit. During this time Captain Snow, on the Thetis, had his mate or a seaman on the bowsprit forward of the mast.

AN EXCITING race took place at Newport, R. I., on October 9, between two cat-rigged boats sailed by two well-known society residents, William R. Hunter and Woodbury Kane, of New York. The course was from Fort Adams to Beaver Tail and return. The Alice was the boat sailed by Mr. Hunter, while Mr. Kane handled the Princess Ida. The result is appended:

|                        | Start.<br>H. M. S. | Finish.<br>H. M. S. |
|------------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| Princess Ida . . . . . | 12 16 00           | 3 43 00             |
| Alice . . . . .        | 12 14 00           | 3 52 31             |

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[This department of OUTING is confined entirely to answers to correspondents seeking information on subjects appertaining to all sports which the magazine makes a specialty of. No replies will be made to questions having reference to any bets.]

W. A. H. — The best record for a trotter at a mile is Maud S.'s performance of 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$ . The pacing record is 2.06 $\frac{1}{4}$  by Johnston. The former was made at Cleveland, O., on July 30, 1885.

Brooklyn Athlete. — S. D. See ran a sack race of 50 yards in 9 3-5s. at the Brooklyn Athletic Grounds on October 16. The previous best record for that distance was 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ s., held by Jos. Nason, of New York.

J. S., Newburyport, Mass. — In order to obtain the percentage in making up base-ball averages, you divide the number of games won by the total number of games played.

Youngster, Monmouth, N. J. — Each of the National League clubs play eighteen games with every other club, making a grand total of 504 games for the championship season. The American Association clubs each play twenty games with every other club, the grand total for the championship season being 560.

Queriest, Brooklyn. — Hatfield's throw of 133 yards 1 foot 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches has never been beaten. Ed. Crane, of Boston, Mass., claimed the credit of throwing 139 yards, in July, 1881, and is also alleged to have thrown a ball 135 yards, 1 foot  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, October 12, 1884, in Cincinnati, O., and 134 yards 5 inches, October 19, 1884, in St. Louis, Mo. No particulars have ever been given or any witnesses produced of Crane's alleged feat in 1881. Two civil engineers of Cincinnati certified that they made an accurate measurement "of the distance between two points, said to be the distance thrown" by Crane in Cincinnati, but it was not until the day after the throw; and this, with other irregularities in measuring, prevented it from being received as a record. Williamson, of the Chicago, has a record of throwing a ball 133 yards 1 foot 4 inches.

Natator, N. Y. — Toussant's 25 yards in 15s., made on September 5, 1886, in Gravesend Bay waters, in a hundred yards swimming race, is the fastest amateur record for America. W. Henry swam 24 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards in 14 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. at the Marylebone Bath, London, Eng., October 3, 1882.

English Athlete, Staten Island. — Under English athletic club rules it does not matter where you compete; you become a professional if you take a money prize.

Young Canadian. — The Canadian Amateur Athletic Association defines an amateur as one "who has never competed for a money prize or staked bet, or with or against any professional for any prize, or who has never taught, pursued or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises as a means of obtaining a livelihood."

Lawrence B., N. J. — The league batting leaders the past ten years have been as follows: — 1876, Ross Barnes, .406; 1877, J. White, .385; 1878, Dalrymple, .356; 1879, Anson, .407; 1880, Gore, .365; 1881, Anson, .369; 1882, Brouthers, .367; 1883, Brouthers, .371; 1884, O'Rourke, .350; 1885, Connor, .371.

Oarsman, Pittsburg. — The English definition of an amateur in your line is this: No person shall be considered an amateur oarsman, sculler, or coxswain — 1. Who has ever taken part in any open competition for stake, money, or entrance fee. 2. Who has ever knowingly competed with, or against, a professional for any prize. 3. Who has ever taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises of any kind for profit. 4. Who has ever been employed in or about boats or in manual labor for money or wages. 5. Who is or has been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan, or engaged in any menial duty.

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POULTNEY BIGELOW, *Editor*.

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*OUTING FOR JANUARY.*



A CANADIAN PASTIME WORTHY OF IMITATION.

# OUTING.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1887.

No. 4.

## AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS STEVENS.

[Our Special Correspondent.]

### XV.

#### TABREEZ TO TEHERAN.

THE wheeling improves in the afternoon, and alongside my road runs a bit of civilization in the shape of the splendid iron poles of the Indo-European Telegraph Company. Half a dozen times this afternoon I become the imaginary enemy of a couple of cavalymen traveling in the same direction as myself; they swoop down upon me from the rear at a charging gallop, valiantly whooping and brandishing their Martini-Henrys; when they arrive within a few yards of my rear wheel they swerve off on either side and rein their fiery chargers up, allowing me to forge ahead; they amuse themselves by repeating this interesting performance over and over again. Being usually a good rider, the dash and courage of the Persian cavalryman is something extraordinary in time of peace; no more brilliant and intrepid cavalry charge on a small scale could be well imagined than I have witnessed several times this afternoon. But upon the outbreak of serious hostilities the average warrior in the Shah's service suddenly becomes filled with a wild, pathetic yearning after the peaceful and honorable calling of a *katir-jee*, an uncontrollable desire to become a humble, contented tiller of the soil, or handy-man about a *tchai-khan*, anything, in fact, of a strictly peaceful character. Were I a hostile trooper with a red jacket, and a general warlike appearance, and the bicycle a machine gun, though our whooping, charging cavalymen were twenty instead of two, they would only charge once, and that would be with their horses' crimson-dyed

tails streaming in the breeze toward me. The Shah's soldiers are gentle, unwarlike creatures at heart; there are probably no soldiers in the whole world that would acquit themselves less creditably in a pitched battle; they are, nevertheless, not without certain soldierly qualities, well adapted to their country; the cavalymen are very good riders, and although the infantry don't present a very encouraging appearance on the parade-ground, they would meander across five hundred miles of country on half rations of blotting-paper *ekmek* without any vigorous remonstrance, and wait uncomplainingly for their pay until the middle of next year.

About five o'clock I arrive at Haji Agha, a large village forty miles from Tabreez; here, as soon as it is ascertained that I intend remaining over night, I am actually beset by rival *khan-jees*, who commence jabbering and gesticulating about the merits of their respective establishments, like hotel-runners in the United States; of course they are several degrees less rude and boisterous, and more considerate of one's personal inclinations than their prototypes in America, but they furnish yet another proof that there is nothing new under the sun. Haji Agha is a village of Seyuds, or descendants of the Prophet, the most bigoted class in Persia; when I drop into the *tchai-khan* for a glass or two of tea, the sanctimonious old joker with henna-tinted beard and finger-nails, running the *samovar*, rolls up his eyes in holy horror at the thoughts of waiting upon an unhallowed Ferenghi, and it requires considerable pressure from the younger and less

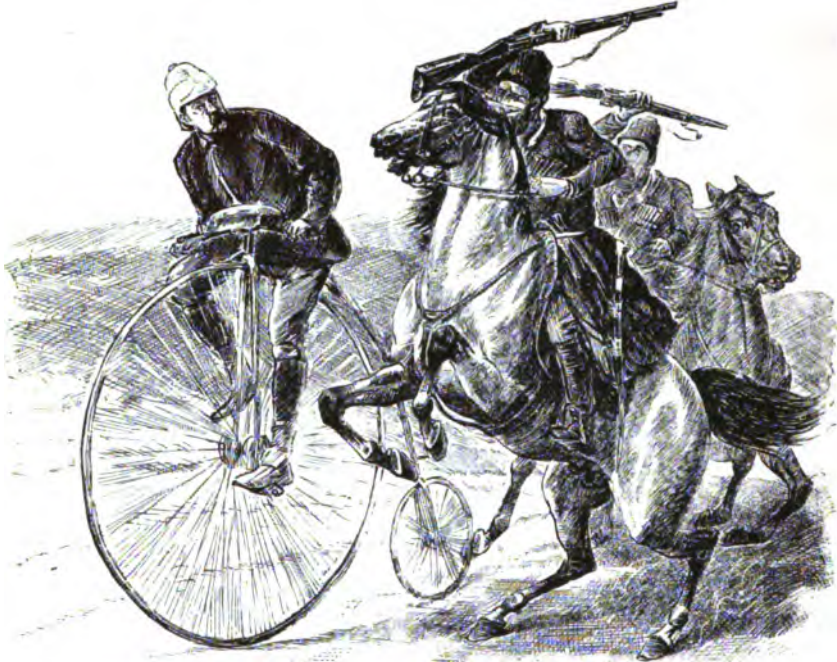
<sup>1</sup> The first number of this series appeared in OUTING for April, 1885.



fanatical men to overcome his disinclinations ; he probably breaks the glass I drank from after my departure.

About dusk the *Valiat* and his courtiers arrive on horseback from Tabreez ; the Prince immediately seeks my quarters at

with a few trills ; putting three fingers in my mouth I blow one shrill blast ; the *Valiat* laughs heartily at this, and puts his fingers to his ears ; the courtiers likewise laugh, but they evidently consider it quite a wonderful accomplishment, as wonderful



"THEY SWOOP DOWN UPON ME FROM THE REAR."

the *khan*, and, after examining the bicycle, wants me to take it out and ride ; it is getting rather dark, however, so I put him off till morning ; he remains and smokes cigarettes with me for half an hour, and then retires to the residence of the local *khan* for the night. The Prince seems an amiable, easy-going sort of a person ; while in my company his countenance is wreathed in a pleasant smile continually, and I fancy he habitually wears that same expression. His youthful courtiers seem frivolous young bloods, putting in most of the half-hour in showing me their accomplishments in the way of making floating rings of their cigarette smoke. Some wonder-stricken Haji Aghan, happening to have heard me whistling, and desirous to enlarge upon my mysterious abilities in connection with the bicycle, has told these frivolous youths about that also ; whistling, it appears, is not a common accomplishment among the Persians, and the courtiers begged me to favor them and the Prince

as puffing rings of smoke from cigarettes. Later in the evening I stroll around to the *tchai-khan* again ; it is the gossiping-place of the village, and I find our sanctimonious seyuds indulging in uncomplimentary comments regarding the *Valiat's* conduct in hobnobbing with a Ferenghi ; how bigoted these Persians are, and yet how utterly destitute of principle and moral character!

In the morning the Prince sends me an invitation to come and drink tea with them before starting out ; he bears the same perennial smile as yesterday evening. Although he is generally understood to be completely under the influence of the fanatical and bigoted Seyuds and Moullahs, who are strictly opposed to the Ferenghi and the Ferenghi's ideas of progress and civilization, he seems withal an amiable, well-disposed young man, whom one could scarce help liking personally, and feeling sorry at the troubles in store for him ahead. He has an elder brother, the Ziles-Sultan, now governor of the southern

provinces; but not being the son of a royal princess, the Shah has been compelled by the powerful influence of the Moullahs to nominate Ameer-i-Nazan as his successor to the throne. The Zil-es-Sultan, although of a somewhat cruel disposition, has proved himself a far more capable and energetic person than the *Valiat*, and makes no secret of the fact that he intends disputing the succession with his brother, by force of arms if necessary, at the Shah's demise; he has, so at least it is currently reported, had his sword-blade engraved with the grim inscription, "This is for the *Valiat's* head," and has jocularly notified his inoffensive brother of the fact. The Zil-es-Sultan belongs to the party of progress; reck little of the opinions of priests and fanatics, is fond of Englishmen and European improvements, and keeps a kennel of English bull-dogs; should he become Shah of Persia, Baron Reuter's grand scheme of railways and commercial regeneration, which was foiled by the fanaticism of the Seyuds

The road for a short distance east of Haji Agha is splendid wheeling, and the Prince and his courtiers accompany me for some two miles, finding much amusement in racing with me whenever the road permits of spurting. The country now develops into undulating upland, uncultivated and stone-strewn, except where an occasional stream, affording irrigating facilities, has rendered possible the permanent maintenance of a mud village and a circumscribed area of wheat-fields, melon-gardens and vineyards.

No sooner does one find himself launched upon the comparatively well-traveled post-route, than a difference becomes manifest in the character of the people; commercially speaking, the Persian is considerably more of a Jew than the Jew himself, and along a route frequented by travelers, the person possessing some little knowledge of the thievish ways of the country and of current prices, besides having plenty of small change, finds these advantages a



THE PRINCE RACES THOMAS STEVENS.

and Moullahs soon after the Shah's visit to England, may yet come to something, and the railroad rails now rusting in the swamps of the Caspian littoral may, after all, form part of a railway between the seaboard and the capital.

matter for congratulation almost every hour of the day. The proprietor of a wretched little mud hovel, solemnly presiding over a few thin sheets of bread, a jar of rancid, hirsute butter and a dozen half-ripe melons, affects a glum, sorrowful

expression to think that he should happen to be without small change, and consequently obliged to accept the Hamsherri's fifty kopec piece for provisions of one-tenth the value ; but the mysterious frequency of this same state of affairs and accompanying sorrowful expression, taken in connection with the actual plenitude of small change in Persia, awakens suspicions even in the mind of the most confiding and uninitiated person. A peculiar system of commercial mendicancy obtains among the proprietors of melon and cucumber gardens alongside the road of this particular part of the country ; observing a likely-looking traveler approaching, they come running to him with a melon or cucumber that they know to be utterly worthless, and beg the traveler to accept it as a present ; delighted, perhaps, with their apparent simple-hearted hospitality, and, moreover, sufficiently thirsty to appreciate the gift of a melon, the unsuspecting wayfarer tenders the crafty proprietor of the garden a suitable present of money in return, and accepts the proffered gift ; upon cutting it open he finds the melon unfit for anything, and it gradually dawns upon him that he has just grown a trifle wiser concerning the inbred cunningness and utter dishonesty of the Persians than he was before. Ere the day is ended the same game will probably be attempted a dozen times.

In addition to these artful customers, one occasionally comes across small colonies of lepers, who, being compelled to isolate themselves from their fellows, have taken up their abode in rude hovels or caves by the road-side, and sally forth in all their hideousness to beset the traveler with piteous cries for assistance. Some of these poor lepers are loathsome in appearance to the last degree ; their scanty covering of rags and tatters conceals nothing of the ravages of their dread disease ; some sit at the entrance to their hovels, stretching out their hands and piteously appealing for alms ; others drop down exhausted in the road while endeavoring to run and overtake the passer-by ; there is nothing deceptive about these wretched outcasts, their condition is only too glaringly apparent.

Toward sundown I arrive at Turcomanchai, a large village, where, in 1828, was drawn up the Treaty of Peace between Persia and Russia, which transferred the remaining Persian territory of the Caucasus into the capacious maw of the Northern Bear. It is currently reported, that, after depriving the Persians of their rights to

the navigation of the Caspian Sea, the Czar coolly gave his amiable friend the Shah a practical lesson concerning the irony of fortune, by presenting him with a yacht. Seeking the guidance of a native to the caravansary, this quick-witted individual leads the way through tortuous alleyways to the other end of the village, and pilots me to the camp of a tea caravan, pitched on the outskirts, thinking I had requested to be guided to a caravan ; the caravan men then direct me to the *chapar-khana*, where accommodations of the usual rude nature are provided. Sending into the village for eggs, sugar and tea, the *chapar-khana* keeper and stablemen produce a battered *samovar*, and after frying my supper, they prepared tea ; they are poor, ragged fellows, but they seem light-hearted and contented ; the siren song of the steaming *samovar* seems to awaken in their semi-civilized breasts a sympathetic response, and they fall to singing and making merry over tiny glasses of sweetened tea quite as naturally as sailors in a seaport groggery, or Germans over a keg of lager. Jolly, happy-go-lucky fellows though they outwardly appear, they prove no exception, however, to the general run of their countrymen in the matter of petty dishonesty ; although I gave them money enough to purchase twice the quantity of provisions they brought back, besides promising them the customary small present before leaving, in the morning they make a further attempt on my purse under pretense of purchasing more butter to cook the remainder of the eggs ; these are trifling matters to discuss, but they serve to show the wide difference between the character of the peasant classes in Persia and Turkey. The *chapar-khana* usually consists of a walled enclosure containing stabling for a large number of horses, and quarters for the stable-men and station-keeper ; the quickest mode of traveling in Persia is by *chapar*, or, in other words, on horseback, obtaining fresh horses at each *chapar-khana* ; persons traveling by *chapar* are always required to pay for an additional horse for an attendant to accompany them to the next station and bring back the horses ; this attendant is known as a *shagird-chapar*, and expects a small present from each traveler.

The country east of Turcomanchai consists of rough, uninteresting upland, with nothing to vary the monotony of the journey, until noon, when after wheeling five *farsakhs*, I reach the town of Miana, celebrated

throughout the Shah's dominions for a certain poisonous bug which inhabits the mud walls of the houses, and is said to bite the inhabitants while they are sleeping. The bite is said to produce violent and prolonged fever, and is reputed to be even dangerous to life. It is customary to warn travelers against remaining overnight at Miana, and, of course, I have not by any means been forgotten. Like most of these alleged dreadful things, it is found upon close investigation to be a big bogey with just sufficient truthfulness about it to play upon the imaginative minds of the people. The "Miana bug-bear" would, I think, be a more appropriate name than Miana bug. The people here seem inclined to be rather rowdyish in their reception of a Ferenghi without an escort. While trundling through the bazaar toward the telegraph station, I become the unhappy target for covertly thrown melon-rinds and other unwelcome missiles, for which there appears no remedy except the friendly shelter of the station. This is just outside the town, and before the gate is reached, stones are exchanged for melon-rinds, but fortunately without any serious damage being done.

Mr. F——, a young German operator, has charge of the control-station here, and welcomes me most cordially to share his comfortable quarters, urging me to remain with him several days. I gladly accept his hospitality till to-morrow morning. Mr. F—— has a brother who has recently become a Mussulman, and married a couple of Persian wives; he is also residing temporarily at Miana. He soon comes around to the telegraph station, and turns out to be a wild harum-skarum sort of a person, who regards his transformation into a Mussulman and the setting up of a harem of his own as anything but a serious affair. As a reward for embracing the Mohammedan religion and becoming a Persian subject, the Shah has given him a sum of money and a position in the Tabreez mint, besides bestowing upon him the sounding title of Mirza Abdul Kärim Khan. It seems that inducements of a like substantial nature are held out for any Ferenghi of known respectability, who formally embraces the Shihite branch of the Mohammedan religion, and becomes a Persian subject—a rare chance for chronic ne'er-do-wells among ourselves, one would think.

This novel and festive convert to Islam readily gives me a mental peep behind the scenes of Persian domestic life, and would unhesitatingly have granted me a peep in

person, had such a thing been possible. Imagine the ordinary costume of an operabouffe artist, shorn of all regard for the difference between real indecency and the suggestiveness of indelicacy permissible behind the foot-lights, and we have the every-day costume of the Persian harem. In the dreamy eventide, the lord of the harem usually betakes himself to that characteristic institution of the East, and proceeds to drive dull care away by smoking the *kalian*, and watching an exhibition of the terpsichorean talent of his wives or slaves. This does not consist of dancing, such as we are accustomed to understand the art, but of graceful posturing and bodily contortions, spinning round like a coryphée, with hand aloft, and snapping their fingers or clashing tiny brass cymbals; standing with feet motionless and wriggling the joints, or bending backward until their loose, flowing tresses touch the ground. Persians able to afford the luxury, have their women's apartment walled with mirrors, placed at appropriate angles, so that when enjoying these exhibitions of his wives' abilities, he finds himself, not merely in the presence of three or six wives, as the case may be, but surrounded on all sides by scores of airy-fairy nymphs, and amid the dreamy fumes and soothing hubble-bubbling of his *kalian* can imagine himself the happy—or one would naturally think, unhappy—possessor of a hundred. The effect of this mirror-work arrangement can be better imagined than described. "You haven't got one of those mirrored rooms, have you?" I enquired, beginning to get a trifle inquisitive, and perhaps rather impertinent. "You couldn't manage to smuggle a fellow inside, disguised as a Seyud or——" "*Nicht*," replies Mirza Abdul Kärim Khan, laughing, "I have not bothered about a mirrored chamber yet, because I only remain here for another month; but if you happen to come to Tabreez any time after I get settled down there, look me up, and I'll—hello! here comes Prince Assabdulla to see your velocipede!"

Futteh-Ali Shah, the grandfather of the present monarch, had some seventy-two sons and daughters. As the son of a prince inherits his father's title in Persia, the numerous descendants of Futteh-Ali Shah are scattered all over the empire, and royal princes bob serenely up in every town of any consequence in the country. They are frequently found occupying some snug, but not always lucrative post under the government. Prince Assabdulla has learned



telegraphy, and has charge of the government control-station here, drawing a salary considerably less than the agent of the English company's line. The Persian government telegraph line consists of one wire strung on tumble-down wooden poles.

playing hide-and-seek across the golden face of the moon, and the mountains have assumed a shadowy, indistinct appearance. It is a scene of transcendental loveliness, characteristic of a Persian moonlight night. Afterward we repair to Mirza Abdul Kārim



"LIKE A CORYPHÉE, WITH HAND ALOFT."

It is erected alongside the splendid English line of triple wires and substantial iron poles, and the control-stations are built adjacent to the English stations, as though the Persians were rather timid about their own abilities as telegraphists, and preferred to nestle, as it were, under the protecting shadow of the English line. Prince Assabdulla has an elder brother, who is governor of Miana, and who comes around to see the bicycle during the afternoon; they both seem pleasant and agreeable fellows. When the heat of the day has given place to cooler eventide, and the moon comes peeping over the lofty Kofan Koo Mountains, near-by to the eastward, we proceed to a large fruit-garden on the outskirts of the town, and, sitting on the roof of a building, indulge in luscious purple grapes as large as walnuts, and pears that melt away in the mouth. Mirza Abdul Kārim Khan plays a German accordeon, and Prince Assabdulla sings a Persian love song; the leafy branches of poplar groves are whispering in response to a gentle breeze, and

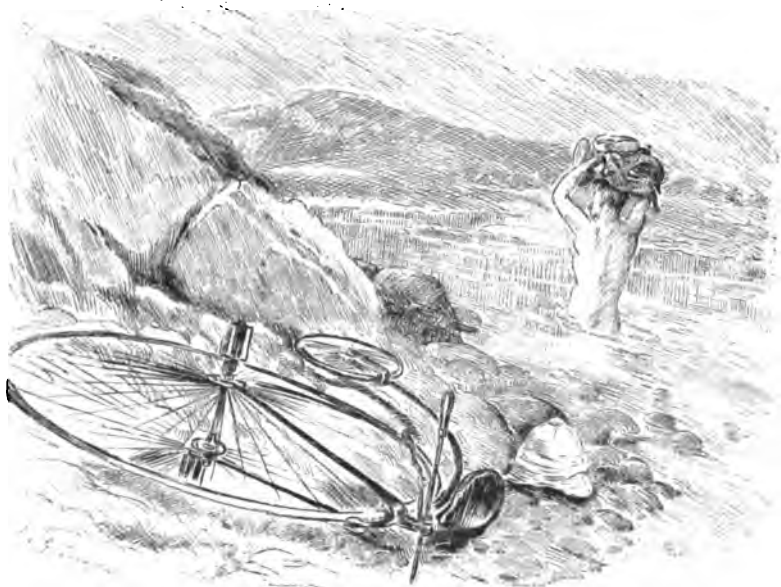
Khan's house to smoke the *kalian* and drink tea. His favorite wife, whom he has taught to respond to the purely Frangistan name of "Rosie," replenishes and lights the *kalian*—giving it a few preliminary puffs herself by way of getting it under headway before handing it to her husband—and then serves us with glasses of sweetened tea from the *samovar*; in deference to her Ferenghi brother-in-law and myself, Rosie has donned a gauzy shroud over the above-mentioned indoor costume of the Persian female. "She is a beautiful dancer," says her husband, admiringly, "I wish it were possible for you to see her dance this evening; but it isn't; Rosie herself wouldn't mind, but it would be pretty certain to leak out, and Miana being a rather fanatical place, my life wouldn't be worth that much," and the Khan carelessly snapped his fingers. Supper is brought up to the telegraph station. Prince Assabdulla is invited, and comes round with his servant bearing a number of cucumbers and a bottle of arrack; the Prince, being

a genuine Mohammedan, is forbidden by his religion to indulge; consequently he consumes the fiery arrack in preference to some light and harmless native wine; such is the perversity of human nature.

Two princes and a khan are cantering (not khan-tering) alongside the bicycle as I pull out eastward from Miana. They accompany me to the foot-hills approaching the Koflan Koo Pass, and wishing me a pleasant journey, turn their horses' heads homeward again. Reaching the pass proper, I find it to be an exceedingly steep trundle, but quite easy climbing compared with a score of mountain passes in Asia Minor, for the surface is reasonably smooth, and toward the summit is an ancient stone causeway. A new and delightful experience awaits me upon the summit of the pass; the view to the westward is a revelation of mountain scenery altogether new and novel in my experience, which can now scarcely be called unvaried. I seem to be elevated entirely above the surface of the earth, and gazing down through transparent, ethereal depths upon a scene of ever-changing beauty. Fleecy cloudlets are floating lazily over the valley far below my position, producing on the landscape a panoramic scene of constantly changing shadows; through the ethery depths, so wonderfully transparent, the billowy gray foot-hills, the meandering streams fringed with green, and Miana with its blue-domed mosques and emerald gardens, present a phantasmagorical appearance, as though they themselves were floating about in the lower strata

of space and undergoing constant transformation. Perched on an apparently inaccessible crag to the north is an ancient robber stronghold commanding the pass; it is a natural fortress, requiring but a few finishing touches by man to render it

impregnable in the days when the maintenance of robber strongholds were possible. Owing to its walls and battlements being chiefly erected by nature, the Persian peasantry call it the Perii-Kasn, believing it to have been built by fairies. While descending the eastern slope, I surprise a gray lizard almost as large as a rabbit, basking in the sunbeams; he briskly scuttles off into the rocks upon being disturbed. Crossing the Sefid Rûd on a delapidated brickwork bridge, I cross another range of low hills, among which I notice an abundance of mica cropping above the surface, and then descend on to a broad, level plain, extending eastward without any lofty elevation as far as eye can reach. On this shelterless plain I am overtaken by a furious equinoctial gale; it comes howling suddenly from the west, obscuring the recently vacated Koflan Koo Mountains behind an inky veil, filling the air with clouds of dust, and for some minutes rendering it necessary to lie down and fairly hang on to the ground to prevent being blown about. First it begins to rain, then to hail; heaven's artillery echoes and reverberates in the Koflan Koo



"I AM COMPELLED TO DISROBE AND FORD."

Mountains, and rolls above the plain, seeming to shake the hailstones down like fruit from the branches of the clouds, and soon I am enveloped in a pelting, pitiless down-pour of hailstones, plenty large enough to make themselves felt wherever they

strike. To pitch my tent would have been impossible, owing to the wind and the suddenness of its appearance. In thirty minutes or less it is all over; the sun shines out warmly and dissipates the clouds, and converts the ground into an evaporator that envelops everything in steam. In an hour after it quits raining, the road is dry again, and across the plain it is for the most part excellent wheeling.

About four o'clock the considerable village of Sercham is reached; here, as at Haji Aghi, I at once become the bone of contention between rival *khan-jees* wanting to secure me for a guest, on the supposition that I am going to remain over night. Their anxiety is all unnecessary, however, for away off on the eastern horizon can be observed clusters of familiar black dots that awaken agreeable reflections of the night spent in the Koordish camp between Ovahjik and Khoi. I remain in Sercham long enough to eat a watermelon, ride, against my will, over rough ground to appease the crowd, and then pull out toward the Koordish camps which are evidently situated near my proper course.

It seems to have rained heavily in the mountains and not rained at all east of Sercham, for during the next hour I am compelled to disrobe, and ford several freshets coursing down ravines over beds that before the storm were inches deep in dust, the approaching slopes being still dusty; this little diversion causes me to thank fortune that I have been enabled to keep in advance of the regular rainy season, which commences a little later. Striking a Koordish camp adjacent to the trail I trundle toward one of the tents; before reaching it I am overhauled by a shepherd who hands me a handful of dried peaches from a wallet suspended from his waist. The evening air is cool with a suggestion of frostiness, and the occupants of the tent are found crouching around a smoking *tezek* fire; they are ragged and of rather unprepossessing appearance, but being instinctively hospitable, they shuffle around to make me welcome at the fire; at first I almost fancy myself mistaken in thinking them Koords, for there is nothing of the neatness and cleanliness of our late acquaintances about them; on the contrary, they are almost as repulsive as their sedentary relatives of Dele Baba—but a little questioning removes all doubts of their being Koords. They are simply an ill-conditioned tribe without any idea whatever of thrift or good management. They

have evidently been to Tabreez or somewhere lately, and invested most of the proceeds of the season's shearing in three-year-old dried peaches that are hard enough to rattle like pebbles; sacksful of these edibles are scattered all over the tent serving for seats, pillows, and general utility articles for the youngsters to roll about on, jump over, and throw around; everybody in the camp seems to be chewing these peaches and throwing them about in sheer wantonness because they are plentiful; every sack contains finger-holes from which one and all help themselves *ad libitum* in wanton disregard of the future. Nearly everybody seems to be suffering from ophthalmia, which is aggravated by crouching over the densely smoking *tezek*; and one miserable-looking old character is groaning and writhing with the pain of a severe stomach-ache. By loafing lazily about the tent all day, and chewing these flinty dried peaches, this hopeful old joker has well-nigh brought himself to the unhappy condition of the Yosemite Valley mule, who broke into the tent and consumed half a bushel of dried peaches; when the hunters returned to camp and were wondering what marauder had visited their tent and stolen the peaches, they heard a loud explosion behind the tent; hastily going out they discovered the remnants of the luckless mule scattered about in all directions. Of course I am appealed to for a remedy, and I am not sorry to have at last come across an applicant for my services as a *hakim*, for whose ailment I can prescribe with some degree of confidence; to make assurance doubly sure I give the sufferer a double dose, and in the morning have the satisfaction of finding him entirely relieved from his misery. There seems to be no order or sense of good manners whatever among these people; we have bread and half-stewed peaches for supper, and while they are cooking, ill-mannered youngsters are constantly fishing them from the kettles with weed-stalks, meeting with no sort of reproof from their elders for so doing; when bedtime arrives, everybody seizes quilts, peach sacks, etc., and crawls wherever they can for warmth and comfort; three men, two women, and several children occupy the same compartment as myself, and gaunt dogs are nosing hungrily about among us.

About midnight there is a general halloobaloo among the dogs, and the clatter of horses' hoofs is heard outside the tent; the occupants of the tent, including myself,



spring up, wondering what the disturbance is all about. A group of horsemen are visible in the bright moonlight outside, and one of them has dismounted, and under the guidance of a shepherd, is about entering the tent; seeing me spring up, and being afraid lest perchance I might misinterpret their intentions and act accordingly, he sings out in a soothing voice, "*Kardash, Hamsherri; Kardash, Kardash!*" thus assuring me of their peaceful intentions. These midnight visitors turn out to be a party of Persian travelers from Miana, from which it would appear they have less fear of the Koords here than in Koordistan near the frontier; having, somehow, found

out my whereabouts, they have come to try and persuade me to leave the camp and join their company to Zenjan. Although my own unfavorable impressions of my entertainers are seconded by the visitors' reiterated assurances that these Koords are bad people, I decline to accompany them, knowing the folly of attempting to bicycle over these roads by moonlight in the company of horsemen who would be continually worrying me to ride, no matter what the condition of the road; after remaining in camp half an hour they take their departure.

In the morning I discover that my muselman hatband has mysteriously disappeared, and when preparing to depart, a miscellaneous collection of females gather about me, seize the bicycle, and with much boisterous hilarity refuse to let me depart until I have given each and every one of them some money; their behavior is on the whole so outrageous, that I appeal to my patient of yesterday evening, in whose bosom I fancy I may perchance have kindled a spark of gratitude; but the old reprobate

no longer has the stomach-ache, and he regards my unavailing efforts to break away from my hoidenish tormentors with supreme indifference, as though there were nothing extraordinary in their conduct; the demeanor of these wild-eyed Koordish



MY MIDNIGHT DISTURBERS.

females on this occasion fully convinces me that the stories concerning their barbarous conduct toward travelers captured on the road is not an exaggeration, for while preventing my departure they seem to take a rude, boisterous delight in worrying me on all sides, like a gang of puppies barking and harassing anything they fancy powerless to do them harm. After I have finally bribed my freedom from the women, the men seize me and attempt to further detain me until they can send for their sheikh to come from another camp miles away, to see me ride; after waiting a reasonable time, out of respect for their having accommodated me with quarters for the night, and no signs of the sheikh appearing, I determine to submit to their impudence no longer; they gather around me as before, but presenting my revolver and assuming an angry expression, I threaten instant destruction to the next one laying hands on either myself or the bicycle; they then give way with lowering brows and sullen growls of displeasure. My rough treatment on this occasion compared with my former visit to a Koordish

camp, proves that there is as much difference between the several tribes of nomad Koords, as between their sedentary relatives of Dele Baba and Malosman respectively; for their general reputation, it were better that I had spent the night in a Sercham caravansary.

A few miles from the camp, I am overtaken by four horsemen followed by several dogs and a pig; it proves to be the tardy sheikh and his retainers, who have galloped several miles to catch me up; the sheikh is a pleasant intelligent fellow of thirty or thereabouts, and astonishes me by addressing me as "Monsieur;" they canter alongside for a mile or so, highly delighted, when the sheikh cheerily sings out "Adieu, monsieur!" and they wheel about and return; had their sheikh been in the camp I stayed at, my treatment would undoubtedly have been different. I am at the time rather puzzled to account for so strange a sight as a pig galloping briskly behind the horses, taking no notice of the dogs which continually gambol about him; but I afterwards discover that a pet pig, trained to follow horses, is not an unusual thing among the Persians and

pig are said to become very much attached to each other; when on the road the pig is wont to signify its disapproval of a too rapid pace, by appealing squeaks and grunts, whereupon the horse responsively slacks its speed to a more accommodating speed for its porcine companion. The road now winds tortuously along the base of some low gravel hills, and the wheeling perceptibly improves; beyond Nikbey it strikes across the hilly country, and more trundling becomes necessary. At Nikbey I manage to leave the inhabitants in a profound puzzle by replying that I am not a Ferenghi, but an Englishman; this seems to mystify them not a little, and they commence inquiring among themselves for an explanation of the difference; they are probably inquiring yet.

Fifty-eight miles are covered from the Koordish camp, and at three o'clock the blue-tiled domes of the Zenjan mosques appear in sight; these blue-tiled domes are characteristic of Persian mosques, which are usually built of bricks, and have no lofty tapering minarets as in Turkey; the summons to prayers are called from the top

of a wall or roof. When approaching the city gate, a half-crazy man becomes wildly excited at the spectacle of a man on a wheel, and, rushing up, seizes hold of the handle; as I spring from the saddle he rapidly takes to his heels; finding that I am not pursuing him, he plucks up courage, and timidly approaching, begs me to let him see me ride again. Zenjan is celebrated for the manufacture of copper vessels, and the



ADVENTURE WITH A MOB.

Persian Koords; they are thin, wiry animals of a sandy color, and quite capable of following a horse for hours; they live in the stable with their equine companions, finding congenial occupation in rooting around for stray grains of barley; the horses and

rat-a-tat-tat of the workmen beating them out in the coppersmith's quarters is heard fully a mile outside the gate; the hammering is something deafening while trundling through these quarters, and my progress through it is indicated by

what might perhaps be termed a sympathetic wave of silence following me along, the din ceasing at my approach and commencing again with renewed vigor after I have passed.

Inquiring for the English telegraphkhana, a guide quickly presents himself; during our progress through the bazaar, he is reinforced by two hopeful companions; when the telegraph station is reached, and I tender guide No. 1 a suitable present, Nos. 2 and 3 likewise brazenly claim a similar recognition of their unneeded and entirely self-imposed attentions; such is the unconscionable assurance of the city-bred Persian. Mr. F——, a Levantine gentleman in charge of the station here, fairly outdoes himself in the practical interpretation of genuine old-fashioned hospitality, which brooks no sort

of interference with the comfort of his guest; understanding the perpetual worry a person traveling in so extraordinary a manner must be subject to among an excessively inquisitive people like the Persians, he kindly takes upon himself the duty of protecting me from anything of the kind during the day I remain over as his guest, and so manages to secure me much appreciated rest and quiet. The governor of the city sends an officer around saying that himself and several prominent dignitaries would like very much to see the bicycle. "Very good," replies Mr. F——, "the bicycle is here, and Mr. Stevens will doubtless be pleased to receive His Excellency and the leading officials of Zenjan any time it suits their convenience to call, and will probably have no objections to showing them the bicycle." It is, perhaps, needless to explain that the governor doesn't turn up; I, however, have an interesting visitor in the person of the Sheikh-ul-Islam (head of religious affairs in Zenjan), a venerable-looking old party

in flowing gown and monster turban, whose hands and flowing beard are dyed to a ruddy yellow with henna. The Sheikh-ul-Islam is considered the holiest personage in Zenjan, and his appearance and demeanor does not in the least belie his reputation; whatever may be his private



PASSING THE CAMEL TRAIN.

opinion of himself, he makes far less display of sanctimoniousness than many of the common Seyuds, who usually gather their garments about them whenever they pass a Ferenghi in the bazaar, for fear their clothing should become defiled by brushing against him. The sheikh fulfills one's idea of a gentle-bred, worthy-minded old patriarch; he examines the bicycle and listens to the account of my journey with much curiosity and interest, and bestows a flattering mead of praise on the wonderful ingenuity of the Ferenghis as exemplified in my wheel.

From Zenjan eastward the road gradually improves, and after a dozen miles develops into the finest wheeling yet encountered in Asia; the country is a gravelly plain between a mountain chain on the left and a range of lesser hills to the right. Near noon I pass through Sultaneah, formerly a favorite country resort of the Persian monarchs; on the broad, grassy plain, during the autumn, the Shah was wont to find amusement in manœuvring

his cavalry regiments, and for several months an encampment near Sultaneah became the headquarters of that arm of the service. The Shah's palace and the blue dome of a large mosque, now rapidly crumbling to decay, are visible many miles before reaching the village.

The presence of the Shah and his court doesn't seem to have exerted much of a refining or civilizing influence on the common villagers; otherwise they have retrograded sadly toward barbarism again since Sultaneah has ceased to be a favorite resort. They appear to regard the spectacle of a lone Ferenghi meandering through their wretched village on a wheel, as an opportunity of doing something aggressive for the cause of Islam not to be overlooked; I am followed by a hooting mob of bare-legged wretches, who forthwith proceed to make things lively and interesting by pelting me with stones and clods of dirt. One of these wantonly aimed missiles catches me square between the shoulders, with a force that, had it struck me fairly on the back of the neck, would in all probability have knocked me clean out of the saddle; unfortunately, several irrigating ditches crossing the road immediately ahead prevent escape by a spurt, and nothing remains but to dismount and proceed to make the best of it.

There are only about fifty of them actively interested, and part of these being mere boys, they are anything but a formidable crowd of belligerents if one could only get in among them with a stuffed club; they seem little more than human vermin in their rags and nakedness, and like vermin, the greatest difficulty is to get hold of them. Seeing me dismount, they immediately take to their heels, only to turn and commence throwing stones again at finding themselves unpursued; while I am retreating and actively dodging the showers of missiles, they gradually venture closer and closer, until things becoming too warm and dangerous, I drop the bicycle and make a feint toward them; they then take to their heels, to return to the attack again as before, when I again commence retreating. Finally I try the experiment of a shot in the air, by way of notifying them of my ability to do them serious injury; this has the effect of keeping them at a more respectful distance, but they seem to understand that I am not intending serious shooting, and the more expert throwers manage to annoy me considerably until ridable ground is reached; seeing me

mount, they all come racing pell-mell after me, hurling stones and howling insulting epithets against me as a Ferenghi, but with smooth road ahead I am, of course, quickly beyond their reach.

The villages east of Sultaneah are observed to be, almost without exception, surrounded by a high mud wall, a characteristic giving them the appearance of fortifications rather than mere agricultural villages; the original object of this was, doubtless, to secure themselves against surprises from wandering tribes; and as the Persians seldom think of changing anything, the custom is still maintained. Bushes are now occasionally observed near the roadside, from every twig of which a strip of rag is fluttering in the breeze; it is an ancient custom still kept up among the Persian peasantry when approaching any place they regard with reverence, as the ruined mosque and imperial palace at Sultaneah, to tear a strip of rag from their clothing and fasten it to the roadside bush; this is supposed to bring them good luck in their undertakings, and the bushes are literally covered with the variegated offerings of the superstitious ryots; where no bushes are handy, heaps of small stones are indicative of the same belief; every time he approaches the well-known heap, the peasant picks up a pebble and adds it to the pile.

Owing to a late start and a prevailing head-wind, but forty-six miles are covered to-day, when about sundown I seek the accommodation of the *chapar-khana*, at Heeya; but, providing the road continues good, I promise myself to polish off the sixty miles between here and Kasveen, to-morrow. The *chapar-khana* sleeping apartments at Heeya contain whitewashed walls and reed matting, and presents an appearance of neatness and cleanliness altogether foreign to these institutions previously patronized; here, also, first occurs the innovation from "Hamsherri" to "Sahib," when addressing me in a respectful manner; it will be Sahib, from this point clear to, through and beyond India; my various titles through the different countries thus far traversed have been: Monsieur, Herr, Effendi, Hamsherri, and now Sahib; one naturally wonders what new surprises are in store ahead.

A bountiful supper of scrambled eggs (*toke-mi-morgue*) is obtained here, and the customary shake-down on the floor. After getting rid of the crowd I seek my rude couch, and am soon in the land of



unconsciousness ; an hour afterwards I am awakened by the busy hum of conversation ; and, behold, in the dim light of a primitive lamp, I become conscious of several pairs of eyes immediately above me, peering with scrutinizing inquisitiveness into my face ; others are examining the bicycle standing against the wall at my head. Rising up, I find the *chapar-khana* crowded with caravan teamsters, who, going past with a large camel caravan from the Caspian seaport of Resht, have heard of the bicycle, and come flocking to my room ; I can hear the unmelodious clanging of the big sheet-iron bells as their long string of camels file slowly past the building.

Daylight finds me again on the road, determined to make the best of early morning, ere the stiff easterly wind, which seems inclined to prevail of late, commences blowing great guns against me. A short distance out, I meet a string of some three hundred laden camels that have not yet halted after the night's march ; scores of large camel caravans have been encountered since leaving Erzeroum, but they have invariably been halting for the day ; these camels regard the bicycle with a timid reserve, merely swerving a step or two off their course as I wheel past ; they all seem about equally startled, so that my progress down the ranks simply causes a sort of a gentle ripple along the line, as though each successive camel were playing a game of follow-my-leader. The road this morning is nearly perfect for wheeling, consisting of well-trodden camel paths over a hard graveled surface that of itself naturally makes excellent surface for cycling ; there is no wind, and twenty-five miles are duly registered by the cyclometer when I halt to eat the breakfast of bread and a portion of yesterday evening's scrambled eggs which I have brought along.

On past Seyudoon and approaching Kasveen, the plain widens to a considerable extent and becomes perfectly level ; apparent distances become deceptive, and objects at a distance assume weird fantastic shapes ; beautiful mirages hold out their allurements from all directions ; the sombre walls of villages present the appearance of battlemented fortresses rising up from the mirror-like surface of silvery lakes, and orchards and groves seem shadowy, undefinable objects floating motionless above the earth. The telegraph poles traversing the plain in a long, straight line until lost to view in the hazy distance,

appear to be suspended in mid-air ; camels, horses, and all moving objects more than a mile away, present the strange optical illusion of animals walking through the air many feet above the surface of the earth. Long rows of *kanaat* mounds traverse the plain in every direction, leading from the numerous villages to distant mountain chains ; descending one of the sloping cavernous entrances before mentioned, for a drink, I am rather surprised at observing numerous fishes disporting themselves in the water, which, on the comparatively level plain, flows but slowly ; perhaps they are an eyeless variety similar to those found in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky ; still they get a glimmering light from the numerous perpendicular shafts. Flocks of wild pigeons also frequent these underground water-courses, and the peasantry sometimes capture them by the hundred with nets placed over the shafts ; the *kanaats* are not bricked archways, but merely tunnels burrowed through the ground.

Three miles of loose sand and stones have to be trundled through before reaching Kasveen ; nevertheless my promised sixty miles are overcome, and I enter the city gate at 2 P. M. A trundle through several narrow, crooked streets brings me to an inner gateway emerging upon a broad smooth avenue ; a short ride down this brings me to a large enclosure containing the custom-house offices and a fine brick caravansary. Yet another prince appears here in the person of a custom-house official ; I readily grant the requested privilege of seeing me ride, but the title of a Persian prince is no longer associated in my mind with greatness and importance ; princes in Persia are as plentiful as counts in Italy or barons in Germany, yet it rather shocks one's dreams of the splendor of Oriental royalty to find princes manipulating the keys of a one-wire telegraph control-station at a salary of about forty dollars a month (25 tomans), or attending to the prosy duties of a small custom-house.

Kasveen is important as being the half-way station between Teheran and the Caspian port of Resht, and on the highway of travel and commerce between northern Persia and Europe ; added importance is likewise derived from its being the terminus of a broad level road from the capital, and where travelers and the mail from Teheran have to be transferred from wheeled vehicles to the backs of horses for

the passage over the rugged passes of the Elburz mountains leading to the Caspian slope, or *vice versa* when going the other way. Locking the bicycle up in a room of the caravansary, I take a strolling peep at the nearest streets; a couple of *lutis* or professional buffoons, seeing me strolling leisurely about, come hurrying up; one is leading a baboon by a string around the neck, and the other is carrying a gourd drum; reaching me, the man with the baboon commenced making the most ludicrous grimaces and causes the baboon to caper wildly about by jerking the string, while the drummer proceeds to belabor the head of his drum, apparently with the single object of extracting as much noise from it as possible. Putting my fingers to my ears I turn away; ten minutes afterwards I observe another similar combination making a bee-line for my person; waving them off I continue on down the street; soon afterwards yet a third party attempts to secure me for an audience. It is the custom for these strolling buffoons to thus present themselves before persons on the street, and to visit houses whenever there is occasion for rejoicing, as at a wedding, or the birth of a son; the *lutis* are to the Persians what Italian organ-grinders are among ourselves; I fancy people give them money chiefly to get rid of their noise and annoyance, as we do to save ourselves from the soul-harrowing tones of a wheezy crank-organ beneath the window.

Among the novel conveyances observed in the courtyard of the caravansaries is the *takhtrowan*, a large sedan chair provided with shafts at either end, and carried between two mules or horses; another is the *kajaveh*, an arrangement not unlike a pair of canvas-covered dog kennels strapped across the back of an animal; these latter contrivances are chiefly used for carrying children.

After riding around the courtyard several different times for crowds continually coming, I finally conclude that there must be a limit to this sort of thing anyhow, and refuse to ride again; the new-comers linger around, however, until evening, in the hopes that an opportunity of seeing me ride may present itself; a number of them then contribute a handful of coppers, which they give to the proprietor of a tributary *tchai-khan* to offer me as an inducement to ride again; the wily Persians know full well that while a Ferenghi would scorn to accept their handful of coppers,

he would probably be sufficiently amused at the circumstance to reward their persistence by riding for nothing; telling the grinning *khan-jee* to pocket the coppers, I favor them with "positively the last entertainment this evening." An hour later the *khan-jee* meets me going toward the bazaar in search of something for supper; inquiring the object of my search, he takes me back to his *tchai-khan*, points significantly to an iron kettle simmering on a small charcoal fire, and bids me be seated; after waiting on a customer or two, and supplying me with tea, he quietly beckons me to the fire, removes the cover, and reveals a savory dish of stewed chicken and onions; this he generously shares with me a few minutes later, refusing to accept any payment. As there are exceptions to every rule, so it seems there are individuals, even among the Persian commercial classes, capable of generous and worthy impulses; true, the *khan-jee* obtained more than the value of the supper in the handful of coppers—but gratitude is generally understood to be an unknown commodity among the subjects of the Shah.

Soon the obstreperous cries of "Ali Akbar, la-al-lah-il-allah" from the throats of numbers of the faithful perched upon the caravansary steps, stable-roof, and other conspicuous soul inspiring places, announces the approach of bedtime. My room is actually found to contain a towel and an old tooth-brush; the towel has evidently not been laundried for some time, and a public tooth-brush is hardly a joy-inspiring object to contemplate; nevertheless they are evidences that the proprietor of the caravansary is possessed of vague, shadowy ideas of a Ferenghi's requirements; after a person has dried his face with the slanting sunbeams of early morning, or with his pocket-handkerchief for weeks, the bare possibility of soap, towels, etc., awakens agreeable reflections of coming comforts.

At seven o'clock on the following morning I pull out toward Teheran, now but six *chapar*-stations distant. Running parallel with the road is the Elburz range of mountains, a lofty chain, separating the elevated plateau of central Persia from the moist and wooded slopes of the Caspian Sea; south of this great dividing ridge the country is an arid and barren waste, a desert, in fact, save where irrigation redeems here and there a circumscribed area, and the mountain slopes are gray and rocky. Crossing over to the northern side

of the divide, one immediately finds himself in a moist climate, and a country green almost as the British Isles, with dense box-wood forests covering the slopes of the mountains and hiding the foot-hills beneath an impenetrable mantle of green. The Elburz Mountains are a portion of the great water-shed of Central Asia, extending from the Himalayas up through Afghanistan and Persia into the Caucasus, and they perform very much the same office for the Caspian slope of Persia, as the Sierra Nevadas do for the Pacific slope of California, inasmuch as they cause the moisture-laden clouds rolling in from the sea to empty their burthens on the seaward slopes instead of penetrating farther into the interior.

The road continues fair wheeling, but nothing compared with the road between Zenjan and Kasveen; it is more of an artificial highway; the Persian government has been tinkering with it, improving it considerably in some respects, but leaving it somewhat lumpy and unfinished generally, and in places it is unridable from sand and loose material on the surface; it has the appreciable merit of levelness, however, and, for Persia, is a very creditable highway indeed. At four *farsakhs* from Kasveen I reach the *chapar-khana* of Cawanda, where a breakfast is obtained of eggs and tea; these two things are among the most readily obtained refreshments in Persia. The country this morning is monotonous and uninteresting, being for the most part a stony, level plain, sparsely covered with gray camel-thorn shrubs. Occasionally one sees in the distance a camp of Eliants, one of the wandering tribes of Persia; their tents are smaller and of an entirely different shape from the Koords, partaking more of the nature of square-built movable huts than tents; these camps are too far off my road to justify paying them a visit, especially as I shall probably have abundant opportunities before leaving the Shah's dominions; but I intercept a straggling party of them crossing the road; they have a more docile look about them than the Koords, have more the general appearance of gypsies, and they dress but little different from the ryots of surrounding villages.

At Kishlock, where I obtain a dinner of bread and grapes, I find the cyclometer has registered a gain of thirty-two miles from Kasveen; it has scarcely been an easy thirty-two miles, for I am again confronted by a discouraging head breeze.

Reaching the Shah Abbas caravansary of Yeng-Imam (all first-class caravansaries are called Shah Abbas caravansaries, in deference to so many having been built throughout Persia by that monarch) about five o'clock, I conclude to remain here over night, having wheeled fifty-three miles. Yeng-Imam is a splendid large brick caravansary, the finest I have yet seen in Persia; many travelers are putting up here, and the place presents quite a lively appearance. In the centre of the courtyard is a large covered spring; around this is a garden of rose-bushes, pomegranate trees and flowers; surrounding the garden is a bricked walk, and forming yet a larger square is the caravansary building itself, consisting of a one-storied brick edifice, partitioned off into small rooms. The building is only one room deep, and each room opens upon a sort of covered porch containing a fireplace where a fire can be made and provisions cooked. Attached to the caravansary, usually beneath the massive and roomy arched gateway, is a *tchai-khan* and a small store where bread, eggs, butter, fruit, charcoal, etc., are to be obtained; the traveler hires a room which is destitute of all furniture; provides his own bedding and cooking utensils, purchases provisions and a sufficiency of charcoal, and proceeds to make himself comfortable; on a pinch one can usually borrow a frying-pan or kettle of some kind, and in such first-class caravansaries as Yeng-Imam there is sometimes one furnished room, carpeted and provided with bedding, reserved for the accommodation of travelers of importance.

After the customary programme of riding to allay the curiosity and excitement of the people, I obtain bread, fruit, eggs, butter to cook them in, and charcoal for a fire, the elements of a very good supper for a hungry traveler; borrowing a handleless frying-pan, I am setting about preparing my own supper, when a respectable looking Persian steps out from the crowd of curious on-lookers and voluntarily takes this rather onerous duty out of my hands; readily obtaining my consent, he quickly kindles a fire, and scrambles and fries the eggs. While my volunteer cook is thus busily engaged, a company of distinguished travelers passing along the road halt at the *tchai-khan* to smoke a *kalian* and drink tea; the caravansary proprietor approaches me, and winking mysteriously, intimates that by going outside and riding for the edification of the new arrivals I



will be pretty certain to get a present of a keran (about 20 cents); as he appears anxious to have me accommodate them, I accordingly go out and favor them with a few turns on a level piece of ground outside; after they have departed the proprietor covertly offers me a half-keran piece in a manner so that everybody can observe him attempting to give me something without seeing the amount. The wily Persian had doubtless solicited a present from the travelers for me, obtained, perhaps, a couple of kerans, and watching a favorable opportunity, offers me the half-keran piece; the wily ways of these people are several degrees more ingenious even than the dark ways and vain tricks of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee."

Occupying one of the rooms are two young noblemen traveling with their mother to visit the Governor of Zenjan; after I have eaten my supper, they invite me to their apartments for the evening; their mother has a *samovar* under full headway, and a number of hard boiled eggs; her two hopeful sons are engaged in a drinking bout of *arrack*; they are already wildly hilarious and indulging in brotherly embraces and doubtful love songs; their fond mother regards them with approving smiles as they swallow glass after glass of the raw fiery spirit, and become gradually more intoxicated and hilarious. Instead of checking their tippling, as a fond and prudent Ferenghi mother would have done, this indulgent parent encourages them rather than otherwise, and the more deeply intoxicated and hilariously happy the sons become, the happier seems the mother; about nine o'clock they fall to weeping tears of affection for each other and for myself, and degenerate into such maudlin sentimentality generally, that I naturally become disgusted, accept a parting glass of tea, and bid them good evening.

The caravansary-*jee* assigns me the furnished chamber above referred to; the room is found to be well carpeted, contains a mattress and an abundance of flaming red quilts, and on a small table reposes a well-thumbed copy of the Koran with gilt lettering and illumined pages; for these really comfortable quarters I am charged the trifling sum of one keran.

I am now within fifty miles of Teheran, my destination until spring-time comes around again and enables me to continue on eastward toward the Pacific; the wheeling continues fair, and in the cool of

early morning good headway is made for several miles; as the sun peeps over the summit of a mountain spur jutting southward a short distance from the main Elburz range, a wall of air comes rushing from the east as though the sun were making strenuous exertions to usher in the commencement of another day with a triumphant toot. Multitudes of donkeys are encountered on the road, the omnipresent carriers of the Persian peasantry, taking produce to the Teheran market; the only wheeled vehicle encountered between Kasveen and Teheran is a heavy-wheeled, cumbersome mail wagon, rattling briskly along behind four galloping horses driven abreast, and a newly imported carriage for some notable of the capital being dragged by hand, a distance of two hundred miles from Resht, by a company of soldiers. Pedaling laboriously against a stiff breeze I round the jutting mountain spur about eleven o'clock, and the conical snow-crowned peak of Mount Demavend looms up like a beacon light from among the lesser heights of the Elburz range about seventy-five miles ahead; Demavend is a perfect cone, some 20,000 feet in height, and is reputed to be the highest point of land north of the Himalayas.

From the projecting mountain spur the road makes a bee-line across the intervening plain to the capital; a large willow-fringed irrigating ditch now traverses the stony plain for some distance parallel with the road, supplying the caravansary of Shahabad and several adjacent villages with water. Teheran itself, being situated on the level plain, and without the tall minarets that render Turkish cities conspicuous from a distance, leaves one undecided as to its precise location until within a few miles of the gate; it occupies a position a dozen or more miles south of the base of the Elburz Mountains, and is flanked on the east by another jutting spur; to the southward is an extensive plain sparsely dotted with villages, and the walled gardens of the wealthier Teheranis.

At one o'clock on the afternoon of September 30, the sentinels at the Kasveen gate of the Shah's capital gaze with unutterable astonishment at the strange spectacle of a lone Ferenghi riding toward them astride an airy wheel that glints and glitters in the bright Persian sunbeams; they look still more wonder-stricken, and half inclined to think me some supernatural being, as, without dismounting, I ride beneath the gaudily colored archway and

down the suburban streets ; a ride of a mile between dead mud walls and along an open business street, and I find myself surrounded by wondering soldiers and citizens in the great central *top-maidan*, or artillery square, and shortly afterward am endeavoring to eradicate some of the dust and soil of travel, in a room of a wretched apology for an hotel kept by a Frenchman, formerly a pastry-cook to the Shah. My cyclometer has registered 1,576 miles from Ismidt ; from Liverpool to Constantinople, where I had no cyclometer, may be roughly estimated at 2,500, making a total from

Liverpool to Teheran, of 4,076 miles. In the evening several young Englishmen belonging to the staff of the Indo-European Telegraph Company, come round, and echoing my own above mentioned sentiments concerning the hotel, generously invite me to become a member of their comfortable bachelor establishment during my stay in Teheran. "How far do you reckon it from London to Teheran by your line?" I enquire of them during our after-supper conversation. "Somewhere in the neighborhood of 4,000 miles," is the reply. "What does your cyclometer say?"

[To be continued.]

### DREAMING IN A HAMMOCK.

With the green boughs twined in a roof above,  
In a hammock gently swayed,  
While the sunbeams strive to pierce the gloom,  
And the air is filled with a sweet perfume,  
She lies in the chestnut's shade.

Her eyelids resting their dusky fringe  
On a cheek with crimson flushed,  
Her white dress sweeping the turf below  
As she swingeth idly to and fro,  
With aspect still and hushed.

She dreams — and her lips have formed a smile.  
Who knows what pleasant things,  
What blissful visions of joys to be,  
What wonderful thoughts of land or sea,  
She is dreaming as she swings?

Perhaps she dreams of the pale wild rose  
Which fades away in her belt.  
Perhaps she dreams of the giver, too,  
And how by his side the bright hours flew,  
And what she said and felt.

Who knows? Not I! But across the grass  
Comes somebody wiser than I.  
He comes to the patch of cool, deep shade,  
By the still green boughs of the chestnut made,  
And stops with a start, half shy.

And he guesses for whom the smile is meant —  
Ah, guesser, she dreams of you!  
See, the lashes lift from the crimson cheeks —  
She stirs — she wakes — and now she speaks,  
For she knows that her dream is true.

*Edith Evelyn Bigelow.*

## AFTER GERONIMO.<sup>1</sup>

BY LIEUT. JOHN BIGELOW, JR., 10TH CAVALRY, U. S. A.

Author of "MARS LA TOUR AND GRAVELOTTÉ."

### XI.



*Mowry Mine, Arizona, February 26, 1886.*—The doctor inquired of one of the men at sick call how old he was, and was answered: "I don't know, sir; I estimate about 28."

*Cave Cañon, February 27, 1886.*—To get a change of scene and extend my knowledge of the country, I set out this morning with the doctor for Captain Hatfield's camp, purposing to move with it to-morrow to its new site on the east side of the Huachuclas. It had rained all night, but the roads—a mixture of sand and clay, absorbing and hardening readily—were not generally heavy. The light mountain air, coursing through the shining wet trees and bushes on our way, broke upon us in refreshing compensation for the already ardent sunshine.

We stopped at the ranch of Mr. Campini, eight miles from Cave Cañon. His house, situated in the bottom of one of the numerous gullies that we had to cross, is prettily shaded, and set off by a neatly fenced-in front yard. From what I heard here I judge that the killing reported lately at La Noria was done by cowboys, and that its one victim was a Mexican horse-thief.

We arrived at Cave Cañon, in which the captain is now camped, at about four o'clock. As we entered the camp, which is so shut in that we were almost in it before we saw it, the first thing that I noted was the rustic horse-shed, which affords efficient protection against the sun, and sufficient, perhaps, for cavalry horses in the field,

against wind and rain and snow. Beyond it we passed the line of common tents of the men, and came upon the towering sibley occupied by the captain. About twenty yards up the arroyo from here is a dug-out used as the officers' kitchen and dining-room. The camp is prettily watered by a brook running past the front of the line of tents, and separating it from the troop kitchen and tents of the Indian scouts. A little while after our arrival the captain came riding into camp. He had

been out most of the day with the department engineer officer, who is taking notes for the perfecting of the military map of



SKETCHED AT ROLL-CALL.

<sup>1</sup> This diary of a United States cavalry officer in pursuit of the hostile Apaches was commenced in March, 1886.



"WE STOPPED AT THE RANCH."

the Territory. This does not look like an early cessation of hostilities.

*Ash Cañon, February 28, 1886.* — Before the sun was over the mountains the first call for reveille roused me from my cot, or rather the doctor's, which he had hospitably surrendered to me. Partly because of the extra earliness of breakfast, and partly because of the discomfort of a cold bed, our party was prompt to answer the twanging summons; and in the time it took me to get on my first-in-order of outer garments, my companions had raised themselves to sitting postures and gone so far toward dressing as to re-identify themselves and one another, and exchange morning salutations. The captain, who had slept on a camp cot with nothing under him but the canvas and one thickness of blanket, had dreamt of himself as on ice, and not as an oyster or as a corpse, but as a conscious human being.

Before we sat down to our breakfast the men had finished theirs, and were striking their tents and putting them in the wagons. At half-past eight the troop was formed in line ready to mount and march, and at the command of the captain it broke into column and started up over the side

of the arroyo toward the road. The pack-train of five mules trotted close about our rear and flanks, their drivers galloping around and among them to keep them from straying too far, and occasionally dismounting to adjust a load or tighten a rope. The three heavily loaded six-mule wagons labored along some distance in our rear. About three miles from camp the head of the column was halted. We were close to the Mexican line, which we had to cross to make the bend of the road, and the captain, though authorized to cross by the Mexican custom agent, thought it well to take the precaution before doing so, of closing up. Our three wagons would have been a more tempting prize for a party of piratical Mexicans than was the camp outfit of Captain Crawford. We crossed and recrossed the line without knowing exactly where. In the course of the three miles made on the territory of our sister republic, we saw no indications of humanity other than the road, which in one sense, at least, is more American than Mexican. Halting again inside of the line to water the horses, we proceeded along the eastern base of the Huachucas, overlooking the broad, smooth valley of the San Pedro, to

Ash Cañon. We are settled here on the fertile and beautifully located ranch of Mr. Emanuel—the officers under the hospitable roof of the homestead, the men in a grove near the house, where they are getting their tents and effects ready to be put up and arranged in the morning. The horses and mules are down toward the bottom of the valley picking over the bunches of dead grass. The ranch is watered by a spring about a quarter of a mile up the cañon from the house, which forms a pond of almost tepid water that never freezes over, encircled with a dense growth of watercresses. The water is distributed by a system of ditches,

graceful sky lines, and their streaks and dots and patches of wintergreen darkening in the distance to a blackish hue, of earth and rock-tinted cones and mounds; and of serrated mountains, rough and forbidding in form, but soft and alluring in their delicate coloring of snow white and purple gray.

Upon arriving and reporting to the post commander, Colonel Royall, I reported to Major Forsyth, commanding the troops in the field, and at his kind invitation, put up at his house.

*Mowry Mine, March 4, 1886.*—The evening of my arrival at Fort Huachuca, the officers and ladies of the post were



PACKER HITCHING UP A CINCH.

or *acequias*, through fields of grain, vegetables, vines and fruit trees, out of which it runs past the house down into the pasture, for the stock to drink from.

*Fort Huachuca, March 16, 1886.*—About half-past nine this morning I set out with the doctor and my two men for this post, where we arrived at about one o'clock. Our route lay, like yesterday's, at the top of the long foot-slope of the mountain, and afforded an extensive view of the russet-colored, undulating plains, with their long,

treated to a musical performance, a cantata, by a young Swiss, a general-service clerk. The next evening I went to a garrison hop. What with this dissipation and dining out, and the excitement of having a tooth pulled, I was variously and abundantly entertained. I learned nothing in regard to the campaign, except that, according to the latest *on dit*, General Crook is to meet Geronimo on the 15th of this month.

Camp-life seems drearier and emptier than ever. I try to reconcile myself to it



"THE HORSES AND MULES ARE DOWN TOWARD THE BOTTOM OF THE VALLEY."

as a wholesome discipline in preparation for the intervals of inaction in real war, but it is hard to imagine this inanity in real war.

*Mowry Mine, March 10, 1886.* — Since the 6th instant, the men have had another experience of ephemeral opulence, which terminated, I believe, last night in a ball. Our soldiers are paid every two months. Having been six or eight weeks without a nickel, they suddenly find themselves in possession of from \$25 to \$50—often where there is no spending money except at the sutler's store, and without their having a need to supply or, outside of enjoyment, a want to meet. No wonder they go into excesses and crowd the guard-house. To pay them every month would be to double the evil. To pay every week would hardly be to mitigate it. To pay every day would be impracticable to our present pay corps. This latter course involves either a large increase of the corps, or a radical change in its methods of disbursement and accounts, besides the entailment of additional work and responsibility on other officers. It seems, on the whole, however, to be the best way out of the pay-day difficulty.

*Mowry Mine, March 11, 1886.* — After blowing and blustering two or three days, it snowed all night, and the country is now covered with a layer two or three inches thick, as heavy a fall as we had during the winter. The sun is out, however, and the air is balmy.

The contributions to the *Army and Navy Journal* relative to the Manderson bill for the reorganization of the Infantry, have impressed me anew with the need of a consolidation of opinion among our army officers. Much might be done toward its accomplishment through the influence of some class or other of officers of notable professional spirit and intelligence, say the prize medallists of the military service institution. The institution would add greatly to its present usefulness should it regularly procure and publish the views of these officers on the most important military measures before Congress; such as the Manderson bill and the Logan bill of the present session.

*Mowry Mine, March 14, 1886.* — Coming in from a walk this afternoon, I was accosted by a couple of Mexicans, one of whom handed me the following communication :



SEÑOR CELADOR [Mr. Sheriff], I enclose to you a list composed of some inhabitants of the *celaduria* [county] under your charge, which I require that you enlist for me by this evening, in order that to-morrow at seven o'clock in the morning they may join a force which this *ayuntamiento* [magistracy] is organizing to go in pursuit of Indians.

I earnestly beseech that you take the greatest pains to enlist them, as it is a matter of great importance.

LIBERTY AND CONSTITUTION!

*Santa Cruz*, March 13, 1886.

The document, sealed and stamped, was signed by the *Presidente*, or Mayor, of Santa Cruz. I was told in explanation of it that the day before yesterday a party of ten Indians, all mounted, were seen on the east side of the Cananea Mountains, making for San Lazaro; that one of the party was killed that day by an American, and the sum of \$200 found on him, besides a gold ring; and that the force of volunteers organizing to go in pursuit of the remainder numbered ten men from La Noria and twenty from Santa Cruz. Upon the return of the captain, I communicated to the messengers that he would like to have further news in regard to the matter, and that for the present he could do nothing for want of provisions. Our regular supplies will be exhausted to-morrow, after which the troop will have nothing to subsist on but its savings, which include no coffee, bacon or sugar. I am sorry to miss an opportunity of going into Mexico. There will be numerous volunteers, however, for the expedition, as the finding of \$200 on one of the Indians will lead to the supposition of a good sum of money on some of the others.

*Mowry Mine, March 18, 1886.*— It is now three days since General Crook was to have met Geronimo, but we have not yet heard of his having done so.

The Indians reported making for San Lazaro have doubled back, and the volunteers of Santa Cruz are not going out.

A party of visitors has arrived at the Mexicans', consisting of the mother and the eldest son of Mrs. Rios, the latter a boy about five years old, and a nephew, younger than he. They were brought here from Magdalena by Mr. Rios, and traveled from Nogales on burros, crossing the mountain by the rough trail that I followed last summer. Being told this by the lady-traveler herself, I abstracted myself for a moment from the conversation, to consider whether she took the burro up the hill or the converse. She is about six feet tall, and as ample in figure as in height. Her straight black hair; sharp, close eyes; slightly aquiline nose, and rather small,

thin-lipped mouth, bespeak her of Indian blood. She wore an unstarched white dress of light material, similar to our cheese-cloth, which was soiled and torn through the vicissitudes, no doubt, of cross country traveling. There are now nine people living in the two rooms of the little hut. There they cook and sleep and eat. I have figured out in regard to their sleeping arrangements that Mrs. Rios and her mother, with the two smallest children, and maybe the one hen with part of her family, occupy the stronger of the two beds, while Mr. Rios with the other two children occupies the other bed; and that the remaining members of the household, Don Sebastian and a middle-aged son of Mr. Rios (by his former wife), sleep on the floor in the other room, where the family cook and eat.

The chickens of the Rioses are the best provided for of the Mexican families that I know of. They have a box fitted up for their accommodation under the bed, but if any of them are restless or discontented, they wander forth in search of food or of a new resting-place, and will soon cackle the whole house up if interfered with. The head of the family, with a companion of his own sex, roosts outside on the saddle-rack, where the two together share the responsibility of the watch-dog. In case of a good rain the feathery portion of the household have the house pretty much to themselves. The women and children have to go to bed, and while the men are out attending to their work, the old cocks, and hen and all, feast undisturbed upon the splashy, miry floor. If any of the featherless ones get up, it is probably not for long, only for time enough to drink a cup of coffee and eat a plate or two of beans. Meanwhile, the gallinaceous family may explore the beds. I hate to think of their finding anything there, but I have seen the older ones pecking at the sheets, in a way that satisfied me that it was not for nothing, and I cannot believe that it was for exercise. If the owners of the house assert their rights with force, they repair, skipping and chuckling, to the richer feast that awaits them out of doors. Before retiring for the night they make a visit to the dining-room, to partake of the leavings of supper, consisting of dish-water, coffee dregs, cigarette stumps, and other such tid-bits. The hen and the chicks then file off into the bedroom, where, having made the rounds, to see that nothing is overlooked, they assemble for rest and digestion in their special apartment. If they have a



thought of heaven, it is the hope that it may rain, and no matter how hard, seeing that all heaven cannot leak through that roof of theirs.

While this is going on, the two old cocks come strutting out in front of the house. After making their way as unobtrusively as possible, through the evening gathering, they go fluttering up, first one and then the other, to their roost, where they blink irrelevantly at their startled lords while shifting and adjusting themselves into comfortable security.

While upon the lookout this afternoon, I watched for some time a great volume of faintly colored smoke rising from a mountain range over in Mexico, which I judged to be about sixty miles from here. It was too large for camp or signal fires and probably came from burning grass or timber. If caused by Indian devilry, we shall probably soon know it.

About ten o'clock this evening, as the captain and I, sitting up later than usual, were comforting ourselves with a good growl and a mescal punch, I heard a horse's step in front of the tent, and looking out descried in the darkness the form and countenance of our friend the doctor. His orderly being referred to the corporal of the guard, he was taken in and treated to the cheer before us, and to something more nourishing. In return he imparted to us, as officially reported from headquarters, that General Crook was on his way to the line to meet Geronimo, and that the latter and the other Indians were going to surrender, with the exception of

Mangus, who cannot be found. He is thought to have cut loose from Geronimo, with a few followers, to carry on a campaign of his own.

*Tevis Ranch, March 20, 1886.*— Came here with the doctor, traveling pretty



PAY DAY.

straight across country. We had to dismount a number of times and lead our horses up rough narrow trails. I wished several times for my little camera. Looking back in our ascents, we commanded a slanting, grassy terrace at the head of the Santa Cruz valley, the smooth, even bottom and rugged sides of which we overlooked to beyond La Noria. The Huachuca peaks are almost clear of snow, and the grass in the valley is just tinting itself with a fresh growth.

About five o'clock, having crossed the divide and the broken decline beyond, we came around the point of an intervening hill upon the homestead of Tevis Ranch. It is a strikingly large adobe building, with a capacious arched entrance, and most advantageously situated at the head of the Barbacomori, within a few feet of

the railroad. From a spring at the back of it a stream runs in a narrow ditch completely around it, watering a number of young cottonwood trees. We were received by a male "help," who informed us, to our great regret, that Mr. Tevis had gone to Fort Huachuca, but that the two other gentlemen of the house, Mr. Bruce and Dr. Perrine—who were known to the doctor but not to myself—had only gone down the track and would soon be back. While waiting for them to return, I learned from this acting major-domo that the estate numbered 37,000 acres, and sustained 16,000 head of stock; that the stock was owned in equal shares by four persons, the three gentlemen mentioned and one other, and that the land was wholly the property of Dr. Perrine.



ARRIVAL OF THE DOCTOR.

The sun having sunk pretty low and no one having come to the house, the doctor and I got on our horses and rode down the track. About half a mile from the house we came upon Mr. Bruce—who, I had heard, was an excellent sportsman—shouldering a shot-gun, and behind him Dr. Perrine carrying a dead duck. We needed no pressing to agree to spend the night with them. Upon arriving at the house our two orderlies were sent to the stable with the horses, and the doctor and I taken inside, where, it being near dinner-time, we proceeded to our much needed ablutions. The interior of the house was no less striking to me than its exterior. Such furniture, such pictures and plaques, and especially such books—in short, such taste and refinement, I had not expected

to see in my excursions from the Mowry mine. After a dinner which combined the acme of city with that of country fare—in which ducks from the waters of the Barbacomori, and beef from its grassy banks, fresh vegetables and pure California wine, dessert, etc., were served by a shining, spotless Chinaman—we gathered around the fire in the sitting-room. There I learned from Mr. Bruce that he and I had been fellow students at the University of Berlin, which I thought justified me in referring to the trite observation on the smallness of the world.

*Mowry Mine, March 21, 1886.*—This morning the doctor and I parted from our hosts with many assurances of our disposition to renew our visit, and



TONTO WARRIOR.

about half a mile from the house he branched off toward Fort Huachuca, while I continued on my way to the Mowry. He said that he would probably be out at our camp in a week, but I do not expect to see him again that soon.

There is no room for doubt now that General Crook has gone to the line to meet Geronimo, and it can hardly be long before the troops will be going back to their posts. This time last year I was packing to move from Texas to Arizona, and I have been pretty constantly in camp or on the march ever since. When I consider the little professional advantage that this roughing it is affording me, I am satisfied with the prospect of a return, without honor or distinction, to my garrison home.

*Nogales, A. T., March 24, 1886.*—Having lain awake almost all night with an

aching tooth, I set out early this morning in quest of such dental treatment as I might ascertain to be available. Stopping at Harshaw, where I had heard there was a farrier or horse-doctor who could pull teeth, I was told that there was no relief for me there, but that there was a doctor at Crittenden who was a good tooth-puller. There I learned that the doctor was away, and that it was not known when he would be back. Though my ailment had now almost left me, I was determined, being on the railroad, not to turn back until I had seen a dentist; so, waiting for the evening train, I came down here, the nearest point, according to my information, where I could find one. Upon my arrival about nine o'clock, I walked over to the Nelson House, in company with its traditionally "genial" proprietor, whose name it bears, and feeling tired, went at once to my room and to bed. Upon putting out my candle I became deeply absorbed in a most strange phenomenon. Each black wall of my

room, except the outside one, was set off with vertical stripes of luminosity about half an inch wide and a foot apart, extending from floor to ceiling. Recollecting my being told at Crittenden that the partitions between the bedrooms were nothing but planks with wide cracks between them, which statement was annoyingly corroborated by my ears, I readily accounted for what I saw without having recourse to the supernatural, but for a long time afterward the talking in the hall and neighboring rooms prevented my wholly dismissing it from my mind.

*Nogales, March 25, 1886.*—Out of respect to my fellow-boarders I went before breakfast to the nearest barber-shop and was shaved. Having breakfasted, I stepped over to the office of the dentist, a few doors from the hotel, and finding that he had not come from his house, strolled about the town. I



was ciceroned by a gentleman who struck up an acquaintance with me on my uniform. A short distance from the hotel, as we turned to leave the main street, my attention was directed to a pile of loose stone, about four feet high, on the inner side of the pavement, which I was told was an international boundary monument. A few steps from here a sort of booth, or covered counter, was pointed out to me on the curb of the sidewalk: "There," said my cicerone, "is the place to get Mexican cigars." As I was about to ask him how that was done, seeing nothing there but this bare and apparently empty structure, and no one near it, I was asked: "Do you see this store?" and my attention was directed to a liquor store opening on it.

"Yes."

"Well, that store is in the United States, and this booth is on the line. Now, you ask in that store for a Sonora cigar, and the keeper will come out and take you on the Sonora side of the booth, and open a box in it, and sell you your cigar at the Mexican price."

From this interesting American curiosity we passed into the Mexican part of the town, smaller than the American by about a half. It includes the station and most of its dependent structures. Crossing the railroad we walk across the decent-looking plaza and out through a tolerably clean street radiating from it, at the corner of which the salutation of my companion is acknowledged with Spanish gravity by an inflexible and resolute-looking custom officer. A few steps farther and we pass the first Mexican store, the only one that struck me as comparable to the better stores across the line. Wandering through the suburbs around back to the United States we see several hackels and even a dug-out, but the principal houses are gable-roofed and have quite an Americanizing effect. On the whole I find Nogales-in-Mexico a far neater and more inhabitable looking place than I expected.

The American and Mexican towns together number about 12,000 inhabitants. The only industries that I can learn of are brewing and soda working—making soda-water, ginger-beer, etc. A smelter about completed is expected to commence running about the 1st of next month, relying mainly upon Mexico for custom.

Besides the *Occidental*, at which I am staying, there is an hotel called *The Delmonico*, while a third American hotel, to be called the *International*, is in course of

erection. There are also several Mexican hotels, or inns. Considerable building is going on, and it is thought by many residents as well as outsiders that the Nogales people are "overdoing their town." It was founded about three years ago, as the railroad reached here from Benson. Its name is the Mexican for walnuts, which are said to have abounded here at one time.

On my way back to the dentist I was accosted, to my surprise, by a certain nondescript of a practitioner, who, through his bungling and fraudulent work at Fort Grant and at Fort Huachuca, was the cause of my visit here. I thanked him for his invitation to call at his office. The resident dentist to whom I immediately went, found, upon examination, a prong remaining from the back tooth which this quack had undertaken to pull. Having tried upon it all modes and methods of extraction, he proceeded to what I may call the operation of ejection, or prying out. This involved a course of trial and experiment for the securing of the right hold with the right instrument, my apprehensions of which were hardly ameliorated by his expressions of sympathy and commendation of my nerve.

I spent part of the afternoon in the photograph gallery receiving instruction, which I mean to turn to especial account in taking views. They are hard to buy in Arizona; the photographers rarely take them, as they do not pay as well as likenesses.

To have a reminiscence of Nogales, I bought a little Mexican dog. It looks somewhat like a Spitz, but has a more pointed, foxy face, and softer hair and disposition. It wags its tail almost like a prairie-dog. I should not wonder if it were a cross between a prairie-dog and a coyote. Its owner's price for it being ten cents, I paid twenty-five, allowing fifteen cents compensation for the little girl who procured it for me. *Dime* shall be its name.

Most of the evening I sat on the bench in front of the hotel enjoying the soft, still air and conversation with the hostler and other strangers. There is little formality out here about making acquaintance. One cannot travel far in uniform without being spoken to by someone who has worn the army blue and feels his heart go out to every wearer of it that he meets. To such old soldiers I owe many a pleasant and profitable interview, despite their occasional wearisomeness endeavoring to convince me that there never was and never can

be again such campaigning as they participated in.

*Mowry Mine, March 26, 1886.* — For about an hour after going to bed last night I was kept awake by a chattering of Chinamen in the kitchen, the window of which was directly opposite mine, and about six inches from it.

I was waked at a quarter-past four, and, half an hour later, without having breakfasted, I was walking over to the station with my baggage, consisting mainly of a pair of new shoes, which I carried in a box under my arm, and *Dime*, whom I toted in a grain sack. Soon after I got in the train it was boarded by a custom officer, who, however, made no inquiry or examination as to my traps. The matter of custom duty had not before occurred to me. When, after the second visit from the same official the train started, I congratulated myself on my happy escape or immunity from taxation. The train had hardly advanced one hundred yards, however, when it stopped, and in walked an American official on a tour of inspection. He satisfied himself by inquiry that my box did not contain cigars, and, by giving a dig at *Dime*, that I had not misrepresented the contents of my bag.

It was just light enough as we moved out of the station to observe the country, which darkness had prevented my doing on my way hither. The immediate environment of Nogales could hardly be more uninteresting, consisting of treeless hillocks, shutting out all prospect short of the distant mountains. Leaving the smelter on our left we were soon among the green trees and fields of the Potrero, a small stream rising about six miles south of Nogales. About nine miles from Nogales we passed the town, as it is called, of Calabasas,

the terminus of a projected railroad from Tucson, and crossed the grandly sylvan Santa Cruz at the point where the Sonoita Creek runs into it, when it is running. A few miles farther we emerged through a cut from the valley of the Santa Cruz, upon the embowered permanent stream of the



THE DOG OF NOGALES.

Sonoita, which we followed from there on more or less closely.

Upon arriving at Crittenden I put *Dime* in a box, and, nailing him in securely, entrusted him to a man going up to our camp in a wagon. I then breakfasted at the German restaurant with the relish that I was entitled to by a fast of four hours since getting up. It was my intention to go after breakfast into the Santa Rita Mountains to look at a mining prospect which I was recommended to have recorded, but the horses with which I was

to be driven out could not be found, and I did not go.

*Mowry Mine, March 30, 1886.*—The doctor, who arrived this evening, tells us that General Crook has met Geronimo, and is now on his way back to Fort Bowie with him and his followers. It looks as if we were indeed near the end.

*Mowry Mine, March 31, 1886.*—Being unable to procure any hyposulphite of soda, which chemical is indispensable to the prosecution of my photography, I decided yesterday, having the promise of the doctor's company, upon riding over to Nogales to-day to buy or beg it.

We set out from camp on the Mowry trail at twenty minutes past seven. After about an hour's travel we reached the edge of the mountain-top where we stopped for awhile to take in the view. A line of bright green foliage standing out in refreshing contrast against the prevailing dull colored prospect marked the winding course of the Santa Cruz, across and beyond which, half way up the rumpled and wrinkled side of the valley, a few straggling houses enabled us to locate Nogales.

This Mowry trail is called by Mexicans the *Guajalote* trail. *Guajalote* is the Mexican for turkey, which form of game once abounded here. *Chiricahua* is the Apache for turkey.

Having dismounted, and slipped and slid and stumbled down to the footslopes, we got on our horses, and picking our way into the bottom of a ravine, took up a jog-trot for the Santa Cruz, which we struck opposite Courtney's Ranch. It is a very different sight from what it was when I saw it last summer, being now about fifteen feet across and a foot deep. Its magnificent cottonwood trees, the largest, I think, that I have ever seen, are in full foliage. From a point about half

a mile below Courtney's, where we ran up against a wire fence that extended across the river and out two or three hundred yards on both sides, we turned back to the house to inquire the way. We thereupon followed a good road in a pretty straight course westward, catching a glimpse now and then of the rippling waters meandering on our right, from which we afterward branched off to wind our way up the gently sloping base of the Atascoso Mountains into Nogales. We stopped at the Nelson House to dispose of our horses and then walked over to where I had got my Mexican pup, for the doctor to try to get one like it, which, however, he did not succeed in doing. We lunched at the *Dos Republicas*, a Mexican restaurant. The national dish, frijole beans, was served up in the vessel in which it was cooked, a sort of compromise in earthenware between a cup and a saucer. A Mexican aliment served to us, of which we partook but sparingly, was *enchilada*. This consists of corn pancake strewn with bits of egg, onion, lettuce, olive, chili, or red-pepper, and I don't know what, and seasoned besides with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

About half-past two o'clock, having attended to our business, we got on our horses and turned their heads again toward the Santa Cruz. After crossing the river we had some trouble keeping the right course among the sharp, steep spurs of the Patagonias, and, having got into the wrong ravine, came near missing the trail over the top. However, we got well up on it in time to watch from a commanding position the disappearing of the sun behind the other side of the valley, and about an hour later, as it was growing uncomfortably cool and awkwardly dark, we dismounted in front of our cheerful tents.

[To be continued.]



## THE SUNSET LAND.<sup>1</sup>

A TALE OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

BY CAPTAIN EDWARD KEMEYS, JR.

### XIII.

"OFEN hev I laid hyer at night an' seed their snouts a-p'intin' down the air-hole. One night a feller poked his feet down, jest ter see how't felt. So I up and grabbed 'im by the legs—did, by thunder! Thar war hootin' then, you bet, till I felt fur my bowie and settled the business." That day the hills and gulches were scoured for wild sheep, but no sign even was discovered; and we were resting upon a hillside, when Paul, pointing upward, said:

"See that long, slantin' ledge? Onct two fellers I knowed hed clumb jest so fur, an' wuz restin' like me. They'd bin after the wild sheep fur many a day an' hadn't found none, tho' they was dead sot on that game. All av a suddin, as they laid thar, 'long cum a hull band uv them very critters, feedin' as they walked, quiet 's lambs. Right off the two hunters began to shiver and shake, so they couldn't keep still long 'nough ter shoot no how. Finally one sez: 'I can't stand this no longer; durned ef I don't go plum crazy onless I shoot.' 'Hold on, Gabe,' sez the other, 'jest let em cum's fur es that big chunk uv stun, and doggone me ef I don't drop the lead-in' ram's sure's my name's Josh!'"

"So they waited. 'Long cum the sheep. All in a minnit the leader giv a stomp! the hull band looked up—run t'gether—cleared a ledge uv rock, an' down they come a-flyin' right on ter the two boss hunters. These hyer didn't hev a chance ter move till the hull gang war right a-top uv 'em. Josh was struck fust, an' rolled over an' over down the hill; an' the sheep, seein' what he war, give 'im the clean skip es they come; fact, they all sailed over 'im like a bird, till every hide an' horn uv the band war gone. Then es the men sot up ter rub their heads, they looked—an' right whar the sheep hed stood was a bust-in' grizzly bar!! 'Twas *him* hed stamped the sheep!"

"'Twould hev puzzled them hunters ter tell how they got down the mountains, fur the fastest time on record war their'n; an' when they drawed up at my cabin, their idees war so braided up, I couldn't make

head nor tail ov their yarn, but after a spell, the hull truth cum out." *We* shan't find no sheep, though, and may es well pike back." On the way to the ranch, Paul drew my attention to a mountain grouse, sitting on a branch of pine. "See thet bird?" "Yes!" "Well, jest wait an' see his head fly." Up came his rifle to his cheek, grew steady a moment, then the keen flame leaped from the muzzle, as did the head of the grouse from his neck, while Paul, picking up the dead bird, remarked: "My gun's a clipper! An' when I draw down on a critter anywhar up ter a hundred and fifty steps, I call it mine, mighty nigh every clatter!"

One room of the cabin was almost filled with my hunting trophies. Hides and furs with huge elk antlers, the stiff prongs of black-tailed deer, antelope heads and bison. While grinning among these, the sharp visage of the coyote and wide front of the great bear. As yet though, I could not number among them, the curving crescents of the cimmaron, the wild sheep of the Rocky Mountains. He had yet to fall before my leveled rifle; far away in his glacier home must he be sought and slain.

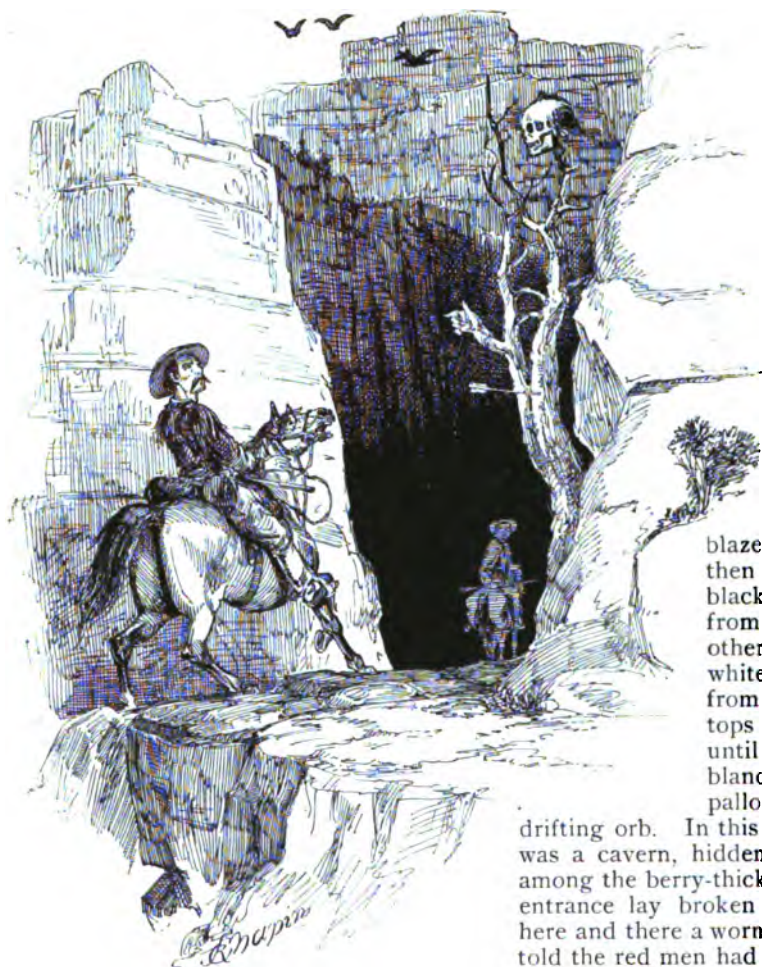
Paul only waited a change in the weather to commence the hunt. Therefore, in and about the old man's cabin, our quiet lives passed—one day a warm air came through the western gorges till it swept all snow away and the time seemed near. It was impossible to help speculating upon the results of the coming chase; for one morning just as my fancy was at its height, and I was stooping over an ice-hole in the river, to fill a pail, some impulse made me turn my head backward, and there! over my *right* shoulder, hung the bright horn of the new moon—surely those other crescent horns now would be mine!

Paul studied the sky, the wind and temperature, then said: "Now 's our time, captain, we're goin' ter hev more moderate weather fur a spell, an' may ez well try fur the wild sheep while it lasts."

So off to the wild land where he dwelt, we journeyed. The Gray Bull River was left with all its tributaries; and before us

<sup>1</sup> This tale commenced in the June OUTING.





THE DEADLY CAÑON.

opened the avenues and gateways of a land, yet wilder and more vast; a great volcanic tract whose upheaved strata showed the lava's scorching breath, the earthquake's throe, where the hot tide had poured in centuries gone.

"Thet mountain used ter be a great harbor fur sheep; we'll try it first," said Paul, pointing to where a solitary mountain stood, far to the north. It was now that we first became aware of the proximity of a great internal heat; in crossing a river, whose clear flood before entering a high cañon to our left, was icy cold, but when it emerged below, quite warm and strongly impregnated with sulphur. Beyond it, stretched a perfectly level plain, away to the flanks of the mountains; this we traversed, and encamped at the base of the great peak above, in a narrow gully. The surroundings were surpassingly grand.

Westward rose a steep butte, in color, of a brilliant Indian red, without trees or growth of any kind; back of it the sun was slowly sinking, shooting from behind its massive bulk, long jagged arrows of light, which fused the wild parapet as if smitten with fire, then glinted on the trees and bushes of the eastern hills. A few moments the solemn gorge where we rested, burned and blazed with darting light, then faded—lost in its own blackening shadows. But from the east uprose that other world—the great white moon, and looked from her cold mountaintops upon the lurid earth, until its wide surface blanched with the ghostly pallor of that dead-white, drifting orb. In this rock-splintered gully was a cavern, hidden from sight almost among the berry-thickets; and before this entrance lay broken marrow-bones, with here and there a worn-out moccasin, which told the red men had been about; maybe the wild Cheyenne or fiercer Sioux had made their lair in that lonely spot. What wonder, then, when the deep silence of night enwrap us, that the place seemed tenanted; and the rocks took human form in the weird light of the rising moon! Silently we both sat pondering—suddenly old "Blue Light," the bloodhound, raised his head and growled—

"Listen!" said Paul — "He hears 'em."

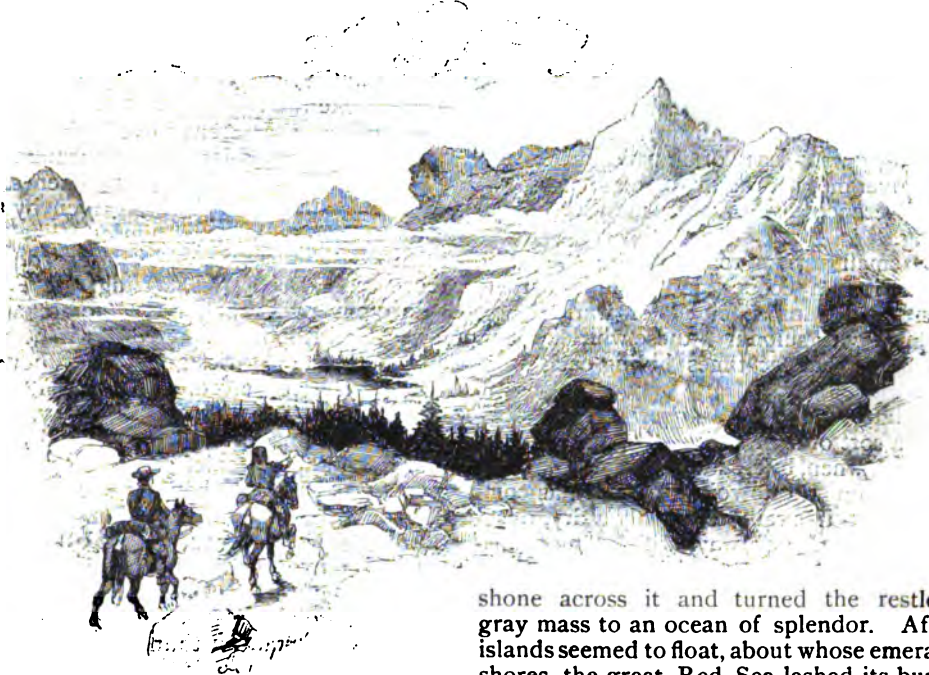
A confused sound as of quarreling, half human in its tones, reached our ears, which the flaring surface of the overhanging rock caught and multiplied. It seemed to proceed from a long level stretch to our right — now it came louder and the great dog, half raised himself, as with working nostrils and slobbering jowl he strove to catch the scent.

"Cinnamon bears," said Paul — "Two old he's, I reckon — They've struck some carrion, an' neither wants ter give in."

"Git down, Blue ! I don't want no night-work fur them critters."

Then with the distant growls and whistling snorts in our ears, we lay down upon our cedar-trimmed bed and slept. When next we looked, above us rose the mountain, his summit wrapped in a vapory veil

Westward extended all the wild region of the Yellowstone ; to the east, the Big Horn Mountain's bar, with heaped up blue against the sky, approaches to their mystery. Now came rolling onward an immeasurable lake of cloud, hiding with its billows all the mountain's feet. The sun



"THAT THEATRE SUBLIME."

which the sun was slowly tearing to shreds ; even as we climbed, the last film went wavering off to the east. Higher we toiled ; then Paul, who led, dropped, as a flounce in the snow caught his ear, and muttered —

"Black-tail ! " Want a shot, captain ? "

The three flying shapes had stopped their pitching galop and halted, facing us.

"Crack ! "

"Jest over" — "Give him 'nother."

"Crack ! — with a long plunge the stricken deer threw himself forward, then rolling downward, stopped in a thicket of briars—stone-dead !

Hastily tying a piece of cloth to his horns to scare the wolves, we continued our way, winding upward, but no sign even of wild sheep was discovered, and it was late when we gained the mountain's crown.

"It 'll pay ye ter rest an' see the view," said Paul.

Round about us was the seamed and riven crest, patched with snow and windswept, with a deep blue sky overhead.

shone across it and turned the restless gray mass to an ocean of splendor. Afar, islands seemed to float, about whose emerald shores the great Red Sea lashed its burning waves. The earth faded, and there we stood, gazing upon that which seemed to mirror heaven on its wide expanse. Close to our feet it drifted, deluging the eye with its glory ; then the glowing color paled, as the sun went down and a cold wind swept the last of the golden waves far eastward, while we turned slowly backward to the dim and dusky world, which lay beneath, and with the best portions of the slain deer, sought and found the cavern at nightfall.

"I'm goin' ter a place called the 'Gateway uv Death,' captain, where we're sure ter find sheep, and the sooner we git thar the better."

A dull sky was overhead as we traveled ; for some time I had felt we were approaching a remarkable type of country. The soil was barren, only near the river-bottoms was there any sign of life. There, low trees and shrubs were growing, intermingled with wild-rose bushes, whose now denuded stems still carried the bright red bulbs which once upheld the flower. — From the face of the naked earth uprose strange forms in red sandstone, or yellow belted

with brown; each mile they seemed of wilder shape, and so wrought upon the imagination that to turn away from the spot seemed impossible. No wind stirred among that army of boulders—nature seemed hushed, and held her breath as if in awe. As it seemed possible only to go forward, on we rode between those strange red banks, till a sheer wall of stone, rising many hundred feet upward, seemed to bar the way, but its face was cleft by a narrow fissure, which looked like the maw of some ravenous animal. As we entered these gaping jaws a sense of impending evil settled over me, stirring my blood as if a passing presence had brushed me with unseen wing.

A small stream roared down the gully, filling it with echoes, and from its surface continually uprose clouds of warm vapor, scented with sulphur—these whirled about us as we rode, at times hiding each from the other's view.

Wilder and deeper grew the gorge—and a sort of half twilight began to spread around, when, by a sudden turn in the path, the stream and its voices vanished as completely as if swallowed; only a dry, dusty path marked our way, with many a dismembered skeleton upon either side; here three ravens took flight from an old gnarled cedar, in whose lower fork I beheld nailed, the shrunken remains of a human hand—its index finger pointing down the gorge, above it the fleshless skull, its goggling sockets staring down at me; a few tufts of coarse red hair still adhered to its sides, bristling up in mockery of the life that once had been; below all was an Indian arrow, deep driven into the tree.—What did it mean? A warning not to advance farther? Paul had turned back in his saddle and was regarding me curiously, but did not speak.

Now from the mountain came the thought, "You have not yet penetrated to my heart." Deeper, yet deeper must we go—though the "valley of the shadow of death" be our path.

Sudden we sharply turned the rocky barrier and stopped, for, lo! the mountain's heart was there. At one step opened before me a scene which smote upon the eye and brain, like a glimpse in dreams of the nether world. The narrow cañon had terminated, and we were standing upon the edge of a vast amphitheatre, whose dizzy tiers swam upward till they mingled with the clouds; the dark cedars growing among the rocky steps,

were the only evidence that the hands of Titans had not built the great enclosure; some clouds hung part way down the steep circle and drifting slowly about, hid the sculptured architraves at times from view. Ripped from the mountain's maw the rock which built that theatre sublime, and colored by the fires of the flaming pit, a splendid yellow glazed the lower walls; high above, a brilliant blue zone and then a gray, among whose masses pure white cones shot upward like the needle-peaks of the moon. Far across the arena, overlooking the space, was an irregular mass of burning red, which seemed to grow into the likeness of an immense human head—carven by the hand of the great artist himself; like the spirit of the red-man, alone it brooded in those eternal solitudes, gazing downward with stony eyes, upon the white arena below. Had it looked upon the war of men and beasts in centuries gone? My thought was barely conceived, when from deep down below us came a dull, heavy, rumbling, which made the solid ground tremble. Was the red chief going to speak?

The frightened horses snorted and reared, my own throwing himself backward with a violence which I but half resisted—then Paul, who had not spoken till now, muttered, "The man that killed a grizzly goin' ter flinch?"—as the long rolls of subterranean thunder died away; but looking again upon the great chief's face, I realized that its surface was *tenanted*.

Upon the wide, high cheek-bone stood a creature—there was no mistaking that splendid form and pose—those curving horns. It was the cimmaron, the very game we sought; boldly he stood for an instant—then his racing strides carried him to the topmost ledge, and lost in the clouds!

In the centre, and at the bottom of the great circle, was a dark pool, over which floated a slender column of vapor, twisting upward into something like a human figure. By the side of this dark pool, that night we lay. A few knots and stumps of cedar sending aloft a clear flame; how puny we felt, as our voices died to whispers in that strange place.

It was deep in the night that the bloodhound's growl awoke me from a dream that we were sleeping in the crater of a volcano. A great moon was looking down, but surrounded with an amazing phenomena. Through its center, from horizon to zenith, ran a bright pillar of light, while on





each side uprose a lunar rainbow. Coldly the white light fell into the great space where we rested, throwing an uncertain sheen upon the dark pool and touching the grand framework of the red chief's head. The low wind sighed as it drifted onward—then all was still. A prowling wolf was near and his scent had reached the hound. To sleep again—then wakened. The full eye of day was there. All the steps and parapet of stone, glowed as if tinged with Plutonian fire—was it imagination that made those colors gleam so bright? No; everywhere it seemed as though subterranean fire had

left its touch—the blues, reds and grays were all of this nature, the very stone at my feet, a block of polished *lava*; and as I had dreamed—we were deep in the crater of a vast volcano!

"This yer's the 'Gateway uv Death,' and in the core uv the mountain's heart. The Inguns never care ter hunt 'bout here; they say the Manitou keeps it fur his own, leavin' his image up there on the rock. 'Twas wunst a burnin' mountain, an' right whar we stand, waz one time all filled with melted an' burnin' rock, which kept bustin' up'ard with a noise like a hundred cannon. Thet war hundreds uv years ago, when the red-men held the hull country, but ez they wuz killed an' driven back, the flamin' uv this place died too. Lower an' lower it got, an' at last wuz all gone, an' the big red face uv stone, all thet war left ter watch, whar the awful mountain used ter

"THINK OF THE CIMMARON AND COME!"

stand at bay. The Inguns say, too,—ye remember the thunder yesterday? Thet 'tis the great chief's voice, which is always heerd when a white man enters in—a warnin' ter turn back! I don't believe thet, but it did sound kinder currus."

As Paul spoke I felt a slight tremor of the ground, and—

"Look, captain, thar they be! Cimmaron! cimmaron!"

A cluster of animals were descending the steep side of the amphitheatre and in another instant had filed behind a long buttress of stone, out of sight.

"Hyer—quick! Cache the dog an' put out the fire, we may get a shot."

Blue Light was sent into a cleft, fastened and the fire covered. Then, taking our rifles, we ran half-crouching behind a wall of lava. Lying there, Paul peered around the corner and whispered—

"They're comin'; we must git ter thet other rock, or they'll see us. Now—grab yer gun—an' run."

A few leaps gained us the last cover, and there we waited, trembling.

"Look out, Paul! and tell me what they're doing."

"Nothin' ter speak uv, they'll be hyer in a minnit. One—two—three—five—six ewes, an' one old ram. Are ye ready?"

"Yes!"

But how I trembled—and my breath felt like hot steam. Looking, I saw not more than sixty yards away was the leader; standing at ease upon a smooth face of almost perpendicular rock, his angular body upheld by the massive knees and hocks, which, with their spreading hoofs of cushioned horn, clutched and kept their hold; backward above his shoulders was turned the finely modeled head, with its curved and wrinkled horns. One brief moment he stood, then leaped outward—no gathering of the feet made he—no bending of the sturdy knee—but, headlong, plunged below. Like birds, down flew the ewes after him, and all stood upon the margin of the pool; but the smoke of the too hastily covered fire betrayed us, and backward they went; a few times they seemed to touch the rocks as they passed, and then the foremost, the great ram among them, gained the crest and were gone. Still I might get a shot, so covering one of the last ewes, I fired.

"Well done!" shouted Paul, "you've got her," as the loud ring of the rifle roused the echoes.

Up we went, and found the ewe upon her side, with the track of the ball transversely through her body. Not the *ram* to be sure, but a cimmaron just the same, thought I, as with the skin and head, some hasty sketches were taken.

"You made a good start, but that dog-goned fire spoilt it all."

Leaving the crater we traversed many leagues of mountain, then feeling both tired and hungry, lay down to rest below a small mound, or table of rock, late in the day.

"I kin see sheep from hyer," said Paul. "Look yonder! 'Bout sixty."

A quarter of a mile distant the flock could be seen, upon a glacier with not an atom of cover under which to approach. Continuing our scrutiny through a glass, we never thought of looking elsewhere, when a noise behind made us turn, a small stone came rolling down, and there—right above our heads, three large objects came flying from the summit of the mound. The first seemed suddenly arrested in his drop, and although not a sign of foothold was visible, firmly stood half-way down the cliff, looking as though he trod the air. After him came the others, all rams of large size. I was completely dazed—my mouth dry, my heart thumping—as I looked upon them without movement, but when they began to run, regained my self-possession; a sharp whistle from Paul, and all three cimmaron stood as motionless as if part of the mound; it was my chance of a lifetime—up came the rifle—then the report rang—as the bullet flattened just under the chest of the leading ram. Upward he sprang into the air—then alighting upon the same invisible something, cleared a projecting rock which blocked the way, and perfectly unharmed, vanished with the others over the rise.

"Feelin' kinder got away with ye, hey, captain?" Thought the sight ud fetch ye—great game! Allus seemed kinder like spirits or flyin' critters. Golly! how the ole ram tuck the big rock, not less'n fifteen feet across—boss skip thet war!"

Wearied out of spirits at the failure, we returned to camp and strove by the aid of a good supper to cheer ourselves. It was during the preparation of this meal, that I noticed Paul searching for something among our packs; finally he turned to me and said:

"Captain, I'm most 'feard ye'll hev ter go back without the big ram, somehow the *salt* hez been lost—can't find it no

whar—we can't hunt unless we eat, an' we can't eat without *salt* and do much hard work in this kinder weather; ye'll want all yer strength ter fight the cold—sure, captain; we've got meat in plenty, but 'tis no good by itself, 'twouldn't *stay down*, no how—gimme *salt*, my gun an' ammunition, an' a flint, an' I kin live, but leave out the *seasonin'* an' ye may ez well shut up fust ez last!"

"I must have the big-horn sheep, Paul, come what may—I'd risk my life to get him!"

"Thar's a smart chunk uv bacon left, an' if we're keerful 'twill last two days or so; figgerin' this way, ye've got ter kill yer sheep an' git hum in three days. If ye only kill a big ram to-morrer, I think we kin manage the rest, ef it don't only *snow*; but if ye fail ter shoot the ram, like ez not we'll stick, an' not pull through—thar must be no blunderin'; ye've got ter make a center shot!"

Gloomy enough was that meal; never had I felt so perfectly depressed nor helpless. A hunter gets but few chances at the wild sheep of the Rocky Mountains; they live in regions where a man must brave the climate, and all besides, if he would number those splendid horns among his trophies; but having set my heart upon the accomplishment of this object, I cared for nothing besides.

"Here goes the last grain uv salt; I found it in the bag. What d'yer say, will ye start fur hum to-morrer, or stay one day

longer an' run the chance uv starvin' an' freezin' ter hunt the cimmaron?"

"Stay!" I shouted—even as I spoke a few flakes of snow came down.

"The big red man way up thar, don't let no white man leave without trouble, they say—here comes the snow!"



"MINE AT LAST!"

Looking upward to the dull, fast-darkening sky, I strove to see the morrow.

"How from this silent world shall come my help?" Can it be delved from the frowning mountains, or drawn from the darkling forest?—No! Here locked within my brain, the most that I can do, and no reassuring voice tells me that I shall be able to grasp my desire from nature's mighty breast.



"IS THIS HYER THE MAN WHAT HUNG OVER THE  
CAÑON HALF DEAD?"

Coldly the morning broke with slowly falling snow, as we shivered by the fire, taking in silence our scant allowance of food. No word was spoken—above us hung the dark countenance of the red man; but as if some internal fire yet lingered there, the snow melted as soon as it touched his face and the fierce lineaments beneath the damp looked yet more grimly downward at the two mortals shrinking beneath his glance.

Never in my life had a darker morning dawned—never before had all vital force so entirely forsaken me; the fierce wind of the impending storm curled the drifting snow about us, as Paul moved among our equipage, covering it from the falling flakes and prepared for the last chance at the cimmaron!—he took no rifle, as mine was to be the shot upon which so much depended. About my waist was belted a half blanket, which left the limbs free to run or leap, while the upper half covered both head and shoulders from the cold and snow. We had not taken a single step,

when, unconsciously looking up, I saw a cimmaron standing among the upper tiers of the crater. Paul saw him at the same moment, and said—

"He's our game! Let's fol-  
ler him!"

Then like a cat he sprang upward, now catching a tiny juniper to save himself—then up again with renewed life, I following, until

we stood upon the topmost row—looking upon the fresh trail of our noble game. Here we paused to rest, and as my eye roamed over the great sea of craggs, I noticed a shingly mountain near at hand—all at once—*begin to move!*

"Great heaven!" Paul, look! look! can there be an eruption coming?"

The entire bulk oscillated slowly back and forth, as if moved by some underlying power of terrific force, making my head swim with the movement.

"No! 'tis only the underground heat minglin' with the cold outside air. Some parts of these wilds are much nearer the great inner furnaces than others. Don't let it move ye." With a wild thrill again we turned to the chase. Where had the great ram gone? His footmarks showed plainly enough in the fresh snow.

"Here, said Paul—he's took a plunge! Struck here wonst—then down thar, an' so on."

The tracks led down the mountain in great stretching springs, then when the cañon's bed was gained we saw that the frozen stream had been crossed at one bound, the beast alighting upon a mass of glaring ice, as firmly as if upon a plain of turf. Half way up the opposing steep we followed the traces of those tireless feet, until our own seemed little better than wooden clogs. But up we toiled, along the dizzy path until the stream and valley bed were gone from sight and we rested upon a narrow ledge, encompassed by drifting clouds. Below, at an awful depth, were the jagged rocks of the wild glen—above, the smooth boulders of the mountain's bald peak. Paul stood just above



me upon a shelving mass, with his back to the main wall, trying to rouse me to gain the higher hold. Weak, and with swimming head, again and again I tried, fearing to leave my hold below and trust all to an upward swing.

"Gimme yer gun : now rest a minnit — collect all yer strength — lay holt uv that juniper — think uv the cimmaron an' come!"

The last words seemed to well from the old man's heart. I felt the touch, and nerved to instant strength, grasped the slender shrub — sprung upward — and writhing my body half onto the upper step, there hung suspended.

"Hold on, fur God's sake! Git one breath an' give 'nother twist!"

Still holding the bush, I turned my face one instant downward. Away below, two great eagles were sailing in and out of a bank of cloud, uttering wild screams; closing my eyes, I drew in a long breath, reached upward — it seemed my hold must give way, but a something far stronger than I carried me on till safe extended on that slippery hold. With faltering thanks I climbed higher and rested, taking some Indian stimulant Paul had at hand: once more forward and upward we climbed.

project himself from the brink of a gulch, out into the empty air, in a frightful curve and vanish from view.

"Quick! captain;" we must see him as he scales t'other side."

As well as our trembling limbs would admit we hastened to the point, sank down for a moment's rest in the soft snow behind a sheltering boulder, and looked. Below us sank the cañon, stripped of trees at its upper walls, but below thick showered with pines and juniper; far down the deep throat an animal was fading from sight, with a speed that carried it across the river while we gazed, and through the snow-laden trees beyond, as with head thrown back, onward, upward it flew, scaling the steep, terraced side of the mountain like a spirit of the air, with the dry snow whirling in his wake, and almost hiding him from sight. Now he stops — full broadside, and, as if secure in the distance, turns his head to scan the limitless mountain ranges for his enemies.

"He's too far — but ye may ez well take the shot, 'tis our *last chance*, captain."

How my limbs trembled as I thought of how much hung upon the small bullet in my rifle! but loosening the belt, the



"FIGHT IT, PARDNER, OR WE'RE LOST!"

"See!" said Paul, what a jump! "Thought fust he'd taken flight altogether."

Just then appeared the form of the ram, flying in our front; the next, we saw him

blanket dropped and I was ready to shoot. Laying the barrel in a crotched stick, I kneeled down, and with an upward glance, swept my eye along the dark tube to where the wild sheep stood so boldly, then

steadying the tremor that swept over my nerves, touched the trigger and fired! One instant there he stood—then sank to the earth, as if smitten by lightning! Never in my life had I felt such a joyous thrill, as Paul grasped my hand and shouted:

"Well done; *ye've killed him!* the noblest game in the mountains! an' we'll make the trip back with good heart now."

Giving him the smoking rifle, downward I sprang, from point to point, leaping like the sheep himself and following his trail, all fatigue gone before the wave of excitement which swept it away. Down o'er the shelving snow-covered rocks—through the tree-belt—across the stream at a bound, then upward, 'till upon the last terrace I rushed forward, threw myself upon the splendid quarry, and grasped him by the horns—*mine at last!* He was fast dying, and as the blood streamed from his nostrils, turned his mild eyes to those wild mountains, till they stood reflected therein—those crags where he was nurtured and where he now lay, stung to the heart and dying—the pure snow drank the red stream eagerly, as he slowly bowed his head to the earth, then laid it down with a long sigh.

Away from the west rolled the gray clouds, and swiftly through the break streamed the fiery sun; then the snow ceased, and for a time great nature seemed to smile, for the wild sheep's form would be made enduring when all his brothers should be killed and driven away.

Long we looked upon that noble animal, and after taking the dimensions, with head and hide, retraced our steps, well knowing that before the swift closing day brought the night, the eagle's wing would sweep down from 'mong the peaks and the great birds, with the cross-foxes, gather at the red remains, stark and cold upon the cañon's side. Bearing the head upon my back, secured in place by a buckskin thong held in front, we began our march to camp—over all obstacles we sprang, the tireless activity of the cimmaron seemed transferred to us both. Paul going before, had some difficulty in descending a very steep slope, and upon arriving at the bottom shouted out in caution; but caution had left me, and with the horned head at my back, sprang, downward and from rock to rock, till we stood side by side.

"Is this hyer the man thet hung over the cañon half dead?"

"Do you know 'tis Christmas Eve, Paul? I never thought to have such a happy one—"

Brightly burned the cedar logs, throwing a sweet odor upward with their flame—whose light touched the bent horns of my splendid trophy, as it lay within easy reach of my hand. I never stopped to count the cost, all was bright; looking on that superb head, there seemed naught we might not conquer.

A Christmas Eve it was for us, down deep in the volcano's maw; for nature only shows her savage front that we may feel and closer draw within her heart! Once only I awoke that night, to find a strange wild moonlight streaming into the crater, and my gaze bent upon the stone head, which seemed to receive from that far-off planet "Land of Dead Volcanoes" a kindred light; for the sheen which rested there appeared to kindle all its smouldering fire, and be flung back in many a baleful gleam.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS DAY came and went, and the day following, one of the most eventful of our lives, found Paul and me standing upon the banks of the Sulphur River—but warm no longer—its tide was turned to ice, through which the horses forced their struggling way. We had eaten only a few breadcrumbs that morning, and knew we must reach Paul's cabin by nightfall or not at all—a fierce blast blew almost in our faces, and with it the driving snow.

"Look's purty blue, captain; the ole chief's follerin' us!"

I only looked upon the wild sheep's head upon the mustang's back, and felt no fear.

"Ye're hungry, ain't ye?" An' cold? An' yer mittens is all to'n."

"All this is nothing, Paul, I am quite strong."

"Don't be too sure uv yer strength—it sometimes misleads us, 'specially in such awful cold."

It was too freezing to ride, so we trudged along steadily on foot. Down came the snow, obliterating every object from view, while the frost stole over our hunger-stricken bodies with its icy breath. For a time the pain of fast benumbing limbs was fearful, and I strove against it, looking backward upon the beautiful outlines of *that* head, which even the driving snow could not hide.

The desire of my hunter's life had been attained. After a time I felt that it was not nearly so cold, and, except the still falling snow, was not unbearable at all. I forgot the terrible vital strain of that struggle on the cliff—my gnawing hunger. A strange calmness came upon me, before which the stinging cold disappeared—a perfect contentment, which made the bleak horizon draw in closer, deadened my shuffling footfalls and pressed its soft touch upon my heavy lids; I did not know it. The world was leaving me then; but, oh! so gently that mind and sense alike yielded to let it pass. Once my head turned. Yes, there was the wild sheep's front, and its very possession lulled me to a yet deeper and more fatal lethargy; only a fluttering in my breast told how the lamp of life had burnt. All my powers of body and mind urged to stop and rest. Raising my hand a moment to my face, I found it frozen to the leading rein of my horse.

Great powers above! I was freezing to death; nay, more than half-frozen then. Was this, then, *death*? Instant the blood left the vitals and surged in a flood back to the brain and limbs. My voice, without volition, uttered a shout, while limbs and body strove to forge ahead and escape that swiftly coming doom.

Paul heard, understood in a moment, and beat me all over, till he roused my anger and *saved my life*! Then kindling a fire, rubbed feet and hands with snow, 'till the red blood showed.

"Keep alive, fur *five miles more*!—Don't let yourself go an instant; or cimmaron or not, ye'll leave yer bones in this hyer desert. Fight it, pardner! or we're *lost*!"

The last mile was terrible. So drowsy I could scarcely move, and with all reason swept away, I toiled along. Fiercer blew the wind. It was evening, and soon in blackest gloom the night would be there. Could we survive?

Just before reaching the cabin, the dreadful cold pressed upon my vitals, held me closer yet in its grasp—and would even then have conquered, had I not turned one last look upon my prize and seen it was slowly loosening from the back of the horse. The sight revived me as nothing else could; Paul came in answer to my call, and together, with frozen hands we held it in place till the cabin was gained, then, cutting the ropes, we lifting, laid it upon a soft bank of snow—*safe*! Turning our faithful horses into the rude shed, Paul lighted a fire, which soon restored warmth enough to our bodies to enable us to move about and take a little food.

I, however, was much more exhausted than he, and soon the shock and transition came. The log-walls of the cabin seemed to shoot suddenly upward—the wild sheep's head to dilate to huge proportions, as I sunk heavily downward in an unconscious stupor—truly the red chief's hatred followed to the last.

Weeks after, as I stood among my trophies, Paul took my hand—

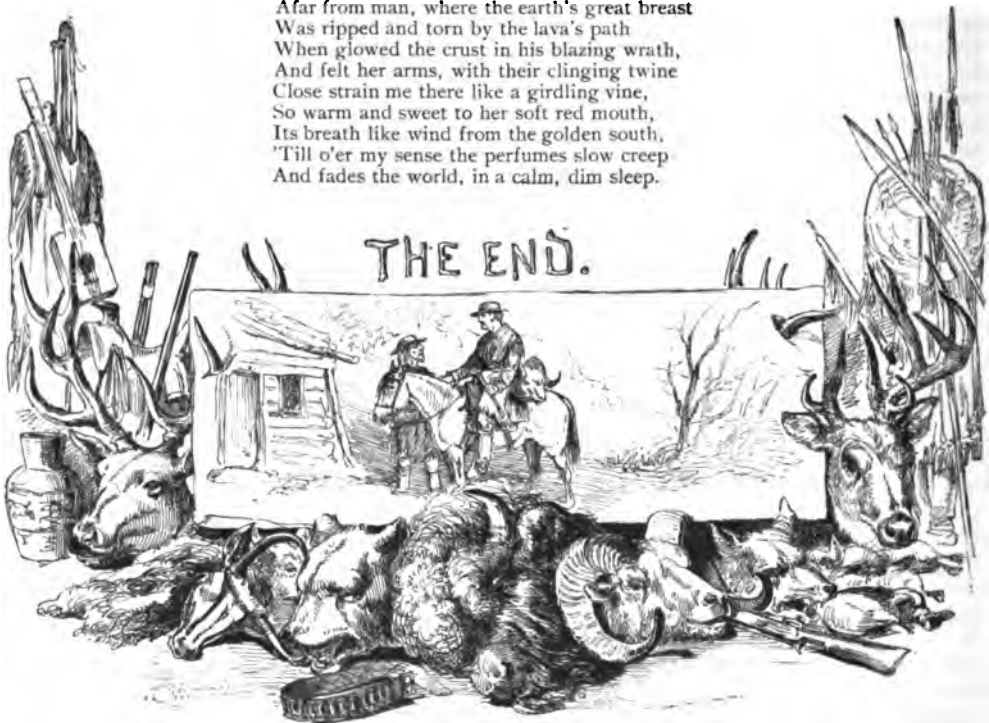
"I'll hev 'em all sent ter ye, captain, in the spring—when the bluebirds come. God bless ye—Good-bye!"

Then mounting my horse, with the two heads—cimmaron and grizzly bear—behind my saddle, I sadly turned my face to the East.

I sought her first where the snowdrifts sleep  
And pine-tree ranks their long watch keep,  
For deep she dwelt in the Sunset land,  
A fastness wild, where the mountains grand,  
Stormed upward all, 'round her maiden home,  
Where the fierce gray bear and cimmaron roam,  
And western skies spread far over all  
Their arching blue, and their crimson pall.  
No man had seen; I of all alone  
Had bended low at her rock-piled throne,  
Had there drank deep of her soft, dark eye  
And watched her move as the stream glides by,  
Or cougar draws through the bending reeds  
His sinuous form, where the red deer feeds,  
Her soft cheek, ripe with the red man's blood,  
Was backward swept by her hair's dark flood.  
It drooped above, o'er her bosom's snow  
And wreathed her limbs its waves below,  
While perfume sweet of the golden air  
The hemlock's breath, and flower-bell fair  
Enwraught her 'round like a floating veil  
Of incense rare, from the dawn-cloud pale.

My camp-fire burned with a dull, dead glow,  
 The low wind moved with a sigh below ;  
 I heard the wail of the distant gray  
 Coyote's voice 'mong the rocks away,  
 In quivering chord on the evening air,  
 Make cadence sad, as it lingered there.  
 A silence deep on its mighty breast  
 Then held me close, in a dreamy rest.  
 My heart was filled with a new delight,  
 Fixed was my gaze on a presence bright,  
 That wavered slow o'er the stream's smooth tide  
 In vapory cloud, from its surface wide.  
 Then, as it grew, a voice slowly 'woke  
 The pulseless air ; and its soft tones spoke :  
 " If you would win, from this region vast,  
 Deep delve your fame : let all of the past  
 Fade backward dim—So must you brave  
 Danger and toil, and a hunter's grave.  
 Strain up you must ! where the cimmaron's feet  
 Have glanced—nor heed of your heartstring's beat,  
 When high aloft from the storm-cloud's ring  
 Your cheek is brushed by the eagle's wing ;  
 And far below in his dim, rank lair,  
 Rouse to fierce fight, the ponderous bear,  
 Heed naught of toil ; nor of years of pain—  
 Their forms create in the mould again ;  
 The genius I, of a new-born art,  
 Win ! win you must ! that we ne'er may part."

Slow did she fade from my sight away,  
 As golden morn slow fused to day,  
 And there I wooed, through long, long years,  
 The future vague, with its doubts and fears  
 Would cloud her smiles in his dim gray veil  
 'Till all was cold, and her beauty pale ;  
 And oft I sank to a lonely rest  
 Afar from man, where the earth's great breast  
 Was ripped and torn by the lava's path  
 When glowed the crust in his blazing wrath,  
 And felt her arms, with their clinging twine  
 Close strain me there like a girdling vine,  
 So warm and sweet to her soft red mouth,  
 Its breath like wind from the golden south,  
 'Till o'er my sense the perfumes slow creep  
 And fades the world, in a calm, dim sleep.



## THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE SURPRISE.<sup>1</sup>

(Being the Diary of a Trip Around the World by a College Boy.)

### IX.

#### JAPAN ONCE MORE.

*April 10, 1876.—Osaka, on the Inland Sea of Japan.* Left the steamer at Kobe, a little port at the eastern extremity of the most beautiful bit of water in the world—the Inland Sea of Japan. A railway has just been opened between this place and Osaka, fifteen miles. The only other one in the country covers the eighteen miles between Tokio and Yokohama. Everything about the stations and cars indicates the typical Japanese neatness. For these fifteen miles the first class fare is one dollar, and the second class sixty cents; not particularly cheap according to American notions, but a fair price considering that all the plant and much of the labor had to come from the other side of the globe. The second class cars on this line are like a horse-car. We reached Osaka in an hour. Careful traveling this!

This is an important town of about 400,000, and was the administrative capital of the country in the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the great Tycoon Taikosama—the same who destroyed the Catholics at Nagasaki—built a great castle here. This castle was the last stronghold of the spirit of old Japan, for it was here that the last of the Tycoons took refuge in 1868, just before the present dynasty came into power, with the Mikado as political as well as spiritual head of the state.

Armed with the consul's card, I went up to this castle. The sentinel at the gate halted me, and to him I showed the card of our commercial representative. Of course, this was all pantomime. He would not take the card, but called out to the corporal of the guard, to whom I showed my credentials. I utilized the fifteen minutes this officer kept me waiting, in sketching the sentinel, who viewed my behavior with unconcealed displeasure. A sentinel is evidently a bigger swell here than elsewhere, for most of the people that passed him while I waited, saluted with much deference, but he never deigned to return the salute.

His uniform was foreign in stuff and design, and no doubt a marvel to all natives.

The government have not, however, adapted the regulation rifles to the size of the soldiers, which makes these men appear like boys with grown-up weapons in their hands. The one article of accoutrement not strictly European, was a book hung at his side, in which, no doubt, the officers are expected to write remarks.

The officer who had taken my card politely gave me to understand that he would show me over the castle. It is to-day a military depot of much importance, and from the trouble they took about my visit, I judge that they are not over anxious to have visitors. Much of the work has been altered and made to conform to modern military requirements. All the available ground had been cut up into scientific earthworks, evidently for purposes of instruction. There is a large garrison here, and no doubt a school for non-commissioned officers on the plan of the German one at Potsdam. And yet for a people so systematic and docile as the Japanese, the military discipline appears to be very lax. I noticed it among the Tokio troops, and still more so in this military post. The sentry at the castle gate was lazily leaning against the sentry-box with his legs crossed, while, as I stopped to examine anything with the guide, the soldiers who would be in the neighborhood would lounge up and assume familiar attitudes near us, apparently unaccustomed to what we understand as military discipline.

I measured some of the stones that made up the walls with my walking-stick, and found a majority of them forty feet by thirteen. The question is, how were they ever put in position? We are not accustomed to give the Japanese credit for much engineering talent, and yet they have managed to build on a hill a castle of stone which we would, I think, have difficulty in reproducing to-day, in spite of our boasted engineering achievements. They appear to have lost the art of moving large and heavy pieces of stone—and so have the Chinese as well.

*Kioto, April 11, Nakamura Hotel, Tuesday.*—Breakfast at six o'clock this morning,

<sup>1</sup> The first instalment of the Diary was in OUTING for May.

and at 6:45 off for Kioto, thirty-three miles, all the way up a gentle incline, to the old capital of Japan. I had two naked coolies to my *jimiriksha*, and my baggage followed in the same style. The men sang and chattered all the way, as on my first ride from the wreck; the air was fragrant with the blossoming of spring; the temperature was like that of a fine May day; we passed innumerable charming little residences and temples. The scenery was mountainous all the way, although our road was of an easy grade, and, like all roads I have seen in Japan, was smooth as smooth could be, and free from dust or mud. The naked coolies kept up a swinging trot for the whole thirty-three miles, only stopping four times for some tea and rice and a bit of breathing time. They did not seem to know fatigue. The trip seemed a source of great pleasure, and to my great surprise, we drew up at this hotel after only six hours and a half of traveling. That is to say, these hack runners pulled me in a wagon thirty-three miles between breakfast and lunch at the rate of more than five miles an hour. Now compare this with my wretched traveling on the great Chinese highway, where the fastest progression you could procure, for love or money, was thirty miles in twelve hours in mediæval dump-carts, on roads that could only be matched in the Adirondacks—or in New York city.

The difference between Chinese and Japanese is illustrated by the difference in their roads.

At Fujimi, an outskirt of Kioto, through which we passed, was fought the great and bloody battle that destroyed forever the rule of the Tycoon and started the country in the path of foreign ideas. It is hard to believe that all this was only in 1868. Suppose the battle had gone against the Mikado. What then? Would Japan have been any the worse for it? I certainly would not have had this trip, but in other respects, *quien sabe!*

After lunch at this hotel, where I have a room made up of a mat or two, paper panels and a screen, I started out to visit a Japanese exhibition now open in the old palace of the Mikado. Kusaka told me not to miss it on any account, and he spoke wisely. This is the same palace that was carefully kept from all profane eyes while the "Son of Heaven" lived there, and which Baron Huebner, in 1871, tried in vain to see, although at that time the Mikado had transferred his court to Tokio.

But now the humbug is at an end, and what was once an object of sacred regard by all pious Japanese, is a show for the millions.

The Mikado's dwelling apartments have been preserved intact as part of the exhibition—truly a wonderful one in the richness and beauty of native ornament and utensil! The scene is marred, however, by large oil paintings of their Imperial Highnesses done in European style. The Mikado is rigged out in the trumpery of a West Indian president. Both are extremely unlovely in appearance, and he, particularly, looks so uncomfortable in his new clothes as to appear not merely undignified, but ludicrous.

How much more imposing he would have appeared to us in native robes!

History records wonderful wealth scattered about these buildings, golden roofs, and the like. But all I could see was that the buildings were more imposing than ordinary native buildings, and the carving and furniture more magnificent—nothing more.

By far the most remarkable thing about the grounds is the exquisite landscape gardening; different from anything in our part of the world—vastly more artistic, more delicate, and more minute. The grotto work, cascades, winding streams, bridges and lakes appearing at unexpected moments, together with the great skill which was shown in training plants to any shape, roused my wonder quite as much as my admiration.

Japanese industry is most completely represented, but there are also some European collections; for instance, a skeleton, and a number of anatomical charts. This is significant in connection with the superstition of the Buddhists against touching dead bodies. When the government started to introduce knapsacks, boots, belts, and other leather military effects, there was great difficulty in getting men to work in leather, because it was connected with the death of an animal. As it is, a leather worker is the most degraded of mankind to the average native.

I should not forget to mention that the cost of seeing the whole exhibition was six and a half cents.

Went that night to the grand opera, where I paid six cents for my stall. The opera was curious, but rather a bore. The fine points were for the most part lost to me, while the feature most prominently displayed was a monotonous swaying and



singing of the most formal and mechanical nature. The stranger could see that the performance had cost an immense amount of patient drilling; but, as a whole, it appeared acrobatic rather than dramatic in its nature. The costumes were, however, of the most costly and tasteful nature.

This opera furnished an "incidental divertissement" in the nature of a subdued ballet, in which twenty maidens, arrayed

to be altogether too modest an exhibition to please our opera audience—especially the ballet part.

ON THE TOKAIDO.

*April 13.*—Left the Nakamura Hotel at seven on the morning after my opera experience, for a lake that is famed in Japan for its beautiful scenery and religious associations. Its name, Biwa,

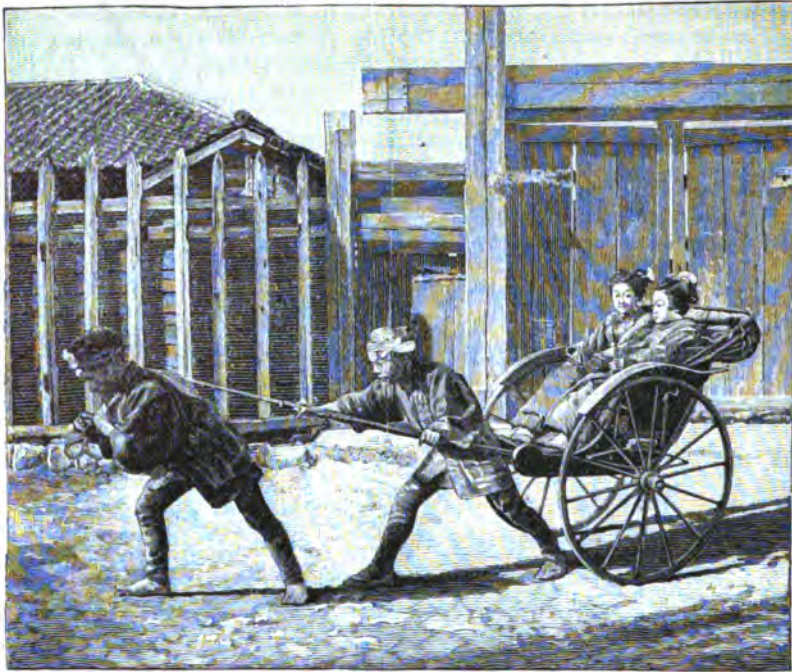


A CHARACTERISTIC PICTURE OF JAPAN.

like court ladies, in fans and flowing silks, proceeded in unison to arch their necks, twirl their fans, stamp their dainty feet, cross their arms, clap their little hands, turn around, smile, and go through numberless other graceful motions, that evidently gave much pleasure to the audience. It was all very gracefully done, and done as though all were pulled by one string at the same time. It was evidently not considered good form to display any levity in these performances. All passed off decorously and solemnly. It appeared

means "lute with four strings," and it certainly deserves a poetic name, if ever a lake did. Magnificent mountains rise from the edge of the water to picturesque heights, some tipped with snow. Quaint temples peep out from behind the trees at every commanding point. The surface of this mysterious sheet of water is here and there livened by a sail or a flock of water-fowl. Priests appear to govern this peaceful neighborhood, although it is the heart of the best tea-growing section of the country.





THE CAB OF JAPAN.

My *jiriksha* had two men to pull it, for our road was mountainous. Soon after leaving the city we entered gorges with steep rocky sides, and most of our road lay close to mountain streams. This is a country highly favored in the matter of water. Every field seems to have the means near at hand for keeping well watered. What a blessing it would be to the inhabitants of the Hudson River valley had they a little Japanese irrigation through the hot months!

Workmen were standing in the tea fields up to their knees in water. It looks well enough in warm weather, but is rather hard on the skin, producing eruptions and swellings. Some wore a species of cloth boot as a protection against leeches, but others, I noticed, did not. Perhaps they were too poor.

The road we have traveled is the Broadway of Japan, a wide and well-built highway running for three hundred miles past the most interesting and important towns of this busy empire. When Kaempfer, the great Dutch traveler, made his first journey along this same road in 1690, he remarked upon the busy air it wore, upon the crowds of travelers he met, and upon its good condition. It is as good as the best Swiss road, and must be almost as difficult to keep in repair.

This was real old Japan with no admixture of base foreign imitation. Fierce retainers stalked by with long swords bristling from their belts; sleek little ponies ambled along with loads of various kinds; bullocks made their way leisurely, loaded high with bundles. But with all the loads that men and beasts struggled under, they one and all appeared to be laboring for a good end. All seemed contented and well fed. The four-footed beasts were all humanely treated, and I saw none of the revolting cruelty to animals that is a daily source of disgust in China.

On reaching Lake Biwa I hastened to a famous shrine called Midera, where I found myself among a number of pilgrims who had come to worship the divinity in whose honor the building is erected. This god has many good gifts for his worshipers, and the walls of the temple are adorned with pictures illustrating his beneficent power. A recent one describes the miraculous way in which he saved a gentleman from drowning. The artist paints the faithful sinner battling with the waves and shouting for help. In the distance is seen this generous saint propelling a native craft as hard as he can toward the sinking man. Far away in the background is a picturesque attempt to represent a steamboat, from which I

gather that the luckless Japanese fell overboard from one of these modern institutions.

It is not difficult, in looking at the forms of worship here, to fancy one's self in a Roman Catholic country. The paintings on the wall glorify the power of the saints. The images that are on every side but recall to the believer the teachings of the pious man whose features are there perpetuated. Worshipers enter the building with every manifestation of devotion. They drop their coppers into the contribution box, kneel reverently on the floor and clasp their hands in prayer. Who shall say that their prayer is not from a contrite heart, or that their purpose is not to lead a more honest life. Certain it is that if religion has anything to do with making a people clean, courteous and honest, the religion of the Japanese does many things quite as well, if not better, than that of the so-called True Church. The worshipers I saw paid no attention to me, but confined themselves to their devotions, visiting one shrine after another until they had done the round of their rites.

*April 16, 1876.*—Left Kioto on the 13th. One *jiriksha* carried the baggage, consisting of a valise, shawl, bundle, and two boxes full of curios; the other carried my tired self.



FLYING GESE.



A SWELL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Five miles from Kioto, at Fujimi, I went on board the quaint steamboat that runs from here to Osaka. It is the only steamer on any river of the empire, and from what I could learn, the only steam-craft completely managed by natives. I could almost say that it was conceived and built by Japanese. This steamer, or rude steam launch, draws about twelve inches of water, appears to be but a square box of a cabin with a boiler stowed away somewhere, and a low pilot-house on deck. I was told that this steamer blew up at frequent though irregular intervals.

Our departure from the wharf at Fujimi created as much local excitement as a Pacific mailer used to do in the golden days of California enterprise. We were regarded with the interest attaching to people embarking upon a new if not dangerous enterprise, say ballooning or bicycling. There is a regular packet that takes twelve hours to make the thirty miles, that is drawn by coolies, and is perfectly harmless, and I have no doubt that we were looked upon as very foolhardy to hazard our lives on a new-fangled machine merely to gain a few hours.

The river is so clear and so shallow that I could see the pebbles at the bottom, and it seemed as though I could bring them up with my hands. The bends of the river are very sharp, and to get around them successfully, deck-hands are stationed fore and



IN THE PILOT-HOUSE.

aft with long poles, by means of which the steamer is punted around. When the boat gets on a shoal the punting is also resorted to with equally satisfactory effect. The pilot-house was occupied by two helmsmen, who squatted on their haunches on either side of a wheel whose plane was parallel to the deck of the boat, instead of perpendicular, as with us. The pilot-house was naturally only high enough to allow of these two men crouching in. The native captain of this strange craft paced the top of the concern, that passes for a deck, with evident pride in his command. This is no doubt looked upon as a post as important to a Japanese skipper as a commodore's berth on a transatlantic liner to any English sailor.

There was a main cabin forward, full of natives, who spent their time principally in smoking and making tea. In the after cabin I had as fellow-passengers a cultivated elderly native and his female companion, whom I took to be his wife. She sat on the floor while he paid a high tribute to foreign ideas by making use of a chair. The two chatted together in an animated and agreeable manner, laughing every now and then over some joke or other, possibly at my expense. The lady made tea for the two, and wrote a letter. I knew nothing, of course, about these two, but am, nevertheless, quite sure that in any society of gentlemen and ladies they would appear valuable social additions. The number of people I meet here that show by their behavior in public the result of high breeding and courtesy astonishes me. It surpasses anything to be found among people that we are accustomed to consider civilized.

My thirty-three miles of steamer ended in six hours from starting, and I was again in Osaka. That is to say, it took me as long to come down the swift current of a river in a native steamer as it would have taken to be pulled by men in a *jiniriksha*.

#### TEMPLE OF THE MOON.

Next day took a six-mile walk from Kobe to the famous Moon Temple. To tell the truth, I did not care much what sort of a temple I was to see, but I enjoy very much getting off alone among the people, and seeing what they do with their time. I soon lost my way, and managed by careful use of my dictionary to engage a small boy to pilot me. We reached the temple after a walk through scenery of the most engaging kind, by the edges of great ravines, through beautiful groves, and up the slopes of majestic hills. I cannot rid myself of the feeling that I am continually in some gentleman's park, so neatly is everything kept. The temple is way up the mountain, and I found there a number of weary pilgrims refreshing themselves in the tea-houses surrounding it. The worshipers I saw were hearty, strapping fellows, who went about their spiritual work with evident sincerity. A big gong hung at the entrance, and on this instrument each pilgrim made a great noise, for the purpose, I suppose, of calling to himself the attention of the deity he saw fit on this occasion to invoke. When he feels satisfied that the bell has been answered, he goes down on his knees and offers his prayer with folded hands, before each shrine in turn. Priests have printed slips that may be bought, and these are seen decorating the Temple garden, hung on to bamboo strips. The appearance presented by the Moon Temple front yard on the day I was there was very much that of a botanical garden, with every plant carefully labeled.

I made a dinner of raw turnip, rice, tea, and a sweetmeat made of sweet bean. My Japanese messmates became communicative after a while, and when I pulled out my sketch-book were immensely interested. Pantomime naturally formed the most prominent part of our meal.

When I wished afterward to inquire my way to the steamer, I could find no equivalent expression in the Japanese, so I made the nearest approach to a picture of one in my sketch-book. My companions caught the idea immediately, and with many signs of satisfaction pointed out the way. Soon afterward another party of pilgrims came along, and were told of my achievement in the illustrating line. They were evidently incredulous, and my friends and backers became very indignant at their suspicions; they asked me for my sketch-book, and showed it to these unbelievers. The minute they saw it, they broke out in loud expressions of satisfaction, bowing to me, and grunting approval in the most charming manner.

How I wished I could talk their language, and tell them how much pleasure I had found in their country.

*April 18, Yokohama again.*—Started off early yesterday morning for a day's sight-seeing in company with a fellow-guest at the hotel, who was just twelve hours old on Japanese soil. He had read himself into a nervous fever over books on the country, all of which told of Europeans being cut down in the street for the amusement of passing natives. It was some time before I could persuade him that we might do without a mounted escort.

We headed for Kamakura, a city that had once been the capital of the country, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, and is reported by the Jesuit missionaries to have contained about a million souls. It is now of no commercial importance and only valuable for those who are

willing to go long distances to see beautiful sights.

Half the pleasure of my trip consisted in watching my sturdy *jiniriksha* men cover the twenty miles to Enoshima as though I were doing them a great favor by not interfering with any amount of speed they chose to put on. The day grew warm as we progressed, and one by one the garments of my runners came off until nothing remained save a band around their waists. Their skin was elaborately adorned by the tattooing needle into representations of dragons, plants, and lovely women. The sweat poured over these eccentric figures, making them to dance about in kaleidoscopic manner over the shining muscles.

Toward noon we reach the bewitching little Island of Enoshima, one of the loveliest, freshest little spots that ever refreshed the eyes of weary travelers. The Japanese historian tells the story of this bit of land in the following words:

"In the sixth year of the reign of Kai Kua Tenno (152 A. C.), a great storm arose at night off the coast of Sagami; black clouds covered the sea, and the waves mounted to heaven. In the morning celestial music was heard, and there appeared in a rift in the clouds a lovely lady of divine form accompanied by two boys of surpassing beauty. The storm ceased, the black clouds lifted, and the island of Enoshima, upon the top of which sat the heavenly lady, appeared. Then all the inhabitants of that coast worshiped her."

This was the goddess Benten, who seems to have been a sort of female St. Patrick in her way, for she is reported to have purged this place of no end of dragons that used to make the neighborhood intolerable.



THE GOD OF TRANQUILLITY.

The approach to the top of this little toy island, for most Japanese things have a toy look to me, is through a steep cañon cut through the rock. The way is densely crowded with all sorts of shops and a host of pilgrims. We were soon taken in tow by a fatherly and polite priest, who tramped us from temple to temple, at each of which he proceeded in the choicest vernacular to tell us much that was no doubt of great historic interest, but not a word of which could, in the nature of things, do me any good.

Finally we entered the great cave of Bente, where the mighty goddess is worshipped. The entrance is only possible at low tide, for at other times the waves hold the gates. We crawl on and on in this cavernous labyrinth wondering how long this sort of thing can last, and speculating on the chances of the priest choosing to lead me astray and drop me down a thousand fathoms into some secret hole in punishment of my temerity. But the priest proves as kindly as his shaven head makes him appear, and at the next turn of the rock there appears a weird little shrine covered with candles of a size seen on Christmas trees. After our long absence from daylight and weary pilgrimage, the sight appeared very cheering and even impressive.

When we had finished our exploration about the mystic isle, we went into a tea house and were escorted to an upper chamber by three simpering and wriggling damsels of the island, who no doubt intended their behavior to be of a particularly prepossessing nature. Down we tumbled onto our stocking feet waiting the reappearance of the nymphs, who had

skipped away for our meal. When they came they placed before us low stands on which were all the paraphernalia for the smoker beside tea and sweetmeats. When we were presumed to have satisfied ourselves with tea and tobacco, none of which I touched, the serious part of the meal commenced. The courses followed one another in little lackered bowls on dainty lackered stands. The fish, as usual, was the best dish. Chopsticks were used for every course, soup included. Tea and rice came into the dinner in the same way as bread and potatoes with us.

On finishing our little meal we put on our shoes, dropped a deep salaam to our graceful hostess, mounted our *jinirikshas*, and took the way along the beach. The waves of the Pacific lapped up about the wheels of the wagon as we flew along, and now and then a bigger one than the rest would roll up over the coolies knees to their great delight.

The colossal Buddha statue which we next reached is one of the marvels of the country. The great apostle of quietism is seated with crossed legs in the midst of a grove of trees whose tops scarcely reach far enough to keep the sun from his shoulders. His height as he sits, is forty-four feet, while his circumference is eighty-seven: his face is eight feet and a half long, and it takes more than a yard measure to reach around his thumb. Taken in connection with the colossal proportions, the work is of some merit artistically. Certain it is that the spirit of silence that appeared to rule this spot, had an appropriate representative in this great sphinx-like god.

[To be continued.]



## SNOW-SHOE AND TOBOGGAN.

BY NEWELL B. WOODWORTH.

Author of "SNOWSHOEING AND TOBOGGANING IN SARATOGA," ETC.



**T**HE snow-shoe and toboggan are modern only in the sense that they are the accompaniments of the latest additions to the list of winter sports in this country. The inhabitant of the regions of heavy snow-falls must have been led at an early stage of his existence to devise these simple, and yet even in this inventive age, unimproved contrivances for traversing the yielding surface of deep snows.

Early explorers among the Esquimaux, Laplanders and Siberians mention the snow-shoe. Champlain and La Salle, nearly three hundred years ago, found and used them in their explorations of Canada. La Pérouse, in his voyages at the close of the last century along the coast of Tartary, observed the snow-shoe in the huts of the natives, and the Museum of St. Ignatius College at Rome had a pair from northern Asia. The pioneers in New England followed the practice of the Indians in using the snow-shoe and toboggan, which then were rather the adjuncts of

labor and privation incidental to the hard struggles attending the settlement of the new country, than of pastime and conviviality. In letters sent back to England during colonial days, reference is made to the snow-shoe as one of the novelties of the country. The Earl of Bellamont writes to the Lords of Trade of the military equipment of the French at Montreal, that "there are arms for 2,500 men, with ammunition in proportion; that there are 2,500 small boats, as many canoes, and 1,500 pair of snow-shoes or racquets, a pair whereof I now send your Lordships by Captain Deering, who commands the ship *Fortune*, that you may see the manner of them." Again, in the "Relation of the March of the Governor of Canada into New York—that the snow upon the ground was hard frozen (though in most places four foote deepe) made use of Indian snow-shoes w<sup>ch</sup> hath the very forme of a rackets tyed to each foote, whereby ye body and feet are kept from sincking into the snow." The snow-shoe and toboggan were part of the necessary equipment of every winter expedition during the various early wars of this country. In Sir John Johnson's orderly book, under date of January 4, 1777, at Lachine, is found the following order: "They (his soldiers) will practice marching on snow-shoes." Until comparatively recent times the Canadian troops were regularly drilled in what might be termed winter tactics upon the snow-shoe, that were introduced by General Riedesel a century ago. At present part of the regular outfit of the volunteers of the Dominion includes this vehicle of winter travel.

Snow-shoeing has always been one of the winter features of Canada. Outside of communities the snow-shoe is found in nearly every house. However, the hardships and physical exercise of early Canadian life gave little time or inclination to the people to use the snow-shoe and toboggan for pleasure. It was not until some forty years ago that, a leisure class having developed, the Anglo-Saxon element, with their Norseman blood and natural love of out-of-door sports, seized upon the Indian snow-shoe and toboggan wherewith to utilize for sport the

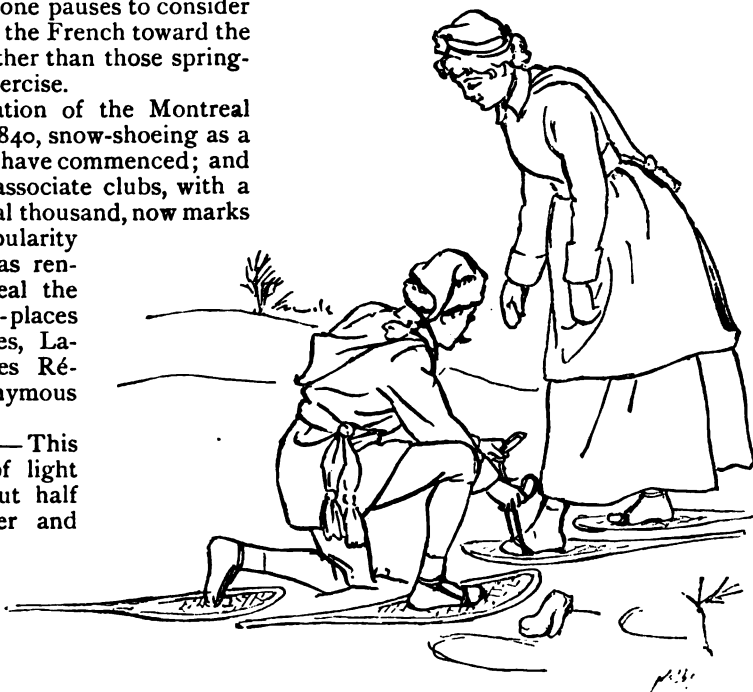


deep snows of the long Canadian winters — climatic conditions which the French habitant had long considered on the darkest side. A view, perhaps, well expressed when, in congratulating his king upon the loss of Canada, Voltaire sneeringly referred to it as "1,500 leagues of snow." However, this is but natural if one pauses to consider the characteristics of the French toward the pleasures of fêtes rather than those springing from physical exercise.

With the organization of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club in 1840, snow-shoeing as a sport may be said to have commenced; and a hundred or more associate clubs, with a membership of several thousand, now marks the growth and popularity of the sport which has rendered about Montreal the snow-shoe meeting-places of Côte des Neiges, Lachine, and Sault des Récollets, almost synonymous with jollity.

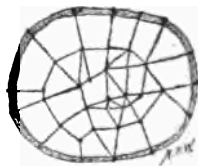
**THE SNOW-SHOE.** — This is made of a stick of light ash or hickory about half an inch in diameter and several feet in length, bent in the form of a long ellipse that sharply contracts where the ends of the stick are brought together and fastened, and which forms the tail of the shoe. This elliptical frame varies from two to four feet in length and ten to eighteen inches in its greatest width. The frame is strengthened by a narrow, flat strip of wood fitted in some four or five inches from the front, and a similar piece, perhaps double that distance, from the tail of the shoe. The interior of the frame, with the exception of a space of about four inches wide back of the front cross-piece, is filled in by weaving across strong deer sinews or rawhide between the cross-pieces, and finer sinews and meshes in the remaining spaces. Strong lacings running at right angles to the front cross-piece fill the space left except an opening some four inches square in the center. The shoe is fastened to the moccasined foot by a deer thong, the ends of which are passed down through two strengthened meshes back of either side of the opening. The thong being brought back through the adjoining meshes forms a loop into which the front part of the foot is placed, and by

drawing on the ends of the thong the slack loop is pulled tightly down over the lower part of the instep. The ends are then passed under the loop, and being half hitched a little way up on either side, are drawn back and fastened around the ankle. This fastening holds the foot firmly to the shoe, and



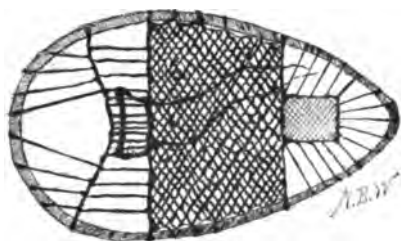
AN INCIDENT OF SNOW-SHOEING.

yet permits the toe to play freely through the opening when walking, thus allowing the freest scope to the muscles; and as the unfastened heel rises in walking the shoe is not lifted, but, as the foot is raised, the front of the shoe is elevated and the tail of it dragged along upon the snow as the leg is moved forward. This, however, is but one of the several ways that individual fancy chooses for this purpose, though, in the writer's judgment, it is the simplest and strongest. Some even have a sort of harness made of straps that buckles the shoe on, but this looks cumbersome and detracts decidedly from the otherwise light and graceful lines of the snow-shoe. The weight of the walker being thus in the middle of the shoe, the light, sinewy net resting around on the snow sustain him, and the moccasin prevents



A PRIMITIVE SNOW-SHOE.





LUMBERMAN'S SNOW-SHOE.

the foot from chafing or wearing through the sinews.

The snow-shoe varies in shape, size and weight. The Chippewa shoe is square-toed and flat; that of the Sioux pointed and slightly turned up. Shoes from Oregon and Utah are oval at each end, or nearly round, with the lacings running irregularly across. The most common form is one presenting an oval, slightly curved up front, and narrow, extending tail. This is sometimes called the Iroquois pattern. These shoes are made in "rights" and "lefts"—the difference being that on the inside the frame sweeps in more sharply from the greatest breadth toward the tail. This permits the snow-shoer to keep nearer to a natural walk without interfering with the shoes. The dimensions vary from two to four and a half feet in length, and from twelve to eighteen inches in greatest breadth. The snow-shoe for the female is always smaller and lighter, with colored cording or fanciful tassels attached to the frame.

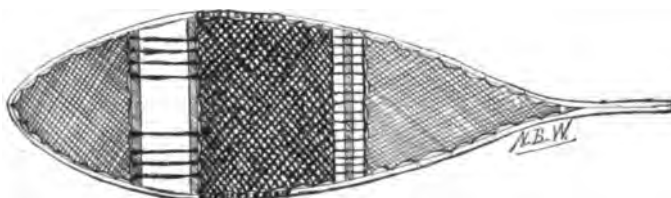
Lumbermen use the circular form as best adapted to traveling through thick forests and underbrush, as not so readily catching upon branches or other obstructions found in heavy timber. The race shoe is regulated to a width of not less than ten inches without limit to length, which, however, is usually about three and a half feet. The weight of shoe runs from several pounds down to the eight-ounce racing shoe.

The snow-shoe is generally made by the Indians. An ordinary serviceable pair can be purchased for about five dollars. Home construction would be difficult on account of procuring suitable sinews for the lacing. The reader, perhaps, may imagine that the snow-shoe is a clumsy affair. This is not true. It should be remembered that one shoe passes over and not around the other in walking, and, as the tail drags, not all the weight of the shoe is lifted. An experienced

walker will, with the peculiar loping gait acquired by practice, cover fully as much ground as a pedestrian on a good road, and that, too, where without the shoes progress would be extremely laborious, if not impossible. The longest snow-shoe tramp on record is doubtless that of a party attached to the Canadian Pacific Survey that left British Columbia in December, 1875, upon snow-shoes, and crossed the Rocky Mountains to Edmonton, a distance of 900 miles.

In 1881, the first club in the United States was organized at Saratoga, N. Y. The growth of this pastime has not been rapid here. This is doubtless due to the comparatively few places where sufficient snow falls to render snow-shoeing attractive, and because it has not the attending excitement of Tobogganing. Among our northern cousins, however, the snow-shoe has equal prominence with the toboggan, and the annual races of the various clubs are as much of an event as the summer field meets of our athletic associations.

In order to show the relative speed attained in snow-shoe races compared with that over a cinder track, the following table of amateur records is inserted:



A TYPICAL SNOW-SHOE. IROQUOIS PATTERN.

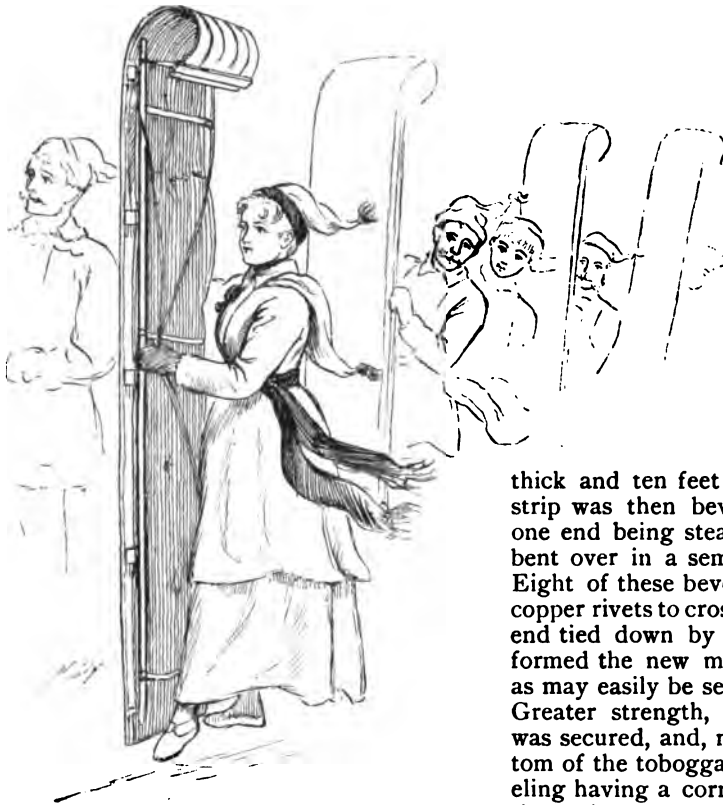
|          | TRACK.       | SNOW-SHOE.                      |
|----------|--------------|---------------------------------|
| 100 yds. | 108.         | 11 1-2s., skeleton shoes.       |
| 150 "    | 158.         | 12s., ordinary shoes.           |
| 220 "    | 22 2-5s.     | 16 1-2s., " "                   |
| 440 "    | 48 3-5s.     | 26s., regulation shoes.         |
|          |              | 1m. 5s., skeleton shoes.        |
| 1000 "   | 2m. 12s.     | 1m. 17 3-4s., regulation shoes. |
| 1 mile.  | 4m. 18 2-5s. | 3m. 15s., " "                   |
| 1 1-2 "  | 6m. 57 3-5s. | 5m. 42 1-2s., " "               |
| 2 "      | 9m. 17 2-5s. | 8m. 40s., skeleton shoes.       |
| 3 "      | 14m. 39s.    | 11m. 52 3-4s., " "              |
| 5 "      | 25m. 7 4-5s. | 19m. 12s., regulation shoes.    |
|          |              | 32m. 18s.                       |

|              | CROSS COUNTRY.                 |
|--------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 1-2 miles. | 12m., regulation shoes.        |
| 3 "          | 25m., ordinary shoes.          |
| 5 1-2 "      | 38m. 41 1-2s., ordinary shoes. |

|          | OVER HURDLES.                                                  |
|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 100 yds. | Track. 8 hurdles, 3 1-2ft. high, 14 3-8s.                      |
|          | Snow-shoe. 4 hurdles, 3 1-4ft. high, 13 1-2s., skeleton shoes. |
| 120 yds. | Track. 10 hurdles 3 1-2ft. high, 16s.                          |
|          | Snow-shoe. 4 hurdles, 3 1-4ft. high, 15s., skeleton shoes.     |
| 440 yds. | Track. 10 hurdles, 2 1-2ft. high, 1m. 1 5-8s.                  |
|          | Snow-shoe. 6 hurdles, 3ft. high, 1m. 26 1-4s., skeleton shoes. |

#### THE TOBOGGAN.

The English word "toboggan," spelt in so many ways, is probably derived from

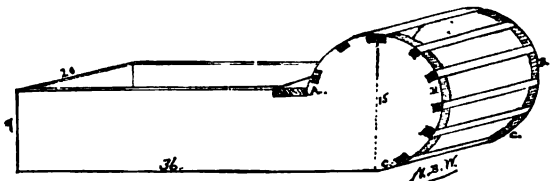


AWAITING THEIR TURNS WITH IMPATIENCE.

the Indian *odabaggan*, signifying sled, and which, with slight variations, is found in nearly all the dialects of the various North American tribes. The simplest form of the toboggan consisted merely of a strip of bark five or six feet in length, and twelve to fifteen inches in width, turned up at the forward end to prevent it from cutting and ploughing into the snow. This, strengthened with several narrow cross-pieces of wood and two side or longitudinal rails bound by deer thongs upon the upper side, was used by the Indians to drag game or other belongings upon. This form was succeeded by one somewhat larger, and made of a thin strip or strips of basswood or birch, strengthened and fastened together by the cross-pieces and side-rails still bound on by deer thongs. The front was curved over in a semicircular form, and held down in position by thongs running to one of the cross-pieces beneath. Where the thong passed through the wood, grooves were cut, into which the lacing was pressed to protect it from injury.

It was this flexible form usually made by Indians, and costing two or three dollars, that was in general use until recently. In 1884, a Montreal carpenter devised a new type, that is now fast superseding the old form upon the slides, a factory having been built to manufacture them. Hickory strips were selected about two and a half inches in width, by three-eighths of an inch

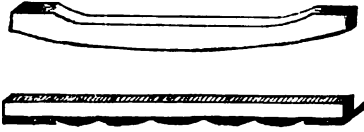
thick and ten feet or so in length. Each strip was then beveled on one side, and one end being steamed until pliant, it was bent over in a semicircular or oval form. Eight of these beveled strips fastened by copper rivets to cross-pieces, and the curved end tied down by the usual deer thongs, formed the new model. This innovation, as may easily be seen, had a double effect. Greater strength, stiffness and durability was secured, and, most important, the bottom of the toboggan, by reason of the beveling having a corrugated form, instead of the entire lower surface of it touching, only one-half came into actual contact on a smooth slide. The friction area being thus materially reduced, the speed was considerably increased. The Saratoga Toboggan Club, then organizing, introduced this type upon their slide, and, owing to the rivalry among the members as to the ownership of the fastest toboggan, improvement has been steadily sought. Different woods and bev- elings tried; several made in which the cross-pieces being slightly curved, sufficient convexity was given to the bottom to raise a portion of it from the slide; steel runners an inch in width and half in thickness were placed on the toboggan with great success as to speed. However, in what may be



FORM FOR TOBOGGAN FRONT.

termed the toboggan proper, the experiment failed to develop more than that white oak, ironwood or hickory were the most suitable

woods as possessing sufficient elasticity and capability of receiving a high polish, and the beveling of each strip on one side. At present a Saratoga toboggan, some eight feet in length by one and a half in width, with polished bevel bottom, graceful, curved



CROSS-PIECE, AND SECTIONAL VIEW OF A BEVELED BOTTOM.

front, brightly painted, and velvet cushion, costing from thirty to forty dollars, bears little resemblance to the primitive one except in general form, and will be difficult to excel in point of speed, beauty, and model.

The speed of a toboggan depends on various conditions. The bottom of the toboggan, the load upon it, and the slide, are all factors. The maximum speed is probably obtained by a hard-wood polished toboggan, with a load of from six to eight hundred pounds, as it leaves a steep, ice-paved chute. The rate then must be nearly a mile in sixty seconds, or even less. This may seem to the uninitiated, a perilous rate to travel at, yet it is doubtful whether we have any other means of locomotion that could furnish the same speed with more safety. It is an erroneous idea, and one detrimental to the development of the sport, that because so high a velocity is attained, *ergo* it must be dangerous. It should be remembered, however, that this speed is over a specially prepared track, with no surface crossing or intersecting paths or roads; that the snow banked up on either side renders it difficult, if not impossible to leave the course, and the only possible chance of collision is with an overturned toboggan, a most remote occurrence, or overtaking a slower toboggan on the level, where the result of a collision would be practically *nil*, as the toboggans are moving in the same direction with slight momentum. In the hands of a novice on a fast track, a toboggan may be upset by too much steering, for it is very obedient to its helm; but the chances are greatly in favor of its running down all right. Our novice friend would be wise, however, to first try a trip or two down alone to "get the hang of it," and not to risk a spill of his lady companions into the snow, as the sharp crust is no knight of chivalry.

Much has been said concerning the relative speed of the toboggan and double runner, or bob sled. The only test known to the writer is one made a year or two ago at Montreal. The two vehicles were started together on parallel chutes, and it was found that on the chute the toboggan, gathering velocity quicker, rushed ahead of the bobs, but on the lesser grades and level the bobs quickly shot ahead of the toboggan, and ran some distance ahead of where the toboggan stopped.

#### CONSTRUCTING A TOBOGGAN.

This is a personal experience. Unexpectedly the writer found himself in a town at the beginning of the toboggan season, with the slide in magnificent condition. A good, fast toboggan was not to be purchased; none could be ordered, constructed and delivered under ten days, and none obtained from any other place in a shorter time. To borrow was



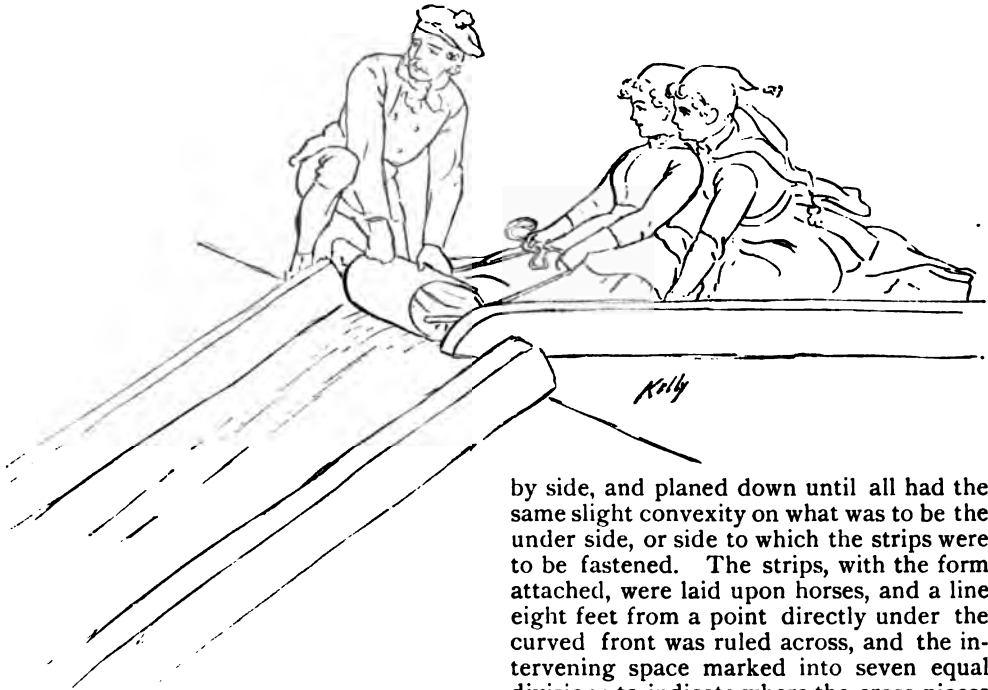
PERSUADING A BEGINNER.

not to be thought of, and to lose this time was serious. What then? Nothing but to make a toboggan. A friend, an amateur carpenter, offered the use of his shop; it was Saturday afternoon. A trip about the various lumber yards and mills ended finally in finding some fair dressed hickory strips twelve feet long and two and a half inches wide, by three-eighths in thickness. Six of these were carefully selected with reference to the grain, and taken to the shop. The first thing was to find something that would answer as a steam-box in which to steam the ends, that they might

be curved over for the front. A piece of tin leader, closed at one end and seven or eight inches in diameter and six feet long, was obtained. In the shop was a small, round coal stove, with a lid in the top. This lid being removed, the leader was filled with water and dropped through the opening upon the coals. Into this improvised steam-box the strips were thrust as far as possible. By the time this was accomplished it was dark, and, banking up the fire, the work was left for the night. Sunday nothing was done except to keep up

boards about three feet long, cut in a three-quarter circular form at one end. These were fastened together twenty inches apart by cross-pieces mortised in and forming the model as shown in figure (2.)

The steamed end of the strips was inserted between the cross-pieces at A, and then bent quickly around. As soon as the strips were all bent a piece of wood was firmly clamped down across them at C and B to bring in and retain them closely to the form. The cross-pieces that had been sawed at the mill were then fastened together, side



READY FOR THE START.

the fire and replenish the water in the pipe. Monday morning eight cross-pieces were marked out of the form shown in the diagram (1), upon an inch hickory board. A visit was then made to a planing-mill to cut these out with a scroll-saw, and, as the saw was in a part of the mill not heated, with the thermometer lurking around below zero, it was no easy matter to handle the cold wood with the nicety necessary to a good job. However, alternate sawing and thawing one's self out in the engine-room accomplished this. Returning to the shop, the strips being found sufficiently pliant, were withdrawn, and bent separately around the form that had previously been made. This form consisted of two soft wood

by side, and planed down until all had the same slight convexity on what was to be the under side, or side to which the strips were to be fastened. The strips, with the form attached, were laid upon horses, and a line eight feet from a point directly under the curved front was ruled across, and the intervening space marked into seven equal divisions to indicate where the cross-pieces were to be placed. With a one-eighth inch brace a hole was bored in the outer strip on the last line, and a cross-piece being placed below, was screwed fast. With a square it was turned to an exact right angle with the edge of the strip, and then fastened in a similar way on the opposite side. Two more holes were bored in each strip down into the cross-pieces, and inch oiled screws inserted and countersunk flush with the surface. This was not easy work, as the wood being so hard, the screws went in with difficulty, and care was necessary lest a bit or screw should be broken off in the wood. In a similar way the remaining lateral pieces were put on by evening. On Tuesday morning three thin, flat cross-pieces,  $15 \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$  inches, were screwed on the inner side of the curved front, and a

$\frac{3}{4}$ -inch strip, rounded on top, was fastened with ornamental screws upon the outer side of the strips where the end of the curve was to come. The strips were then sawed through where the ends had been inserted between the cross-pieces of the form. This

right length was placed against the top cross-piece of the front with the other end up at an angle against the ceiling. By knocking this board toward an upright position with a mallet, the front was forced down to the required curve, and kept there

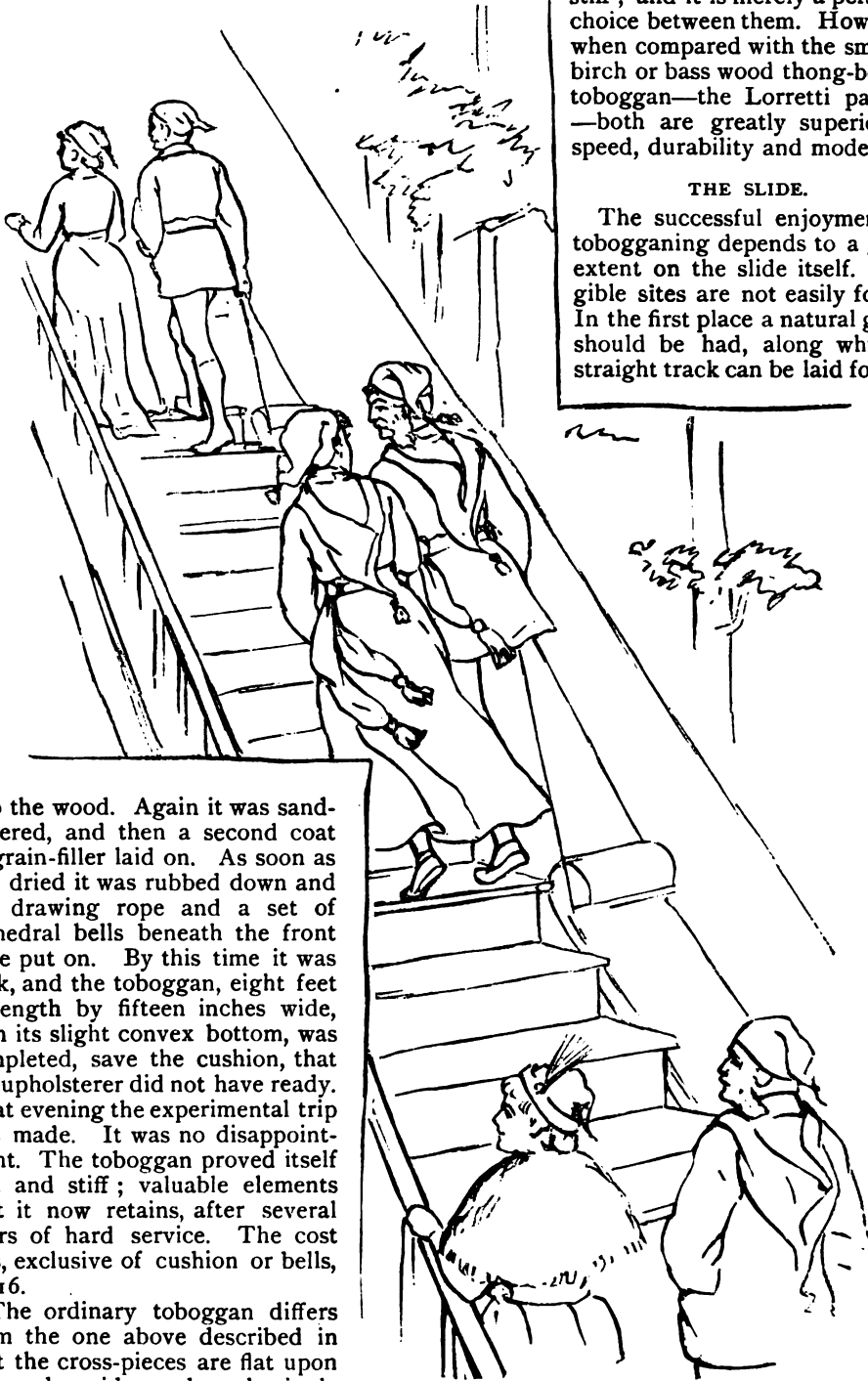


THE REAL FUN BEGINS.

permitted the form to be drawn out, and it only remained to draw down the front by thongs that had sprung up when released. Through the ends of the cross-piece, just beneath the curve, and also in the extreme end of the outer strips,  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch holes were bored. The toboggan being laid upon the floor, one end of a piece of board of the

while being fastened with belt lacing passed through the holes previously bored.

The next thing was to thoroughly sand-paper the bottom, and apply a coat of grain-filler. While this was drying the side rails were planed out and screwed on. The bottom was rubbed down with hair-cloth in order to work the grain-filler thoroughly



stiff ; and it is merely a personal choice between them. However, when compared with the smooth birch or bass wood thong-bound toboggan—the Lorretti pattern—both are greatly superior in speed, durability and model.

#### THE SLIDE.

The successful enjoyment of tobogganing depends to a great extent on the slide itself. Eligible sites are not easily found. In the first place a natural grade should be had, along which a straight track can be laid for two

into the wood. Again it was sand-papered, and then a second coat of grain-filler laid on. As soon as this dried it was rubbed down and the drawing rope and a set of cathedral bells beneath the front were put on. By this time it was dark, and the toboggan, eight feet in length by fifteen inches wide, with its slight convex bottom, was completed, save the cushion, that the upholsterer did not have ready. That evening the experimental trip was made. It was no disappointment. The toboggan proved itself fast and stiff ; valuable elements that it now retains, after several years of hard service. The cost was, exclusive of cushion or bells, \$2.16.

The ordinary toboggan differs from the one above described in that the cross-pieces are flat upon the under side, and each single strip of the toboggan is beveled.

As to the relative merits of the two types of beveled and convex bottoms, there is no appreciable difference. Both are fast and

or three hundred yards, and below a level upon which the course may be extended out a thousand feet or more, on which

READY TO BEGIN AGAIN.

the momentum of the toboggan may be expended. A place of this description is usually difficult to find in the immediate vicinity of a community. However, clubs cannot exercise too much care in selecting their tracks, if they are desirous of obtaining the greatest pleasure from the sport. At the summit of the grade selected, unless it has a sharp pitch of 40 to 45 degrees, a chute from two to three hundred feet long, with an incline of 40 to 50 degrees, should be built. This must be strongly erected upon trestle-work, with as many running tracks as the club intends having. These are usually about four feet in width, with sloping sides twelve to fifteen high. In addition to these tracks the chute contains a wide stairway with broad, easy-rising steps, and an adjoining snow-track up which the toboggan may be drawn in ascending. At the top of the chute a large, roomy platform, with high protecting side-rails, should be constructed. A small platform should be built at the head of each running track, large enough to hold a toboggan, and raised a few inches from the floor of the larger platform.

The best way to prepare a chute running track, is by paving it with large, smooth ice-blocks six or eight inches thick. These can be held in place by cleats fastened to the bottom of the track until the whole mass is solidly frozen together. On the sloping sides snow is placed and sprinkled with water until frozen solidly and smoothly down. If the natural grade is sharp, the chute tracks may be constructed simply down the face of the slope and resting upon it. This lessens the cost, no trestle-work being required. The lower courses should be laid out as straight as possible, and the snow packed and rolled firmly and evenly down on the track. On the sides of each runway the snow is piled up as high as the depth will permit. The track and sides is then sprinkled with water until ice is formed half an inch thick on the track, and a thick crust upon the sides. This, however, is but the beginning. Every day when it is freezing the track is freely sprinkled, and broken places repaired. This system renders the slide smoother and faster as the winter advances. These tracks constructed along the ground wear better than those made upon boards, as the sun's rays are not so strongly attracted and less thawing occurs.

Three care-takers on a double-track slide of seven to eight hundred yards in length, should keep it in perfect condition.

The slide should only be opened after two or three o'clock in the afternoon, if it is exposed to the sun, unless it is a very cold day, as more damage will be done by a half-hour's use of a soft track than ten hours' when it is hard. The sweeping, rolling and sprinkling of the track ought to be done in the early morning; the men can then fix the returning paths, fill and trim the torches, or do any other work that is required. When the slide is open they can act as starters at the heads of the tracks. It may, perhaps, be well here to say that the duty of the starter is to hold the toboggan on the starting platform while the about descending persons arrange themselves upon it. When this is done, and the preceding toboggan has rushed away in advance so far that the one about to start cannot overtake it, the starter pushes the toboggan off on its downward flight.

It is best to run a track in a northerly direction, as the sun's rays will not strike it with so much force, and it will require far less repairing, besides lasting much later in the spring. A lodge house with dressing and assembly rooms should be erected near the chute. It should be so constructed that a good view of the tobogganing can be obtained from the windows by guests or others who do not care to brave the cold. Included in the heating apparatus of the lodge, a stove upon which some little cooking may be done, will be found very convenient for a pot of coffee on a cold night or when a supper is desired at the slide. The house for storing the toboggans is usually near the lodge on the returning path. A small house where tools, torches and oil can be placed finishes the list of buildings needed.

It is difficult to estimate the cost of a good slide, as it is dependent on the many extraneous conditions—as the natural advantages, height of chute, number of tracks and elaborateness of buildings. However, eight or nine hundred dollars should build a double-track slide with a sixty to seventy feet chute and a comfortable club house. The cost of maintenance is uncertain. Size and the presence of continued cold weather have much to do with it. If repeated thawings occur, then the reconstruction of the tracks entails more expense. On the average, however, one hundred and fifty dollars should be the maximum of monthly expenses on an ordinary double-tracked slide for wages, oil and incidentals, though some slides expend five hundred per month.



Tobogganing on natural slopes can be enjoyed any time when a heavy thaw or rain is followed by a hard frost after a deep snow covers the ground. The greater the depth of snow the better the tobogganing will be, as the inequalities of the surface are more effaced. In going down an incline, without the character of the ground to be run over is thoroughly known, care should be taken. For unless the crust is very hard, a loaded toboggan will press down an inch or more into the snow, and thus may strike with serious consequences a stump, stone, or other obstruction concealed just beneath the surface. The writer remembers distinctly one experience that occurred several years ago. Pushing off on an exploring trip down a splendid long, but untried slope, he was rushing along at a rate of thirty miles an hour or more on the hard crust, when something happened. Floundering out of the deep loose snow in a dazed condition, it was several moments before he clearly understood the "something." It was then to find himself, toboggan and snow-shoes seven or eight feet below the surface of the surrounding snow, upon the ice of a small brook. Over the banks the snow had drifted and formed a complete snow-arch, that, being too thin to bear the toboggan, had broken. Fortunately he was alone, and plunged into the deep snow along the opposite bank; so beyond a shaking up no damage was done, and his companions were preserved from a similar accident, that with a loaded toboggan might have been serious.

The safest way to try a new slope, is to carefully walk over on snow-shoes the portion intended to be used, or to go down alone upon a toboggan a few times, taking care to sit well back, so as to be able to slip off if necessary, and also that your weight may not be on the front of the toboggan should it strike any obstruction. Few more enjoyable ways of spending a winter afternoon can be found than to form a party and start across the country on snow-shoes tobogganing down the various inclines that may be found.

If variation in tobogganing is desired, a *cahot*, or jumping place, may be built on one track. This consists of a building-up of the track in an incline with a perpendicular face of a few feet. The toboggan rushes up the incline and flies over the face through the air to the track again. This is exciting, but dangerous, and most of the few accidents accredited to tobogganing

occurred on these *cahots*. Another way is still more exciting. Find a steep hillside where the winds have drifted the snow midway down the side into a high drift that has a perpendicular face of eight or ten feet. Push off on your toboggan from the top. Rush down over the top of the drift—a flying jump of twenty feet or more through the air—to the lower slope, to dart on down the incline with accelerated speed. A few jumps of this kind is well worth a long trip.

Tobogganing as an amusement was commenced in Canada, down natural slopes upon the crust. At Quebec the slide first used forty years or more ago, was the ice cones that are formed by the spray under the Falls of Montmorenci. These cones rise during a cold winter, to a height of nearly 150 feet, and the impetus acquired by the toboggan as it rushes down the smooth icy surface, carries it a mile or more across the river. It was then quite the thing to form parties in Quebec and drive out to the Falls, where the native *gamin* were engaged with their toboggans, much the same as one might engage a boatman. After enjoying the sport for a time, furs were spread upon the snow at the foot of the cones and luncheon served, with the ever present jug of mulled claret, drawn forth from the numerous wrappings that served to preserve its warmth. Many are the ludicrous incidents described in the English periodicals of that time, of the experiences of the novice Englishman attempting a descent alone. The steering was then done by short sticks, held in either hand, the steersman facing forward and lightly touching the snow or ice on either side, as occasion demanded. The building of regular slides with prepared tracks has had the effect, however, of changing this method, as the ends of the stick scraped and broke the smooth surface of the course; and now the steersman sits on sideways, with one leg extending out behind, and by slightly touching the mocassined foot to the slide, the toboggan is easily guided, without injury to the track.

At present every Canadian city has its toboggan clubs with their elaborately built and prepared slides—those of Montreal being well known to Americans. In the United States, favored by climate and proximity to Canada, Saratoga had the pioneer club organized in November, 1884, though tobogganing there on natural slopes antedates this by several years. Their present

three-track iced slide at Glen Mitchell, with a length of 2,500 feet, and a fall of 112 feet within the first 600 feet, is without an equal this side of the line. The sport was developed in a surprising manner last year, though the season, as regards weather, was most unfavorable. At St. Paul and Burlington, successful winter carnivals advanced the sport. Slides were erected at Albany, N. Y.; Orange, N. J., and many other places, notably through the Northwest, and the pastime hitherto confined to our northern neighbors, sprang at once into popularity.

Tobogganing and snow-shoeing are worthy of all encouragement. Enjoyed in the open air, they strengthen and invigorate. Spend an evening, my novice friend, in rushing down through the frosty air, on the illuminated icy toboggan track, with the brisk walks up the slide, the gay changing scenes and jolly sociality of one's companions! How, then, will you sleep, friend, and with what renewed vigor will you rise next morning! Bind on your snow-shoes! You will flounder about, no doubt, and have a tumble or more in the snow, but shake it off and persevere. A few days and you will have mastered the art. And then, at night, with the stars bright overhead, and perhaps the wavering aurora borealis flashing its mystic light across the northern sky, with elastic tread

you will pass over the crisp white mantle that Nature now wraps over the country. Your blood will bound with a quicker exhilarating throb through your veins; all the world will seem brighter as you swing along in the sunlight, over the glistening white expanse of snow; the distant mountains with a soft purple hue serrating the horizon, the trees along the fences pencilled against the cloudless sky, every rail, bush and twig above the snow standing clearly out; a wreath of smoke, so blue, curling lazily up from the bare woods in yonder hollow, a flock of snow bunting whirling away in a gray cloud. Through the wooded lowland you tramp. Here, labyrinthic crossing and re-crossing, appear the trails of the winter denizens—squirrel, rabbit, fox, and tiny field-mouse track. At last, turning homeward through the gray woods, with the frosty wind softly blowing in your face and rustling the dry oak-leaf above, the last field is reached with the clear amber glow of the winter sunset caught up and reflected from a million white crystals until it seems a sparkling extent of gold to cross. And kicking off your snow-shoes after such a tramp, friend, you will feel better and stronger for the communion you have had with Nature, and realize the truth of Emerson's remark, that "Every bit of Nature is but a window through which one can see God."

### THE TRAPPER'S LAST TRAIL.

HVUH, Jack! ole boy, come hyer an' lay down  
Close up to my breast; I feel so strange;  
That arrow left sech a stingin' pain,  
An' my sight 's a losing its range.

My thoughts are scatterin' out like shot,  
An' old days crowdin' in enstead;  
The wind a touchin' my forehead feels  
Like my mother's hand on my head.

The deer 's a getting up now to brouse,  
For the moon 's jest riz — Here, Sammy, say,  
I'll make you a whistle if you won't tell  
I went in swimmin' with Tom to-day!

Shs-h, Jack! they're moccasins stealin' through  
The leaves — That breeze is a sign o' rain —  
Oh, somebody tear this off my throat!  
Good-night, little sister — that pain —

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack snuffled, and sniffed the wounded breast.  
And uttered a pitiful wail —  
The trapper had gone and left no track  
For his dog to scent the trail.

*Madge Morris.*

## SNOW-SHOEING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY E. R. WARREN.

So much interest has been manifested in the East, in snow-shoeing and other winter sports, that the readers of *OUTING* may like to know how we do it in Colorado. During the past winter the first snow-shoe club ever formed in the States, I think, was organized in Gunnison county, and the first series of races held there in different places, though snow-shoes have been for a long time in constant use in the mountainous and snowy portions of the State for traveling. The shoe in common use here differs very much, however, from the Canadian shoe, being of the Norwegian type, and it will be best to describe it first before giving any account of the races. Indeed, such races as we had would not be possible with web shoes. The shoe is anywhere from nine to fourteen feet long, the length most used in this winter's races being ten feet; but there was at the close of the season a strong feeling among the members of the club, in favor of a longer shoe, as it was found that the long shoes rode over any inequalities in the snow much easier than shorter ones. From  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 inches is the common width, and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches the average thickness of the shoe, in the middle, under the foot; the wood is left of the extreme thickness for about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet along the middle of the shoe, and then the top of the shoe begins to taper toward each end, usually being left stiffer behind than in front—the toe is or should be quite limber, and the extreme point is left quite thin, so that after being steamed it can be bent to the proper curve. At the toe the thickness of a good shoe is about  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch, and should not be much thicker than that for some distance back. Just what the proper curve is it is hard to say; but it should not be too sharp and round, for then in running through soft snow the toe of the shoe will plough through the snow, instead of having a tendency to ride over it as it should do. The shoes are usually bent around a log, and a log of too small diameter should not be chosen; one less than eighteen inches through should not be taken. The point of the toe should be from 4 to 6 inches above the level of the shoe. When the shoe is bent it is ready for the leathers. A point is chosen where in holding the shoe loose

between the finger and thumb the toe is slightly tilted up; in other words, just forward of the center of gravity of the shoe. The hind edges of the leather should be about there. Two pieces of leather are cut of a width to suit the wearer; about four inches is usual, and high enough, so that, when fastened to the sides of the shoe and laced together, to hold the foot tightly. Just back of the leather is placed the heel-block, a narrow strip of wood screwed across the shoe and coming just under the instep. This prevents the foot from slipping back, and gives a firmer hold to the shoe. The shape given to the upper part of the shoe is greatly a matter of taste, some being beveled and others being quite flat.

The bottom of the shoe should be as smooth as possible, and beeswax is usually applied to it either with a hot iron or by rubbing on cold, to prevent the snow from sticking to it, which it will do if it is moist. A pole from seven to nine feet long is used as a support and brake in sliding down hill, and is always carried when traveling.

The motion in walking is somewhat similar to skating—but the shoes are not lifted from the snow at all, but pushed along on top of or through the snow, as the condition of the latter may allow, the snow-shoer rising on to his toe as he moves forward, and settling back on his heel at the end of the step. In sliding, the pole is used at the side of the slider, if necessary, either as a support or as a brake to check the speed, if desirable. It is sometimes straddled, but never by the best riders in racing; though in running through bad places, such as thick timber, it is a very good way, as very sharp turns and quick stops can be made.

These shoes have long been in use in the mountainous parts of this State, as a means of travel, and many of the smaller mining camps would be completely isolated from the outside world in winter, were it not for snow-shoes. The present active members of the Gunnison County Snow-Shoe Club, nearly all came from the towns in the Elk Mountains, in the northern part of the county, where the snow is four feet and upward in depth, all winter long, and snow-shoes are one of the necessities of life.

The winter's sport began on the twenty-second of February (Washington's birthday), 1886, at Crested Butte, the principal town of the northern part of the county. A subscription had been started there, and this, with the entrance fee of one dollar paid by each competitor, gave a purse of \$37.00, which was divided as follows: First prize, \$20.00; second, \$11.00; third, \$6.00, the money to be expended for suitable badges.

Many of the competitors came eighteen or twenty miles, and a good part of the way on shoes, to take part in the race, and were among the best who entered. The course was chosen on a hill a little distance outside the town, and on a north slope, where the sun had not crusted the snow. The length of the run was about 525 yards. Beginning at the starting-point with an angle of about thirty degrees from the horizontal, a pretty sharp pitch, by the way, the hill gradually sloped off at a less angle until the bottom was reached, where there was a perfectly flat stretch, and on this, about 250 feet from the bottom of the hill, the two flags indicating the finish were placed. On most of the hill the snow

were J. J. McCluskey, of Crested Butte, and Chris. Lucas, of Gothic, with E. W. Burton, of Gunnison, as referee. Thos. Lynch, of Crested Butte, acted as starter. The



A HOT RACE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. ILLUSTRATING THE SNOW-SHOE USED BY THE GUNNISON COUNTY SNOW-SHOE CLUB.

course not being of sufficient width to run the sixteen competitors abreast, they were divided by lot into teams of four each, and one man from each team was to win two heats, and these winners were to run each other a final heat for the prizes. Below is the result of the runs:

| FIRST TEAM.                   |               | FIRST HEAT. | SECOND HEAT. |
|-------------------------------|---------------|-------------|--------------|
| Chas. Baney, Crested Butte    | 1             | 1           |              |
| A. Husby, " "                 | 2             | 3           |              |
| T. T. Swan, " "               | Fell          | 2           |              |
| G. R. Cornwall, Irwin         | "             |             | Did not run. |
| SECOND TEAM.                  |               |             |              |
| A. A. Johnson, Crystal        | 1             | 1           |              |
| P. H. Ramsden, Gunnison       | 2             | 2           |              |
| T. A. Boughton, Scofield      | 3             | 3           |              |
| E. R. Warren, Crested Butte   | Did not start | Fell        |              |
| THIRD TEAM.                   |               |             |              |
| A. B. Fish, Crystal           | 1             | 1           |              |
| E. G. Barthel, Gothic         | Fell          | 2           |              |
| R. R. Stirling, Scofield      | "             | 3           |              |
| F. M. Williams, Crystal       | "             | 4           |              |
| FOURTH TEAM.                  |               |             |              |
| H. C. Cornwall, Crested Butte | 1             | 1           |              |
| F. C. Johnson, Crystal        | 2             | Fell        |              |
| J. H. Block, Crested Butte    | Fell          | 2           |              |
| Geo. Miller, " "              | "             | 3           |              |

was soft and light, making good and fast running, while on the flat it was crusted somewhat, though not badly. The judges

In the final run, Baney, A. A. Johnson, H. C. Cornwall, and Fish ran, coming through the flags in the order named.

Much enthusiasm was shown over these races, and some of the heats were very close, especially the final one, Baney beating Johnson by only a few feet, with Cornwall and Fish close on their heels. Many of the runs were made in eighteen seconds, about a mile a minute, the snow being in very favorable condition for running, being dry and soft enough, so that the shoes could be easily guided. Although there were many and hard falls, only one man was hurt, George Cornwall, who sprained an ankle on his first run down the hill.

In the evening a club was formed under the name of "The Gunnison County Snow-Shoe Club," for the object of encouraging snow-shoeing and all other winter sports. The following officers were chosen:

E. W. Burton, of Gunnison, *President*.  
R. R. Stirling, of Scofield, *Captain*.  
H. C. Cornwall, of Crested Butte, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

G. R. Cornwall, of Irwin, } *Executive*  
A. A. Johnson, of Crystal, } *Committee*.  
T. T. Swan, of Crested Butte, }

Nearly all who took part in the race that day joined then, besides others. The Executive Committee was authorized to prepare a constitution and by-laws, and report at some future meeting.

On the fifth of March there was a race at Gunnison which proved to be the most exciting one of the winter, as here we had a hill which required no little skill to ride successfully. The course was somewhat longer than that at Crested Butte, and the snow in worse condition, as in some places it was soft and loose, and in others hard and crusty. After the first few runs had been made the snow was cut up by numerous trails, and, thanks to the crust, when once in one of these trails it was very hard to get out again. The slope of the hill at the top was quite gentle, increasing somewhat as you went down, until about half-way down there was a sudden steep pitch, and beyond this another still steeper pitch, with the perfectly flat outcome at the bottom. It was at the bottom of this last slope that most of the falls took place. Very few of the racers guessed what a difficult hill it was when they started from the top, although when the first few pairs had gone down those still on top had their suspicions. Owing to the narrow course the men were run in pairs. There were

twelve entries, as follows: P. H. Ramsden, Fred. Brown, Chas. Baney, R. R. Sterling, E. G. Barthel, Mr. Carns, A. A. Johnson, A. B. Fish, T. A. Boughton, E. R. Warren, H. C. Cornwall, and F. M. Williams, the men running and being paired off in the order named. The winners of the first heats were Ramsden, Baney, Barthel, Johnson, Boughton and Cornwall. They were paired off again by lot. Ramsden and Baney ran together, Ramsden winning after four heats, one of which was a tie. Baney is a boy of seventeen or eighteen, and of slight figure, and the long climbs up the hill used him up so that he did not have the strength needful in running this hard hill. He fell in two of the heats. Both men were great favorites, and there was much excitement over the contest between them. Johnson won two heats from Boughton, and Cornwall two from Barthel. The three men now left on deck ran as follows: Cornwall and Johnson ran first, the former winning by a very short lead; a very close race. According to agreement this gave Johnson third prize, and left Cornwall and Ramsden to run for first and second. This resulted in another very close race, Ramsden winning by less than a foot.

The Gunnison people turned out in good numbers at the course, and made a gala day of the race: the schools were closed, and the District Court, then in session, adjourned, in order to give the judge and lawyers a chance to see the fun. Seventy dollars had been subscribed by the people for prizes, which was apportioned as follows: first prize, \$35.00; second, \$20.00; third, \$15.00, the money to be expended by the officers of the club in suitable badges. Altogether we were much pleased with the way we were treated there. President Burton allowed us to use his store as club-headquarters, and borrowed all his wife's flat-irons for the members to use in waxing up their shoes.

Two days after, on March 7, there was a race at Irwin, a mining town about 8 miles from Crested Butte, which most of those present at the Gunnison race attended, and there were a good number of entries from Irwin and Crested Butte, which made a total of 21 runners. There was nothing remarkable about the race, except that owing to the warmth of the day, the snow was sticky, and rather a slow race was the result, and several of the best runners were among the slowest of the slow, Johnson coming down the hill far in the rear of his

competitors, balancing his pole on the ends of his fingers. All hands had spent a good deal of time waxing their shoes, in the morning; but wax, freshly ironed, does not seem to run well on wet snow until the shoes have been run a few times, and the wax polished by rubbing on the snow; and those who had not tried their shoes before the race made the poorest time in most cases. The winners were V. E. Metzler, Irwin, first; Ed. Parks, Irwin, second; and Chal. Baney, Crested Butte, third, and the Gunnison County Snow-Shoe Club, nowhere. Seven members of the club climbed the hill to the "Great Eastern" cabin that night, feeling—well, not quite so smart as when they came down in the morning, and the next morning they all struck out on snow-shoes for Crested Butte. There we found other members of the club, and exchanged condolences. In the afternoon a jolly party of seventeen set forth in a sleigh for Gothic, 8 miles to the north, and spent the night there. The next day some of us went still farther on, to the flourishing city of Scofield, of which Captain Sterling is mayor, and whose resident population consisted at that time of four men, three women, a baby, two dogs and a cat or two.

We passed a pleasant time there, but the length of this article forbids me giving a full account of our doings, including the grand dinner party to everybody in the county, and I shall likewise have to pass over our visit to Messrs Al and Fred Johnson, at Crystal, 4 miles from Scofield.

Monday, March 15, found us back at Gothic, ready to race the next day. We had a hill very similar to the Crested Butte hill, but somewhat longer, being about 600 yards, and steeper at the top. There were seventeen entries, and these were divided into teams of three each. The snow was rather sticky early in the afternoon, but at the last very good time was made, the course being run in 8 or 10 seconds less time than at first. The winners were F. M. Williams,

first; R. R. Sterling, second, and V. E. Metzler, third. Williams and Sterling made a very close run, one of the latter's shoes running between Williams; and the two men were almost touching as they crossed the line. This practically finished the races for the season. A few days after there was another race at Irwin, in which, however, only one club member took part, H. C. Cornwall, and he took no prize. The day after that there was a challenge race between V. E. Metzler, the winner of first prize the day before, and Cornwall. It was run at 5:30 P. M. over a steep and hard hill, best 3 in 5 runs. There was such a hard crust on the snow, that it was almost impossible to control the shoes, and in consequence there were some hard falls. Four starts were made, Metzler falling every time. Cornwall ran through twice, but one run was not allowed, as it was claimed that he ran out of his course. The race was then postponed until the same hour next day, at which time Metzler threw up the race, acknowledging himself beaten. Cornwall broke both his shoes the first run down the hill, and in the other runs was placed at a great disadvantage, by using shoes of totally different style from those he was in the habit of using; but he proved himself the better rider of the two.

The lateness of the season when the first race was held and our club organized, prevented our having any elaborate programmes, but it is intended next year to have two or three days' carnival, probably at Gunnison, and races of various kinds. Uniforms will be selected, and the organization of the club completed in every respect.

The cut shows the last heat between Cornwall and Johnson, at Gunnison. The men are at the top of the last steep pitch. The man on the right coming down is Cornwall, who was the only man who did not fall, at least once on this course. Taken from an instantaneous photograph. Speed of men about a mile a minute.



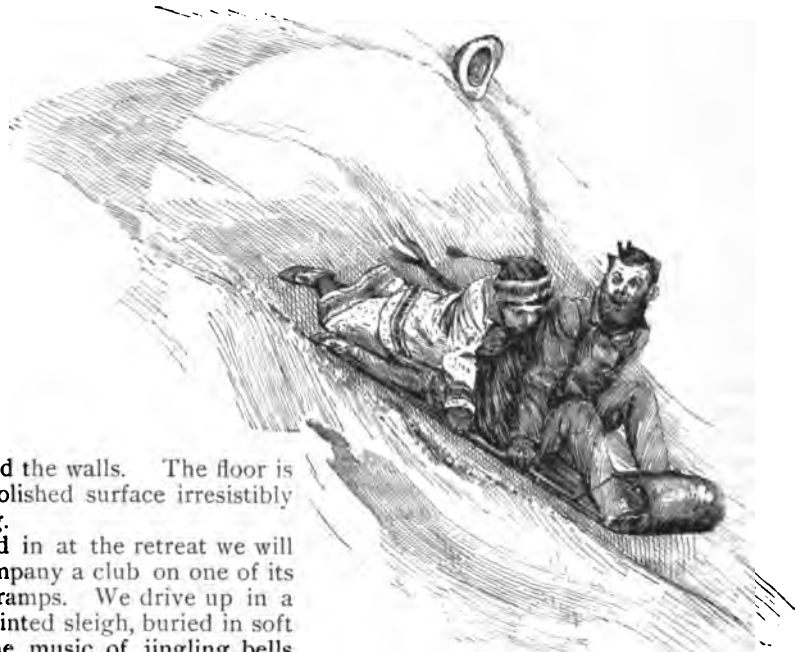
## A MONTREAL WINTER GLIMPSE.

BY JOHN C. MARTIN.

AT Montreal there are ten clubs which have a joint interest in a common rendezvous over Mount Royal, in the hostelry of Host Lumpkins, a genial, broad-minded Englishman, who knows right well how to treat his guests and cater to their simple requirements. "The Snow-shoer's Retreat" is a low, two-story, expanded hotel, which straggles over a wide area, furnishing a plenty of floor-space, and, in its exterior lines, affording relief to the eye by its broken outline of Gothic crests and spires. The house nestles in the very bosom of the mountain which rises in a precipitous acclivity from the rear. Dining-rooms and also committee rooms occupy the nooks and corners, and the entire second floor is thrown into a grand hall, where the clubs assemble. A piano on a raised platform is perched in an angle of the room, and comfortable seats are placed around the walls. The floor is clean, and the polished surface irresistibly suggests dancing.

Having looked in at the retreat we will return and accompany a club on one of its regular weekly tramps. We drive up in a luxuriously appointed sleigh, buried in soft robes, and to the music of jingling bells are deposited at the honored gates of old McGill College. Our Jehu, who is dubbed "a carter" by some inscrutable application of the English language to his calling, informs us that we have reached our destination, and that a compensation in the shape of *une piastre* would be acceptable. He hesitates in the demand, and we know that he is laboring under the sense of showing great effrontery in extorting more than *un écu*, or half a dollar, for the three-mile ride. We leave him to the unmerciful berating of his own conscience, and we take observations.

The club-members have begun to arrive, and a score of blanketed forms are capering up and down the smoothly-beaten street. Some are seen stooping under the rays of a gas-lamp, tying on their shoes, or stretching the elastic buckskin thongs that attach the racquet to the foot. Animal spirits abound, and shivering, squeamish souls, contracted and warped by the keen air, cannot be discovered in the composition of the different groups. Caloric is superabundant, and the air resounds with shrill and hoarse exclamations, as the boys romp with kittenish glee, as if rejoicing in



MIXED PLEASURE.

the release from overheated rooms. Having already passed the neophyte stage, we are taken in hand. A pair of shoes are procured. With experienced fingers we don them and are allowed to join the ranks. This courtesy, by the way, is rarely extended, as a rigid observance of rules demands the absolute exclusion of outsiders. Presently the air parts with the rattling call,—an Iroquois war-whoop, which can only be expressed in type by o-o-o-o-o, modulated from a high key to



a profound bass, a resonant, protracted and penetrating summons that is far-reaching in this dry atmosphere.

The president has arrived. The call is answered and repeated from all sides. The brethren center around their chief, and a few words serve to tell the nature of the trip. The clubs vie with each other in making the mountain passage in short time, and this evening, it happens that the wearers of the *tuque Verte* were to lower the record, if possible. A whipper-in is appointed.

"All ready?" exclaims the president.

Cheery responses immediately follow, and a dash is at once made. The president, who is elected by virtue of his performances as a runner, and his knowledge of the environment, strikes off in the lead. He goes at a swinging pace, with elbows close to his sides and arms well up. The street and branching roads are abandoned, the fields are entered, and the snowy crystals fly in a shower. In Indian file the members fall in, and soon a tortuous string stretches across the undulating hills. The leader may have covered a mile or more before the whipper-in takes his place. His duty is to remain in the rear and render assistance to the weak, weary, or disabled tramps. Like the leader, he is a veteran, and the polished framework of his shoes tells the story of long and arduous cross-country tramps. Drop him from the sky anywhere within a radius of fifty miles from home, and he will, after taking his bearings, unhesitatingly strike out in an air-line for the nearest road-house. He knows the country thoroughly, and was selected on that account. It must not be supposed that he relishes the office, and when appointed to act as whipper-in his soul is possessed with acerbity, and he grows jealous of the fleet-footed leaders. His commands are issued in incisive tones, and woe betide the youngster whose innocence or ignorance is prolific of delay. An amateur tumbles in a drift, breaks a shoe, loses his wind on the steep grades, or hangs behind from sheer stubbornness. Then the tact of the whipper-in is called into play, as his only pride is in bringing the club all in together at the finish.

Repairs may be made, and when the march is resumed the column is lost to sight. A hot pace is struck, and the last man is reached.

The line is pushed up closer, and order and regularity are restored. The office



THE MONTREAL CONVEYANCE.

of whipper-in is a responsible and onerous one. To wander from the line, or to be abandoned on the mountain on a cold night, would mean death to a tyro not conversant with the topographical features that would guide him to a hospitable shelter.

The captain's call passes down the line, and as the summit is reached the inquiry "All up?" is again handed down. "All up!" is repeated by the whipper-in, and like a *feu-de-joie*, a rattle of musketry, running the length of the column, the warning is affirmed. A momentary halt, under the low-hanging pines, with the whistling winds sighing mournfully overhead, and making an insidious search through the warmest clothing. Panting after the hard climb, and stiffened somewhat by tiresome scaling, which causes the perspiration to flow freely, it is dangerous to linger long in such an exposed locality when the thermometer probably registers 30° below the disappearing point. The group dissolves again, and the figures stream out into the night. A plunge headlong into Cimmerian darkness, down the hill they go, with head thrown back, shoulders firm, and eyes alert for obstacles in the shape of uneven surfaces and branches. Not the least, in the many causes for apprehension, is the man in front, who may stumble and take a header in the soft snow, from which extrication is a tedious task. Faster and faster, as the impetus of the decline is felt, the shoes rattle with incredible quickness, and the line becomes a tangle of flying feet

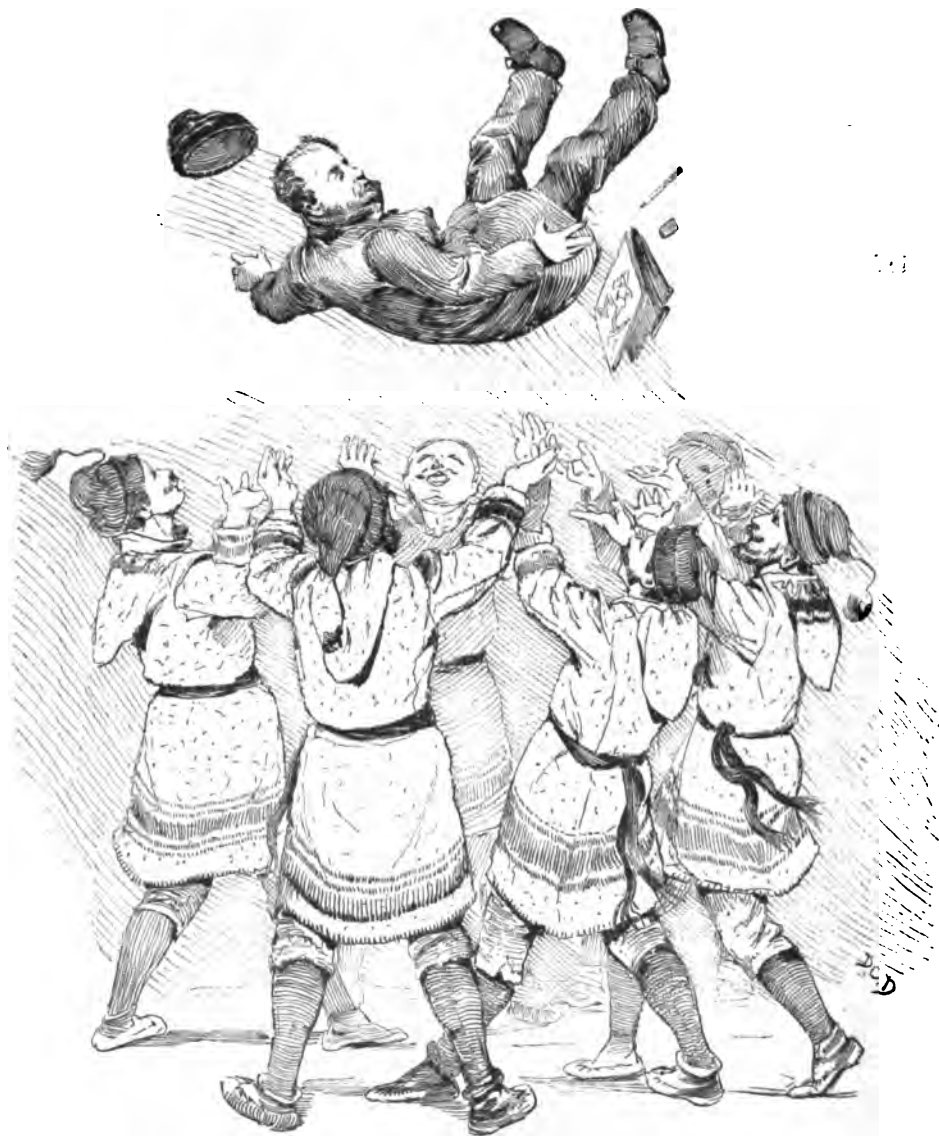
shackled together like a centipede of strange growth. A fence, and with a warning exclamation, the leader leaps the half-buried obstruction and continues on his way. He seems never to weary or to care for his trained retinue, for he never glances back, but the musical patter behind him tells the whole story: A slow-up, for the laggards!

The line is re-formed, and now for the home-stretch! A wild burst of speed; every

through the serpentine drifts and avoiding the low, canopied bushes. As the cheerful lights of the club-house loom up, an aboriginal whoop is echoed over the hills, and, with a final dash, the door is reached and a haven of rest entered.

Shoes are kicked loose, outer garments discarded, sashes cast aside, and cool, refreshing drinks absorbed.

Look at them! Zero is discounted. These travelers are hot and thirsty, perspiration



BOUNCING THE REFRACTORY MEMBER.

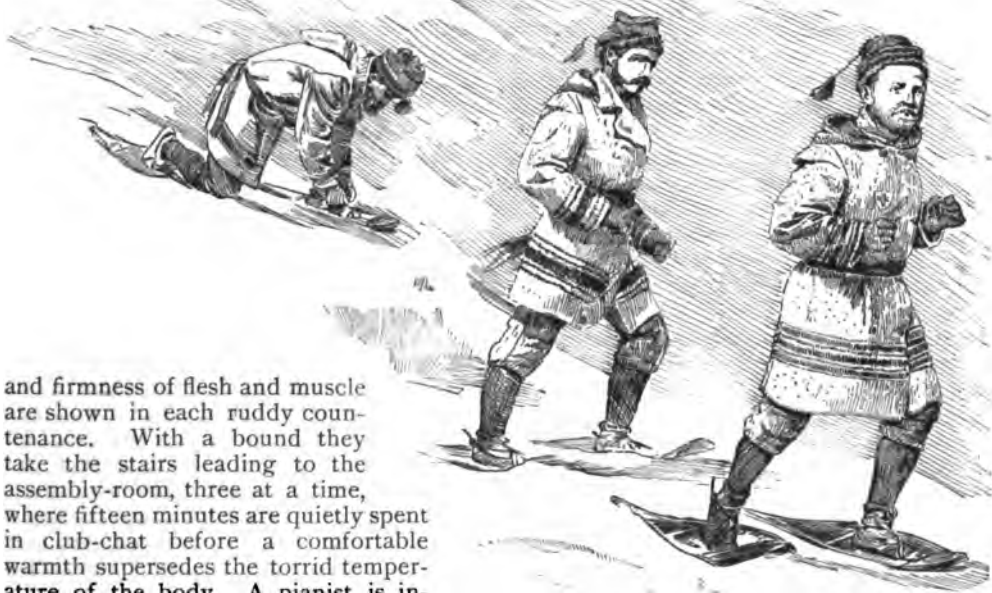
man straining himself to the utmost; each muscle distended, and, with nerves rigidly set, they tear down a narrow lane, winding

rolls down their glittering faces and saturates even the gloves that cover the hands of the more effeminate members. Health



and it is the baptism of the novice—the only penalty of initiation. Six stalwart fellows seize the victim, and with a peculiar movement he is rapidly thrown into a horizontal position, and, despite earnest struggles, is tossed to the ceiling. As he descends he is caught in outstretched arms and the operation thrice repeated, and at the conclusion the unfortunate selection is landed upright on the floor, inclined to feel more happy than reproachful.

In the dance the "lady" is distinguished by a handkerchief tied around his arm. This distinction



and firmness of flesh and muscle are shown in each ruddy countenance. With a bound they take the stairs leading to the assembly-room, three at a time, where fifteen minutes are quietly spent in club-chat before a comfortable warmth supersedes the torrid temperature of the body. A pianist is inducted, and, as he considers himself a victim, he refuses point-blank to manipulate the ivories. Resistance is worse than useless. Remonstrance being of no avail, corrective measures are adopted.

This mutinous spirit must be subdued; insubordination must be quelled. The unwilling musician is seized by his companions, and, despite his good-natured struggles, he is incontinently "bounced." The punishment is effective. He is no longer aggrieved. With an air of feigned resignation he seats himself, and presently waltz-music is energetically pounded forth, and the amateur athletes are again seen in graceful form, with flying feet, keeping time to the measures of the music.

A word for "bouncing." It is the most delectable of all the snow-shoers' delights,

is rendered very necessary in the cotillion, as the fair sex is sternly excluded on these occasions. The programme of music, etc., is conferred on a very masculine audience, which is not always chary of adverse and humorous criticism. When a man is nominated to sing, recite, or play, there can be no refusal. He simply must, and any churl who objects to the informality is quickly placed in "Coventry." The exclusiveness of these entertainments serves to stimulate the curiosity of lady friends, and, when the annual receptions to the favored public are given, the attendance is invariably large.

At eleven o'clock the order to return is given, and, with their racquets strung over their shoulders, the members step out in a

IN GOOD WIND.

body, ten deep, for the march home on the smooth road, which obviates the use of artificial supports. *En route*, voices are raised in song, and the residents of the hill-sides are made familiar with the grand chorus :

"Tramp, tramp, on snow-shoes tramping,  
All the day we marching go,  
Till at night, by fires encamping,  
We find couches on the snow."

They reach home shortly after midnight, and a sound, refreshing sleep repays them for their journey of twelve miles.

The prescribed costume is made of white blankets, with fancy-colored borders, and consists of knee-breeches and coat, girdled with a silk sash of some pronounced color. A *tuque*, similar to an old-fashioned night-cap, but topped with a long knitted cord and tassel; stockings of the same color, and soft moose moccasins completed the outfit. The undress uniform, worn in-doors, is a navy-blue jersey, with the club monogram embroidered on the breast, and was adopted to secure a uniform appearance after the outer coat had been cast off. Each club has a distinctive color for sash, stockings and *tuque*, and an old-timer can always call a man's club as soon as he glances at the shade of the knitted goods.

To an American the uniforms are picturesque, and objects of universal admiration among the ladies, who appreciate harmonious interminglings of color and such a departure from conventional clothes. The colors of some of the clubs may be given as follows: Montreal, blue and red; Emerald, green and white. St. George, purple and white; Le Canadien, red, white and blue; Argyle, blue, and the Molly Bawn's, black and white. The last-named organization, although having less members than the other clubs, is an object of most profound interest, as the requirements of the constitution call for an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. The ladies look piquant—they are all pretty—in their blanket skirts, white moccasins, trimmed with colored porcupine quills, blanket sacques and the regular sash and *tuque*. The members

are brothers and sisters, and, when they take the road, the ladies are exchanged and the brothers assist some other fellow's sister. This disposition makes life more agreeable. They march in pairs, each gentleman supporting a lady, and no single member of either sex is tolerated. The rule is inflexible. This club had one steeple-chase across six miles of rough country, but, after the first experience, the experiment was abandoned. The prize-winners, it seemed, were in danger of losing, as they were second, with the first couple leading them some distance.

The lady was petite, and her cavalier tall and strong. A suggestion, a hurried consultation, and the next minute the gentleman was seen scudding through the darkness with his partner in his arms. He took a circuitous route to avoid detection in passing the leaders, and, when within one hundred yards of the goal, he deposited his partner on the ground, and linking arms, the two ran in together, winning the prize. The story leaked out through a confidence reposed by the lady in a friend of gentle nature. It was too good to keep, so the truth leaked out and the award was reconsidered. If their American cousins were one-half as fond of out-door pursuits, less would be heard of debility, weakness and nervous prostration. Lewiston, Me., has the honor of establishing the first snow-shoe club in the United States. It appears that several residents of that city attended the '83 winter carnival in Montreal, and after returning home endeavors were made to form a club, but action was deferred until last season, when an organization of fifty members was perfected, with Dr. Martel, of Lewiston, as president. The members are all naturalized Canadians, with a sprinkling of native Yankee blood; and the prospects of the infantile institution are fair for a hale old age. The climate and conditions of the country are analogous to Montreal surroundings, and at no distant day we may hear of international competition for suitable prizes.

## A BOUT WITH THE GLOVES.

BY CHARLES E. CLAY,

Author of "BERMUDA YACHTS AND DINGHIES," "MAYFLOWER-GALATEA RACES OF 1886,"  
"A DAY'S FISHING IN BERMUDA," etc., etc.



It seems almost a pity that such a noble and manly exercise as that of boxing, should, from want of proper support, be fast falling into oblivion and disrepute. When practiced by gentlemen as a means of muscular development, there is not an exercise that gives such grand and lasting results. Look at a man that is a master of the science, and mark the free and graceful movement of every limb. There is nothing stiff, ungainly or loutish about the boxer. His head is carried erect and firm, supported by a full, strong neck, in which the muscles stand out clear and well defined. His eye is bright and flashing, but with a quiet, observant watchfulness that plainly indicates that nothing escapes it. When his gaze meets yours he looks you squarely and firmly in the eyes; there is no uneasy shifting and glancing from side to side. His shoulders are broad, but graceful and sloping, and from them the arms, with full and rounded biceps, fall so easily and naturally to their proper position at the sides! The elbows follow the beautiful curves of the body, and are not stuck out from the ribs and flapped like the helpless flutterings of a half-fledged gosling in its futile efforts to fly, which is the general way one sees the arms carried by would-be swells on our fashionable thoroughfares. The chest expansive, and well filled out, shows plenty of room for the lungs to work. The deltoid and shoulder muscles are all thoroughly developed, and go to form a strong and shapely back. The whole trunk presents a rounded, symmetrical, and perfect appearance that is pleasant to look at, and makes one feel instinctively what a grand and wonderful piece of mechanism man really is, when all his inherent qualities of strength have been made the most of.

How free and elastic, too, his step! the full and shapely thighs working clean and

straight from the hip, impress one with a sense of stability and power. His progress is resolute, even and steady; no shambling, slovenly gait can be part of a man who depends as much on the nimbleness and agility with which he gets about on his legs to keep him out of reach of his antagonist, as he does on the dexterity of his hands and the keenness of his sight. And then, too, how firm, smooth and clear is the skin of the boxer. The constant exercise, by inducing vigorous perspiration, the many rubbings with towel and hand, open and keep free from impurities every pore of the skin, and renders them ever ready to perform their allotted functions. And let me point out, in this connection, what important benefits to our system result from those exercises that induce free and wholesome perspiration. By getting rid of much of the accumulated secretions of the body, it aids and strengthens two very important organs of our physical economy—the liver and the kidneys—whose function it is to keep eliminating from the system those impurities that are daily absorbed by the pores of the skin, as also those that are taken up internally. And were it not that these organs were assisted in their duties by the cleansing process that takes place every time one perspires, they would find their task more than they could thoroughly perform, and would either get prematurely worn out or become diseased by overwork and abnormal activity, and the body would, in consequence, become impaired in health. In fact, it is a recognized fact that many of the ailments that have their origin in the unhealthy condition of these organs can be readily traced to those sedentary and lazy habits that shirk sufficient exercise to produce perspiration; and one of the surest remedies resorted to to relieve disease in the lungs or kidneys, is to cause the patient, either by exercise or by artificial means, to perspire profusely at regular intervals.

Besides these and many other incalculable benefits to the body which can be acquired as effectively by no such other means as by boxing, the practice of the art of self

It will interest our readers to know that the illustrations to Mr. Clay's articles on Sparring are from a succession of instantaneous photographs made by Falk, of Broadway. The attitudes may be relied upon as scientifically correct, for they are outlines of none other than those two arch exponents of the manly art, William Edwards and Arthur Chambers. These illustrated articles will continue through February and March, after which time the photographs will be on sale.—[Ed.]

defense lays up a stock of mental good qualities in the boxer that endear him and make him admired and esteemed by his fellow-men. Knowing that he can, at extremity, protect himself from ill-treatment, he



THE CORRECT POSITION (LEFT).

is more tolerant and patient in his intercourse with others. Boxing also makes a man self-reliant and resourceful when assailed by sudden or unexpected dangers or difficulties. The same courage and determination that makes him face a personal antagonist, is of immense value to him in overcoming the stern obstacles of daily life. The pluck and powers of endurance and recuperation gained in friendly bouts with the gloves, are brought into much finer effect when opposed to the real buffets and blows of ill fortune and adversity. The command of temper essential to success in boxing (for if you once lose your head, skill with your hands will serve you little against an opponent master of both) makes a man competent to command in delicate situations, where tact and temper are of more avail than brute force.

And even if the many excellent results directly traceable to this healthy exercise were not sufficient to popularize it, one would suppose the natural law of self-protection incentive enough to induce the majority to learn something of boxing.

To every animal a kind Providence has bestowed more or less adequate weapons of offense and defense, and it is a singular fact that man, the noblest creature, is the worst off in this respect, and in the use of the bare means supplied by nature, is the least expert of them all. Without the assistance of those weapons that his ingenuity has invented, his hands are unfit to stand an encounter with an enemy much inferior in size and strength. But, on the other hand, skill in the proper and dexterous use of the hands, coupled with the agility of movement learnt in the boxing school, has often been the means of enabling man to subdue and gain the mastery over animals many times his superior in strength.

Let me instance a case in point : A very vicious and ill-tempered horse was eating his head off in a luxuriant loose box, because there was no one in the establishment of the gentleman to whom he belonged who had the courage or the strength to enter his stable to saddle and bridle him. If a groom approached for any other purpose than to give him his corn and hay, he would speedily drive him away by a free use of his hoofs and teeth. One day at lunch his owner was lamenting the uselessness of the finest horse in his stud, to a party of friends, and wound up by saying that he would gladly make the horse a present to any one who could saddle and ride him out of the yard. A young graduate of Oxford expressed his willingness to make the attempt, and though warned by many a blood-curdling recital of what had been the fate of the grooms and stable-boys that had made the like effort, he persisted in his determination to try. After lunch, all adjourned to the stable in the expectation of seeing the young fellow receive a severe lesson for his temerity. He was known to be an expert in every manly exercise, especially boxing, and was in perfect wind and training. Selecting a saddle and bridle from an adjacent rack, he approached the strong bars that opened into the brute's stall, speaking kindly and soothingly to him. The horse turned and eyed the stranger, and catching sight of the hated bit, became furious, lashing out madly with his heels and stamping wildly about the stall, making the straw of his bedding fly in every direction. Without a word, the graduate rested the saddle and bridle on the top rail ; but the steady, undaunted fire of the eye, the firmly compressed lip, the backward poise of the shapely head, the swelling muscles of

his lithe and active frame as he lightly vaulted into the box, told plainly of the iron, indomitable will and pluck within. Scarcely had he landed on his feet than the now thoroughly infuriated beast came rushing headlong at him with its satin ears flattened closely against its lean head, its eyes aflame and bloodshot, its mouth agape and displaying a set of gleaming teeth, which he gnashed and ground with fury. Sudden and savage though the onslaught was, the young Oxonian was prepared. Throwing himself naturally and gracefully into boxing attitude, he met the maddened animal with a blow on the temple, just between the ear and eye, swift, straight and inexorable as from a Nasmyth's hammer, that brought him on his knees. Rearing up and squealing with pain and rage, the brute again rushed upon his foe, who had stepped aside, but pale and determined, awaited his coming. Again, like a levin bolt, straight from the shoulder, flew the clenched fist, and down dropped the horse. Slowly he staggered to his feet, and trembling in every limb, while great patches of perspiration stained his flanks and sides, he cowered in a corner of the stall, completely vanquished. The victor soon had the bit in his mouth and the saddle on his back, and, leading him out of the stall, cantered gaily away on the prize his bravery and knowledge of boxing had won.

#### PREPARATORY TRAINING.

In order to enjoy to the fullest extent the advantages acquired by a regular use of the gloves, and to be ready at all times to put into practice the useful lessons learnt in boxing, it is necessary that the body be kept in a healthy and perfectly sound condition by a consistent course of auxiliary exercise and moderately abstemious habits of living; and it will be readily admitted that such a violent exertion as boxing cannot be indulged in without bad effects, unless the body is in a state fit to bear the strain.

A man, therefore, who intends boxing to be to him a pleasant and sterling means of relaxation, will do well to be moderate in all things. Of the many excesses that sap the system, there are none so disastrous as drinking and smoking. By this is not meant that total abstinence from either is absolutely demanded, but the less of them you can do with, the better for your wind and general condition.

Regular hours for meals and for retiring and rising ought to be practiced. Rise,

therefore, betimes, refreshed by a sound night's rest, and do not neglect the invigorating effects of the morning plunge, which washes off the surface of the skin, and the friction of a good rough towel opens all the pores of the body, and puts them in working order to perform their proper functions during the day.

Do not take any violent exercise before breakfast. During the hours of sleep the fires that feed vitality have been "banked," so to speak, and fresh fuel should be added before expecting the machine to run with a full head of steam. The first meal should be hearty, though somewhat lighter than the midday repast, which, to all exercising people, should be *THE* meal of the day. A couple of chops or a tender piece of steak are always admissible, or a good plate of cold beef is not amiss. If you can relish it, let your meats always be eaten rather "under done," for, if too much cooked, the blood, which is the life and strength, is apt to become dried out.



THE CORRECT POSITION (RIGHT).

#### BREAKFAST DIET.

Be sparing at all your meals of eating starchy substances, such as potatoes, rice, farina, etc., and take stale in preference to newly-baked bread; or, what is better still, eat pilot bread, or any other kind of plain, light biscuit. Hot rolls and fancy cakes,



or corn bread take a great deal longer to digest, and are not, therefore, conducive to good wind. Don't drink a great deal of what in training parlance are termed "slops." A good-sized breakfast cup of

your consideration for preparing you generally for the scientific lesson of the afternoon or evening, and all of them are intended to work up and elaborate some particular part of the body.



ON GUARD (LEFT).

not too strong coffee or tea ought to be ample for a healthy man, though the latter beverage is the one that should have the preference. Don't indulge in long draughts of new milk; it is very fattening and too rich, and goes rather to flesh and fat than to muscle. In England, where many men leading an active, out-of-door life are accustomed to drink beer with their breakfast, a glass of ale may be taken, but this is not to be recommended, and should never be thought of if you are not in the habit of drinking beer.

#### SMOKING.

Don't smoke after breakfast, nor, in fact, at any time during the day. There is nothing so pernicious to the wind as the use of tobacco, and this fact cannot be laid down in too strong terms to those who may wish to put themselves in training, no matter for what exercise; and so stringent is the rule, that professionals, when going into hard training for any special event, be it rowing, running, boxing or swimming, are not allowed to breathe the fumes of tobacco, *even in the open air*.

After breakfast you are ready to begin work in real earnest; and many are the different exercises that offer themselves to

#### SWINGING CLUBS.

Thus, then, you will do well to commence by swinging a pair of four or five pound Indian clubs. This will loosen the shoulder-joints, expand and open the chest, giving the lungs plenty of room in which to play, and strengthen the wrists. It will also develop and harden the muscles of the biceps and forearm, and also those of the breast and at the back of the shoulder-blades. It is a great mistake to have the clubs too heavy. For a novice I should recommend only two or three pounds, while even for old hands and profes-

sionals from five to seven pounds are heavy enough. Little benefit is derived by aimlessly swinging clubs without rule or method, but two or three regular evolutions should be learnt, and the exercise taken for about ten or fifteen minutes every morning, desisting from each evolution on the first feeling of requiring any extra strain to execute it.

The best motions are those known as "Windmill," "Moulinet," "Horizontal," and other combinations of the "inner" and "outer" front and back circles.

The correct position to stand when you are swinging clubs is as follows, remembering that what you want most is to see that your body and shoulders are equally square to the front: The heels should be exactly in a line and pretty close together, so that you can stand perfectly upright with ease and comfort. Turn the toes outward to form an angle of fifty or sixty degrees. Let the arms hang naturally and easily close to the side. Throw the body slightly forward so that the weight of it may be principally on the balls of the feet. Keep the head erect, the chin slightly drawn in toward the neck, and look straight in front of you, never letting your eyes follow the movements of the clubs.

# DUMB-BELL EXERCISE.

Laying aside the clubs, and after a couple of minutes' rest, take a turn at the dumb-bells. The weight of these must be a pound or two lighter than the clubs you use, for in boxing, rapidity of movement is the essential to be aimed at, so do not attempt to handle any dumb-bells that make the motions slow and labored. The evolutions practised should be those that open the chest, such as the second and third exercises of the "extension motions" in use in the English army. Do not be led into hitting out from the shoulder with dumb-bells, no matter how light they may be, as it has a tendency to shorten your reach, besides being likely to severely wrench the elbow or shoulder-joints if you lunge out too freely. This portion of your preparation exercises should not occupy more than twelve to fifteen minutes.

# PUNCHING THE BAG.

With every boxing man "punching the bag," as it is familiarly known, should occupy much time and careful attention. It is the only way that rapidity and smartness in hitting can be obtained. There are, I believe, three different kinds of bags in use, of which the first is the heavy sand-bag, weighing from ten to twenty pounds, swung from the ceiling by a strong rope, and covered by a thick wrapper of chamois skin or soft kid, the inner stuffing being made of horse-hair. The method of its use is this: Give it a good swing to start it (for it should never be struck while motionless), then follow it rapidly about, hitting at it smartly and straight from the shoulder with the fists. Never hit the heavy bag as it is coming to you, as that would be very apt to dislocate the wrist, but catch it as it swings away from you, and drive it away at a tangent. This

exercise is very arduous and fatiguing to a beginner, and if the heavy bag be used at all, it should be indulged in only after you have made some progress in the science of boxing and are familiar with the two lighter bags. As a matter of fact, the sand-bag is not greatly in vogue, even among professionals, and may be dispensed with by amateurs. Do not put on the gloves for punching the bag, but use the bare knuckles. If at first they should get a little raw or rubbed, a few applications of weak tannic acid solution, or rosin, or good strong pickle out of the salt-pork barrel, will soon make the hands and knuckles tough. If you do not care to disfigure the hands, wear a very loose pair of kid or buckskin gloves in which you can tightly close the fists.

# THE FLYING BAG.

The next is the light swinging or "flying" bag. It is a large, inflated rubber bag pendant from the ceiling, if that be low enough to allow of your hitting it up against it so that its return to your reach may be almost instantaneous. If the ceiling be too high hang it in some convenient corner of the room, so that you can drive it hard and rapidly against the two walls.



ON GUARD (RIGHT).

The great object to be aimed at is to make its return to you as quick as possible. In your bout with this imaginary enemy, who, being powerless to retaliate, must perforce fly from every blow, be

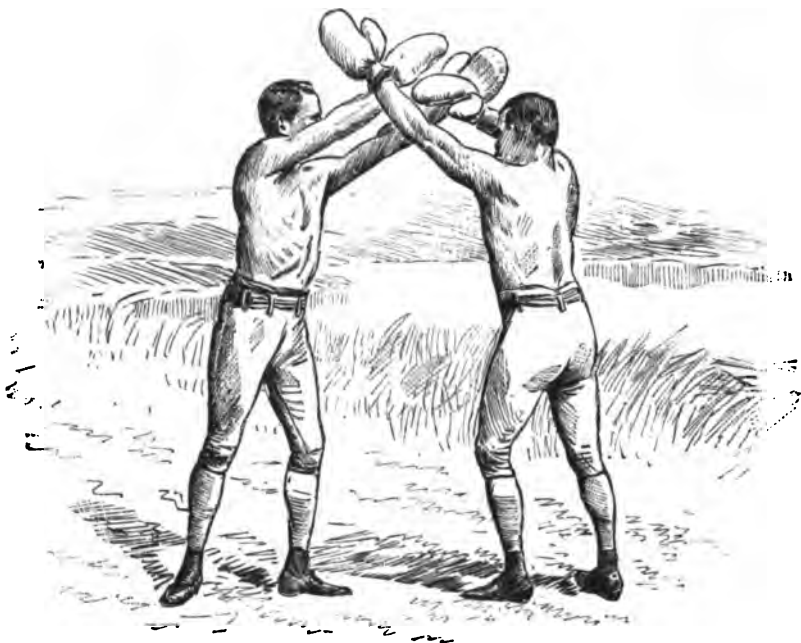
careful always to assume the correct boxing position, which will be explained later. Hit straight and sharp from the shoulder, letting the whole weight of your body follow the blow so as to add weight and

to the floor as well as to the ceiling. Sometimes the upper and lower fastenings are made of thick rubber bands, which, of course, gives a more rapid rebound to it when struck. The exercise with it is

almost identical with that of the "flying" bag, but, as I said before, it does not run you round so much.

#### THE CORRECT POSITION.

As we have had occasion already to mention the act of striking, we shall now describe the position to be taken when standing up for a turn with the gloves. Of course, the rules laid down here are not to be taken too arbitrarily, but as your success will depend



DOUBLE LEAD AND STOP.

force to it. Strike rapidly with the right and left indiscriminately, according to the side on which the bag flies past you. If you are in real earnest with the fun, you will have all you can do following it round and about. It is splendid exercise for the legs, and the agility and quickness of getting about after the bag which the exercise teaches, will be a material benefit to you when facing an adversary. You should always keep your face to the bag; never let it for an instant fly behind your back, and remember that every time you miss it in its lightning-like gyrations, and every time it succeeds in eluding your blow and thumps you rudely on the chest, back or face, it shows you that a more strenuous and electric rapidity of movement is required on your part.

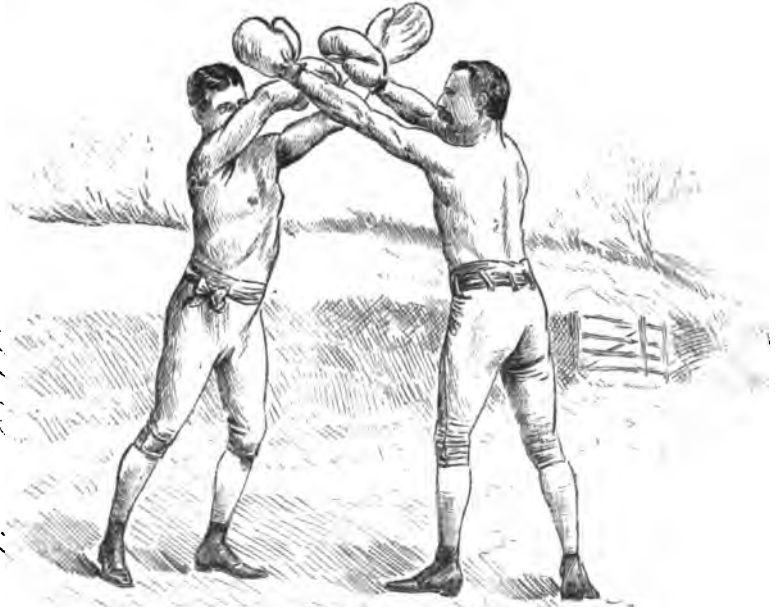
The third bag is the one most generally in use, because it does not require so much room to be set up and less moving about getting after it. It is an oval bag three or four times the size of a Rugby foot-ball inflated with air, but instead of hanging loose it has a rope attached to the lower end securing it in a perpendicular position

largely upon a position in which you can make use of your powers of attack and defense, and at the same time move with rapidity and decision, the general pose should conform to the important principles laid down. Stand, therefore, erect, with the head very slightly thrown back; keep your mouth shut with the tongue well behind the teeth: you should breathe only through the nose; a gaping mouth and lolling head are invariable signs of failing wind and general fatigue. Look your man full in the eye and don't lose his gaze for an instant, for it is the infallible mirror which will inform you of what his brain is evolving before his limbs have time to execute it. Remember always that in general the left hand is the weapon of assault, the right being held for purposes of defense, or occasionally used for severe and crushing punishment. Of course, this remark does not imply that you are never to let drive with left and right in rapid succession, which is often done when opportunity offers, especially when you have to resort to "in fighting," but it is laid down as a broad maxim, and should be

followed when you are "out sparring." Advance your *left* foot forward, therefore, planting it flat and firmly on the ground, and pointing in the direction of your opponent's left toe. The right foot should be about ten to fourteen inches in rear of the left. In this separating of the feet be guided by your own inclinations and general habit, only don't stand with the legs so widely sprawled apart as to impede the rapidity of your movements or jeopardize the stability of the body. A good distance for a man from 5 feet 5 inches to 5 feet 9 or 10 inches would be from 10 to 14 inches between the feet. For taller men the distance would be proportionately wider. Your main weight should now rest on the forward foot, and the right heel will be slightly raised from the ground, and only the ball of the foot touching. Many will tell you that both knees should be slightly bent, but it is by no means necessary—in fact, so long as you feel perfectly at ease and comfortable, make the most of your inches and stand bolt upright, but don't be stiff or rigid. A short man by standing well up on his toes can often get on equal terms with a man some inches his superior in height, to say nothing of the immense advantage it adds to his reach. Shut the fists fairly close even when sparring with the gloves on. Nothing is to be condemned so much as sparring open-handed or with fingers only half shut. Serious accidents often result to the joints of the fingers from this stupid practice. How can you hit a clean, sharp blow straight out from the shoulder and land full on your adversary's person without damaging your fingers if open? If you think it too much like real fighting to close the fists when the gloves are on, you had better take the gloves off and shake

"the bones" for exercise. But let me, at the outset, warn you against keeping the fists tightly clenched all the time you are sparring, for it is a great strain on the muscles to be kept on protracted tension and wears out the strength you ought to reserve for your blows. Let the fists be lightly closed when you are sparring round, but tighten them simultaneously with delivering your blow, or as you ward off your adversary's. This seems, perhaps, a slight point to stickle for, but a very short experience will show you its wisdom and importance when put into practice.

Raise your right forearm from the elbow and throw it across the chest so that the middle joint of the thumb, when shut on the fingers, is about the region of the nipple of the left breast, and its direction runs along the right "divide" of the ribs. The spot from whence the ribs branch off the breast-bone to either side is generally known as "the mark," and is the most vulnerable of all. Let the whole arm hang easily from the shoulder and keep it just ever so slightly touching the right side. Raise the left arm now, with the knuckles



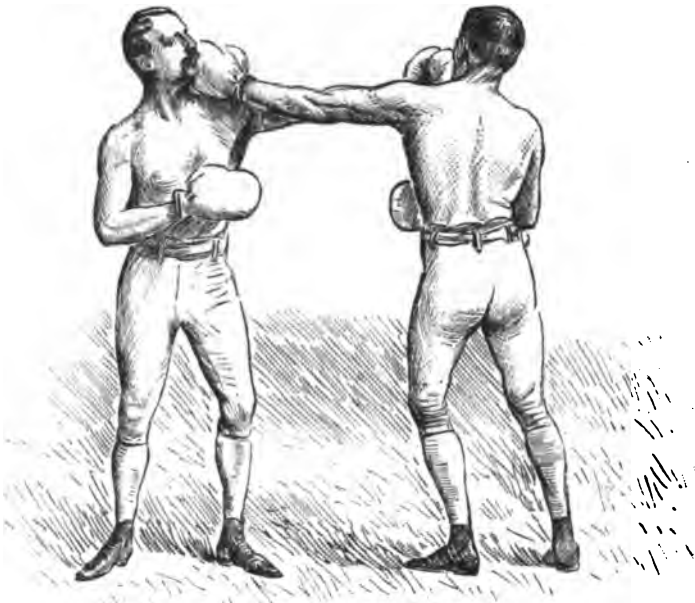
DOUBLE LEAD AND STOP.

of the fist at right angles with the ground and parallel with the body, and advance it forward and point the fist a trifle upward till the upper and lower portions of the arm form an angle of about 120°. Drop

the elbow well into the side. Let the head be, if anything, a trifle inclined to the right and do not protrude the chin. Although both eyes should look straight into those of your opponent, the left *cheek* should be

heavy "sweaters." If you are out of condition and perspire very freely, remember to rub down with a coarse towel until you are perfectly dry; and that to be sponged off with alcohol, or with any cheap, raw spirit, is also a great comfort and refreshment for weary limbs.

Should these exertions create an unnatural feeling of lassitude, and of having done more than you can recover from for the rest of the day, it is permissible to drink a small glass of weak spirits and water, but as a general rule the maxim is, abstain from spirits altogether as being too heating to the blood; and, if you can do so without distressing yourself, do not drink even water between meals. If really thirsty, suck the juice of a lemon



STRAIGHT COUNTER.

rather more presented to him than the right, in order to prevent a blow at the eyes taking equally bad effect on both.

#### WALKING AND RUNNING EXERCISE.

A good long swinging walk should follow the in-door exercises. Not a loafing saunter, mind you, but a fair and square "heel and toe" four-mile-an-hour pace for at least a couple of hours. Of course, I am presuming that you have the time at your disposal, but if you have not, why then take as much walking in the morning as you conveniently can, remembering always so to arrange the exercise that you will not be obliged to sit down all aglow from the exertion, because it stiffens the limbs very much to have the body cool off while seated perfectly still.

If going into regular training, or if you are past the halcyon days of five and twenty or thereabouts, and find you have a tendency to "put on flesh," the walk will have to be alternated by an occasional run of a couple of miles at a fair jog-trot, and if it is necessary to "fine down" considerably, you may be forced to run and walk in

a little, but do not load your stomach with effervescing drinks like ginger ale, lemonade, etc., and be not deluded into the habit of swallowing raw eggs, or imbibing seductive spoonfuls of egg whipped in sherry, or the like, for such stimulants are only a snare and an abomination to the really sound and robust constitution, and are no aid in building up a weak one.

#### DINNER DIET.

Noontide should find you rested and refreshed, with a decided hankering after the call of the dinner bell. And let me remind you again before commencing your meal, beware of "slops," therefore eschew rich and greasy soups (I know you'll say that soups ought not to be greasy, but nevertheless they generally are). But half a dozen raw oysters, or clams, make an excellent beginning, and give you an appetite for what's to follow. You may eat very nearly anything you fancy, flesh being, of course, preferred to fowl, and under-done to well-done. Of vegetables be sparing, but a little spinach, cabbage, beetroot or turnip won't hurt

you. But turn from the mealy potatoe, and regard not the flavor of the snow-white rice. Eat heartily, but slowly and deliberately, and don't bolt your food, which is the chief root of indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, and a thousand other ills. You are at liberty to wash down your dinner with a tumbler of ale or a bottle of stout, but be moderate in your potations. If the sweet tooth of childhood still lingers in your mouth and you yearn for a top-dressing of pudding or pie, let it be light and plain, and not too much of it. Let the afternoon be devoted to quiet study, to business, or almost do just what you please in the way of work or play.

If you take your boxing lessons in the afternoon, let them not commence till at least three hours after dinner, and before going to your lesson or putting the gloves on with a friend, have a five minutes' "go in" at the bag, which will just limber up

things beautifully. When you have the gloves on, go into the exercise heart and soul, and spar quick and strong, but don't let the round exceed four minutes; if you've been doing all you know, four minutes will seem mighty long in coming, and the minute's rest will be but as fifteen seconds. Three good rounds should be a feast for a glutton, and enough to keep up your science, your health, and your love of the sport. More than that would make work of what ought to be in reality a pleasure. Before retiring for the night, which should always be at about the same hour, swing your clubs and use your dumbbells for about half as long as you do in the morning, but at least half an hour should elapse after the exercise before you turn in. A light sponge-off before jumping into bed will sweeten slumber, and you will sleep, if not the sleep of the just, at least the sleep of the healthy.

[To be continued.]

## JUVENTA.

Only sixteen,  
And her world's full of song!  
How the feet long to dance!  
How the eyes glow and glance!  
Is it silly or wrong,  
When she's only sixteen  
And her world's full of song?

Only sixteen,  
And her world's full of song!  
Trouble flies, sorrow goes.  
See her cheek like a rose,  
Smiling mouth, double chin!  
Do you think joy a sin,  
When one's only sixteen  
And the world full of song?

Only sixteen,  
And her world's full of song!  
Give her back smile for smile;  
Keep the white soul from guile.  
Let her laugh while she may;  
Soon will clouds dim her day.  
She is only sixteen,  
And her world's full of song!

*Leila Ada Thomas.*



## OUT-DOOR CLUBS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

OUTING has spared no pains nor expense in endeavoring to put itself on friendly terms of acquaintance with every club or organization throughout the length and breadth of the land, that assembles for the purpose of supporting and enjoying some branch of healthy and manly out-door recreation and sport. It feels it a solemn duty, as the highest authority on all matters appertaining to the scientific development and encouragement of physical culture and amusement, to call upon all those interested in the furtherance and completion of the noble work it has undertaken, to aid and enlarge its sphere of labor and usefulness by sending to its office such information as will tend to make its pages full, entire and trustworthy. To its able staff of specialists in every department of games and pastimes can safely be intrusted any controversy, debatable point, or knotty technical difficulty arising in any field of recreation, feeling confident that the ruling

of OUTING may be relied on as final and authoritative.

OUTING presents the widest field for the interchange of the friendly relations that ought to exist between clubs devoted to the same sport; and in order that every Spoke of the Wheel of Sport should fit into the Hub, and be bound firmly together by the bright tires of its literature, it is very much to be desired that club presidents, secretaries, or other persons in authority, should send the latest information relative to the working of his club and be incorporated in OUTING's List.

In order that the list which we now append may be further enlarged, we enumerate the different sports we cover: Archery, Athletics, Base-Ball, Bicycling, Boating, Canoeing, Coaching, Cricket, Croquet, Curling, Fishing, Ice Yachting, Lacrosse, Lawn Tennis, Polo, Racquet, Rifle, Rod and Gun, Rowing, Snow-Shoeing, Swimming, Tobogganing, Yachting.

### ARCHERY CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                             | <i>City and State.</i>                          | <i>Address.</i>                            |
|------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Alleghany . . . . .                      | Pittsburg, Penn. . . . .                        | J. W. Elliott.                             |
| Baltimore . . . . .                      | Baltimore, Md. . . . .                          | J. W. Willson.                             |
| Brooklyn . . . . .                       | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .                         | Geo. G. Steele.                            |
| Buffalo . . . . .                        | Buffalo, N. Y. . . . .                          | Frank Sidway.                              |
| Chicago . . . . .                        | Chicago, Ill. . . . .                           | John Wilkinson.                            |
| Eastern Archery Association . . . . .    |                                                 | J. N. Elliot, 160 West 14th St., New York. |
| Fairmount . . . . .                      | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .                      | W. S. Gwynn.                               |
| Highland . . . . .                       | Wyoming, Ohio . . . . .                         | W. A. Clark.                               |
| Highland Park . . . . .                  | Highland Park, Ill. . . . .                     | C. Granville Hammond.                      |
| Merry Bowmen . . . . .                   | Eaton, Ohio . . . . .                           | Chas. H. Moore.                            |
| Mt. Auburn . . . . .                     | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .                      | Will Allen.                                |
| National Archery Association . . . . .   | Washington, D. C. . . . .                       | L. W. Maxson.                              |
| New York . . . . .                       | New York, N. Y. . . . .                         | J. N. Elliot.                              |
| North Side . . . . .                     | Chicago, Ill. . . . .                           | H. S. Taylor.                              |
| Ohio State Archery Association . . . . . | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .                      | W. S. Gwynn.                               |
| Pamrapo . . . . .                        | Bayonne, N. J. . . . .                          |                                            |
| Potomac . . . . .                        | Washington, D. C. . . . .                       | L. W. Maxson.                              |
| Richmond County . . . . .                | West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y. . . . . | G. R. MacIvaine.                           |
| Robin Hood . . . . .                     | Dayton, Ohio . . . . .                          | Albert Kern.                               |
| Robin Hood . . . . .                     | Dayton, Kentucky . . . . .                      | H. W. Longley.                             |
| Walnut Hill . . . . .                    | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .                      | Chas. J. Strong.                           |
| Westwood . . . . .                       | Westwood, Ohio . . . . .                        | Howard Miller.                             |



ATHLETIC CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                         | <i>City and State.</i>             | <i>Address.</i>                     |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Brooklyn . . . . .                   | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .            | DeKalb and Classon Aves.            |
| Cleveland . . . . .                  | Cleveland, O. . . . .              | Standard Oil Co.                    |
| Crescent . . . . .                   | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .            | F. Vernon.                          |
| Elizabeth . . . . .                  | Elizabeth, N. J. . . . .           |                                     |
| Empire . . . . .                     | New York, N. Y. . . . .            |                                     |
| Harlem . . . . .                     | New York, N. Y. . . . .            | J. B. Arnold.                       |
| Hoboken Gymnastic Society . . . . .  | Hoboken, N. J. . . . .             | 174 Park Ave.                       |
| Jersey City . . . . .                | Jersey City, N. J. . . . .         | Clinton and Crescent Aves.          |
| Los Angeles . . . . .                | Los Angeles, Cal. . . . .          |                                     |
| Manhattan . . . . .                  | New York, N. Y. . . . .            | 8th Ave. and 86th St.               |
| Middlesex Gymnasium . . . . .        | Marlboro. Mass. . . . .            | P. O. Box 575.                      |
| Minneapolis . . . . .                | Minneapolis, Minn. . . . .         |                                     |
| Missouri Amateur . . . . .           | St. Louis, Mo. . . . .             | P. O. Box 363.                      |
| Montreal A. A. Association . . . . . | Montreal, Can. . . . .             |                                     |
| Nassau . . . . .                     | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .            | 387 Third St.                       |
| New Haven . . . . .                  | New Haven, Conn. . . . .           | C. E. Hall, P. O. Box 1262.         |
| New York . . . . .                   | New York, N. Y. . . . .            | 104 West 55th St.                   |
| Olympic . . . . .                    | New York, N. Y. . . . .            | P. O. Box 2872.                     |
| Orange . . . . .                     | Orange, N. J. . . . .              | Brick Church, N. J.                 |
| Orion A. Association . . . . .       | Jersey City, N. J. . . . .         | Newark Ave.                         |
| Palma . . . . .                      | Jersey City, N. J. . . . .         | Bright St. and Jersey Ave.          |
| Pastime . . . . .                    | New York, N. Y. . . . .            | 66th St. and East River.            |
| Pullman . . . . .                    | Chicago, Ill. . . . .              | E. C. Tourtelotte.                  |
| Roseville . . . . .                  | Roseville, N. J. . . . .           |                                     |
| Schuylkill Navy . . . . .            | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .          | P. O. Box 733.                      |
| Scottish-American . . . . .          | Jersey City, N. J. . . . .         | 435 Grove St.                       |
| Star . . . . .                       | Long Island City, N. Y. . . . .    |                                     |
| Staten Island . . . . .              | New Brighton, S. I., N. Y. . . . . | P. O. Box 55.                       |
| Technology . . . . .                 | Boston, Mass. . . . .              |                                     |
| Tioga Athletic Association . . . . . | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .          | 2231 Nicetown Lane.                 |
| West Side . . . . .                  | New York, N. Y. . . . .            | 55th St., between 8th and 9th Aves. |
| Woodstock A. Association . . . . .   | Woodstock, Ont., Can. . . . .      | D. A. White.                        |
| Wynnewood . . . . .                  | Wynnewood, Pa. . . . .             | G. H. Focht.                        |
| Yale University . . . . .            | New Haven, Conn. . . . .           | J. G. Allen.                        |

BASE-BALL CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                                      | <i>City and State.</i>           | <i>Address.</i>                        |
|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Amherst College . . . . .                         | Amherst, Mass. . . . .           | A. P. Alvord.                          |
| Argyle . . . . .                                  | New York . . . . .               |                                        |
| Beacon . . . . .                                  | Boston, Mass. . . . .            | E. A. Post.                            |
| Bedford . . . . .                                 | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | G. V. Dick, 391 Nostrand Ave.          |
| Bergen Point . . . . .                            | Bergen Point, N. J. . . . .      | J. W. Goddard.                         |
| Brooklyn . . . . .                                | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | Fifth Ave. and Fourth St.              |
| Brooklyn Athletic . . . . .                       | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | Mr. Paliabue, DeKalb and Classon Aves. |
| Brown University . . . . .                        | Providence, R. I. . . . .        | Chas. D. Cooke.                        |
| Commercial . . . . .                              | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | J. Mannery, 47 Dey St., N. Y.          |
| Cornell University . . . . .                      | Ithaca, N. Y. . . . .            | F. M. Towley.                          |
| Dartmouth College . . . . .                       | Hanover, N. H. . . . .           | John P. Tucker.                        |
| Dover Athletic Club . . . . .                     | Dover, N. J. . . . .             | F. H. Tippet.                          |
| Elite . . . . .                                   | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | T. J. Kelly.                           |
| Franklin . . . . .                                | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | F. E. Wilcox, 60 Broadway.             |
| Harvard University . . . . .                      | Cambridge, Mass. . . . .         |                                        |
| Heyward . . . . .                                 | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | J. S. Brown, Broadway, opp. P. O.      |
| Hobart College . . . . .                          | Geneva, N. Y. . . . .            | Howard C. Fulton.                      |
| Lafayette . . . . .                               | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          |                                        |
| Lea . . . . .                                     | Harlem, N. Y. . . . .            |                                        |
| Metropolitan . . . . .                            | New York, N. Y. . . . .          | W. W. Watrous.                         |
| Nassau Athletic Club . . . . .                    | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | C. H. Ebbetts, 44 Broadway, N. Y.      |
| Nassau Athletic . . . . .                         | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | W. C. France.                          |
| New York . . . . .                                | New York, N. Y. . . . .          | John B. Day, 121 Maiden Lane.          |
| Orange Athletic Club . . . . .                    | Orange, N. J. . . . .            | Edgar Williams.                        |
| Polytechnic . . . . .                             | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Princeton Browns . . . . .                        | Princeton, N. J. . . . .         | J. Snook.                              |
| Princeton College . . . . .                       | Princeton, N. J. . . . .         |                                        |
| Riverton . . . . .                                | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .        | C. L. Flanigan.                        |
| Roseville Athletic Club . . . . .                 | Roseville, N. J. . . . .         | C. D. Taylor, Newark, N. J.            |
| Rutherford . . . . .                              | Rutherford, N. J. . . . .        | J. E. Dupuy.                           |
| Seton Hall College . . . . .                      | South Orange, N. J. . . . .      | J. H. McHale.                          |
| Star . . . . .                                    | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | H. Anacke, 104 Broadway.               |
| Star Athletic Club . . . . .                      | Long Island City, N. Y. . . . .  | W. L. Woddill, P. O. Box 1285.         |
| Staten Island . . . . .                           | West New Brighton, N. Y. . . . . | West New Brighton, N. Y.               |
| Staten Island Athletic Club . . . . .             | Staten Island, N. Y. . . . .     | W. C. Davis, 44 Broadway, N. Y.        |
| Staten Island Cricket & Base-ball Club, . . . . . | Staten Island, N. Y. . . . .     | W. K. Jewett, 1 Broadway, N. Y.        |
| Syracuse University . . . . .                     | Syracuse, N. Y. . . . .          |                                        |
| Vernon . . . . .                                  | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | Seabury & Johnson, Platt St., N. Y.    |
| Watessing . . . . .                               | Watessing, N. J. . . . .         | F. N. Unangst.                         |
| Williams College . . . . .                        | Williamstown, Mass. . . . .      |                                        |
| Yale University . . . . .                         | New Haven, Conn. . . . .         |                                        |
| Young America . . . . .                           | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .        | G. D. Morrell, 524 Walnut St.          |

BICYCLE CLUBS.<sup>1</sup>

| <i>Name.</i>            | <i>City and State.</i>     | <i>Address.</i>          |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Adrian                  | Adrian, Mich.              | 54 W. Maumee St.         |
| Akron                   | Akron, O.                  | Main St.                 |
| Albany                  | Albany, N. Y.              | 241 Lark St.             |
| Alert                   |                            |                          |
| Alpha                   | Bethlehem, Pa.             | P. O. Box 446.           |
| Ariel                   | Ariel, N. Y.               | 335 Main St.             |
| Ashland                 | Ashland, Mass.             | Greenwood's Block.       |
| Auburn                  | Auburn, Ind.               | B. C. Robbins.           |
| Aurora                  | Aurora, Ill.               | City Hall.               |
| Avondale                | Cincinnati, O.             | C. Tudor Estabrook.      |
| Bay City                | Bay City, Mich.            | Centre St.               |
| Bedford                 | Brooklyn, L. I.            | 1216 Bedford Ave.        |
| Bellerophon             | Westfield, N. J.           | Frank S. Miller.         |
| Binghampton             | Binghamton, N. Y.          | W. F. Sherwood.          |
| Blossburg Cyclers       | Blossburg, Pa.             | No. 1 Caldwell Block.    |
| Boscobel                | Lynn, Mass.                |                          |
| Brighton                | Cincinnati, O.             | 70 McLean Ave.           |
| Bristol                 | Warren, R. I.              | A. B. Staples.           |
| Bruce County Wheelmen   | Elgin, Ont., Can.          |                          |
| Brunswick               | New Brunswick, N. J.       | Masonic Hall.            |
| Buckeye                 | Columbus, O.               | East Gay St.             |
| Buffalo                 | Buffalo, N. Y.             | C. H. Adams.             |
| Cambridge               | Cambridge, Mass.           | Amee Bros.               |
| Camden Wheelmen         | Camden, N. J.              | 415 North 5th St.        |
| Canamo                  | Manchester, Mass.          | A. L. Churchill.         |
| Capitol                 | Washington, D. C.          | 409 Fifteenth St.        |
| Clarksville             | Clarksville, Mo.           | S. A. Clippard.          |
| Charlotte               | Charlotte, N. C.           | P. O. Box 154.           |
| Cheyenne                | Cheyenne, Wyo.             | Fred. W. Ransom.         |
| Chicago                 | Chicago, Ill.              | 189 Michigan Ave.        |
| Cincinnati Wanderers    | Cincinnati, O.             | J. K. Scudder.           |
| Citizens                | New York City, N. Y.       | 78 West 60th St.         |
| City                    | Brockton, Mass.            | P. O. Box 655.           |
| Clarion                 | Philadelphia, Pa.          | Main St.                 |
| Cleveland               | Cleveland, O.              | C. H. Potter.            |
| Cleveland Tricycle Club | Cleveland, O.              | 147 Ontario St.          |
| Clinton                 | Clinton, Mass.             | P. O. Box 705.           |
| Clyde Cyclers           | Clyde, N. Y.               | E. Stiles.               |
| Coldwater               | Coldwater, Mich.           | P. O. Box 127.           |
| College Hill            | College Hill, O.           | W. H. Aiken.             |
| Colorado                | Denver, Col.               | Opera House Block.       |
| Columbia Wheelmen       | Stockport, Col. Co., N. Y. | Joshua Reynolds.         |
| Concord                 | Concord, N. H.             | Main and School Sts.     |
| Connecticut             | Hartford, Conn.            | P. O. Box 42.            |
| Cornwall                | Cornwall, Ont., Can.       | W. J. Wallace.           |
| Cyclists' Touring Club  | Cleveland, O.              | C. H. Potter.            |
| East Saginaw            | East Saginaw, Mich.        | 620 Genesee Ave.         |
| Elgin                   | Elgin, Ill.                | Wm. Wetzel.              |
| Elizabeth               | Elizabeth, N. J.           | G. C. Pennell.           |
| Elm City                | New Haven, Conn.           |                          |
| Elmira                  | Elmira, N. Y.              | Masonic Temple.          |
| Elyria                  | Elyria, O.                 | J. T. Vincent.           |
| Emporium                | Emporium, Pa.              | Geo. Metzger, Jr.        |
| Englewood Wheelmen      | Englewood, N. J.           | Morgan Shepard.          |
| Eolus                   | Chicago, Ill.              | 650 Washington Building. |
| Eugene City             | Eugene City, Oregon.       |                          |
| Evening Star Wheelmen   | Columbus, O.               | E. C. Brown.             |
| Fort Schuyler Wheelmen  | Fort Schuyler, N. Y.       | A. G. Wood.              |
| Fort Wayne              | Fort Wayne, Ind.           | John Hanna.              |
| Garrettsville           | Garrettsville, O.          | C. C. Horton.            |
| Genesee                 | Rochester, N. Y.           | Gordon S. Montgomery.    |
| Germantown              | Philadelphia, Pa.          | 2314 Fairmount Ave.      |
| Greenfield              | Greenfield, Mass.          | Main St.                 |
| Hagerstown              | Hagerstown, Md.            | W. Washington St.        |
| Hamilton                | Hamilton, Ont., Can.       | 9 King St. East.         |
| Harlem Wheelmen         | Harlem, N. Y. City, N. Y.  | J. A. Byer.              |
| Hartford                | Hartford, Conn.            |                          |
| Haverford College       | Haverford, Pa.             |                          |
| Hudson Co. Wheelmen     | Hoboken, Jersey City       | 33 Reservoir Ave.        |
| Hudson Co. Wheelmen     | Jersey City, N. J.         | 119 Storm Ave.           |
| Helena                  | Helena, Mont. Ter.         | N. Holter.               |
| Hermes                  | Chicago, Ill.              | F. J. Tourtellotte.      |
| Hudson                  | Hudson, N. Y.              | Farmers' National Bank.  |
| Dallas Wheel            | Dallas, Texas              | J. W. Cochran.           |
| Danbury Wheel           | Danbury, Conn.             | J. S. Bristol.           |
| Danvers                 | Danvers, Mass.             | Ropes Block, Maple St.   |
| Dayton                  | Dayton, O.                 |                          |

<sup>1</sup> In the first column, when only the single name is used, the reader will supply the separating "sub-head" and the word "Club," thus: "Akron" means "Akron Bicycle Club." In the third column we have endeavored to give the situation of the Club Room, but if this is not known, we have supplied the Secretary's Name or the P. O. Address.

BICYCLE CLUBS.—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>            | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>                |
|-------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Dearborn Cycling        | Chicago, Ill.          | H. F. Fuller.                  |
| Detroit                 | Detroit, Mich.         | A. F. Peck.                    |
| District Wheelmen       | Washington, D. C.      | T. Howard.                     |
| Dorchester              | Dorchester, Mass.      | Washington and River Sts.      |
| Ideal                   | Little Rock, Ark.      |                                |
| Ilderan                 | Brooklyn, L. I.        | H. C. Mattler.                 |
| Indianapolis            | Indianapolis, Ind.     | 98 E. New York St.             |
| Iowa Falls              | Iowa Falls, Iowa       | Bert. McGowan.                 |
| Ixon                    | New York, N. Y.        | Wm. DaCamara.                  |
| Jackson                 | Jackson, Mich.         | M. J. Moore.                   |
| Jamestown               | Jamestown, N. Y.       | Edwin R. Dempsey.              |
| Junior Wheelmen         | Washington, D. C.      | 1000 H St.                     |
| Junior Wheelmen         | Baltimore, Md.         | W. C. Crawford.                |
| Kansas City Wheelmen    | Kansas City, Mo.       |                                |
| Kenton                  | Covington, Ky.         | Thomas Wilson.                 |
| Keystone                | Pittsburg, Pa.         | Box 1554.                      |
| Knockabout              | South Gardner, Mass.   | W. H. Putnam.                  |
| Laramie                 | Laramie, Wyo. Ter.     | C. S. Greenbaum.               |
| Leominster              | Leominster, Mass.      | Allen's Block.                 |
| Lock City               | Lock City, N. Y.       | Main St.                       |
| Long Island Wheelmen    | Long Island, N. Y.     | 14 Warren St.                  |
| Los Angeles Wheelmen    | Los Angeles, Cal.      | R. C. Woodworth.               |
| Louisville              | Louisville, Ky.        | Harry Esterle.                 |
| Lowell                  | Lowell, Mass.          |                                |
| Macon                   | Macon, Georgia         | Cotton Ave.                    |
| Marblehead              | Marblehead, Mass.      | School and Pleasant Sts.       |
| Massillon               | Massillon, O.          | Edwin L. Arnold.               |
| Maryland                | Baltimore, Md.         |                                |
| Massachusetts           | Boston, Mass.          | 154 Newbury St.                |
| Mauch Chunk             | Mauch Chunk, Pa.       | Broadway, opp. American Hotel. |
| Maverich                | E. Boston, Mass.       | Maverich Square.               |
| Medina County           | Medina, Ohio.          | C. L. Greisinger.              |
| Memphis                 | Memphis, Tenn.         | Main St.                       |
| Mercury                 | Minneapolis, Minn.     | H. M. Brownell.                |
| Meriden                 | Meriden, Conn.         | Palace Block.                  |
| Middletown              | Middletown, N. Y.      | North St., near P. O.          |
| Milville                | Milville, N. J.        | John N. Seeve.                 |
| Milwaukee               | Milwaukee, Wis.        | H. P. Andrae.                  |
| Missouri                | St. Louis, Mo.         | Cardinal Ave.                  |
| Mitchell                | Mitchell, Ont., Can.   | J. M. Ford.                    |
| Monmouth Wheelmen       | Monmouth, N. J.        | G. O. Waterman.                |
| Montclair Wheelmen      | Montclair, N. J.       | Fullerton Ave.                 |
| Montrose                | Montrose, Pa.          | W. C. Cuizer.                  |
| Mountain Wheel          | Phillipsburg, Pa.      | T. J. Lee.                     |
| Mount Vernon            | Mt. Vernon, O.         |                                |
| Napanee                 | Napanee, Ont., Can.    | W. J. Trimble.                 |
| Nashville               | Nashville, Tenn.       | J. P. Osbourne.                |
| Nebraska Wheelmen       | Omaha, Neb.            | B. F. Fell.                    |
| New Britain             | New Britain, Conn.     | 163 Main St.                   |
| Newburg Wheelmen        | Newburg, N. Y.         | L. W. Y. McCoskery.            |
| Newbury                 | Newbury, Mass.         | P. O. Box 770.                 |
| New Castle              | New Castle, Pa.        | P. O. Box 94.                  |
| New Haven               | New Haven, Conn.       | H. W. Redfield.                |
| New Jersey Wheelmen     | Newark, N. J.          | Oration Hall.                  |
| New Orleans             | New Orleans, La.       | 180 St. Charles St.            |
| Niagara Falls           | Niagara Falls, N. Y.   | Suspension Bridge.             |
| Noblesville             | Noblesville, Ind.      | Elbert Shirts.                 |
| Nonantum                | Newtonville, Mass.     | Washington and Walnut Sts.     |
| Northampton             | Northampton, Mass.     | P. O. Box 1201.                |
| Oakland                 | Oakland, Cal.          | R. H. Magitt.                  |
| Olean                   | Olean, N. Y.           | Exchange Bank Building.        |
| Omaha                   | Omaha, Neb.            | Geo. E. Kay.                   |
| Oregon                  | Portland, Ore.         | 167 First St.                  |
| Ottawa                  | Ottawa, Can.           | W. G. Hurdman.                 |
| Ottumwa                 | Ottumwa, Iowa          | 312 E. Main St.                |
| Owl                     | Bordenton, N. J.       | 8 Church St.                   |
| Owl Cycling             | Chicago, Ill.          | 3701 Ellis Ave.                |
| Paris                   | Paris, Ont., Can.      | W. Walton, Jr.                 |
| Park City Wheelmen      | Ashland, Ky.           | Union Depot.                   |
| Passaic County Wheelmen | Passaic, N. J.         | Bloomfield Ave.                |
| Pawtucket               | Pawtucket, R. I.       | Broad St.                      |
| Pennsylvania            | Philadelphia, Pa.      | 1232 N. High St.               |
| Pequonnock              | Bridgeport, Conn.      | P. O. Box 1906.                |
| Perth Amboy             | Perth Amboy, N. J.     | F. W. Ketchil.                 |
| Philadelphia            | Philadelphia, Pa.      | 1232 N. 41st St.               |
| Pittston                | Pittston, Pa.          | Broad St.                      |
| Plainfield              | Plainfield, N. J.      | North Ave., near Depot.        |
| Plum Creek              | Plum Creek, Neb.       | H. O. Smith.                   |
| Pottstown               | Pottstown, Pa.         | 209 High St.                   |
| Reading                 | Reading, Pa.           | 541 Penn St.                   |

## OUTING FOR JANUARY.

## BICYCLE CLUBS.—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>             | <i>City and State.</i>   | <i>Address.</i>               |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Richmond County Wheelmen | Richmond Co., N. Y.      | J. H. Cole.                   |
| Rochester                | Rochester, N. Y.         | 98 West Ave.                  |
| Rockingham               | Portsmouth, N. H.        | P. O. Box 1491.               |
| Rockville                | Rockville, Conn.         | P. O. Box 96.                 |
| Rome                     | Rome, N. Y.              | Washington and Dominick Sts.  |
| Rutherford               | Rutherford, N. J.        | P. O. Box 81.                 |
| Rutland                  | Rutland, Vt.             | 38½ Centre St.                |
| Sacramento               | Sacramento, Cal.         | 1015 Fourth St.               |
| San Francisco            | San Francisco, Cal.      | G. J. Hobe.                   |
| Salt Lake                | Salt Lake City, Utah     | 246 S. Second South St.       |
| Schenectady              | Schenectady, N. Y.       | P. O. Box 386.                |
| Scranton                 | Scranton, Pa.            | 121 Wyoming Ave.              |
| Seaside                  | Norfolk, Va.             | 107 Main St.                  |
| Sharon                   | Sharon, Pa.              | D. P. Porter.                 |
| Somerville               | Somerville, Mass.        | Sycamore St.                  |
| Springfield              | Springfield, Mass.       | P. O. Box 1019.               |
| Stamford                 | Stamford, Conn.          | Atlantic Square.              |
| Star                     | Harrisonburg, Va.        | North Main St.                |
| Star                     | Cleveland, Ohio          | 235 Viaduct.                  |
| State Capitol            | Concord, N. H.           |                               |
| St. Cloud                | St. Cloud, Minn.         | 27 Washington Ave.            |
| St. Louis Ramblers       | St. Louis, Mo.           | Lindell Gordon.               |
| St. Mary's               | St. Mary's, Ont., Can.   |                               |
| Stratford                | Stratford, Ont., Can.    | W. Lawrence.                  |
| Suffolk                  | Boston, Mass.            | 39 M St.                      |
| Syracuse Cycling         | Syracuse, N. Y.          | P. O. Box 25.                 |
| Taunton                  | Taunton, Mass.           | 3 Summer St.                  |
| Technology               | Boston, Mass.            | 187 Boylston St.              |
| Tecumseh                 | Tecumseh, Mich.          | P. Fitzsimmons, P. O. Box 69. |
| Thorncliffe              | Beverly, Mass.           | Commercial Block, Cabot St.   |
| Tioga                    | Tioga, Pa.               | J. Howe Adams.                |
| Toledo Cycling           | Toledo, Ohio             | Hotel Madison.                |
| Toronto                  | Toronto, Can.            | 5 Wilton Ave.                 |
| Tremont                  | Tremont, O.              | J. T. Miller.                 |
| Trenton                  | Trenton, N. J.           | S. P. Camp.                   |
| Trojan Wheelmen          | Troy, N. Y.              | R. C. Marshall.               |
| Troy                     | Troy, N. Y.              | Federal St.                   |
| Tuscarawas               | Tuscarawas, Ohio         | F. H. Waldron.                |
| Unadilla Valley          | West Winfield, N. Y.     | Leonardville, N. Y.           |
| Union County Wheelmen    | Westfield, N. J.         | F. S. Miller.                 |
| University               | Philadelphia, Pa.        | 3216 Raring St.               |
| Valley City              | Sidney, Ohio             | E. P. Robinson.               |
| Vermont                  | Brattleboro, Vt.         | Leslie Scott.                 |
| Vesper Wheelmen          | Philadelphia, Pa.        | W. H. T. Reeves.              |
| Victor                   | Greenville, Pa.          | C. M. Brown.                  |
| Waiontha                 | Richfield Springs, N. Y. | Lake St.                      |
| Wakefield                | Wakefield, Mass.         | P. O. Box 464.                |
| Wallingford              | Wallingford, Conn.       | John A. Martin.               |
| Waltham                  | Waltham, Mass.           | P. O. Box 165.                |
| Wanderers                | Toronto, Can.            | 7 Yonge St. Arcade.           |
| Wappingers               | Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. | Harry H. Brown.               |
| Washington               | Washington, D. C.        | 1023 Twelfth St.              |
| Waterbury                | Waterbury, Conn.         | Chas. R. Upson.               |
| Wayside Wheelmen         | Brooklyn, L. I.          |                               |
| Weedsport                | Weedsport, N. Y.         | Bryant Block.                 |
| Westfield Wheelmen       | Westfield, Mass.         | R. L. Scott.                  |
| Weston Wheelmen          | Weston, Ohio             |                               |
| Wheeling Wheelmen        | Wheeling, West Va.       | A. A. Wheat.                  |
| Williamsport             | Williamsport, Pa.        | Ira A. Dayton.                |
| Wilmington               | Wilmington, Del.         | C. W. Todd.                   |
| Woodstock                | Woodstock, Ont., Can.    | J. G. Rarn.                   |
| Woodstown                | Woodstown, N. J.         | Will. L. Taylor.              |
| Worcester                | Worcester, Mass.         | F. W. Blacker.                |
| Yale                     | New Haven, Conn.         | 204 Durfee Hall.              |
| Y. M. C. A.              | Newburyport, Mass.       | Pleasant St.                  |
| York County Wheelmen     | Biddeford, Me.           | J. E. Etchells.               |
| Youngstown               | Youngstown, Ohio         | A. J. Nicholas.               |

## BOAT AND ROWING CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>               | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>                     |
|----------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Alayon                     | Brooklyn, N. Y.        |                                     |
| Annawan                    | Fall River, Mass.      | G. T. Wiley.                        |
| Argonaut R. C.             | Toronto, Can.          |                                     |
| Ariel                      | Brooklyn, N. Y.        | 41 Clifton Place.                   |
| Ariel                      | Woodside, N. Y.        | Theo. R. Armour.                    |
| Bayside R. C.              | Toronto, Can.          |                                     |
| Canadian Asso. Am. Oarsmen | Toronto, Can.          | W. A. Littlejohn, Asst. City Clerk. |
| Chatham, R. C.             | Chatham, Can.          |                                     |

BOAT AND ROWING CLUBS.—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                       | <i>City and State.</i>             | <i>Address.</i>     |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Clifton . . . . .                  | Clifton, N. Y. . . . .             | G. A. Post.         |
| Columbia . . . . .                 | Washington, D. C. . . . .          | Howell Bartle.      |
| Don Amateur R. C. . . . .          | Toronto, Can. . . . .              |                     |
| Eureka . . . . .                   | Newark, N. J. . . . .              |                     |
| Farragut . . . . .                 | Chicago, Ill. . . . .              |                     |
| Grand Trunk R. C. . . . .          | Montreal, P. Q., Can. . . . .      |                     |
| Harrisburg . . . . .               | Harrisburg, Pa. . . . .            | O. M. Copelin.      |
| Lachine, B. C. . . . .             | Montreal, P. Q., Can. . . . .      |                     |
| Leander R. C. . . . .              | Hamilton, Ont., Can. . . . .       |                     |
| Manayunk . . . . .                 | Manayunk, Pa. . . . .              | P. W. Maxwell.      |
| Nautilus R. C. . . . .             | Hamilton, Ont., Can. . . . .       |                     |
| Nereus . . . . .                   | Flushing, L. I. . . . .            | Lemuel E. Quigg.    |
| Nonpareil . . . . .                |                                    |                     |
| Omaha Rowing Association . . . . . | Omaha, Neb. . . . .                | Crescent Lake.      |
| Ottawa R. C. . . . .               | Ottawa, Ont., Can. . . . .         |                     |
| Pennsylvania . . . . .             | Philadelphia . . . . .             | G. H. Kerr.         |
| Seawanhaka . . . . .               | Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. . . . .     | Foot of S. 10th St. |
| Staten Island . . . . .            | Tomkinsville, S. I., N. Y. . . . . | J. E. Bonner.       |
| Toronto R. C. . . . .              | Toronto, Can. . . . .              |                     |
| Union . . . . .                    | New York, N. Y. . . . .            |                     |
| Varuna . . . . .                   | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .            | 531 Fulton St.      |
| Winnipeg R. C. . . . .             | Winnipeg, Man., Can. . . . .       |                     |

CANOE CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                 | <i>City and State.</i>         | <i>Address.</i>           |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Alleghany . . . . .          | Alleghany, Pa. . . . .         | Pittsburg, Pa.            |
| American . . . . .           | Schuylkill, N. Y. . . . .      | Dr. Chas. A. Neide.       |
| Amsterdam . . . . .          | Amsterdam, N. Y. . . . .       | Chas. H. Warring.         |
| Arlington . . . . .          | Arlington, N. J. . . . .       | C. V. Schuyler.           |
| Bay City . . . . .           | Bay City, Mich. . . . .        | C. J. Bousfield.          |
| Bayonne . . . . .            | Bayonne, N. J. . . . .         | R. Vervan Vienot.         |
| Berkeley . . . . .           | Middletown, Conn. . . . .      | W. H. Larone.             |
| Bobcaygeon . . . . .         | Bobcaygeon, Ont., Can. . . . . |                           |
| Brockville . . . . .         | Brockville, Can. . . . .       | J. H. Bagg.               |
| Brooklyn . . . . .           | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .        | M. V. Brokaw.             |
| Buffalo . . . . .            | Buffalo, N. Y. . . . .         | Henry L. Campbell.        |
| Cambridge . . . . .          | Cambridge, Mass. . . . .       | Rupert M. Gay.            |
| Chicago . . . . .            | Chicago, Ill. . . . .          | J. H. Ware.               |
| Cincinnati . . . . .         | Cincinnati, O. . . . .         | Geo. B. Ellard.           |
| Circleville . . . . .        | Circleville, Ohio . . . . .    |                           |
| Cleveland . . . . .          | Cleveland, O. . . . .          | G. W. Gardner.            |
| Connecticut . . . . .        | Hartford, Conn. . . . .        |                           |
| Crescent . . . . .           | Trenton, N. J. . . . .         | Frank W. Sigler.          |
| Crescent . . . . .           | Mauch Chunk, Pa. . . . .       | A. H. Luckenback.         |
| Cygnets . . . . .            | Manchester, N. Y. . . . .      |                           |
| Dayton . . . . .             | Dayton, O. . . . .             | Frank Fox.                |
| Deseronto . . . . .          | Deseronto, Ont. . . . .        | E. Clement French.        |
| Dock Rats . . . . .          | Newburg, N. Y. . . . .         | Nathan S. Smith.          |
| Essex . . . . .              | Newark, N. J. . . . .          | Geo. O. Totten, Jr.       |
| Evanston . . . . .           | Evanston, Ill. . . . .         |                           |
| Florida . . . . .            | Jacksonville, Fla. . . . .     | B. H. Barnett.            |
| Fulton . . . . .             | Fulton, N. Y. . . . .          | F. D. Van Wagenen.        |
| Galt . . . . .               | Galt, Ont., Can. . . . .       | J. E. Warnock.            |
| Hamilton . . . . .           | Hamilton, Ont., Can. . . . .   |                           |
| Harrisburgh . . . . .        | Harrisburgh, Pa. . . . .       | W. G. Spicer.             |
| Hartford . . . . .           | Hartford, Conn. . . . .        | Jno. D. Parker.           |
| Harvard University . . . . . | Cambridge, Mass. . . . .       | A. S. Webster.            |
| Hawkeye . . . . .            | Dubuque, Ia. . . . .           | W. P. Couch.              |
| Hub . . . . .                | Boston, Mass. . . . .          | G. E. Dutton.             |
| Ianthe . . . . .             | Newark, N. J. . . . .          | H. S. Farmer.             |
| Ianthe . . . . .             | Arlington, N. J. . . . .       | C. V. Schuyler.           |
| Iowa . . . . .               |                                |                           |
| Irrawadi . . . . .           | Davenport, Ia. . . . .         | Ed. S. Hammatt.           |
| Jabberwock . . . . .         | Springfield, O. . . . .        | Geo. A. Warder.           |
| Jackson . . . . .            | Jackson, Mich. . . . .         | Andrew J. Gould.          |
| Kenwood . . . . .            | Kenwood, Ill. . . . .          |                           |
| Knickerbocker . . . . .      | New York, N. Y. . . . .        | Edward W. Brown.          |
| Lake George . . . . .        | Lake George, N. Y. . . . .     | Chas. F. Earle, Syracuse. |
| Lake St. Louis . . . . .     | Lachine, P. Q. . . . .         | Geo. Auldjo.              |
| Lawrence . . . . .           | Lawrence, Mass. . . . .        | John R. Robertson.        |
| Lindsay . . . . .            | Lindsay, Ont., Can. . . . .    | Mr. Porteous.             |
| Machimoodus . . . . .        | Modus, Conn. . . . .           |                           |
| Minnetonka . . . . .         | Minneapolis, Minn. . . . .     | A. B. Taylor.             |
| Miami . . . . .              | Cincinnati, O. . . . .         | Albert Erkenbrecher.      |
| Mohawk . . . . .             | Troy, N. Y. . . . .            | O. Puyano.                |
| Mohican . . . . .            | Albany, N. Y. . . . .          | B. Fernow.                |
| Muskata . . . . .            | Bergen Point, N. J. . . . .    | J. A. Cone.               |
| Mystic . . . . .             | Winchester, Conn. . . . .      |                           |
| Mystic . . . . .             | Winchester, Mass. . . . .      |                           |

## CANOE CLUBS.—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>           | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>        |
|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| Newark                 | Newark, O.             | W. A. Sprague.         |
| New Bedford            | New Bedford, Mass.     | Geo. Rugg.             |
| Newton                 | Newton, Mass.          | G. G. Brown.           |
| New York               | New Brighton, S. I.    | C. B. Vaux.            |
| New York               | New York City          | C. J. Stevens.         |
| Northampton            | Northampton, Mass.     | C. B. Swift.           |
| Oakland                | Oakland, Cal.          | W. W. Blow.            |
| Oshkosh                | Oshkosh, Wis.          | F. H. Gary.            |
| Oswego                 | Oswego, N. Y.          | J. B. McMurrick.       |
| Ottawa                 | Ottawa, Can.           | F. H. Gisborne.        |
| Papoos                 | Chicago, Ill.          | Wm. Sage.              |
| Paterson               | Paterson, N. J.        | Chas. K. Berdan.       |
| Pequot                 | Pequot, Conn.          | R. P. Wakeman.         |
| Perth Amboy            | Perth Amboy, N. J.     |                        |
| Peterboro'             | Peterboro', Can.       | T. D. Collin.          |
| Philadelphia           | Philadelphia, Pa.      | Thompson S. Westcott.  |
| Pittsburgh             | Pittsburgh, Pa.        | Reade W. Baily.        |
| Polliwog               | Bethlehem, Pa.         |                        |
| Portland               | Portland, Ore.         |                        |
| Potomac                | Washington, D. C.      | Pickering Dodge.       |
| Potowonok              | Fort Madison, Ia.      | W. H. Atlee.           |
| Quaker City            | Philadelphia, Pa.      | A. A. Jackson.         |
| Quinsigamond           | Worcester, Mass.       | J. M. Barker.          |
| Rob Roy                | Indianapolis, Ind.     |                        |
| Rochester              | Rochester, N. Y.       | Geo. H. Harris.        |
| Rome                   | Rome, N. Y.            | J. S. Wardwell.        |
| Rondout                | Rondout, N. Y.         | F. B. Hibbard.         |
| Royal                  | Halifax, Can.          | H. V. Kent.            |
| Royal Military College | Kingston, Ont., Can.   | Maj. F. S. Fairtiough. |
| Ruchawak               | Dayton, O.             |                        |
| Rutherford             | Rutherford, N. J.      |                        |
| Sagmore                | Lynn, Mass.            | Ernest Bellatty.       |
| Sandusky               | Sandusky, Ohio         | Miles Johnson.         |
| Shattemuc              | Sing Sing, N. Y.       | J. H. Carpenter.       |
| Sherbrook              | Quebec, Can.           | Gustavus Lucke.        |
| South Boston           | South Boston, Mass.    | James Craddock.        |
| Springfield            | Springfield, Mass.     | F. L. Safford.         |
| Stillwater             | Stillwater, Ohio       |                        |
| St. Lawrence           | Canton, N. Y.          | Ledyard P. Hale.       |
| Tippecanoe             | Chicago, Ill.          |                        |
| Toledo                 | Toledo, Ohio           |                        |
| Toronto                | Toronto, Ont., Can.    | W. G. McKendric.       |
| Ubique                 | Ubique, Ia.            | W. M. Lowery.          |
| Union                  | Boston, Mass.          |                        |
| Vesper                 | Lowell, Mass.          | R. F. Hemminway.       |
| Waltham                | Waltham, Mass.         |                        |
| Warren                 | Warren, Pa.            | Willis Cowen.          |
| Washington             | Washington, D. C.      | Henry H. Soule.        |
| Watertown              | Watertown, N. Y.       | C. H. Remington.       |
| Whitby                 | Whitby, Ont.           | G. E. E. Gibbard.      |
| Whitehall              | Whitehall, N. Y.       | Wm. W. Cooke.          |
| Winooski               | Dixon, Ill.            | L. J. Pollock.         |
| Yonkers                | Yonkers, N. Y.         | L. Simpson.            |
| Younondio              | Rochester, N. Y.       | A. G. Warren, Purser.  |

## CRICKET CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>       | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>               |
|--------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Albany             | Albany, N. Y.          | J. B. Marsh.                  |
| Albion             | Highlandville, Mass.   | J. Jessop.                    |
| Albion             | Albion, Ill.           | Geo. Young.                   |
| Ashton             | Ashton, R. I.          | T. Manly.                     |
| Alma               |                        |                               |
| Baltimore          | Baltimore, Ind.        | 261 N. Calvert St.            |
| Belmont            | Philadelphia, Pa.      | 56th St. and Springfield Ave. |
| Berkeley           | Berkeley, R. I.        | Alfred Coupe.                 |
| Boston             | Boston, Mass.          | Tennis Court—Buckingham St.   |
| Brockton           | Brockton, Mass.        | F. Smallwood.                 |
| Buffalo            | Buffalo, N. Y.         | A. G. Fortier.                |
| Chester City       | Chester, Pa.           | Jas. A. Campbell.             |
| Chicago            | Chicago, Ill.          | 128 La Salle St.              |
| Delaware           | Wilmington, Del.       | 847 Market St.                |
| Fall River         | Fall River, Mass.      | W. Burgess.                   |
| Franklin           | Shelburne Falls, Mass. | Geo. Hinde.                   |
| Germantown         | Philadelphia, Pa.      | 243 South Fourth St.          |
| Harvard University | Cambridge, Mass.       | 17 Kirkland St.               |
| Haverford College  | Haverford College, Pa. | H. W. Stokes.                 |
| International      | Lowell, Mass.          | 148 Colburn St.               |
| International Tile | Brooklyn, L. I.        | 92 Third St.                  |
| King's County      | Brooklyn, L. I.        | Prospect Park.                |

CRICKET CLUBS.—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                         | <i>City and State.</i>              | <i>Address.</i>      |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Lawrence . . . . .                   | Lawrence, Mass. . . . .             | C. Wild.             |
| Longwood . . . . .                   | Boston, Mass. . . . .               | 280 Dartmouth St.    |
| Manhattan . . . . .                  | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .             | Henry Martin.        |
| Merion . . . . .                     | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 217 South Third St.  |
| Montreal . . . . .                   | Montreal, Can. . . . .              | C. W. Dean.          |
| Mystic . . . . .                     | Medford, Mass. . . . .              | H. F. Perkins.       |
| Newport . . . . .                    | Newport, R. I. . . . .              | P. O. Box 313.       |
| New York . . . . .                   | New York, N. Y. . . . .             | 564 Broadway.        |
| North End . . . . .                  | Fall River, Mass. . . . .           | Weetamore Mill.      |
| Oxford . . . . .                     | Frankford, Pa. . . . .              | 108 W. Orthodox St.  |
| Peninsular . . . . .                 | Detroit, Mich. . . . .              | 42 Woodbridge St. E. |
| Philadelphia . . . . .               | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 120 South Sixth St.  |
| Pittsburg . . . . .                  | Pittsburg, Pa. . . . .              | 60 Fourth Ave.       |
| Portsmouth . . . . .                 | Portsmouth, N. H. . . . .           | P. O. Box 1271.      |
| Providence . . . . .                 | Olneyville, R. I. . . . .           | P. O. Box 444.       |
| Quaker City . . . . .                | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 5 South Front St.    |
| Quincy . . . . .                     | Quincy, Mass. . . . .               | P. O. Box 560.       |
| Riverside . . . . .                  | New York City . . . . .             | Central Park.        |
| Roxbury . . . . .                    | Roxbury, Mass. . . . .              | 136 Mt. Vernon St.   |
| Staten Island . . . . .              | Staten Island, N. Y. . . . .        | N. S. Walker, Jr.    |
| St. George's . . . . .               | Jersey City, N. J. . . . .          | Walter Trimbley.     |
| St. John . . . . .                   | St. John, N. B. . . . .             | P. O. Box 557.       |
| St. Paul's School . . . . .          | Concord, N. H. . . . .              | F. G. Braithwaite.   |
| Thornton . . . . .                   | Thornton, R. I. . . . .             | J. W. Cooper.        |
| University of Pennsylvania . . . . . | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 1426 Walnut St.      |
| Waltham . . . . .                    | Waltham, Mass. . . . .              | Watch Factory.       |
| Wanskuck . . . . .                   | Wanskuck, R. I. . . . .             | J. Stokes.           |
| West Brighton . . . . .              | West Brighton, S. I., N. Y. . . . . | J. Hyde.             |
| Young America . . . . .              | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 206 South Fifth St.  |

CURLING CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>     | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i> |
|------------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| Albany . . . . . | Albany, N. Y. . . . .  | 3 Kirk Place.   |
| Utica . . . . .  | Utica, N. Y. . . . .   | 45 Park Place.  |

FOOT-BALL CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                               | <i>City and State.</i>               | <i>Address.</i>             |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| American . . . . .                         | Pittsburg, Pa. . . . .               | John Moorhead.              |
| Amherst . . . . .                          | Amherst, Mass. . . . .               |                             |
| Andover . . . . .                          | Andover, Mass. . . . .               |                             |
| Brooklyn Hill . . . . .                    | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .              | 319 Carlton Ave.            |
| Cheshire Academy . . . . .                 | Cheshire, Conn. . . . .              |                             |
| College City of New York . . . . .         | New York City . . . . .              |                             |
| Collingwood . . . . .                      | Collingwood, Ont., Can. . . . .      | W. R. Allin.                |
| Columbia College . . . . .                 | New York City . . . . .              |                             |
| Crescent . . . . .                         | New York, N. Y. . . . .              | Wm. H. Ford, 55 Liberty St. |
| Dartmouth . . . . .                        | Hanover, N. H. . . . .               |                             |
| Eclipse . . . . .                          | Meriden, Conn. . . . .               |                             |
| English . . . . .                          | Pittsburg, Pa. . . . .               | O. D. Thompson.             |
| Exeter . . . . .                           | Exeter, N. H. . . . .                |                             |
| Hartford High School . . . . .             | Hartford, Conn. . . . .              |                             |
| Harvard College . . . . .                  | Cambridge, Mass. . . . .             |                             |
| Hillhouse High School . . . . .            | New Haven, Conn. . . . .             |                             |
| Hopkins' Grammar School . . . . .          | New Haven, Conn. . . . .             |                             |
| Institute of Technology . . . . .          | Boston, Mass. . . . .                |                             |
| Johns Hopkins' . . . . .                   | Baltimore, Md. . . . .               |                             |
| Lehigh University . . . . .                | Bethlehem, Pa. . . . .               | F. S. Smith.                |
| Norwich Academy . . . . .                  | Norwich, Conn. . . . .               |                             |
| Ontario Rugby Union . . . . .              | Toronto, Can. . . . .                | University College.         |
| Princeton . . . . .                        | Princeton, N. J. . . . .             | Mr. Savage.                 |
| Riverside Foot-ball and Athletic . . . . . | Riverside, N. Y. City, N. Y. . . . . | F. R. Savage.               |
| Roxbury School . . . . .                   | Roxbury, Mass. . . . .               |                             |
| Rutgers' College . . . . .                 | New Brunswick, N. J. . . . .         |                             |
| Stevens' Institute . . . . .               | Hoboken, N. J. . . . .               |                             |
| The American Foot-ball Union . . . . .     | New York, N. Y. . . . .              | 23 Dey St.                  |
| Toronto University . . . . .               | Toronto, Can. . . . .                | D. Ferguson.                |
| University of Michigan . . . . .           | Ann Arbor, Mich. . . . .             |                             |
| University of Pennsylvania . . . . .       | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .            |                             |
| Wesleyan College . . . . .                 | Middletown, Conn. . . . .            |                             |
| Williams' College . . . . .                | Williamstown, Mass. . . . .          |                             |
| Yale College . . . . .                     | New Haven, Conn. . . . .             | Mr. Corwin.                 |

HOMING PIGEON CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>              | <i>City and State.</i>    | <i>Address.</i> |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Baltimore . . . . .       | Baltimore, Md. . . . .    | C. W. H. Burns. |
| Geo. V. Cresson . . . . . | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . | H. Dienelt.     |
| Hudson . . . . .          | New York, N. Y. . . . .   |                 |
| Keystone . . . . .        | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . | H. Dienelt.     |



## OUTING FOR JANUARY.

## ICE-YACHTING CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>     | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>  |
|------------------|------------------------|------------------|
| Burlington       | Burlington, N. J.      | Secretary.       |
| Carthage         | Carthage, N. Y.        | Secretary.       |
| Hudson River     | Hyde Park, N. Y.       | E. P. Rogers.    |
| New Hamburg      | New Hamburg, N. Y.     | Irving Grinnell. |
| North Shrewsbury | Red Bank, N. J.        | Jas. B. Weaver.  |
| Orange           | Newburg, N. Y.         | Secretary.       |
| Poughkeepsie     | Poughkeepsie, N. Y.    | Thos. H. Ransom. |
| South Shrewsbury | Red Bank, N. J.        | Secretary.       |
| Toronto          | Toronto, Can.          | Secretary.       |

## LACROSSE CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                    | <i>City and State.</i>   | <i>Address.</i>   |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------|
| Acme                            | Toronto, O., Can.        |                   |
| Albion                          | Toronto, Can.            | P. McMichael.     |
| Assiniboine                     | Winnipeg, M., Can.       |                   |
| Athletic                        | St. Catharines, O.       | H. O'Loughlin.    |
| Aultsville                      | Aultsville, O., Can.     | C. S. Ault.       |
| Badger                          | Milwaukee, Wis.          | E. W. Gilman.     |
| Beaver                          | Paris, Can.              | C. W. Finlayson.  |
| Beaver                          | Woodstock, O., Can.      | John A. McKay.    |
| Boston                          | Boston, Mass.            | W. B. Ross.       |
| Brant                           | Paris, O., Can.          | E. B. Brownlow.   |
| Brantford                       | Brantford, O., Can.      | D. S. Hager.      |
| Brooklyn                        | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | C. H. Roberts.    |
| Brockville                      | Brockville, O., Can.     | J. C. Smart.      |
| Buffalo                         | Buffalo, N. Y.           | Geo. A. Burnett.  |
| Calumet                         | Chicago, Ill.            | Bert Crane.       |
| Cambridge                       | Cambridge, Mass.         | E. N. Manning.    |
| Camden                          | Camden, N. J.            | 6th and Penn Sts. |
| Cannington                      | Cannington, O., Can.     | E. A. Carswell.   |
| Capital                         | Ottawa, O., Can.         | R. Brewer.        |
| Cardinal                        | Cardinal, O., Can.       | J. C. Stoneman.   |
| Cornwall                        | Cornwall, O., Can.       |                   |
| Chatham                         | Chatham, O., Can.        |                   |
| Checker                         | Beaverton, O., Can.      | W. J. Curran.     |
| Chimo                           | Minnedosa, M., Can.      | G. W. Beynon.     |
| Comet                           | Brantford, O., Can.      | W. H. McHaffie.   |
| Cornell University              | Ithaca, N. Y.            | W. F. D. Crane.   |
| Detroit                         | Detroit, Mich.           | W. Wall.          |
| Dorchester Lacrosse Association | Boston, Mass.            | E. H. Allen.      |
| Dorchester                      | Dorchester, Mass.        |                   |
| Dominion Bridge                 | Lachine, Q., Can.        | A. Gagne.         |
| Druid                           | Baltimore, Md.           | Frank Frich, Jr.  |
| Dufferin                        | Orangeville, O., Can.    | H. Gillespie.     |
| Edmonton                        | Edmonton, N. W. T., Can. | W. J. Jobbotson.  |
| Elora                           | Elora, O., Can.          | A. J. McDonald.   |
| Eureka                          | St. Mary's, O., Can.     | H. O. Wright.     |
| Excelsior                       | Brampton, O., Can.       | J. G. Roberts.    |
| Excelsior                       | Lancaster, Q., Can.,     | A. D. Cameron.    |
| Galt                            | Galt, O., Can.           |                   |
| Gananoque                       | Gananoque, O., Can.      |                   |
| Garry                           | Winnipeg, M., Can.       | E. O. Hawksett.   |
| Glengarian                      | Alexandria, O., Can.     | C. J. Stillwell.  |
| Grand Rapids                    | Grand Rapids, Mich.      | P. F. Storrs.     |
| Hamilton                        | Hamilton, O., Can.       |                   |
| Harvard                         | Cambridge, Mass.         | A. A. Gardner.    |
| Harvard Lacrosse Team           | Cambridge, Mass.         | T. D. Davidson.   |
| Huntingdon                      | Baltimore, Md.           |                   |
| Huntingdon                      | Huntingdon, Q., Can.     |                   |
| Independent                     | Boston, Mass.            | T. P. Harkin.     |
| Independent                     | Bowmanville, O., Can.    |                   |
| Independent                     | Toronto, O., Can.        | J. Murphy.        |
| Independent                     | Windsor, O., Can.        | E. Hanrohan.      |
| Junior Bedford                  | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | H. Hoon.          |
| Junior Brockville               | Brockville, O., Can.     | A. N. Shannon.    |
| Junior Druid                    | Baltimore, Md.           | Frank Frich, Jr.  |
| Junior Cornwall                 | Cornwall, O., Can.       | W. Ross.          |
| Junior National                 | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | J. D. Carpenter.  |
| Junior New York                 | New York, N. Y.          | L. M. Marson.     |
| Junior Ontario                  | Toronto, O., Can.        | F. W. Rose.       |
| Junior Polytechnic              | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | L. Perogo.        |
| Junior Shamrock                 | Montreal, Q., Can.       | M. G. Noonan.     |
| Junior South Boston             | South Boston             |                   |
| Junior Ticonderogo              | Staten Island, N. Y.     | T. Braniff.       |
| Kingston                        | Kingston, O., Can.       | C. N. Greaza.     |
| La Canadienne                   | Montreal, Q., Can.       | W. Pillotte.      |
| Lachine                         | Lachine, Q., Can.        | J. A. Brisebois.  |
| Lacrosse                        | Lacrosse, Wis.           |                   |
| Laurenceville                   | Laurenceville, N. J.     | Geo. Acheson.     |

LACROSSE CLUBS.—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>          | <i>City and State.</i>  | <i>Address.</i>   |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Lehigh University     | Lehigh, —               | A. K. Reese.      |
| London                | London, O., Can.        |                   |
| Lorne                 | Mount Forest, O., Can.  | T. Sheppard.      |
| Louisville            | Louisville, Ky.         |                   |
| Maple Leaf            | Camden, N. J.           | T. Spear.         |
| Maple Leaf            | Kingston, O., Can.      |                   |
| Maple Leaf            | Parkdale, O., Can.      |                   |
| Metropolitan          | Ottawa, O., Can.        |                   |
| Milwaukee             | Milwaukee, Wis.         | Wm. Young, Jr.    |
| Montreal              | Montreal, Q., Can.      | N. J. Fraser.     |
| Montreal Junior       | Montreal, Q., Can.      | E. C. Eaton.      |
| New York              | New York, N. Y.         | T. M. Marson.     |
| N. Y. University      | New York, N. Y.         | Chas. H. Roberts. |
| Niagara Falls         | Niagara Falls, O., Can. |                   |
| Northampton           | Northampton, Mass.      | E. P. Feiker.     |
| Olympian              | Williamstown, O., Can.  | Jas. Cattanach.   |
| Ontario               | Toronto, O., Can.       | E. H. Gerry.      |
| Orillia               | Orillia, O., Can.       |                   |
| Ottawa                | Ottawa, O., Can.        | H. Morrison.      |
| Ottawa College        | Ottawa, O., Can.        | M. F. Fallon.     |
| Oxford                | Woodstock, O., Can.     | A. H. Crooks.     |
| Patterson             | Patterson, O., Can.     |                   |
| Pembroke              | Pembroke, O., Can.      |                   |
| Peterboro'            | Peterboro', O., Can.    |                   |
| Prescott              | Prescott, O., Can.      | D. G. White.      |
| Princeton University  | Princeton, N. J.        |                   |
| Renfrew               | Renfrew, O., Can.       | E. McKay.         |
| Ripon                 | Ripon, Wis.             | E. J. Burnside.   |
| Rochester             | Rochester, N. Y.        | J. J. Rafferty.   |
| Sedgwick Institute    | Great Barrington, —     |                   |
| Shamrock              | Montreal, Q., Can.      | J. A. Cloran.     |
| Shamrock              | Ottawa, O., Can.        | Jas. White.       |
| Sherbrooke            | Sherbrooke, Q., Can.    | T. J. Griffith.   |
| Somerville            | Somerville, Mass.       | Wm. A. Davis.     |
| South Boston          | South Boston, Mass.     | T. H. Cooper.     |
| Star                  | Bright, O., Can.        | John Kerr.        |
| Stevens' Institute    | Hoboken, N. J.          | W. C. Post.       |
| Stillwater            | Stillwater              | W. B. Grosemer.   |
| St. Jean Baptiste     | Lachine, Q., Can.       | O. Larivee.       |
| St. Paul              | St. Paul, Minn.         | R. Martin.        |
| Thistle               | Fergus, O., Can.        | D. J. Slater.     |
| Thistle               | Quebec, Q., Can.        |                   |
| Town and Country Club | Irvington, N. Y.        | A. J. Manning.    |
| Uxbridge              | Uxbridge, Q., Can.      |                   |
| Victoria              | Meaford, O., Can.       | H. H. Thompson.   |
| Victoria              | Valleyfield, Q., Can.   |                   |
| Webster               | Webster, O., Can.       | L. Lemaire.       |
| Weymouth              | Weymouth, Mass.         |                   |
| White Star            | Quebec, Q., Can.        | A. J. Messervey.  |
| Wisconsin             | Milwaukee, Wis.         | P. O. Box 35.     |
| Woodstock             | Woodstock, O., Can.     | John H. McKay.    |
| Yale                  | New Haven, Conn.        |                   |
| Young Canadian        | Richmond Hill, O., Can. | A. Coulter.       |
| Young Shamrock        | Montreal, Q., Can.      | T. J. Curran.     |
| Wunria                | Wunria, Minn.           | J. D. Miller.     |

LAWN TENNIS CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                  | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>                             |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| Albany                        | Albany, N. Y.          | 50 Willett St.                              |
| Belmont                       | Philadelphia, Pa.      | 219 Chestnut St.                            |
| Bergen Point                  | Bergen Point, N. J.    | R. H. Russell.                              |
| Buffalo                       | Buffalo, N. Y.         | John Otto, Jr.                              |
| Cheyenne                      | Cheyenne, Wyo. Ter.    | J. T. Ployart.                              |
| Country Club, Westchester Co. | Westchester, —         | William Kent, 59 Liberty St., N. Y. City.   |
| Danbury                       | Danbury, Conn.         | G. Whittlesey.                              |
| Delaware                      | Wilmington, Del.       | 915 Market St.                              |
| East Orange                   | Orange, N. J.          | Robert Slimmon, 59 Barclay St., N. Y. City. |
| Elmwood                       | Providence, —          | W. H. Wing, 10 South Water St.              |
| Far-and-Near                  | New York City, N. Y.   | Henry E. Co., Potter Building.              |
| Franklin                      | New York City, N. Y.   | H. G. Prount, 18 Chambers St.               |
| Germantown                    | Philadelphia, Pa.      | 243 South Fourth St.                        |
| Hackensack                    | Hackensack, N. J.      | R. S. Jacobson.                             |
| Harvard                       | Cambridge, Mass.       | D. K. Snow, 24 Little's Block.              |
| Kenwood                       | Chicago, Ill.          | 78 Michigan Ave.                            |
| Knickerbocker                 | St. Louis, Mo.         | Turner Building.                            |
| Lehigh University             | Bethlehem, Pa.         | Kenneth Frazier.                            |
| Longwood                      | Boston, Mass.          | 280 Dartmouth St.                           |
| Merion                        | Philadelphia, Pa.      | 217 South Third St.                         |
| Milwaukee                     | Milwaukee, Wis.        | Thos. R. Mercein.                           |

## LAWN TENNIS CLUBS.—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>              | <i>City and State.</i>             | <i>Address.</i>                            |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Montclair . . . . .       | Montclair, N. J. . . . .           | J. D. Freeman.                             |
| Morristown . . . . .      | Morristown, N. J. . . . .          | Henry C. Pitney.                           |
| Nahant . . . . .          | Nahant, Mass. . . . .              | G. B. Inches, 40 Beacon St., Boston.       |
| Newark . . . . .          | Newark, N. J. . . . .              | 117 Clinton Ave.                           |
| New Haven . . . . .       | New Haven, Conn. . . . .           | 136 Farnham College.                       |
| Newport . . . . .         | Newport, R. I. . . . .             | W. Watts Sherman, 272 Madison Ave., N. Y.  |
| New York . . . . .        | Manhattanville, N. Y. . . . .      | Chas. Brock.                               |
| North Shore . . . . .     | New Brighton, S. I., N. Y. . . . . | W. G. Wilcox.                              |
| Orange . . . . .          | Orange, N. J. . . . .              | A. B. Starey, 331 Pearl St., N. Y.         |
| Philadelphia . . . . .    | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .          | 120 South Sixth St.                        |
| Pioneer . . . . .         | New York City, N. Y. . . . .       | J. H. Johnson, 8 Fifth Ave., N. Y.         |
| Plainfield . . . . .      | Plainfield, N. J. . . . .          | Wm. D. Murray.                             |
| Portland . . . . .        | Portland, Me. . . . .              | Arthur S. Gilson.                          |
| Powelson . . . . .        | Newburgh, N. Y. . . . .            | Gardiner van Nostrand.                     |
| Princeton . . . . .       | Princeton, N. J. . . . .           | T. N. McCarter.                            |
| Providence . . . . .      | Providence, R. I. . . . .          | Wm. Gammell, Jr.                           |
| Rochester . . . . .       | Rochester, N. Y. . . . .           | P. O. Box 204.                             |
| Roseville . . . . .       | Roseville, N. J. . . . .           | C. Weston Bailey.                          |
| Scarlet Ribbon . . . . .  | Chicago, Ill. . . . .              | 2060 Groveland Ave.                        |
| Scarsdale . . . . .       | New York City, N. Y. . . . .       | James Bleeker, Jr., 136 E. 49th St., N. Y. |
| Seabright . . . . .       | Seabright, N. J. . . . .           | Wm. Shippen, Jr.                           |
| Short Hills . . . . .     | Short Hills, N. J. . . . .         | Devereux Toler.                            |
| Staten Island . . . . .   | Staten Island, N. Y. . . . .       | N. S. Walker, Jr.                          |
| St. George's . . . . .    | Hoboken, N. J. . . . .             | Walter Trimble, 61 Broadway, N. Y.         |
| St. Paul . . . . .        | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .            | Frank Skipwith.                            |
| Trinity College . . . . . | Hartford, Conn. . . . .            | 16 Seabury Hall.                           |
| Washington . . . . .      | Washington, D. C. . . . .          | 1512 H St.                                 |
| Waterbury . . . . .       | Waterbury, Conn. . . . .           | John P. Kellogg.                           |
| Westchester . . . . .     | Westchester, N. Y. . . . .         | A. W. Harrington.                          |
| West End . . . . .        | Boston, Mass. . . . .              | 27 Newbury St.                             |
| Yale University . . . . . | New Haven, Conn. . . . .           | C. H. Ludington.                           |
| Young America . . . . .   | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .          | A. J. Dixon.                               |

## RACQUET CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>       | <i>City and State.</i>  | <i>Address.</i>       |
|--------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| New York . . . . . | New York City . . . . . | 26th St. and 6th Ave. |

## ROD AND GUN CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                                 | <i>City and State.</i>           | <i>Address.</i>         |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Alexandria . . . . .                         | Alexandria, La. . . . .          | J. R. Thornton.         |
| Amateur Rifle . . . . .                      | New York, N. Y. . . . .          | W. Wheeler de Forest.   |
| Amesbury Rifle . . . . .                     | Amesbury, Mass. . . . .          |                         |
| Amity Gun . . . . .                          | Sacramento, Cal. . . . .         | H. Kimbrough.           |
| Arlington Heights Rifle . . . . .            | Arlington Heights, Mass. . . . . | Clarence T. Parsons.    |
| Ashburnham Rifle . . . . .                   | Ashburnham, Mass. . . . .        | F. H. Parker.           |
| Baldwinsville Rifle . . . . .                | Baldwinsville, N. Y. . . . .     | S. C. Suydam.           |
| Bellevue Rifle . . . . .                     | Bellevue, Ohio . . . . .         | Albert Shipman.         |
| Berdan Rifle Corps . . . . .                 | Milton, Mass. . . . .            | M. A. King.             |
| Bismarck Rifle and Gun . . . . .             | Bismarck, Dak. . . . .           | Harry Weatherby.        |
| Blue Island Gun . . . . .                    | Blue Island, Ill. . . . .        | Charles Ingleheart.     |
| Boston Gun . . . . .                         | Boston, Mass. . . . .            |                         |
| Boston Press Rifle Association . . . . .     | Boston, Mass. . . . .            | Wm. H. Hathaway.        |
| Brattleboro Rifle . . . . .                  | Brattleboro, Vt. . . . .         | Chas. L. Cobb.          |
| Bridgeport Rifle . . . . .                   | Bridgeport, Conn. . . . .        | R. S. Bassett.          |
| Brooklyn Gun . . . . .                       | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | Chas. H. Mason.         |
| Brookville Rifle . . . . .                   | Brookville, Pa. . . . .          |                         |
| California Rifle Association . . . . .       | San Francisco, Cal. . . . .      | Maj. Ed. G. Sproul.     |
| California Scheutzen . . . . .               | San Francisco, Cal. . . . .      | Wm. Hatje.              |
| Canton Rifle . . . . .                       | Collinsville, Conn. . . . .      | S. J. Lyon.             |
| Canton Rifle . . . . .                       | Canton, Pa. . . . .              | C. E. Bullock.          |
| Capital City Gun . . . . .                   | Washington, D. C. . . . .        | J. E. Hosford.          |
| Capital City Gun . . . . .                   | Springfield, Ill. . . . .        | Frank Hudson.           |
| Chautauqua Sportsmen's Association . . . . . | Jamestown, N. Y. . . . .         | A. F. Ward, M. D.       |
| Chicago Rifle . . . . .                      | Chicago, Ill. . . . .            | 76 & 78 West Monroe St. |
| Cincinnati Rifle Association . . . . .       | Cincinnati, O. . . . .           | Daniel Brown.           |
| Cleveland Gun . . . . .                      | Cleveland, O. . . . .            |                         |
| Coal Creek Rifle . . . . .                   | Coal Creek, Col. . . . .         | E. L. Evans.            |
| Cochecho Rifle and Gun . . . . .             | Dover, N. H. . . . .             | G. H. Wentworth.        |
| Coney Island . . . . .                       | Coney Island, N. Y. . . . .      |                         |
| Covington Scheutzen Verein . . . . .         | Covington, Ky. . . . .           |                         |
| Cuyahoga Rifle . . . . .                     | Cleveland, O. . . . .            | Union Depot.            |
| Denver Rifle . . . . .                       | Denver, Col. . . . .             | P. O. Box 2855.         |
| Des Moines . . . . .                         | Des Moines, Iowa . . . . .       |                         |
| East Saginaw Valley Shooting . . . . .       | East Saginaw, Mich. . . . .      | C. C. Koeppen.          |
| East Tennessee Rifle Association . . . . .   | Knoxville, Tenn. . . . .         | Chas. C. Hibbard.       |
| Elgin National Rifle . . . . .               | Elgin, Ill. . . . .              | H. H. Wyman.            |
| Empire Rifle . . . . .                       | New York, N. Y. . . . .          | C. F. Williams.         |
| Essex Amateur Rifle . . . . .                | Newark, N. J. . . . .            | J. H. Huegel.           |

ROD AND GUN CLUBS.—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                               | <i>City and State.</i>            | <i>Address.</i>     |
|--------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| Eureka Gun . . . . .                       | Norristown, Pa. . . . .           | Dr. H. W. Gammons.  |
| Fairmont Gun . . . . .                     | Fairmont, Minn. . . . .           | C. A. Pearson.      |
| Fitchburg Rifle and Gun . . . . .          | Fitchburg, Mass. . . . .          | 14 Elm St.          |
| Forester Gun . . . . .                     | Davenport, Iowa . . . . .         | J. W. Howard.       |
| Franklin Rifle . . . . .                   | Hartford, Conn. . . . .           | Otto Klett.         |
| C. W. Freeman Gun . . . . .                | Chelsea, Mass. . . . .            | R. H. Hodgkins.     |
| Frelinghuysen Rifle . . . . .              | Newark, N. J. . . . .             | A. C. Neumann.      |
| Gardner Rifle . . . . .                    | West Gardner, Mass. . . . .       | Geo. C. Goodale.    |
| Germania Rifle . . . . .                   | Boston, Mass. . . . .             | Carl H. Heintzmann. |
| Thos. L. Golcher Gun . . . . .             | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .         |                     |
| Greenville Off-Hand Rifle . . . . .        | Greenville, O. . . . .            | Frank Culberson.    |
| Hammondsport Rifle . . . . .               | Rheims, N. Y. . . . .             | A. E. Brannenlich.  |
| Hartwell Rifle . . . . .                   | Hartwell, Ohio . . . . .          | F. W. Stevenson.    |
| Haverhill Rifle . . . . .                  | Haverhill, Mass. . . . .          | J. P. M. Greed.     |
| Hepburn Rifle . . . . .                    | Indianapolis, Ind. . . . .        |                     |
| Hillside Rifle . . . . .                   | Waltham, Mass. . . . .            | Wm. H. Stone.       |
| Houlton Rifle . . . . .                    | Houlton, Me. . . . .              | L. O. Ludwig.       |
| Hudson Rod and Gun . . . . .               | Hudson, Wis. . . . .              | Jas. P. Balsom.     |
| Independent Gun . . . . .                  | —, Ohio. . . . .                  |                     |
| Irish Rifle . . . . .                      | New Haven, Conn. . . . .          | P. O'Connor.        |
| Kansas City . . . . .                      | Kansas City, Mo. . . . .          | Geo. C. Sharp.      |
| Kent County Sportsmen's Club . . . . .     | Grand Rapids, Mich. . . . .       | N. Fred. Avery.     |
| Lake View Rifle . . . . .                  | Chicago, Ill. . . . .             | Peter C. Bradley.   |
| Lawrence Rifle . . . . .                   | Lawrence, Mass. . . . .           | Jas. E. Shepard.    |
| Leominster Rifle . . . . .                 | Leominster, Mass. . . . .         | Chas. A. Joslin.    |
| Lockey Rifle . . . . .                     | Leominster, Mass. . . . .         | Chas. A. Joslin.    |
| Los Angeles Rifle . . . . .                | Los Angeles, Cal. . . . .         |                     |
| Malone Rifle . . . . .                     | Malone, N. Y. . . . .             | Geo. H. Kelles.     |
| Manchester Rifle . . . . .                 | Manchester, N. H. . . . .         | E. J. Knowlton.     |
| Massachusetts Rifle Association . . . . .  | Boston, Mass. . . . .             | 40 Water St.        |
| Maynard Rifle . . . . .                    | Chicopee Falls, Mass. . . . .     | W. S. Page.         |
| Merrimac Rifle . . . . .                   | Merrimac, Mass. . . . .           | F. Judkins.         |
| Minneapolis Rifle . . . . .                | Minneapolis, Minn. . . . .        | A. F. Elliott.      |
| Money Creek Rifle . . . . .                | Money Creek, Minn. . . . .        | E. W. Berry.        |
| Movan Rifle . . . . .                      | Movantown, Kan. . . . .           | C. J. Norton.       |
| National Rifle . . . . .                   | New York, N. Y. . . . .           | Jno. S. Shepherd.   |
| National Rifle . . . . .                   | Bellow's Falls, Vt. . . . .       | W. S. Brockway.     |
| Newark Shooting Society . . . . .          | Newark, N. J. . . . .             | A. C. Freeman.      |
| New Bedford Shooting Association . . . . . | New Bedford, Mass. . . . .        | Geo. W. Parker.     |
| New Haven Gun . . . . .                    | New Haven, Conn. . . . .          | 164 Crown St.       |
| New Richmond Gun . . . . .                 | New Richmond, Ohio . . . . .      |                     |
| New York Rifle . . . . .                   | New York, N. Y. . . . .           | Creedmore, L. I.    |
| Nimrod Gun . . . . .                       | Newark, N. J. . . . .             | 46 Bloomfield Ave.  |
| North End Rifle . . . . .                  | Schoneck, Pa. . . . .             | J. A. Stober.       |
| Prairie Gun . . . . .                      | Clark's, Neb. . . . .             | Fred. G. Clark.     |
| Price Hill Gun . . . . .                   | Cincinnati, O. . . . .            |                     |
| Roseville Rifle Association . . . . .      | Newark, N. J. . . . .             | H. Leibe.           |
| South End Gun . . . . .                    | Worcester, Mass. . . . .          |                     |
| Southern Ulster Gun . . . . .              | Watden, N. Y. . . . .             |                     |
| Sportsmen's Club . . . . .                 | Pleasanton, Cal. . . . .          | Myran Whidden.      |
| Springfield . . . . .                      | Springfield, Mass. . . . .        | T. T. Cartwright.   |
| Springfield Scheutzen Verein . . . . .     | Springfield, Mass. . . . .        | H. Buckholz.        |
| Stoneham Sportsmen's Club . . . . .        | Stoneham, Mass. . . . .           | H. B. Brett.        |
| Tappan Zee Rifle Association . . . . .     | Tappan-Nyack, N. Y. . . . .       | Geo. Gates.         |
| Third Division Rifle Association . . . . . | Albany, N. Y. . . . .             | Col. Wm. E. Fitch.  |
| Toledo Scheutzen Verein . . . . .          | Toledo, O. . . . .                |                     |
| Topeka Rifle . . . . .                     | Topeka, Can. . . . .              | F. H. Martin.       |
| Wapello Rifle . . . . .                    | Wapello, Iowa . . . . .           | G. W. Hayden.       |
| Warsaw Gun Association . . . . .           | Warsaw, Ind. . . . .              | F. A. Place.        |
| Washington Heights Gun . . . . .           | Washington Heights, N. Y. . . . . | J. R. Terhune.      |
| Waterbury Rifle Association . . . . .      | Waterbury, Conn. . . . .          | E. T. Bland.        |
| Wellington Gun . . . . .                   | Wellington, Mass. . . . .         | 29 North Market St. |
| West Philadelphia Rifle and Gun . . . . .  | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .         | J. L. Weatherly.    |
| Wildfowlers' Gun . . . . .                 | Hamilton, Can. . . . .            | Jas. G. Davis, Jr.  |
| Wilton Gun . . . . .                       | Wilton, N. H. . . . .             | A. J. Smith.        |
| Winona Sportsmen's . . . . .               | Winona, Minn. . . . .             | Chas. Anding.       |
| Worcester Rifle . . . . .                  | Worcester, Mass. . . . .          | P. O. Box 777.      |

SNOW-SHOE CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>          | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i> |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| Emerald . . . . .     | Montreal, Can. . . . . | Montreal.       |
| Le Trappeur . . . . . | Montreal, Can. . . . . | Montreal.       |
| Montreal . . . . .    | Montreal, Can. . . . . | Montreal.       |
| Red Cap . . . . .     | Halifax, N. S. . . . . | Halifax, N. S.  |
| Saratoga . . . . .    | Saratoga . . . . .     | J. Lester.      |
| St. George . . . . .  | Montreal, Can. . . . . | P. O. Box 1697. |
| Tuque Bleue . . . . . | Montreal, Can. . . . . | Montreal.       |
| Winnipeg . . . . .    | Winnipeg, Man. . . . . | W. P. Fish.     |

## TOBOGGAN CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                       | <i>City and State.</i>          | <i>Address.</i>              |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Albany . . . . .                   | Albany, N. Y. . . . .           | Ridgefield Athletic Grounds. |
| Aneonta . . . . .                  | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .         |                              |
| Brookline . . . . .                | Brookline, Mass. . . . .        | William R. Cabot.            |
| Brooklyn Bridge Coasting . . . . . | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .         | 289 Washington Ave.          |
| Burlington Coasting . . . . .      | Burlington, Vt. . . . .         | P. O. Box 38.                |
| Country Club . . . . .             | Pelham, N. Y. . . . .           | Country Club.                |
| Englewood . . . . .                | Englewood, N. J. . . . .        |                              |
| Essex County . . . . .             | Orange, N. J. . . . .           |                              |
| Haverhill . . . . .                | Haverhill, Mass. . . . .        | R. C. Chase.                 |
| Montreal . . . . .                 | Montreal, Can. . . . .          | C. R. Christie.              |
| Netaska . . . . .                  | Stillwater, Minn. . . . .       |                              |
| Oritani . . . . .                  | New York, N. Y. . . . .         | W. Holberton.                |
| Plattsburgh . . . . .              | Plattsburgh, N. Y. . . . .      | W. H. Farrell.               |
| Royal Roule . . . . .              | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .         |                              |
| Saratoga . . . . .                 | Saratoga Springs, N. Y. . . . . | A. R. McNair.                |
| Utica . . . . .                    | Utica, N. Y. . . . .            |                              |
| Williams College . . . . .         | Williamstown, Mass. . . . .     | Irving Baldwin.              |
| Zanglade . . . . .                 | Worcester, Mass. . . . .        |                              |

## YACHT CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                             | <i>City and State.</i>                         | <i>Address.</i>              |
|------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Albany . . . . .                         | Albany, N. Y. . . . .                          | P. O. Box 364.               |
| American . . . . .                       | Newburyport, Mass. . . . .                     | Wm. J. Creasey.              |
| American . . . . .                       | New York, N. Y. . . . .                        | Henry A. Taylor.             |
| Americus . . . . .                       | New York, N. Y. . . . .                        | 89th St., E. R.              |
| Atlantic . . . . .                       | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .                        | P. O. Box 47.                |
| Bar Harbor . . . . .                     | Bar Harbor, Me. . . . .                        | Arthur Ryerson.              |
| Bay of Quinte . . . . .                  | Belleville, Ont., Can. . . . .                 | F. S. Campbell.              |
| Beverly . . . . .                        | Beverly, Mass. . . . .                         | W. Lloyd Jeffries.           |
| Bohemian . . . . .                       | San Francisco, Cal. . . . .                    |                              |
| Boston . . . . .                         | Boston, Mass. . . . .                          | Thos. Dean.                  |
| Brooklyn . . . . .                       | Locust Grove, Graves'd Bay, L. I. . . . .      | Wm. M. Morehouse.            |
| Buffalo . . . . .                        | Buffalo, N. Y. . . . .                         | 82 Pearl St.                 |
| Bunker Hill . . . . .                    | Boston, Mass. . . . .                          | B. F. Underhill, Jr.         |
| Cape Ann . . . . .                       | Gloucester, Mass. . . . .                      | P. A. Dochert.               |
| Carolina . . . . .                       | Wilmington, N. C. . . . .                      | Pembroke Jones, Com.         |
| Carolina . . . . .                       | Charleston, S. C. . . . .                      | W. W. Shackelford, Jr.       |
| Chesapeake Bay . . . . .                 | Oxford, Md. . . . .                            | Hon. Chas. H. Gibson.        |
| Chicago . . . . .                        | Chicago, Ill. . . . .                          | 90 Dearborn St.              |
| Cleveland Yachting Association . . . . . | Cleveland, O. . . . .                          | J. George Downey.            |
| Columbia . . . . .                       | New York, N. Y. . . . .                        | Foot 86th St., N. R.         |
| Corinthian . . . . .                     | Marblehead, Mass. . . . .                      | Everett Paine.               |
| Corinthian . . . . .                     | Staten Island, N. Y. . . . .                   | Roosevelt Schuyler.          |
| Dorchester . . . . .                     | Dorchester, Mass. . . . .                      | H. B. Callender.             |
| Eastern . . . . .                        | Marblehead Neck, Boston Bay, Mass. . . . .     | 22 Congress St.              |
| East River . . . . .                     | Astoria, N. Y. . . . .                         | Henry T. Lewis.              |
| Eclipse . . . . .                        | Harlem, N. Y. . . . .                          | W. H. Houghton.              |
| Florida . . . . .                        | — Fla. . . . .                                 | Samuel A. Swan.              |
| Great Head . . . . .                     | Winthrop, Mass. . . . .                        | L. K. Billing.               |
| Greenwich . . . . .                      | Greenwich, N. Y. . . . .                       | Arthur Rendle.               |
| Harlem . . . . .                         | Oak Pt., E. 124th St., N. Y. City . . . . .    | W. J. Parker.                |
| Haverill . . . . .                       | Haverhill, Mass. . . . .                       | 46 Phoenix Row.              |
| Hudson River . . . . .                   | New York, N. R., N. Y. . . . .                 | Foot of West 74th St., N. R. |
| Hull . . . . .                           | Hull, Mass. . . . .                            | P. O. Box 52.                |
| Isle of Hope . . . . .                   | Savannah, Ga. . . . .                          | Bay St.                      |
| Jeffries Club . . . . .                  | Jeffries Pt., Boston Harbor, Mass. . . . .     | G. F. Edgett.                |
| Jersey City . . . . .                    | Jersey City, N. J. . . . .                     | C. C. Pierce.                |
| Kingston . . . . .                       | Kingston, Ont., Can. . . . .                   | A. Strachan.                 |
| Knickerbocker . . . . .                  | Port Morris, N. Y. . . . .                     | Alfred Varian.               |
| Land and Water Club . . . . .            | Cryder's Pt., nr. Whitestone, N. Y. . . . .    | Frank Worth White.           |
| Larchmont . . . . .                      | Larchmont, N. Y. . . . .                       | Larchmont Manor.             |
| Lynn . . . . .                           | Lynn, Mass. . . . .                            | W. B. Newhall.               |
| Manhattan . . . . .                      | 89th St., E. R., N. Y. City . . . . .          | James R. Thomas.             |
| Michigan . . . . .                       | Detroit, Mich. . . . .                         | Arthur F. Alberson.          |
| Milwaukee . . . . .                      | Milwaukee, Wis. . . . .                        | W. Wiborg.                   |
| Mobile . . . . .                         | Mobile, Ala. . . . .                           | B. C. Rowan.                 |
| Narragansett . . . . .                   | Newport, R. I. . . . .                         | Geo. Lewis Gower.            |
| Neptune . . . . .                        | Naversink Highlands, N. J. . . . .             | Geo. B. Deane, Jr.           |
| Newark . . . . .                         | Newark, N. J. . . . .                          | Chas. H. Mayhew.             |
| New Bedford . . . . .                    | New Bedford, Mass. . . . .                     | Jno. A. Barrows.             |
| New Haven . . . . .                      | New Haven, Conn. . . . .                       | P. O. Box 1266.              |
| New Jersey . . . . .                     | Hoboken, N. J. . . . .                         | 235 Garden St.               |
| New Rochelle . . . . .                   | New Rochelle, N. Y. . . . .                    | Philip J. Krackell.          |
| New York . . . . .                       | New York Harbor, N. Y. . . . .                 | Jno. H. Bird.                |
| Oconomowoc . . . . .                     | Oconomowoc Lake, Wis. . . . .                  |                              |
| Oswego . . . . .                         | Oswego, N. Y. . . . .                          | A. W. Radcliffe.             |
| Pacific . . . . .                        | Old Saucelito, San Francisco Bay, Cal. . . . . | W. R. Melville.              |
| Pelham . . . . .                         | Barton-on-the-Sound, N. Y. . . . .             | F. H. Ballard.               |
| Pentucket . . . . .                      | Bradford, Mass. . . . .                        | John Goodell.                |

YACHT CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                | <i>City and State.</i>             | <i>Address.</i>    |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Phoenix . . . . .           | Chicago, Ill. . . . .              | J. J. Wilson.      |
| Portland . . . . .          | Portland, Me. . . . .              | Geo. Doane Rand.   |
| Quaker City . . . . .       | Camden, N. J. . . . .              | W. S. Hofmann.     |
| Quincy . . . . .            | Quincy, Mass. . . . .              | H. M. Faxon.       |
| Raritan . . . . .           | Port Amboy, N. J. . . . .          | Oliver W. Ramsay.  |
| Royal Bermuda . . . . .     | Hamilton, Bermuda . . . . .        | Reginald Gray.     |
| Royal Canadian . . . . .    | Toronto, Can. . . . .              | H. J. Grasset.     |
| Royal Nova Scotia . . . . . | Halifax, N. S. . . . .             | A. C. Edwards.     |
| Salem . . . . .             | Salem, Mass. . . . .               | Horace Brooks.     |
| Sandy Bay . . . . .         | Rockport, Mass. . . . .            | G. T. Morgeson.    |
| San Francisco . . . . .     | San Francisco, Cal. . . . .        | Charles Yale.      |
| Savannah . . . . .          | Thunderbolt, Savannah, Ga. . . . . | St. Julian St.     |
| Seawanhaka . . . . .        | Staten Island, N. Y. . . . .       |                    |
| South Boston . . . . .      | City Pt., Boston, Mass. . . . .    | J. C. Merry.       |
| St. Augustine . . . . .     | St. Augustine, Fla. . . . .        | R. F. Armstrong.   |
| The Southern . . . . .      | Lake Ponchartrain, La. . . . .     | H. P. Hopkins.     |
| Toledo . . . . .            | Toledo, O. . . . .                 | F. B. Fry.         |
| Toronto . . . . .           | Toronto, Ont., Can. . . . .        |                    |
| Williamsburgh . . . . .     | Greenpoint, L. I., N. Y. . . . .   | P. O. Box 73.      |
| Yale Yacht Club. . . . .    | New Haven, Conn. . . . .           | Geo. E. Haven, Jr. |
| Yonkers . . . . .           | Yonkers-on-Hudson . . . . .        | Gabriel Reeves.    |

A GREAT WALKING CLUB.

THE objects of the Appalachian Mountain Club, as stated in its constitution, are: "To bring together all those interested in mountains; to make the mountain resorts more attractive by building camps, opening paths, etc.; to collect all available information about the mountains which is published in magazine articles, in 'Appalachia,' or in the form of maps, and incidentally to furnish pleasure and profit to the members."

To these aims should be added another, which each year is becoming more prominent: that is, the training of both men and women to climb and to walk easily distances of a considerable number of miles at a stretch—an accomplishment that the Americans, especially American women, rarely possess.

As an illustration of the success of the club in carrying out its aims, a brief record of this summer's work may be of interest. In July a party numbering over 100 spent an entire week at the Summit House, on Mount Washington. The weather was exceptionally favorable, every day being sunny and warm, so that the plans were carried out without a break.

The entire range from Mount Clinton to Mount Madison was visited, the great ravines which penetrate the sides explored and traversed; Tuckerman's, where the Snow Arch is situated, with the lovely Hermit Lake half a mile below it; Huntingdon's, a wilder ravine rarely visited; the great Gulf, sometimes called the Gulf of Mexico, Ravine of Castles, Oakes' Gulf, and the remote Gulf of Slides, beyond Boot's Spur.

There were several noted botanists present, and the dainty Alpine flora was studied under the most favorable circumstances, viz., in its home; and many rare plants were gathered, and a club herbarium of mountain plants was planned and begun.

About two-thirds of the members present were ladies, and they showed equal endurance and enthusiasm on the walks with the men.

Sixty-six of the 100 walked from the Summit down the Bridle Path to Mount Pleasant and back the first day. Fifty went to the Snow Arch in Tuckerman's Ravine, more than fifty over the great northern peaks to Jefferson, Adams and Madison, and equal numbers on the other trips. In connection with the excursion a new and easy path was made up the side of, Mount Pleasant, joining the Crawford Path on the summit, thus providing a new approach for pedestrians to Mount Washington from the Fabryan side of the range, and the old unused Davis Bridle Path was traversed to Upper Bartlett, a distance of a dozen miles. Nearly every path leading to the great range was used and inspected during the week. During the summer, various members have climbed over the Carter and Twin mountain ranges, and have explored the Wild River and Pilot Mountain regions. Old camps have been repaired, new ones built, record bottles placed on some summits. A new path has been cut from Shelburne, N. H., to Mount Baldface, and preliminary prints of a proposed map of the White Mountains have been tested and corrected.

In early September a party of fifty visited the Adirondacks and spent a week in camp. Another small party, private, yet composed of club members, explored and visited Mount Katahdin, in Maine, while many individual members in various parts of New Hampshire and Maine have made ascents and explorations, collecting much valuable geographical and scientific information, eventually to be reported to the club.

Another project of the club, tried this year for the first time, has met with unqualified success and approval, and bids fair to become one of the most valuable portions of the work of the club. It is the conducting each Saturday a walk of from four to eight or ten miles to various points of interest in the vicinity of Boston, where the club has its headquarters. They should claim the interest of readers of this magazine from the name of "Outings," which has been given them.

In order to induce similar enterprises in other cities and towns, we give a few of the arguments and details of these delightful day trips.

It was said that during the summer, many members were at liberty Saturday afternoon; that some would doubtless like to take a walk, but not having a companion or a definite place to visit, did not go; that those who could not join the long excursions of the club could thus become acquainted with their fellow-members, and that many, especially ladies, who could not climb mountains, could without fatigue take these short walks, and get both health and increased strength, and perchance become stirred with the "divine afflatus" of walking and mountaineering, and that thus, in a small way, might be sown the seeds that should some time bear fruit in making the American the full equal of his English cousin in endurance, grace and ease in walking; for "once a mountaineer, always a mountaineer."

The results proved the accuracy of the judgment of the plans. The first outing was expected to attract a dozen or fifteen members, but the leaders were amazed to find over forty at the train, and the numbers have varied from forty to eighty, reaching 140 on a trip to Mount Wachusett, an all-day trip; and even when the weather was forbidding, the number has rarely if ever fallen below twenty-five. The outings have thus proved themselves an indispensable and valued part of the work of the club, and will doubtless be continued the next season. They were begun in April, and with the omission of a few weeks in the hottest part of July and August, were continued until Thanksgiving.

In conclusion, a few points in regard to the manner of conducting the outings will be of value. It should be stated that the members sustain the outings by volunteering to conduct the walks on different Saturdays, which offers are used by the Committee on Outings, whenever most convenient.

On each Thursday evening a notice is printed in an evening paper announced by a circular to the members at the beginning of the season, in which circular a full explanation is given of the methods proposed and of the meaning of the abbreviations used in the notice. As the notice is to members only, the notice is made in a form that shall not attract public attention more than may be necessary. The following is a copy:

#### A. M. C. NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

Bellevue Hill, Saturday, September 11. B. & P. R. R., 2.10 P.M., for Clarendon Hills Station. Four miles. Return, Boston, 6.15. Mr. Smith.

The above tells the *entire* distance to be walked, in the round trip, and the name of the leader for the day. The leader has usually been over the ground previously, and therefore knows the way, but no arrangements are made for fares, etc., the desire being to make the walks informal, and place no heavy burden of responsibility upon the leader. Places are selected which may be reached by a ride of a half-hour or less in the cars (sometimes the walk is from the city itself), and the fares are so low that the item is

an unimportant one. The return ride in the cars is made sometimes from another station on a different railroad, in which case the newspaper notice indicates the fact. Members who live in the suburbs frequently join or leave the party at their nearest stations. The desired aim seems to have been attained of providing a pleasant walk to a good view point, without making the labor of preparing the trip such a burden that it will deter members from being willing to conduct the outings. At the risk of wearying our readers we have tried to explain fully the details of this new plan, which has proved so successful for the Appalachian Club, in the hope that similar walking parties may be undertaken the coming summer by our readers and their friends.

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#### OUTING'S VOYAGE BEGUN.

(From the *Morning News* of Savannah, Georgia,  
November 29, 1886.)

#### CAPTAIN CLOUDMAN STARTS AROUND THE WORLD.

Crowds Witness the Departure of the Little Vessel—St. Augustine Creek too much for the Navigator who is to Circle the Globe—*Outing* Goes Ashore in the Creek and Waits for the Tide—The Reception at the Thunderbolt Club House Postponed.

"ALL ready, there forward? Up with the jib! Wheel hard to starboard."

The orders were followed by a rattling of lines as the ropes slipped through the blocks and the canvas was hoisted. A faint puff of wind filled out the jib, the mainsail jibed and the sloop yacht *Outing* swung around gracefully on her heel and headed down the river on the starboard tack. The national colors floated from her topmast, and a small burgee flapped lightly from the gaff peak.

Ten minutes before, the clock in the Exchange, just opposite which the yacht had been lying, struck one. The tide had been running down for two hours, and Captain Cloudman had been impatiently waiting that long for two canoes to turn the bend in the river above where he was lying.

#### CROWDS WATCH THE START.

All the morning the *Outing* had been overrun with visitors, who came off from the Exchange dock in small boats. The wharves were lined with a crowd, assembled to see the less than five-ton yacht that was to start on a voyage around the globe. The scene recalled the woodcuts in the old histories, of the crowd that gathered on the pier in Palos a little less than 400 years ago, to see the Santa Maria and her two consorts start out on their long voyage. Becoming tired of waiting, the crowd dwindled away before the order was given to raise the *Outing's* bow anchor. When Dr. Neide, late secretary of the American Canoe Association, and Capt. Ed. Andrews, of the Philadelphia Canoe Club, did come, they slipped lightly by and got a good lead of the sloop. Hardly had the *Outing* got fairly started before the breeze died away. The limp colors were dipped thrice as a farewell salute.



THE PARTY ON THE "OUTING."

On board the yacht were Capt. F. A. Cloudman, his father, Mr. A. F. Cloudman, a representative of the *Morning News*, and a crew of two. For the first mile or two, the little fleet did scarcely more than drift down with the tide, as the wind came only in light puffs. After Fort Oglethorpe was passed a slight breeze sprang up and the party made better progress. As her sheets filled, the *Outing* showed that she was no laggard, for she skimmed along and passed the canoes in a jiffy. From that time on she kept the lead easily. There was no breeze to give her a good test, but she worked into the wind, which shifted around to the south-east admirably. It was seen that her bow was down too deep, and that she did not have enough ballast aft and amidships.

THROUGH ST. AUGUSTINE CREEK.

In St. Augustine creek it was first a long leg and then a short one. She obeyed her rudder quickly and went about capitably.

Those who were not engaged in handling the boat amused themselves by popping pistols at ducks' heads and corks from the top of the cabin. All went merrily and well, though a little slower than was wished, until the boats got down within half a mile of Runaway-Nigger's creek. St. Augustine creek is narrow there, and the longest stretches that could be made were only a hundred yards or so. In some places the east bank runs out pretty well, and boats have to keep near the west bank, and in other places it is the reverse. Just as the sloop had made one of the long stretches and was going about on the port tack the wind left her.

STUCK IN THE MUD.

She had been run in close so as to make every inch on the tack she was on, and when the puff was spent her sails failed to jibe, and her bow stuck in the soft, oozy marsh mud. Oars were put over, but the bottom offered no more resistance than the water. The jib was hauled down in a twinkling and the crew jumped in the small boat, and tried to pull the yacht's stern around so that the tide would cut her off the bank, but it was no good. The small anchor was then carried out over the stern, and those on board tried to pull themselves out into the channel. They would probably have succeeded had there been anything for the flukes to hold to. As it was the anchor was pulled through the mud and the boat was not budged.

TRYING TO GET OFF.

A suggestion was made that some one should jump overboard and push, but the bottom was considered rather too yielding. The two canoeists passed, and there was not wind enough for them to stem the tide and come back. It was then four o'clock, and the tide was at three-quarters ebb. The *Outing* was drawing three feet and was pretty tight in the mud. Every minute left her in a worse fix, and all hands came to the conclusion very shortly that there was nothing to do but wait for high water,

which was between seven and eight hours off. "All hands" did not in that instance include the *News* man, whom the prospect did not strike as particularly cheerful. Capt. Cloudman's proffer of his small boat and crew was accepted, and an hour's rowing landed the reporter at the club house of the Savannah Yacht Club.

AT THE YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

Commodore Wm. Hone, Vice-Commodore J. N. Johnson, and quite a number of members were on the club's wharf, looking out for the *Outing*, which was stuck six miles away.

Captain Andrews and Dr. Neide anchored near the *Outing*, and said they would wait until she could get off, which Captain Cloudman expected to do before midnight. He will probably be at Thunderbolt this forenoon, and at high water the three boats will start again. The two canoeists expect to spend the winter in Florida waters.

Captain Cloudman's father may accompany him to San Francisco. The captain says that two magazines have attempted to smuggle a correspondent on board in the guise of a seaman, but he will not take any one except his father.

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THE TOMB OF IZAAK WALTON.

To the Editor of *OUTING*: — When in Worcester (Eng.) our party spent some hours in its magnificent cathedral, a grand old structure, in the form of a double cross, and having a central tower nearly two hundred feet in height.

A great hush fell upon us all, as moving reverently, we thought of the countless multitude now sleeping, and whose names and virtues have been inscribed by loving hands.

More than most, an epitaph written by Izaak Walton to the memory of his wife interested us, and carefully spelling out the quaintly-outlined words, which, for sweetness and pathos, can hardly be excelled, it was as if Izaak himself might be telling over again the story of his love and of his loss.

"Here lyeth buried so much,  
as could dye of

Anne, the wife of  
Izaak Walton —  
who was a woman of  
remarkable prudence  
and of the primitive piety.

Her  
great and general knowledge  
being adorned with  
such great humility, and

this, with so much meek-  
ness as made her

Worthy of a more —  
Monument.  
She dyed — (alas that she  
so dyed.)

Study to be like her."

<sup>1</sup> Here a word was undistinguishable; it doubtless was "enduring." The arrangement of the words is an exact copy of the note received.

F. J. Chaplin.



## THE ARCHERY SEASON OF 1886.

UPON the whole, the archers of the United States should be encouraged by the season of 1886. It proved that archery is far from dead in this country. It showed that the reaction following the unnatural activity of a few years ago has done its worst, and has given place to a healthy growth.

The important field meetings were the following:

The eighth annual meeting of the Ohio State Archery Association, July 7, 8, and 9, Wyoming, Ohio. This meeting was worthy of the State, which is far ahead of all others in archery. The weather was pleasant, the attendance large, and the scores decidedly better than those of 1885; Sixteen women and twenty-six men shot. The winners were as follows:

Double Columbia round — Mrs. M. C. Howell, Walnut Hills Archery Club: hits, 144; score, 990.

Double American round — C. J. Strong, Walnut Hills Archery Club: hits, 163; score 849. W. A. Clark scored 897 from 160 hits, and Robert Williams 878 from 169 hits; but Mr. Strong made the greatest number of points.

Double National round — Mrs. M. C. Howell: hits, 122; score, 604.

Seventy-two arrows, at 50 yards, for the Howell medal. Miss Pollock, Wyoming, O.: hits, 59; score, 301.

The contest of ladies' teams of four, at the Single Columbia round, was won by the Walnut Hills Archery Club: hits, 232; score, 1,226.

Double York round — Robert Williams, jr., Merrie Bowmen of St. Claire, Eaton, O.: hits, 210; score, 916.

The contest for gentlemen's teams of four, at the Ohio round (ninety-six arrows at 60 yards) was won by the Highland Archers, Wyoming, O.: hits, 324; score, 1,612.

Various special prizes were given.

The eighth annual target meeting of the National Archery Association was held at Chautauqua, N. Y., August 17, 18, and 19. The winners were:

Double National round — Mrs. M. C. Howell, Cincinnati, O.: hits, 126; score, 624.

Double Columbia round — Mrs. M. C. Howell: hits, 143; score, 893.

Double York round — W. A. Clark, Cincinnati, O.: hits, 159; score, 718.

Double American round — W. A. Clark: hits, 179; score, 1,097.

Flight-shooting — Mrs. A. M. Phillips: 183 yards; and J. J. Watrous, 210 yards.

In the contest for ladies' teams of four (ninety-six arrows at 50 yards), the Highland Archers, Wyoming, Ohio, won. Hits, 167; score, 751.

In the contest for gentlemen's teams of four (ninety-six arrows at 60 yards), the Walnut Hills Archers, Cincinnati, Ohio, won: hits, 287; score, 1,245.

Various special prizes were given.

The annual target meeting of the Easton Archery Association was held in Prospect park, Brooklyn, N. Y., October 1 and 2.

The winners were the following:

Double York round — D. A. Nash: hits 165; score, 736.

Double American round — G. C. Spencer: hits, 169; score, 855.

Double National round — Mrs. D. A. Nash: hits, 91; score, 357.

Double Columbia round — Mrs. E. R. MacIlvaine: hits, 112; score, 516.

In the contest for gentlemen's teams of four (ninety-six arrows at 60 yards), the Brooklyn Archery Club won, with 348 hits and a score of 1,685.

The sixth annual meeting of the Potomac Archers was held in Washington, D. C., October 6 and 7. The winners were:

Double Columbia round — Mrs. L. W. Maxon: score, 664.

Double American round — L. W. Maxon: score, 901.

Potomac round — (twenty-four arrows at 80 yards, twenty-four at 70 yards and twenty-four at 60 yards), L. W. Maxon: score, 253.

Ohio round — (ninety-six arrows at 60 yards), L. W. Maxon: hits, 88; score, 416.

Ninety-six arrows at 40 yards for ladies — Mrs. L. W. Maxon: hits, 84; score, 410.

Unknown distance shooting: L. W. Maxon.

At the Grand National Meeting in England, held at Bath, July 28, 29 and 30, the championship was won by C. E. Vestrum, with 202 hits, and a score of 1,022, at the Double York round. Miss Legh won the ladies' championship, with 136 hits and a score of 726, at the Double National round. While the highest scores made in public in England are not much greater than in the United States, the average in the former country is very much higher than with us. At the same time, study of the detailed scores of the past season gives encouragement to the belief that before many years have passed our archers will be able to meet those of Great Britain before the targets with some hope of success. The improvement shown during the present year, and the promise of greater activity among archers in 1887, warrants this hope.

Archery in this country now finds most of its support in Ohio and in Washington, and to the bowmen of Ohio and of the District of Columbia we must look for the fulfillment of the promise of better things next year. At the national meeting at Chautauqua, in August, it was found that eastern clubs were hardly represented. Accordingly, in the hope of tempting eastern archers to compete, the association decided wisely to accept the invitation of the Potomac Archers, of Washington, to hold the next field meeting in that city on July 12, 13 and 14, 1887. The committee of arrangements consists of Messrs. W. A. Bartlett, L. W. Maxson, Fred Grant, and John T. Paret, all of Washington, and tried bowmen, all. Washington and Ohio are determined that the meeting shall be the best ever held, and a little support from the east will enable them to carry out their determination triumphantly.

The archery clubs and associations which were active during last season are:

The National Archery Association; secretary, Louis W. Maxson, Washington, D. C.

The Eastern Archery Association; secretary, J. Nelson Elliott, 160 W. Fourteenth street, New York.

Ohio State Archery Association; corresponding secretary, C. J. Strong, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Brooklyn Archery Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.; secretary, Geo. E. Steele.

New York Archery Club; secretary, J. Nelson Elliott, 160 W. Fourteenth street, New York.

Potomac Archers, Washington, D. C.; secretary, L. W. Maxson, 19, U. S. Patent office, Washington.

Richmond County Archery Club, Staten Island, N. Y.

Battle Creek Archers, Battle Creek, Mich.

Robin Hood Archers, Dayton, Ohio.

Highland Archers, Wyoming, Ohio.

Merrie Bowmen of St. Claire, Eaton, Ohio.

The Highland Park Archers, Highland Park, Lake Co., Ill.

The Walnut Hills Archers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Fairmount Archers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

It is not generally known what valuable and excellent work is done by instantaneous photography. Even cheap cameras are able to

reproduce scenes whose duration is but a small fraction of a second—the time, in a word, which is required by a shutter with a half-inch aperture acting under a strong pull to open and close a hole half an inch in diameter by passing over it. When more expensive apparatus is used the results are, of course, very much finer. Nearly every one has seen the picture of the horse in motion, a series of which was taken at Governor Stanford's stud farm in California some years ago, and which revolutionized our ideas of the manner in which a horse moves. Until very recently America has done the best work in this department of scientific research. The mechanical ingenuity required has made the subject a popular one, and there are even many amateurs who can show combs of surf, swallows, pigeons and gulls in flight, and dogs, rabbits and horses running, among their prints. Latterly, however, a German gentleman, Ottomian Anschutz, has taken up the matter and pursued it with German thoroughness.

#### AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY DURING THE PAST YEAR.

WHEN amateur photography began to develop a few years ago, many of those who were professional workers in the art predicted that it would soon die out. They had an idea that the rather sudden advances it was then making would not stand the test of time, and that its devotees would only take an interest in it for a year or two, and then, like every other new craze, it would sink into oblivion, leaving the field to the professional workers.

But the test of time has been applied and the army of amateurs still increases, while its first recruits remain true to its colors. That this is so is seen in the fact that no important city in the United States is now without its photographic society composed wholly or in part of amateur workers. New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Providence, Lowell, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Rochester, and Hartford, each has its local society, and they all are in a flourishing condition. The papers read at these societies are filled with interesting researches in the advanced fields of photographic work, and yield valuable material to several journals specially devoted to the interests of the art.

The spread of the art among amateurs has also led to the organization of camera clubs in a number of small towns, which consist of little bands of workers that cannot avail themselves of the advantages of the societies in large cities. Among these clubs we have the Highland Camera Club, of Newburgh, N. Y., and the Plymouth County Camera Club, of Brockton, Mass., both of which have been organized during the past year.

This healthy growth of amateur photographic work has caused the professional workers to see that their former predictions of its ephemeral character were without foundation. There is now growing up a more fraternal feeling between both classes of workers, and a tendency to work together for the better development of the

art and science of photography. For instance, amateur photographers exhibited a few pictures at the St. Louis Exhibition of the Photographers' Association of America, which is a strong combination of professionals; and what is more to the point, the work of a foreign amateur, Rudolph Hansa, of Germany, was considered so good that it received a medal for excellence of artistic photography.

A still further evidence of this affiliation of interests among professional and amateur photographers is seen in the reorganization of the Boston society, so as to include both classes of workers in the art. This spirit of unity of purpose is greatly to be commended; for there can be no doubt that the co-operation of amateur and professional photographers must lead to the most desirable results in the development of the artistic phases of photography. The amateur, with his leisure and love of the work, acts as a pioneer into new fields of progress, while the professional profits by these advances, and gives society at large the results attained by applying his practical experience in the direction pointed out by amateur workers. Dr. Vogel, of Germany, applied azaline, an organic coloring matter, to photographic plates, in order to copy oil paintings in their true relations of light and shade; but it took Obernetter, of Munich, and Kurtz, of New York, to apply the process practically, and now hundreds of oil and water-color pictures are reproduced in photographic monochrome, with a truth to the original hitherto unattainable. This is the result of the uniting of amateur and professional workers in photography.

Amateur photographers have also been the cause of numerous improvements in photographic apparatus. The demand for some kind of camera that would take good pictures, and at the same time not attract much attention, led to the invention of the detective camera, which is now made in the form of an ordinary hand satchel, and contains every requisite for getting a negative at a moment's notice, without the trouble of setting up the tripod, focussing, etc., as in the ordinary method of procedure. There is also a camera made that can be carried under the vest, the lens forming a button of the vest. Another ingenious device consists of an arrangement where twelve plates are placed inside the camera, and any individual plate or any quarter of it can be exposed at will, and this without removing any of the other plates. All these developments of compact and light apparatus are solely due to the demands of amateur photographers.

Amateur photography is also the means of extending good feeling between nations. During the past year an international photographic society has been organized for the exchange of transparencies and negatives between England and America. This society is in full running order, and the pictures exchanged have been a source of pleasure and profit to amateur photographers in both countries.

Such are a few of the evidences of the advance of amateur photography. The space at our disposal will not allow us to enter more into details.

We can only remark that the future promises greater wonders than the past, and the development of these is largely in the hands of the amateur.

#### BASE-BALL.

THE base-ball season of 1886 ended on Thanksgiving day, the customary closing day of the season; for though the professional clubs finished up their season's games in October, the amateurs—together with some professionals—took advantage of the fine days in November to get off a few exhibition games. From November until March next the usual interregnum will prevail, and during that period the various leagues and associations will be busily engaged in taking the annual account of stock of their respective organizations, and in estimating the profit and loss of the past season's investments; and after that they will begin to prepare for the ensuing campaign of 1887, which begins in the North and the East, in April.

In looking over the ground on which the battles of the campaign of 1886 were fought, and examining the plans and operations of the contesting forces in the National League and American Association arenas, the same blunders of club management are almost as conspicuous as if the experience of past years had taught no lessons, costly as that experience has been in a financial point of view. Drunkenness in the ranks has been tolerated as hitherto, though not to the extent it was. The "kicking" indulged in by undisciplined and badly governed teams has been given undue license, with the consequent result of disgraceful rows on the field—which invariably follow this evil. And, moreover, there has been the same amount of underhand work in the struggle of rival clubs to secure the services of noted players as before. By way of offset to these errors of club management, however, there stands out in bold and creditable relief, not only the brilliant record of exhibitions of fielding skill in the ranks, together with a few striking examples of excellence in club management; but above all stands a record for general integrity of play in the ranks of all the professional clubs of the North, East and West, which fully compensates for all the minor drawbacks of the past season's professional campaign; for while the preservation of honesty in the fraternity is the very foundation of the successful building up of the whole professional structure, the mistakes of judgment in club management only affect the financial success of the clubs immediately concerned. The only drawback to a creditable season's work in the whole professional arena last season was that a minority of the clubs of the Southern League failed to follow the creditable example of the clubs of the other sections of the country, in barring out that great curse of all sports—pool selling and pool gambling. A costly lesson has been taught them, however, and next year they will profit by it.

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THE first meeting of the Conference Committee on Playing Rules from the National League

and American Association, held in Chicago on November 15 and 16, did the best legislative work in revising the playing rules of base-ball, governing the professional fraternity, that has been accomplished since the organization of the League. For the past ten years the rules of the National League have governed the majority of the professional clubs, while since 1882 those of the American Association have been in use by a minority. But the fact of the existence of two distinct codes of playing rules governing the professional clubs, while the amateur class also frequently adopted rules different from those of either of the two leading professional associations, led to a confused condition of things which was anything but advantageous to the interests of the game at large. This past season, however, the two professional associations above named agreed to hold a conference meeting of representatives from each of the two organizations above named, for the purpose of arranging a special code of playing rules to govern all the professional clubs connected with the National Agreement, and the result was the adoption of a code of rules which promise to bring the game nearer to a perfected system of laws governing the field than had previously been formulated. The revision made by the special committee has resulted in amendments to the rules which will have the effect not only of equalizing the powers of attack and defense, as between the pitcher and the batsman more than ever before, but also of relieving the umpire from some of his most difficult duties. A summary of the letter of the new rules will be found in the Record Department.

#### CANOEING DURING 1886.

ALTHOUGH racing is not the chief aim or end of a canoe, it has played a very important part in the evolution of the canoe itself, and those who never race, and never intend to, look with interest into the results of races to determine the value of this or that point in construction, model, rig or gear. To races and published reports of the same is due, in large measure, the growing popular interest in the canoe and the many recruits to the ranks of the canoeists.

The English canoeists who came to this country with their canoes last August, attended the A. C. A. meet, and sailed in the various matches, have drawn considerable attention to the sport; and the full accounts given in the papers of the meet and races have brought to the notice of many, who up to that time were entirely ignorant, that the canoe is now a civilized boat capable of being sailed effectively.

Canoe sailing originated in England. It has been practiced here for fifteen years. The sport is almost unknown in other countries. No comparative tests of the relative merits of American and English models and methods were possible until last year, when the two sailed together for the first time.

Very little can be learned from the results of paddling races as to the best model for a canoe — so much depends on the strength of the paddler. The elements which go to make up a good model

for fast paddling are diametrically opposed to those essential to a safe and handy cruising canoe. Consequently paddling races have not become very popular; nor are the results of such races looked at with an eye to the improvement of lines. The construction of paddling-racing machines is discouraged in the clubs and the association in every legitimate way. The A. C. A. record takes into account the paddling points made by a canoe in each race, together with its sailing points, so that the best medium canoe scores the highest number of points, and extremes in build are avoided. Sailing races in which canoes of various models, rigs and weights take part — all being cruising canoes fairly easily paddled — are of great interest to all canoeists, as helping to solve the problem of the best average canoe and rig which will suit the majority of canoeists.

Two years ago the races settled for all time that the double-blade paddle was superior to the single blade, where speed was desirable. This was so strongly shown that many of the Canadians adopted the double blade who had formerly used the single blade only.

Last year some mooted points about sailing canoes were also settled, but so many new points appeared, that there seems about as much that is unknown ahead of the canoeist as there did before. The A. C. A. meet brought together the leading types of canoes and rigs — and there are many — from all parts of this country, and the best canoes that England has yet been able to produce. What was the result? The unlooked for happened. This is what a veteran English canoeist has to say about it:

"The winning canoes were all much narrower than their English opponents', and this upsets all our time allowance theories, as, under any time-scale that has yet been applied to canoe sailing, the American canoes would have had a heavy allowance to receive from the English. The wider canoes were beaten on the windward work, and in strong winds, but held their own better in running and in light winds, which is the reverse of what we expected."

The deck position of crew when sailing caused a revolution when it was introduced here in 1879. Now that the Englishmen have been beaten while adhering to their custom of lying down in the canoe when racing, it is but natural that a revolution will be the result in England.

The results of the races go to show that little or no ballast, medium-sized sails, so cut as to be most effective to windward, light center-boards, and a sharp entrance to the canoe with fine lines and clean run, are good things in their way. *Pecowsic*, the most successful canoe of 1886, is hardly the boat to suit many, and therefore it is likely that there will be many attempts to reach the speed attained by her in other ways.

Canoe sailing is really yachting in a boat, handled entirely by one man. Yachting rules govern canoe races, and the principles of sailing are the same. In one, the skipper has a crew to do the work; in the other, the skipper himself does all the work.

Decoration Day (May 30), opened the canoeing season. There were local meets on the

Hudson, the Connecticut, down East, and in Canada. July 4, the New York Canoe Club held trial races to select contestants for the International Cup Races. The Western Canoes Association held their second annual meet at Ballast Island, Lake Erie, in the latter part of July. It was a greater success even than the one the previous year, and many new men attended only to go home and spread the canoe fever.

The American Canoe Association meet in August was by far the most important one ever held. A larger number of canoes were entered, and unusual interest was created by the presence of the two English visitors and the Trophy Sailing Race. The business meeting had the revised constitution to pass upon, and the questions of divisions to discuss. The association was formally divided into Eastern and Central divisions, with separate officers for each, under one general commodore and secretary. Other divisions will be formed from year to year, and the usefulness of the A. C. A. enlarged.

#### CRICKET IN 1886.

THE season of 1886 has been an exceedingly active one among our cricketers, and it is gratifying to note the growth of the interest in the game in many places where it has hitherto been rather languid. In the East, the Longwood Club, of Boston, has quite kept up its reputation in a long list of matches, and there have been more matches played throughout New England than formerly. The establishment of the Staten Island Club on its own ground has secured a permanent footing for cricket in the metropolis, which it has heretofore lacked, and it is to be hoped that this large organization will, in the future, by the development of junior talent, contribute materially to the ranks of native American cricketers.

The first visit of an English team to Baltimore marks an epoch in the history of the game in that city, and though the local team were badly beaten even with the advantage of the numerical odds granted them, the exhibition given by the visitors must have been very instructive to the rising generation. In the West there seems to be no material change in the status of the game, and we regret to say that it has not been taken up to any great extent by the colleges, other than those where it has been long established, where the game is played as earnestly as ever. Philadelphia is essentially the home of cricket in the United States, and in that city a number of very promising young players have sprung into prominence during the season just closed, while the players of already established reputation have in many cases shown further improvement. The Halifax Cup was this year won by the Germantown Club in an unbroken series of victories; but three clubs competed, and of these the Young America and Belmont were on all occasions badly worsted by the young eleven of the Germantown, who, with the exception of their veteran captain, were mostly fresh from the junior list of the club. The performance of George S. Patterson, who topped the century three times during the season, and led in the

batting averages against the English gentlemen, surpasses anything yet done by American cricketers, and the correctness and carefulness of his play stamp him as the greatest run-getter that has yet appeared on this side of the Atlantic. A very useful, fast bowler has appeared in the person of Mr. W. J. Duhring, the winner of the individual bowling prize for the year. It is very much to be regretted that domestic affliction prevented his appearance in the matches against the English Gentlemen, where his merits would have been severely tested, and in both of which fast bowling was badly needed. The season was a very active one with all the clubs of Philadelphia, and in nearly all of them a large proportion of the best playing was by very young men. The ex-champions, the Young America Club, appeared in the worst light in this respect, their policy for some years past having been to keep up the reputation of the club by retaining old and tried players on the first eleven rather than by developing the talent of the younger members; and the retirement of some of the veterans, during the past season, weakened the eleven materially, while as yet there does not appear to be enough first-class young talent to fill the vacancies. To the great disappointment of many cricketers, especially in Philadelphia, all of the great international matches in which the local players appeared, resulted in defeats, as did the Gentlemen *v.* Players' match as well. The first of the two matches against the English Gentlemen at Nicetown, was certainly a very one-sided affair; the second was a very creditable defeat. While we do not admit the principle of being beaten before the beginning of a match, it is an undoubted fact that we have no reason for expecting to win from such a team as accompanied Mr. Sanders last September. They could probably have beaten the amateur elevens of nearly every county in England, and with a few changes could have played very fairly as the Gentlemen of England. Had the fielding of the Gentlemen of Philadelphia been as good as it should have been, the matches would have been closer. In the Gentlemen *v.* Players' match a very fairly representative eleven of amateurs were badly beaten by what was certainly a good professional team; but from the poor display made by the Gentlemen in batting, it looked very like a "rot." The Canada *v.* United States' match, played on the grounds of the Seabright Club, was won by Canada for the third time in as many years. Whether a series of local successes have made the prominent American amateurs over-confident in winning matches, and correspondingly prone to panic in defeat, it is an undoubted fact that their play, with few exceptions, in international contests during the past season, has not been equal to their club records. Even after making allowance for the difference of circumstances, whether this falling off is due to a want of "team" practice or to faulty management, it is not our province to discuss; but it is undoubtedly true that in all of the prominent international matches there has not been kept up the high standard of play which the undoubted merits of the

individual players have led the cricketing public to expect. The visit of a team of West Indian cricketers to Canada and the United States was a very pleasant feature of the season, and though as players the genial Islanders were not strong enough to win from our best local teams, their matches were very enjoyable, and they left hosts of friends behind them when they sailed for home. An American eleven visiting Jamaica, the Windward Islands and Demerara, during the winter season, would get lots of cricket and a very enjoyable trip beside. Why cannot some enterprising enthusiast recruit an eleven to return the visit of our West Indian friends during the present winter?

### CYCLING.

#### A CONSIDERATION OF THE PRESENT AND FUTURE CONDITIONS OF THE SPORT.

DESPITE the fact that, compared with England, cycling in America is in its infancy, there is scarcely a branch of the trade or sport in which the representatives on this side of the water do not excel. On the track, on the road, indoor and outdoor, the development of the sport in the United States has been simply marvelous. In manufacture, too, the home productions are rapidly and surely coming to the front, and it is only a question of time when they will outstrip those of foreign competitors. Even now the American racing machine holds all of the world's records, amateur and professional, for the American promateur, though classed separately here, is in England a professional. Our racing tricycle, new last season, jumps immediately to the front, and the Star, the American safety, has an unrivaled record for speed and stanchness. The phenomenal character of the work of American riders has fairly caused the Englishmen to hold their breath, and as soon as they had recovered their senses, to cry foul. This has been without avail, however as the performances that caused such intense surprise and so great excitement last season, have not only been equaled, but exceeded.

The work of the past season has, however, been far from satisfactory. This has been due to that hybrid—the promateur, who was nothing if not a full-fledged professional. Not only was the position of the League laughable in the matter, but it was ridiculous. The L. A. W. and A. C. U. to begin with, recognized each other. The L. A. W. pronounced the maker's amateurs professionals, yet recognized the promateur of the A. C. U., while the latter did not class this stripe of rider with the professional. What need was there for the League to recognize the Union? None at all. And again, what need for the Union? None at all. The League, in recognizing the Union, abandoned none of its jurisdiction. It was literally dictated to. The promateur races during the season were an entire failure. In the first place, they were too few racing men of this stripe to make contests at all interesting; and again the result of every race was plainly foreshadowed. Everybody knew before a race was started that it would go either to Rowe or Hendee. The L. A. W.

looked upon these men as professionals; the A. C. U. regarded them as amateurs; the public and press knew that they were professionals, pure and simple, and branded them as such. These men were professionals of the most pronounced type, more so than Wood, Woodside, Howell, Frazier and Crocker. Bicycle racing was their business, their bread and butter, their constant occupation. They were paid for their services in riding, and then received prizes besides. Why were they not given money prizes? Yet these very men felt a delicacy about being classed with professionals. Sensitive creatures!

There is little room for wonder that that class was so small. Almost every member who went into it was driven there, and did not go of his own free will and accord.

There was nothing to induce riders to enter the promateur territory, for men like Hendee and Rowe frightened them away. It is very laughable to recur to the driving out of Crocker, the best promateur tricycle rider, into the professional ranks. One may well feel pleased that this side show, this mockery is over. Everybody is sick of it—the men themselves, the public, and most of all the manufacturers. The latter are free to confess and acknowledge that the maker's amateur was a very costly investment for them. In the few months, nay, in the few weeks before the opening of the racing season, a splendid crop of amateurs sprung up, and from the first tournament to the last, they gave splendid exhibitions of fair, square, pure racing. What a relief it was to see this fresh, young, and ambitious blood engaging in real competitions for the honor and glory and satisfaction of winning, while the paid promateurs raced for business, for their employers, and for money. Why, the very word "promateur" is a misnomer. It has more of the "amateur" than "professional" in it, and it was simply another word for professional—nothing more and nothing less. In the amateur field, there were Foster, Rich, Gaskell, De Blois, Kavanaugh, and Crist,—and a more evenly matched field never started in a race. Yet in almost every meeting the inducements offered amateurs were far inferior to those offered promateurs, both as regards the number of races, or the number and value of the prizes. Of course, every one knows that the A. C. U. was a promateur organization, and its work was done nobly, for the promateurs got about all there was to be secured. The league looked on complacently, while the chief of its racing board supervised the principal tournaments of the rival organization. It was a peculiar piece of patchwork. Noticeable this season was the absence of the old enthusiasm, the lack of interest of cycle riders in general, and diminished attendances. Almost every meeting was a financial failure. Doubtless this was in a great measure due to the unsatisfactory feeling that pervaded cycling circles. But it was well shown that Rowe and Hendee were not indispensable to cycle tournaments, and that had there been no promateur races the season would have met with fully as much success as it did. Had Rowe, Hendee, and the other promateurs started in with



the professional class, where they belonged at the beginning of the season, they would have strengthened that class so much that the races would have been the fastest and the best that the world has ever seen. Fancy Rowe, Wood, Woodside, Hendee, Frazier, Crocker, Neilson in one race. England, with all its racing men and years of experience, cannot show a galaxy of talent, or even approach. The professionals received a welcome accession when young Horace Crocker was unceremoniously thrust out of the promateur field. The addition of one man greatly increased the interest in the professional races. As a promateur he was comparatively nobody, a foil to Rowe and Hendee; as a professional he became a star of the first water, and made a world-wide reputation. One would think to look back at the last campaign in cycling that a stigma attached to the name "professional," but not the stigma that attaches to the man who sails under false colors, who is paid for his services, and tries to palm himself off as an amateur. There were amateurs, too, last season, who played the part of hypocrites and were paid for their services. The manufacturers have been encouraging the payment of amateurs for many months, thereby greatly injuring the sport; for what young man who races for the fun, the excitement and the fame he gets, can compete with men like Rowe and Hendee, who are enabled to think and to dream of nothing but racing, whose time is their own, and who have no cares to trouble them, whose muscles are like bars of steel, and whose physical condition is simply perfect. Your amateur who is actively engaged in business, has hard work to find time to get into moderately good trim, and naturally racing by amateurs is discouraged.

To examine another phase of this interesting question. Doubtless the absence of the English riders deprived the tournaments held in this country during the past season of much of their excitement. The wonderful results of the season of 1885 put the public on the *qui vive* for great sport, but the racing was almost entirely devoid of international character. Not an amateur was here to compete, and but one professional, for James was in no condition to do himself justice. That this state of things was largely due to the inconsistency of the L. A. W. cannot be gainsaid. While approving all that the A. C. U. did on this side of the water, and allowing it practically to control the racing interests of the season, it drew the line at the English maker's amateurs. The A. C. U. made every effort to have these riders visit our shores, but the L. A. W. would not allow these men to race until they would sign certain certificates to prove their amateur status. Had the L. A. W. any right to do this? Not if it had confidence in the National Cyclists' Union of England. The L. A. W. is supposed to recognize the N. C. U., and clearly had no right to go behind the finding of that body. If the N. C. U. sent its amateurs to this country, and was recognized by the L. A. W., clearly the latter body had no option but to accept these men as genuine amateurs. Had this been done, matters would have progressed more smoothly

than was the case during the season. These men should have been allowed to come over with L. A. W. sanction, or the L. A. W. should have ruptured its connection with the N. C. U. Clearly the League ought to make less blunders hereafter, and one of the most necessary matters to attend to during the winter should be the arrival at an understanding with the N. C. U., so that harmony on all points may be secured during the racing season. This maker's amateur business has been definitely settled here, and ought to be, in England. There is the greatest need for unanimity on these points, for cycle racing has proven to be largely international in character, and will be more so next season than ever. In 1887, America's best riders will visit England, and doubtless the best talent of both Great Britain and France will be seen in the fall tournaments. There should be no room left for blunders hereafter. The cycle interests have been growing so largely, and such immense sums are involved, the tournaments have increased so much in number, that the league should strive to aid racing as much as possible, instead of placing obstacles in its path. Many a cycle rider has been infused with his first love for the sport by attendance at a race meeting.

There is no sport to-day that enjoys the reputation of cycle racing. It is clean, pure, and exhilarating, full of excitement for both ladies and gentlemen. It is a sport that does not require the support of the pool box or the gambling element for its sustenance, and commands the support of the finest class of patronage. The people who have flocked to the races in Springfield, Hartford, Lynn and Roseville, are the flower of our citizens. Take the cycle clubs, too, that form the backbone of tournaments — they comprise a set of young men who have no superiors, mentally and physically. A proof of the estimation in which the sport is held is the space that is given to it in the press, some papers giving to it columns weekly, while no outdoor interest possesses more of its own literature. Club houses are springing up all over the country, and attractive and fine architectural edifices they are, ornaments to the cities they embellish, and rare tokens of the immortality of cycling! The army of riders is rapidly swelling in numbers, and the recognition of the cycle as a means of health as well as of pleasure is becoming more and more acknowledged. The League of American Wheelmen has a membership of over 10,000 wheelmen, and it can be safely said that there are over 50,000 riders in the country. The prospect for an immense increase in riders and racing men for next season is excellent. The dealers feel greatly encouraged with the outlook, and expect one of the most prosperous of seasons in 1887. Every lover of cycling will wish all concerned the best of luck for 1887, and join in the hope that in every respect it will be another great record year, not only for the United States, but for cycling Christendom.

#### FISHING.

FOR many years past complaints have been made at all the great striped-bass fishing clubs

of the recession of the fish from their shores, and the rapid diminution of their catch from year to year.

A few figures will make the extent of this falling off better understood.

At the Cuttyhunk Club there were caught in

| YEAR | LBS. STRIPED BASS. |
|------|--------------------|
| 1876 | 5,862              |
| 1877 | 3,311              |
| 1878 | 5,444              |
| 1879 | 4,841              |
| 1880 | 3,619              |
| 1881 | 1,784              |
| 1882 | 2,026              |

We have not the figures for 1883, '84, '85, but they show the same rapid decrease until in 1886 the total catch of the club amounted to but 66 pounds! The same story comes from Pasque Island, West Island, Point Judith, Narragansett Pier, Newport, Block Island and Montauk Point. At all of these places, famous for the scores which have been made in past years, the catch has been reduced to a point which seems infinitesimal when compared with former records.

These questions will arise at once: What is the cause of this, and what shall be its remedy?

Many reasons have been assigned. Some have claimed that the netting of menhaden on our sea-coast has deprived the bass of their natural food, and has thus tended to their extinction unmindful, or perhaps regardless of the fact that the highest authorities both in America and England have asserted that the herring tribe, which includes the menhaden, are so prolific and plentiful, that man is but an unimportant factor in their destruction.

Others, perhaps with more reason, attribute it to the fact that so many large gravid females with their abdomens distended with eggs, are to be found in the fish-markets of all our great cities in the winter and early spring, when they are about to spawn. If Dr. Blanding is right in his statement that the female bass contains 2,248,000 eggs, it will be seen that this is killing the golden goose with a vengeance. Possibly neither of these reasons is the correct one.

Captain John Smith, in 1631, tells of their having taken "a thousand *Bayses* at a draught."

Thomas Morton, in 1632, speaks of having "*seene* stopped into the river close adjoining my 'howse' with a sand (seine?) at one tide so many as will load a ship of one hundred tonnes."

Another writes, about the same date, of their being so packed in a river that he thought he could have walked across on their backs dryshod.

Unless these worthy gentlemen were mistaken in the fish, the diminution must have been going on for more than two centuries; but however that may be, it seems plain that unless we wish our finest game, salt-water fish, to sink to the level of the cod and haddock, only to be caught with the seine as so much "meat," some effort must be made toward its protection. Why not have a close season during the spawn-ing period?

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THE fourteenth report (biennial) of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New York comprises reports from the superintendents of the

different hatcheries of the State. Seth Green, from Caledonia; Fred Mather, from Cold Spring Harbor; Frederick A. Walters, from the Adirondack region, and M. B. Hill, from Clayton. These are all interesting as showing the effective work being done by the State officials in stocking its waters with food fishes.

It appears that since the year 1870, exclusive of 1886, over 103,000,000 of fishes have been distributed for this purpose at the cost of one quarter of a cent for each fish produced. In computing this cost the commissioners have included in the expenditures, real estate buildings, and other permanent appliances which will last for many years. Deducting these, the cost of the fish would be very much reduced. The present commissioners are Robert B. Roosevelt, Richard U. Sherman, Eugene G. Blackford and Wm. H. Bowman.

### THE FOOT-BALL SEASON OF 1886.

NO season since the introduction of English foot-ball into the United States, has seen so many teams and such excellent work as the one just finished. The game has extended so rapidly that it is hard to estimate how many teams there have been actually playing together regularly throughout the foot-ball months, but almost every college and nearly all preparatory schools have had representatives in the field. The American Intercollegiate Association, embracing the teams of Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Wesleyan and Yale, is the strongest association, and is the one upon which all the others rely for rule and precedent. This association meets annually for the purpose of rule-making, and it has in its power the directing of all the playing during the entire season by the action it takes upon the rules. We regret that this association has by a hot-headed dissension toward the end of the season, greatly marred its own standing, and detracted from the popular favor which the game was acquiring. Up to the week preceding Thanksgiving all the games had been going on better than ever before. Harvard had put into the field an unusually strong and well-trained team in spite of her enforced absence from last year's contests. Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania were both playing well, although not able to hold their own with the larger universities, where there were more men to select from, and better men to practice against. Princeton and Yale were hard at work, and were reaching a higher point in the strategic points than had ever been dreamed of a few years ago. At this time began an unseemly quarrel between these two teams regarding the place of the game and the referee. A little concession at this time by either team would have averted all the trouble, but instead, they kept entrenching themselves more strongly, each in its own way of thinking, until it looked as if no game would be played. A few days before Thanksgiving, graduates of the two colleges attempted to patch up matters. Princeton refused to yield an inch; but Yale submitted her affairs to her graduates, to settle as they thought best. Eventually they met Princeton's delegates, and

finding that they would only play on their own grounds, and with their own referee, at last, rather than have the game fall through, consented to all demands. The Yale team adhered to everything pledged for them by their graduates, and went to Princeton, where they were met with still another change on the part of Princeton, who did not have the referee agreed upon on the grounds, but were anxious to substitute another man. Yale refusing any further concession, the referee formerly agreed upon was produced, and the game played. Toward the end of the game, the crowd rushed into the field and stopped the game, the score standing Yale 4, and Princeton 0. At the convention held on the following Saturday, the association put forth the following:

"As a convention, we avoid the award of the official championship; but be it

*"Resolved"*—That according to points made, Yale should have won the championship."

This half-way manner of settling a championship is only productive of further dissension, and gives plenty of ground to the press and the public for ridiculing the association. Playing the game in Princeton has accomplished one good result, and that is, it has fully demonstrated the folly of attempting to have any such contest take place where there can be neither comfort for spectators, nor any assurance of playing-room for the contestants. Five thousand people were willing to put up with all sorts of personal discomfort to see the game, but when they returned after witnessing the spectacle of a team saved from defeat by stopping the game, they were justly disgusted with the whole affair.

The Harvard-Princeton game and the Yale-Harvard game were both well-played, and eminently satisfactory to the large audiences which witnessed them.

The lesser games, as a whole, were much better than they have ever been before, and brought out many new players.

The rules were carried out in their full spirit, with one exception, namely, that bearing upon interference. Last year there was some of this practice, but not enough to indicate the glaring faults which has this year been thoroughly impressed upon all players. There is a rule which says: "No player shall interfere with or obstruct an opponent, unless he has the ball." Last season many of the teams indulged in the practice of "pocketing" men in the rusher line, and so opening a place for their runner to come through. Further than this, there was not much interference. But this season they went a good many steps farther, and instead of getting in the way of a man who would have a fair chance to tackle the runner, almost the entire line of rushers would deliberately put their arms around their opponents, and not only hold them, but oftentimes drag them out of the runner's way. This course has brought back a return of the old days of ill-temper, and we regret to say, sometimes blows, for no man likes to be held under these circumstances, and feeling that it is unfair, he proceeds at once to redress his own wrongs. All this trouble will be effectually stopped by placing a

severe penalty upon any infringement of the interference rule. If the convention will enact that points be given to the opponents for every case of interference, the whole thing will be done away with.

One other point will come up before this convention, and that is the question of referees. Many different plans have been tried, but none of them have met with anything like assured success. They may work well one year, but they fall through the next. Originally, the captains of the various association teams acted as referees in the association games, but this plan not giving general satisfaction, it happened that other men than captains would be taken by mutual consent. Now it seems even this mutual consent is in a fair way to yield to the most unsatisfactory system of all, namely, alternate choice. Were strict impartiality the only thing necessary in a referee the matter of selection would not be a difficult one; but unfortunately other characteristics beside fairness are necessary, and to crown all, he must be an adept in the interpretation of rules. He must have sufficient force of character to prevent wrangling, and he must have enough regard for the game itself to render his decisions in accordance with the spirit as well as the letter of the rules. The records of the teams outside the Intercollegiate Association will be found in the proper place.

#### THE HORSE.

##### REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON OF 1886.

THE racing season of 1886, as far as the runners are concerned, was a remarkable one in several respects. Students of "Goodwin's Guide" in years hence will be apt to call it an "in and out" year, and they certainly will not be very wrong. Not that it was an "in and out" year from a corrupt standpoint, but that the work asked of both two and three-year-olds was such that none, with the exception of the two-year-old Tremont (Virgil-Ann Fief) were able to run up to the form first exhibited; and even in the case of Tremont, after winning thirteen races straight, the Dwyer Brothers deemed it advisable to retire him for the season, Tremont running his last race, the Junior Champion Stakes at Monmouth Park, on August 7. Of the two-year-olds seen in the West, the fillies seem to be the best, for of thirty-eight stakes for two-year-olds run at Memphis, Nashville, Lexington, Louisville, Latonia, St. Louis and Chicago, including spring and autumn meetings, sixteen of them were won by fillies and twenty-two by colts. Of the sixteen races won by the fillies seven of them were races open for both sexes, and in which colts competed. The most successful of the fillies were Jennie Treacy and Wary. The former went early amiss, and did but little after the meeting at St. Louis in June, while Wary not only won at Lexington in May, but was also a winner at Louisville and Lexington in the autumn. Of the colts, Poteen did well at the spring meetings, but failed in the autumn. The most pronounced successes in the autumn were Terra Cotta and Goliah, neither of which were successful in the spring.

In the East, including the meetings at Washington, Baltimore, New York and vicinity, Monmouth Park and Saratoga, the fillies fully held their own, especially at the autumn meetings. There were in all fifty-five races run exclusively for two-year-olds, of which thirty-four were won by colts and twenty-one by fillies. Of the thirty-four won by colts Tremont alone won thirteen. The others were won as follows: King Fox, Young Luke, and Hanover three each; Kingston two, with Paymaster, Belvedere, Laggard, Milton, Matins, Nat Goodwin, Daly Oak, Raymond, and Laredo one each. Of the races won by the fillies (and they were, with two or three exceptions, open stakes for colts and fillies), Conemara won five, Bessie June four, Grissette three, Firenzi two, with one each by La Juive, Austrian, Santa Rita, Lady Primrose, Agnes, Lizzie Krepps and Louise. No possible mention can be made of the many purse and over-night stakes run by two-year-olds. The fixed stakes alone show the immense amount of work done by two-year-olds, without taking into consideration the wear and tear of travel. It is often said, and as nearly frequently asked, cannot something be done to regulate the racing of two-year-olds? There is but one answer. No! This is a free country and owners and racing associations can do as they like, except in the matter of betting. There is no Jockey Club to order otherwise, and if there was its mandates could not be enforced. Ask Messrs. Kelly & Bliss, Cridge & Co., or any proprietor of the large western betting houses, as to what class of racing brings the best betting, and they will say the two-year-old races. When mutuels were sold at Sheephead bay, a thousand or more tickets would be sold on a race for two-year-olds than any other. There certainly ought to be some restriction, but as long as the English Jockey Club sanction two-year-old racing in March, there will be no change in the United States. The French system of not running two-year-olds until August 1 is certainly a wise provision.

As to the three-year-olds, the running by them, both East and West, was just as "in and out" as by two-year-olds. A majority of those who won the honors at the Spring meetings took but few in the Autumn, with the exception of The Bard (Longfellow-Bradamante), who, in winning eleven out of seventeen races, is proof that he is one of the best horses ever bred in this country. For on more than one occasion when beaten it was due to the inability of the rider to compel him to do his best, for with Hayward in the saddle he has never been beaten, while in constitution The Bard equals anything heretofore known, he standing constant training with little or no let up from the middle of May to the last days in October. In connection with which due credit must be given to the skill and patience of Mr. Cassatt's trainer, John Huggins. Here in the East the three-year-old fillies held their own as against the colts. There were in all fifty-four three-year-old stakes run, beginning with the May meeting at Washington, and ending at the

same place in October, which were won by twenty-eight different horses, viz.: fifteen colts and thirteen fillies. For the colts, The Bard won ten races (he also won a stake for all ages); Inspector B won seven; Eurus, Peekskill, and Elkwood, two each; Rock and Rye, Walter H., Dry Monopole, Ban Fox, Winfred, Linden, Solid Silver, O'Fallon, Jim Gray, and Blue Wing, one each. For the fillies, Dew Drop won six; Millie, Mollie McCarty's Last, and Bandala two each; Bess, Letretia, Biggonette, Charity, Feron, Calera, Guenn, Preciosa, and Ada D. one each. In the West the colts predominated with Montana Regent (Regent-Christine) taking the honors. There were thirty-eight stakes in all run, of which sixteen colts won twenty-nine, viz.: Montana Regent five; Jim Gray and Ben Ali three each; Free Knight, Blue Wing, Masterpiece, Silver Cloud and Sir Joseph two each; Brookful, Kirkman, Grimaldi, Boaz, The Bourbon, Ed Corrigan, Solid Silver and Bob Fisher one each, the remaining nine stakes being divided among six fillies, of which Kaloolah won three; Pure Rye, one; Red Girl, Estrella, Emma Johnson, and Sis Himyar won one each. No further analysis can be made in so small a space assigned to the running horse in 1886, and all that can be said of the all-aged events is that many of them fell to such horses as Miss Woodford, Volante, Barnum, Lucky B., Tyrant, Modesty, Troubadour, Pontiac, Exile, Rupert, Tom Martin, Little Minch, Lizzie Dwyer, Bonanza, Royal Arch, Jim Douglas, Favor, and others.

In some quarters it is being argued that there is entirely too much racing, and that something must be done to restrict it. The claim of too much racing is true. But from whence shall come the remedy? If Governor Hill could be induced to address a message to the Legislature on the subject, there might be a remedy by passing a bill restricting racing to thirty days on any one race-track (excepting tracks owned or leased by *bona fide* Agricultural and Mechanical Fair Associations). At the same time legalize betting on such tracks on races then in progress. Such a bill would meet the requirements and do away with the scandal of a law enforced to the letter at Jerome Park, and violated on nearly every other racing property in the State.

Incomplete as this review is, something must be said of the thoroughbred sales of the year, those by Mr. Pierre Lorillard at Rancocas being among the sensations. The first, at which horses in training were sold on the last Saturday in February, was marked by phenomenal prices, when twenty-seven head sold for a total of \$149,050, of which the Dwyer Brothers paid \$29,000 for Dew-Drop, \$17,500 for Pontiac, \$13,000 for Winfred, \$8,000 for Pontico, and \$2,500 for Daruna. Late in the Autumn Mr. Lorillard announced his intention to retire entirely from the turf, and on October 15 he sold the entire breeding establishment, which included five stallions and seventy-eight mares, the total of the sale amounting to \$1,428,950. Iroquois, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1881, selling for \$20,000 to Gen. W. H. Jackson, of the Belle Meade Farm, near Nashville,

Tenn. His principal opponent was Mr. D. D. Withers, who bid \$17,500 for English parties, and who subsequently bought the famous French stallion Mortemer for himself for \$2,500. Of the mares, Mr. L. A. Ehlers, acting for Mr. W. Astor, paid \$4,700 for Aranza; A. F. Walcott acting for J. B. Haggin, paid \$4,010 for Explosion, the dam of Dew-Drop, who also bought Florence, the dam of Hindoo, for \$4,060, and Vandalite, the first winner of the Dixie and Breckenridge stakes, for \$4,000. Although extraordinary prices were paid for Mr. Lorillard's horses in training, it cannot be said that the prices were sustained at the annual sales of yearlings held in Tennessee, Kentucky and New York—the sale of Mr. Lorillard's youngsters being the greatest failure of the lot.

#### ICE-YACHTING, 1885-6.

IN the latitude of New York the season for ice-yachting nominally begins with December, and ends with March, but Christmas and New Year often pass without a chance for the Hudson flyers to stretch their canvas. This was the case during the season of 1885-6. The river froze over during December, but the ice broke up again before the end of the month, and it was not until near the end of the first week in the year that new ice formed on the Poughkeepsie section of the river. By January 10, all the yachtsmen had high hopes, for the river seldom freezes with more alluring promise of good sport. On the 14th, the ice was all that could be desired. The weather was superb; everybody that could beg, borrow, buy or steal a pair of skates was enjoying the finest of sport, and everybody that could beg, buy or borrow—they are rather large to steal!—an ice yacht, laboriously shoved her by hand out into mid-stream in the early morning, and late in the afternoon shoved her laboriously home again. Not a breath of air sufficient to move an ice-yacht swept the mirror-like surface. The big white sails stood flat as boards, and the disconsolate owners skated about or sat upon the timbers of their inert craft, gracefully cultivating the Christian virtue of patience. For several days this sort of thing continued, until patience was voted no longer a virtue; and then there came snows, and rains, and thaws, and it was not until February 2 that the Hudson River clubs had a rattling good day for racing.

In the meantime the North Shrewsbury Club, at Red Bank, N. J., had fared somewhat better. The season opened with the race for the commodore's pennant on January 18. The course was the regular triangular club course of fifteen miles. There were six starters, and the *Grover Cleveland* won, with *Dreadnought* second. The ice was in rather poor condition for fast time. January 20th saw favorable conditions, but no wind, and although there were eight starters in a race, it had to be declared "off" for lack of wind. On January 24 a snow-storm put a stop to further sailing, and Mr. James B. Weaver, owner of the acknowledged champion of the Shrewsbury, shipped his big lateen-rigged *Scud* to Poughkeepsie to compete

for the Challenge Pennant with the Hudson River flyers.

By this time the conditions had changed—there was wind enough, but the ice was poor, and it was not till the date mentioned (February 2), that there was really good sailing. Then there came a gale from the south-west, and two inches of snow on the ice. The Carthage Ice boat Club called its annual regatta, but the fifteen-mile course could not be covered within the time limit of an hour, so the contest was declared off. The wind freshened to a gale in the afternoon, and the race was again called, but the two rival champions, the *Van Voorhes* and the *Mischief*, both came to grief in a heavy squall. There were numerous exciting scrub-races all along the river.

On February 6, all the aspirants for the Challenge pennant, rendezvoused at Blue Point, but the wind refused to blow, and a postponement was ordered. The day was signalized, however, by *Fairy* and *Snowflake*, who broke through the ice and treated their respective owners to ice-water baths.

On February 8, the New Hamburg Club held its annual regatta in a gale from the south-west. Mr. Irving Grinnell's big new cat-rigged *Flying Cloud* was entered for this race, with *Zero* and *Quickstep*. The two first were hopelessly wrecked by the gale, *Zero* carrying away her jib-traveler, and *Flying Cloud* losing her spars in a heavy squall. *Quickstep* won, making the course, 15 miles, in 33m. As half of this was windward work, the total distance was probably twenty-five miles. Other races followed, the wind holding good, but the ice softening.

Several of the large boats, including *Scud*, had at this time given up all hope, and had gone out of commission. The race for the challenge pennant had to be postponed for the season. Winter, however, had his own notions as to the proper limits of the season. February 24 saw the ice in fine condition at Hyde Park, and a gale from the north-west necessitated double-reefs. *Snowflake* and *Ariel* improved the opportunity to spill their crews overboard and run away, but both were captured before doing any damage. February 27 probably afforded the most exciting sport ever experienced by ice-yachtsmen. In New York the signal office registered a wind velocity of 50 to 54 miles an hour, and at Hyde Park it was probably quite as strong. A number of races were sailed, and a mile a minute was repeatedly made over measured distances. *St. Nicholas* and *Jack Frost* had a 12-mile spin (half to windward), the latter winning in 24m. Just after this a heavy flaw struck *Jack Frost*, and threw Mr. Archibald Rogers, her owner, overboard. He caught the end of the boom, however, and pluckily held on while the yacht ran away. At length she turned suddenly, shook herself free, and was off again. Hundreds of skaters were on the ice, including many ladies, and here was this erratic meteor dashing about whither she would at 50 or 60 miles an hour. That no one was killed, or even injured, is almost a miracle, for at last the runaway headed straight for the club house, missed

two anchored yachts by a hand's-breadth, and dashed full tilt against a solid rock, splintering her heavy bowsprit and center-timber into kindling wood, and of course, becoming a total wreck in a twinkling. She has been reconstructed by Mr. Buckhout, the favorite Poughkeepsie builder, and is now again ready for service. The fine yachting weather continued during the first week in March, and if only the large boats had remained in commission, the Challenge Pennant might have changed hands. It is now held by Dr. J. C. Barron's *Northern Light*, which won it from *Hase*, in 1885.

All over the Northern States and Canada, wherever there is a large enough water-surface, ice-yachts are building. The widest part of Lake Champlain, opposite Burlington, does not usually freeze until after the heaviest snowfall is over, and it therefore affords wonderfully fine sailing ground. Last winter, during the carnival at Burlington, a circular course of twelve miles was staked out on clear ice, and there was a fine opportunity to test a number of new yachts. Some of the Vermont yachtsmen have been inspecting the Hudson River system of building, and, no doubt, the present winter will see a considerable increase in the Champlain fleet.

Secretaries of clubs, new or old, are requested to forward full lists of yachts and members at the earliest opportunity. Descriptions of new rigs and other devices are always acceptable, also club-signals, with names and dimensions of yachts.

#### THE LACROSSE SEASON OF 1886.

THE season of 1886 has been the most successful one that has yet fallen to the lot of the game of lacrosse in the United States. The promising signs, in the order of their importance, to be noted are, the growth of junior clubs in number and efficiency; the increased rivalry between the senior clubs; the international visits, Ireland to the United States and Canada, New York to Canada, Toronto and Indian teams to the United States, and, lastly, the removal of the championship from the distant West to the East, where it will be more constantly an object of sharp competition.

It is always difficult to ascertain the number of juniors who take part in any game. They form clubs among themselves, and the knowledge of their existence is almost limited by the boundaries of the town in which they play. But an inquiry among dealers in lacrosse goods reveals the fact that the number of boys that are playing the game is very large, and is constantly increasing. Unlike any other game that the writer knows of, if the size of the implements bought and used is known, then the height of the players is known. Almost every player wields a stick that reaches from the ground to his armpit. If we can judge by the reports gathered from dealers, then the future of the game is an assured fact; for if the junior teams are many and strong, the game will long outlast the present generation, and will grow in favor yearly.

The rivalry among senior clubs was never as great as it has been this season. The Oelrich Cup Tournament, last spring, emphasized this fact. The long journey that the New York club undertook to St. Paul, to obtain the championship, is a further illustration of it. The rivalry has once or twice, during the summer, expressed itself in very unpleasant words and deeds. Clubs have not been as tender of each other's feelings, mental and physical, as true sportsmen should be. There was hot blood in the championship game in St. Paul, and we read of exceedingly rough play in the games in Boston between local clubs. The college games have been entirely free from it. How this evil is to be wholly remedied is a difficult question. Several times the National Association have disqualified players because of rough play; once they disqualified an entire club. Perhaps such action does some good. But the real remedy lies with the referees. They should be carefully chosen, and fearless in enforcing fair play. Rough play is as yet a rare exception in the United States, and we do not believe that it is to become less of an exception. The movement seems to be in the right direction among all the clubs of the better class.

Four championships have been contested by the senior clubs during the year.

THE OELRICHS' CUP TOURNAMENT, played May 22 and June 5, was won by New York; the other contestants being Princeton, Stevens' Institute, New York University, the Druids of Baltimore, and the South Boston Club.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP was won by Harvard, the games resulting as follows:

|                 | Harvard. | Princeton. | N. Y. Univ. | Stevens. | Won. |
|-----------------|----------|------------|-------------|----------|------|
| Harvard .....   | —        | 1          | 1           | 1        | 3    |
| Princeton ..... | 0        | —          | 1           | 1        | 2    |
| N. Y. Univ..... | 0        | 0          | —           | 1        | 1    |
| Stevens .....   | 0        | 0          | 0           | —        | 0    |
| Lost.....       | 0        | 1          | 2           | 3        | —    |

The schedule of the CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES OF THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION is as follows:

|                   | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. |
|-------------------|------|-------|--------|
| South Boston..... | 7    | 1     | 1      |
| Independents..... | 7    | 1     | 1      |
| Cambridge.....    | 3    | 4     | 0      |
| Bostons .....     | 1    | 6     | 0      |
| Weymouths.....    | 0    | 6     | 0      |

The tie between the South Bostons and the Independents was to have been played off on Thanksgiving Day. The latter team appeared

on the grounds shortly after the referee had awarded the game to the South Bostons by default. No game was played, and the championship is claimed by both clubs.

THE UNITED STATES CHAMPIONSHIP has been contested by clubs upon the lacrosse field, and by others upon paper, in the council of the association. The New York Club went to St. Paul, in July, and played the holders of the Westchester Cup, the emblem of the championship, and won the game by a score of 3 to 1. The Calumet Club, of Chicago, put in a claim for the championship, on the ground that the New York challenge to St. Paul was lacking in necessary formalities, and that their own challenge was the only one that St. Paul could legally accept, and their non-acceptance gave the championship to Chicago. After much delay, owing to summer vacations, etc., the council decided almost unanimously against the claim of the Calumet Club.

The New York Club only held the cup for a few weeks after the decision, when the Independents, of Boston, relieved them of its care by winning a game at Staten Island by a score of 4 to 2.

The Independent Club almost immediately received challenges from the Boston, South Boston and New York clubs. The season was so nearly over that they were only bound to play one game. They accepted the challenge of the Boston Club as being the first received, and still retain the Westchester Cup. The South Boston Club now claims it, and the championship, on the ground that the Boston Club does not in fact exist, and that their own challenge, being the first received and unanswered, the Independents have forfeited the championship to them.

All this shows very clearly that some change is needed in the rules relating to challenges.

The columns of OUTING have already contained accounts of the international trips of Irishmen, Americans and Canadians. Each of these in its own way has contributed to the growth of the game, by the interest excited both by the games and the victories of the United States clubs.

The following may be interesting as showing the standing of several of the most prominent Eastern clubs:

| HARVARD UNIVERSITY.                        |     |  |
|--------------------------------------------|-----|--|
| vs. Somerville, at Cambridge, April 15,    | 4-0 |  |
| vs. Boston, at Cambridge, April 17,        | 4-2 |  |
| vs. Independents, at Cambridge, April 26,  | 1-0 |  |
| vs. Cambridge, at Cambridge, May 1,        | 5-1 |  |
| vs. N. Y. University, at Cambridge, May 5, | 3-1 |  |
| vs. Princeton, at Princeton, May 19,       | 3-1 |  |
| vs. Stevens, at Hoboken, May 20,           | 4-0 |  |
| Total number of games won, 7; lost 0.      |     |  |
| Total number of goals made, 24; lost 5.    |     |  |

| PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.                    |     |  |
|------------------------------------------|-----|--|
| vs. Brooklyn,                            | 1-0 |  |
| vs. Yale,                                | 4-0 |  |
| vs. Druids, at Baltimore, May 15,        | 1-3 |  |
| vs. Stevens,                             | 5-0 |  |
| vs. N. Y. University, at Hoboken, May,   | 4-1 |  |
| vs. New York, at Hoboken, May,           | 2-3 |  |
| vs. Harvard, at Princeton, May 19,       | 1-3 |  |
| vs. N. Y. University,                    | 3-1 |  |
| vs. Druids, in Baltimore, October 30,    | 3-4 |  |
| Total number of games won, 5; lost, 4.   |     |  |
| Total number of goals won, 24; lost, 15. |     |  |

| NEW YORK.                                       |     |  |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|--|
| vs. N. Y. University, April 24,                 | 0-1 |  |
| vs. Druid, May 2,                               | 4-3 |  |
| vs. Stevens, May 22,                            | 6-0 |  |
| vs. Princeton, May 22,                          | 3-2 |  |
| vs. South Boston, June 5,                       | 4-0 |  |
| vs. Brooklyn, June 12,                          | 1-0 |  |
| vs. Druid, June 26,                             | 3-1 |  |
| vs. St. Paul, July 5,                           | 3-1 |  |
| vs. Toronto, July 8,                            | 3-1 |  |
| vs. Ottawa, July 9,                             | 2-0 |  |
| vs. Brooklyn, July 31,                          | 1-1 |  |
| vs. Toronto, August 9,                          | 0-3 |  |
| vs. Ireland, August 11,                         | 3-1 |  |
| vs. Brooklyn, August 14,                        | 2-0 |  |
| vs. Brooklyn, September 11,                     | 8-1 |  |
| vs. Independents, October 2,                    | 2-4 |  |
| Total number of games won, 12; lost 3, drawn 1. |     |  |
| Total number of goals won, 45; lost, 19.        |     |  |

| SOUTH BOSTON.                                                       |     |  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|--|
| vs. Boston, May 19,                                                 | 4-1 |  |
| vs. Weymouth, May 22,                                               | 4-1 |  |
| vs. Independents, May 31,                                           | 4-2 |  |
| vs. Druids, June 5,                                                 | 4-0 |  |
| vs. New York, June 5,                                               | 0-4 |  |
| vs. Independents, June 12,                                          | 1-2 |  |
| vs. Cambridge, June 19,                                             | 4-0 |  |
| vs. Independents, July 5,                                           | 0-1 |  |
| vs. Weymouth, July 10, forfeited to S. B.                           |     |  |
| vs. Weymouth, August 21,                                            | 6-1 |  |
| vs. Boston, August 28,                                              | 1-0 |  |
| vs. Boston, September 11, forfeited to S. B.                        |     |  |
| vs. Cambridge, September 18, " "                                    |     |  |
| vs. Independents, September 25,                                     | 3-0 |  |
| vs. Cambridge, October 9,                                           | 1-1 |  |
| vs. Independents, October 19,                                       | 0-0 |  |
| Total number of games won, 8; lost 3, 3 games forfeited and 2 tied. |     |  |
| Total number of goals won, 32; lost, 13.                            |     |  |

| DRAUIDS, of Baltimore.                   |      |  |
|------------------------------------------|------|--|
| vs. New York, Baltimore, May 4,          | 3-4  |  |
| vs. New York, Staten Island, May 12,     | 1-3  |  |
| vs. Princeton, Baltimore, May 15,        | 3-1  |  |
| vs. South Boston, Staten Island, May 29, | 0-4  |  |
| vs. Brooklyn, Baltimore, October 2,      | 11-1 |  |
| vs. Princeton, Baltimore, October 30,    | 4-3  |  |
| Total number of games won, 3; lost 3.    |      |  |
| Total number of goals won, 22; lost, 16. |      |  |

The writer only knows of one junior association of clubs, that comprising the junior clubs of Brooklyn, New York and Staten Island. The championship is, we believe, in some dispute, owing to forfeited games, etc. The junior New York have won all the games they have played. That younger followers of the game have proved worthy to test their skill with senior players, is seen in some of the excellent scores made by junior clubs. The Lawrenceville School eleven, on April 28, tied the Princeton 'Varsity, and on May 4 beat the Princeton scrub, 7 to 2.

OUTING is desirous of procuring the names and addresses of all the lacrosse clubs in the United States and Canada. To that end, it is hoped that secretaries of clubs will send postals to this office with the desired information. These columns furnish a permanent record of all games, and secretaries are requested to forward the scores of all games to us.

J. A. H., Jr.

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THE visit of the Irish lacrosse team to the United States and Canada has not only done much to cement friendly feelings between the international teams, but it has given the Irish team such valuable knowledge in the points of the game, as exemplified by the most expert lacrosse players in the world—the Canadian players—that they will return home possessing the qualifications of a championship lacrosse team easily able to hold the honors in the game in Great



Britain. They return to Ireland, too, with a record for model play as gentlemanly exemplars of their adopted game, which the visiting party have a right to be proud of. They have played their games in this city, Toronto, Montreal, and other cities since they crossed the Atlantic, in a manner which makes their conduct on the field an example for our lacrosse teams, here and in Canada, to follow.

#### LAWN TENNIS.

IN the recent tourney at Nahant, after Messrs. Slocum and Beckman and the Sears brothers had finished their match, a discussion arose on account of Slocum, while serving in the last set, hitting his partner with the ball, at which time no notice was taken of it. When the game was supposed to have been decided, however, the Sears brothers claimed that the match was still on, as the stroke should have counted against Slocum and Beckman. It appeared, however, that they had played one stroke after Slocum had hit his partner and did not appeal, so the point was finally decided against them. This was the first instance in this country, we believe, that the point in question has been raised, the general opinion on the subject being that where one partner hits another while serving, he is only "at fault," but the latest English ruling is that the ball has no position until it strikes the ground.

#### SHOOTING.

TAKING a retrospective glance at the shooting conditions of the past year in this country, both East and West, much has occurred which should guide our legislators in their counsels respecting the game laws, and teach our sportsmen the necessity of sparing the game in such sections, where either the laws are defective or are not enforced. Looking Westward, we see the whole country between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean becoming one great cattle ranch, and the big game of all kinds retiring before the settlers and stockmen. With feelings of most profound regret we watch the extermination of the buffaloes. Surprising as it may appear to those who have not followed the rapid and tremendous decrease of this magnificent animal, it may be said that not over seven hundred buffaloes remain of the countless herds which, but a short time back, swept the plains of the West. These are broken up into small bands, and two months ago were located as follows: In Dakota, thirty head, which will be killed before the coming Spring; thirty in Colorado, fifty-two in Montana, three hundred in Kansas, Texas and Indian Territory, and thirty-four in Nebraska, and about two hundred in the Yellowstone Park. We know the exact localities of these bands, but deem it imprudent to make them public. Unfortunately, too, many persons already know where the remnant of a great race can be found, and before another twelve months roll by, we would not be astonished to hear that the buffaloes which harbor in the Yellowstone Park are the only survivors—it has been found that the buffaloes in the park considerably increased during

the past year. By some it is said that the increase was sixty per cent. The buffaloes in the Park are very wild, and probably will continue to gain in numbers, thus showing the great advantage of maintaining the national preserve.

The elk, which is the giant deer of North America, has simply disappeared from its old haunts. The country which it once inhabited is now full of stockmen and settlers, who start out in the autumn and kill all the meat they see. The cattle, too, have encroached upon the elk's feeding-grounds and usurped their beds. While there are some elk left in the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming, we must confess that if we desired to go elk hunting, we would not know where to go.

Deer continue to be well distributed throughout the East and West. In the last named section they will become more numerous as the elk disappear, for the reason that the meat hunters will not go out for deer killing, for meat is not a profitable or expedient business. Antelope are still numerous in certain sections. There are not enough goats left to tempt the hunter to make special trips for them. What few still remain are in the Salmon River country, in Idaho, in Western Montana, and in British Columbia. Owing to the unusually hard winter of last year, quail were found to be very scarce in Kansas when the season opened. A terrific hailstorm, which swept over Tennessee and Kentucky in the spring, also caused the death of thousands of quail in these States. The quail shooting, therefore, in the West has been nearly as good as usual, and it will be a long time before the birds are as plentiful in the West as they were some years back. Quail are, however, even more abundant in the Eastern and Middle States than they have been for years. This is due to the generous re-stocking, to a propitious breeding season, and judicious protection. We cannot but think that there will be a time in the future when, owing to preserving, the best quail shooting in this latitude in America will be found in the East, and not the West. There was an abundance of birds in Georgia, and owing to a mild spring and absence of chilling rains, an unusual large crop of birds in Maryland, Virginia and New Jersey. All this tends to show that the fluctuations in sport in this country are, in a great measure, controlled by the weather conditions. Owing to the severity of the winter last year, prairie chickens were found to migrate to the Southern Rio Grande section in Texas, where hitherto they were unknown, and where they have since remained. It is also gratifying to call attention to the fact that the crop of ruffed grouse in the Middle and Eastern States was much larger this season than it has been for many years. This, too, despite the fact that bounties for the destruction of ground and winged vermin are given in all but very few localities.

The wet season early in the summer prepared a long stretch of feeding-ground along the Atlantic coast, which occasioned the bay snipe to be more abundant than for many years past. The anti-spring shooting men then took occasion to

remark that the appearance of the birds was due to the fact that the laws of the State of New York prohibited the killing of curlew and other bay snipe during their migration northward in the spring. While we believe that the shooting at birds and fowl in the spring tends to greatly diminish the stock, we cannot see how the prohibiting the shooting on the hundred miles of Long Island shores last spring, was the cause of big shooting everywhere else on the thousand miles of coast. In Maryland thousands of birds were shot last May, and it was on the same ground that the biggest bags of the season were killed last summer and in the early autumn. No doubt, however, that the north traveling birds last spring discovered that they were unmolested when passing Long Island, and therefore did not shun that section on their return. But we believe that the admirable condition of the meadows had much to do with the presence of large flocks of birds last season. Moreover the birds were known to go north very late last spring, and in consequence they did not return until long after the majority of bay gunners had done looking for them. During August the State of New Jersey was visited by an extraordinary large number of grass plover. In former times these wary and delicious birds resorted to the pasture lands and fields along the coast. The building of summer resorts, however, has deprived the plover of their old haunts, and they have retired to the midland sections, where some of them breed. The protracted drought from August to November, put an end to all woodcock shooting, especially in New Jersey. Early in the spring there was a large crop of birds, but the law-breakers, who have full swing in that State, killed most of the birds during June.

Along the coast wild-fowl have been less numerous than usual; this is due to the big gun night shooting in the Chesapeake and its tributaries, and the immense amount of fire hunting resorted to by market shooters in the South. As a general thing, our laws for the protection of game are right enough, but the trouble is, they are seldom enforced, and in consequence are continually being broken.

#### THE YEAR'S YACHTING.

THE experience of the past year, emphasizes and confirms the experience of the yachting season of 1885, that in the sloop *Puritan*, the American designer has evolved a principle in yacht modeling superior to any heretofore discovered. This principle is the combination of the center-board and the keel, which permits of a comparatively moderate draught, with a maximum of stability and sea-going quality; with beam enough for comfort, and with great sail-carrying power, obtained from beam as well as from outside weight.

The *Mayflower*, which has successfully defended the America's Cup during the past year, is but an enlarged *Puritan*, and the principle of both is the same. They differ from the yachts which have preceded them, principally in the fact that in addition to a keel of fair proportion, they have a center-board which plays through it.

It was the lack of keel, which perhaps prevented the iron sloop *Priscilla* from being the chosen boat this last year; certain it is, we think, she would have been much improved could she have had this addition.

Since she was first rigged, her mast has been twice reduced—five feet each time. Clearly she seemed in the different trials this season, to be the stiffest of the quartette of sloops, and with her present rig, was able to reach nearly, if not quite as fast as either of the four. Now it seems clear to us, that with a keel put upon her and filled with lead, similar to that of the *Galatea*, her stability would have been enormously increased, without any extra displacement or draught, save only the weight and the depth of the iron keel, for its lead core could have been taken from the ballast at present in her hold.

Had this been done, the excess over her present stability would have permitted the restoration of the original sail plan, and the increased power thus obtained, would have sent the *Priscilla* to the front almost certainly. It was so clear to us at the end of the regatta of the Eastern yacht club at Marblehead, on June 29, that this was what the *Priscilla* needed, that we were surprised when we found that the intention to make the alteration had been abandoned.

Very many of the smaller sized sloops have had this principle applied during the last season, and in every instance, the result has been an improvement. The center-board is a puzzle to the scientist. He has to admit that "the boat with the fin," as they are styled in England, is the faster, all other things being equal, but he can't tell why. In Great Britain, so much of prejudice exists against the center-board, that boats carrying them are barred out of all the races, or if admitted, her owner must state whether he will sail with the board up or down. As to American center-board yachts, the most mistaken ideas prevail. The popular impression of them is a vessel with scarce a particle of dead-rise, liable to capsize very easily, and on that account exceedingly dangerous and totally unfit to go to sea. It is true that our old-fashioned sloops, the *Gracie*, the *Fanny*, the *Hildegard* or *Mischief*, built and rigged for sailing on the Sound, are not the best type of vessel for ocean service; but either of them could be rigged for an ocean voyage, and would in all probability go across the ocean safely, if not with comfort. When however, we come to the *Puritan*, an entirely different underwater body is presented to us, and we have in her, a vessel that in bad weather would be easier, and equally as safe as the *Genesta* or the *Galatea*. If we had our choice as to which of the three we should prefer for an ocean voyage—a trip around Bermuda for instance, or across to Europe—we should unhesitatingly name the *Puritan*.

We hope next season to hear of the *Puritan* going across to race in the British Channel. She cannot, it is true, get into any of the regular races, on account of the unfair taxation of beam, by British rule; but she can race for the two Yankee cups which are there, or possibly for the Queen's Cup, held by the *Arrow*. Whether permitted to

enter or not, in the regular races, she could start with the fleet; and we feel certain, if the weather was bad enough, she would, by her performance, cause a complete revolution of opinion in respect to the center-board.

The lesson of the two past years, in respect to the best form for American pleasure craft, has been very valuable. There was at one time a well-grounded fear that the narrow and deep wedges in use in British waters would become popular here. There was much to recommend them; they were handsome and safe, easier to handle than the broad and shallow yacht, and above all, they were English. Practical yachtsmen saw that they were unsuited to the generally shallow American harbors, by reason of their great draught, and also that they were uncomfortable for pleasure craft, by reason of their rank heel even in the lightest of weather; but then, all agreed that if they proved to be more speedy, all their disadvantages must be overlooked: Americans had always possessed the smartest craft, and must continue so to do. Of the cutters built on this side the Atlantic, two—the *Oriva* and *Bedouin*—exhibited great speed; the result in each case, of superior handling, rather than any inherent merit in the model; but the fact was patent, the *Bedouin* was quite as fast as our best sloop, the *Gracie*, and the *Oriva* came to be acknowledged quite as good, and perhaps a trifle better than the *Vixen*—theretofore considered in her class superior to any.

Of the imported cutters, none did much in the way of speed. The *Madge* made her début in a blaze of glory, but her triumph had no solid foundation; the yachts she sailed against were in bad form, and after her shrewd and skillful skipper left her, the *Madge* did nothing. The *Maggie* came to us, with the reputation of being "the best fifteen-tonner that ever flew a racing-flag in British waters," but the *Vixen* beat her with all ease. The *Stranger* came, and she has not done much; nevertheless, we all realized during the *Genesta-Puritan* races of 1885, that all that had saved the American prestige was the happy Boston idea, combining the center-board and the keel, a device which has once more made the wide, moderate draught center-board yacht invincible.

#### IZAACK WALTON.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL has a vacant niche in its new grand screen, and pious anglers are invited to subscribe to a monument raised by the joint efforts of Izaak Walton's disciples the world over, to be placed therein to his glory.

The English committee is represented by R. B. Marston, who has asked us to assist him in the United States. We presume that Canada, Australia, and other corners of the earth have each their sub-committees for this work.

OUTING thus far has to record subscriptions to the extent of \$10. When a few more names shall have been added, we will publish the names, with amounts respectively subscribed.

#### THE YACHT "OUTING."

As we pen these lines, looking from our open window over the magnificent harbor that makes yachting a natural sport to every New Yorker, Capt. F. A. Cloudman is putting the finishing touches to the little sloop yacht *Outing*, in which he is to circumnavigate the globe from east to west.

*Outing* is a keel sloop yacht, twenty-four feet long by ten beam, drawing about four feet, and affording a comfortable little cabin for its intrepid commander. No expense has been spared by us in equipping Captain Cloudman most completely for a voyage that will consume the best part of three years. The Secretary of State as well as the chief of the hydrographic bureau in Washington, have warmly co-operated with us, and it will be strange if the expedition does not return with material valuable to geography and science.

Why does the captain go alone? Because he prefers making the journey in a boat so small as to run in and out of shallow ports. Consequently he has no room for passengers. Captain Cloudman has a name favorably known to science, for he is the author of the system of ocean signal stations bearing his name. He was born thirty-six years ago in Portland, Me., but before celebrating a first birthday he naturalized as hailing from Newburyport, in order to add one to the roll of famous skippers of which that port is justly proud. The captain's memory cannot assist us in determining when he first took to salt water. His earliest recollection of existence is associated with his father taking him in his small boat as ballast. From that time on for some twenty years he has been lulled to sleep by the rolling of the ocean and the whizzing of the wind in the rigging. At the age of eighteen, when second mate of a Boston bark, the first mate died, and the captain became insane. Our friend thus found himself master of the ship at an age when most men are entering upon the profession. He navigated the bark successfully to the home port, and the owners, after passing a vote of thanks for his services, told him that they would give him a ship when he became of age.

When twenty-one years came, however, he had been wrecked off the Brazilian coast, had tasted of sea life in a way that disgusted him, and from a strong mechanical taste, had drifted into telegraphy and scientific experiments of various kinds. There is hardly a country that Captain Cloudman has not visited, or an ocean current that he has not sailed upon. He has three times made the round of the globe, and starts out upon this expedition as coolly as did Thomas Stevens some years ago, albeit after a different fashion.

His route is subject to modification, but so far as can be determined, will be as follows:

Down the east coast of North America, through the West Indies to Panama, crossing the Isthmus on the railway. *Outing* is not only the smallest sea boat that has ever received an official register, but if she gets across into the Pacific, will be the first yacht to make the land

journey across the continent. From the Isthmus she will follow the west coast of North America up to the Arctic Ocean, crossing to Siberia at Behring Straits, and following the eastern shores of Asia down past Japan, Corea, China, and along the regular line of travel to Suez and Gibraltar. *Outing* will cross the Atlantic in the latitude of Iceland, and come home in the fall of 1888 by way of Labrador.

The incidents of this unique journey will be printed for the entertainment of our readers, and accompanied by illustrations many and good.

#### THE RECORD DEPARTMENT.

THE Record department of the magazine is our most expensive one, and the one in which the clubs of the country should take the greatest interest. We have made arrangements by which in future this department shall leave no room for complaint, but, on the contrary, shall bear the closest criticism at the hands of our readers.

But one favor we must ask, namely, that club secretaries take the trouble to send us their most important scores. As a rule this is done, but there is no good reason for there being any exceptions to the rule. Our records are not meant to catalogue everything in the outdoor line, for the whole magazine would barely suffice under such circumstances. We mean to select the most important events, and so chronicle them that they will, in the course of time, form an accurate summary of the year's sport, to which every man can turn for information on his favorite sport.

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#### A CANOE PRIZE.

A PRIZE of the nine bound volumes of the magazine is offered for the best original table of distances and description of any Canadian or American inland waters which the competitor may choose, special regard being had to the fulness and accuracy of the information as to the distances, state of navigation, camping grounds, and other information valuable to a cruiser. Manuscript should be in before the middle of April, so that the award may be published in the June number.

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#### "OUTING'S" LIST OF CLUBS.

THE editorial ear hears already the rumblings of some unhappy wheelman or canoeist at the omission of his club or the wrong spelling of his name. We are aware that nothing short of a miracle could account for a perfect list being produced, even with the heartiest co-operation of all club secretaries. But what shall be said of men elected to serve the interests of an outdoor organization, who will not take the trouble to see that its name is properly recorded? Some club secretaries are so puffed up by their election as

to forget that something more is expected of them than to be merely ornamental.

A list like the one we print is very burdensome to compile and particularly expensive to print. Its object is to assist in giving our readers the fullest information possible in regard to the standing of their favorite sport — to keep track of the new clubs and note the loss of old ones.

By the way, why should the L. A. W. secretary decline to furnish a member with a list of all the wheel clubs in his possession, provided that member offers to pay the expense of clerical hire? Has not every L. A. W. member the right to call upon the secretary for reasonable information? And is not every wheelman interested in knowing the names of sister clubs and their whereabouts?

It will not assist the League to let the impression get abroad that its management favors secretive or exclusive methods. All wheelmen follow with interest the growth of sister organizations, and it should be the policy of the League Managers to give the greatest publicity to every legitimate piece of information in their possession.

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A TRADESMAN in Newark sent us recently a circular, inviting an inspection of his toboggan suits, on the ground that he was "outfitter to the Essex County Toboggan Club." Will the officers of that club kindly explain to its members at the next meeting, whether any Newark tradesman has been appointed by the club; by what authority such appointment was made; if appointed, what he pays for the distinction; who receives the money so paid, and why the notice of such appointment did not come from the club secretary instead of from the aforementioned tradesman.

The members wish to know if they are being imposed upon.

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#### CITIZENS' BICYCLE CLUB,

NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1886.

Poultney Bigelow, Esq., Editor of *Outing*.

DEAR SIR: — Recognizing the enterprise, ability and courage of Mr. Thomas Stevens, whose trip "Round the World on a Bicycle" is worthy to rank among the most remarkable feats of modern or even ancient times, the Citizens' Bicycle Club desires to express its appreciation of those manly qualities, and to congratulate this daring traveler, who has in so unique a manner shown the possibilities of the wheel, on the safe and successful completion of his arduous labors.

We therefore tender to Mr. Stevens, through you, his metropolitan representative, a complimentary banquet, to be given upon his shortly anticipated arrival in this city.

Very truly yours,

KNIGHT L. CLAPP,  
Secretary Citizens' Bicycle Club.



JOSEPH PENNELL and his brilliant wife are endeared to our readers, by the succession of articles that have appeared in this magazine from their combined efforts. They have just made a book full of clever illustrations, called "Two Pilgrims' Progress." It is the most entertaining contribution to the literature of Cycling that has yet come from the press of England or America, and its mechanical "get up" reflects credit upon Messrs. Roberts Bros., of Boston.

Detmold is the last work at the hands of a clever American novelist, W. H. Bishop, whose "House of a Merchant Prince," will long hold its own in the interest of at least New York readers. The present volume comes out in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s tasteful Riverside Pocket Series, a safe guarantee that all who see the title page will read to the end. The price is 50 cents.

In the same series is published Bret Harte's "Story of a Mine," with a well-merited dedication to Udo Brachvogel, the talented editor of the leading German literary paper of this country, one who has done much to foster among his countrymen a love for English masterpieces. The present story brings in the inevitable miners, greasers, and *naïve* maid, with a picture of Washington legislative life, painfully realistic. The story holds the reader from the beginning, and is not inferior to anything the author has yet done. The price is 50 cents.

The Boy's Book of Sports and Out-door Life, is edited and published by the highest authorities. No one excels Maurice Thompson as a writer in his line of out-door life, and the *Century* has published more good sporting material than any other publishing house, with the possible exception of *Harper's* or *OUTING*. The present work makes 350 handsomely illustrated pages of matter, that cannot fail to interest the boy who has a grain of manhood in his composition. Fishing, Archery, Boating, Camping, Swimming, Walking, Amateur Photography, Skating—all are well treated. One cannot fail to notice the absence of much that would have enhanced the value of the book, however. Why is nothing said of Cricket, Football, Tennis, Hockey, Bicycling, Horse-back Riding, Sparring, Wrestling, Fencing, Lacrosse, Quoits? Perhaps we shall find these in a second volume.

Christmas in the Olden Time, is one of those pearls of Art that are now and then produced by Cassell & Co. The book is richly illustrated by Fenn, Garret, Davis, Teel, Sandham, Hassam and Barnes, and makes one of the handsomest adornments to a library table, that can well be imagined. In large 8vo, it is published in various styles of binding, making the price fluctuate between \$4.00 and \$8.00.

Cassell & Co. have issued a Beecher Calendar, gorgeous in colors and replete with wisdom tapped from the Plymouth rock. Price \$1.00.

S. Weir Mitchell is the author of a 16mo volume of 376 pages, called "Roland Blake." So distinguished a physician cannot speak long without saying words of value, and if for no other reason this book is worth its price, \$1.25. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Every Freemason at least, if not every student of history, will be glad to know of a work by Augustus C. Plongeon, called "Sacred Mysteries Among the Mayas and the Quichies, 11,500 Years Ago." It treats of Freemasonry in times anterior to the temple of Solomon, and is illustrated. The work is of 160 pp., 8vo, and can be procured of the author by addressing him, 204 Washington Street, Brooklyn.

In The Clouds, is the title of the last novel by Mary N. Murtree, or as the title page has it, Charles Egbert Craddock. This gifted American author never puts forward a book, that does not give pleasure to her readers; and from the number of copies one sees about on library tables, the inference is that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, of Boston, have no reason to regret their share in the work. Price \$1.25.

Skat is a favorite card game in Germany, and is the title of a little pamphlet published by Westerman & Co., of New York, 838 Broadway, showing what there is of the game and how we are to enjoy it. Our indoor clubs should look into this, give it a fair trial, and help along the good work of brightening the home in the long, winter evenings.

Wassersport takes without our permission, three cuts from *OUTING*; prints one on the front cover, another on the rear cover and the third on page 4, of a little work entitled "Wassersfaren." We beg our readers will not consider

this action characteristic of Germany; on the contrary it is behavior so extraordinary, as to call for this special note of warning to all brother editors.

The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association is in many respects the ideal out-door organization of America. Its officers and members are doing splendid work in the interest of manly sport, and such work as the bulk of athletic clubs on this side of the St. Lawrence might imitate with profit to themselves. Their annual publication for 1886, is a model of what such a book should be.

Signal Ordnung fur Yachten is the German publication covering the subject of signaling among teutonic yachtsmen, and is welcomed as another evidence of their increasing interest in the sport. The author is Lieutenant Muchall-Viebrook, of the German Navy (Reserve), and the publisher is Carl Otto, of Berlin.

#### BEST OUTING BOOKS.

The Best Hundred Outing Books will be published in the next number, the judges having not yet handed in their decision, owing to the tardiness with which some of the best answers arrived.

Love and Bears, is the title of a wild Western yarn, published in the shape of a lot of samples for a paper house, and sprinkled with drawings by some one who has loads of room for improvement left. The best thing in the book is a photograph of a beautiful girl, whose face now illumines the walls of OUTING'S literary den, and leads us to forgive the perpetrator of this piece of book manufacture, whose name is Daly, and whose ranch appears to be in the neighborhood of Chicago.

And yet the story is good reading, full of wit and humorous incident, not to speak of more tender parts, where the face of our winsome photograph is concerned. If you want the work, send to Frank S. Gray, McCormick Block, Chicago.

Sport With Gun and Rod, is a splendid volume of 450 pages, 8vo, crowded with the best illustrations, and treating of the most exhilarating sport. The work leaves room only for admiration, and we beg every club secretary to immediately add it to the library. The fact that the back numbers of the *Century Magazine* have been laid under contribution, rather add value to this collection, and leave ample room for congratulating the editor, Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, whose name is beloved among sportsmen. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

The Royal Canoe Club of England has published its annual list, containing the rules of the organization, and a list of works useful to canoeists. Under the head of American canoeing works, Colonel Norton and Dr. Neidé appear to be ignored, and the *Forest and Stream* is recorded as a monthly. Still for an English publication, the knowledge of American publications displayed may be considered remarkable. The club has thirteen lady honorary members.

Wheelmen are asking for Bull & Bowen's Road book of Western New York. All rights in the book are now transferred to the N. Y. State Division, L.A.W., and the work should be out at this date.

Oscar Fay Adams is editing a series of handy volumes, named after the months, including in each the most valuable verse appropriate to the season commemorated. The July book is before us, and gives us good ground for pronouncing it a very graceful companion to a day's outing, or better still a good present for your friend. It is published by D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston.

The best map of Long Island we have yet seen is that published by the Coltons. The scale is two miles to the inch, so that the canoeist and wheelman can profit by it to the highest degree.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is a rare literary writer, if such an expression may be used. No matter what his theme, we admire the grace with which he addresses us. Marjorie Daw, and other stories illustrates what we mean, for in this charming little volume he tells tales, some dull and some bright; but tales told so cleverly that a reader swears the tale is good because the teller is clever. The same reader would almost say any book was good that came from the press so perfect as this volume in the Aldine series of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

War and Peace, Count Tolstoi's historical novel, is published by Gottsberger, of New York. The translation is from Russian into French, and from the French into English. Why the translation was not made directly from Russian into English is not explained.

Etchings in Verse, a small volume containing the poetical work of an author whose present effort leads us to hope for something better in the future. His name is Andrew F. Underhill, and his most felicitous effort is perhaps the verse in which he apostrophises Howard Seely upon his publication of "A Lone Star Bo-Peep,"

You've 'struck' the Texan road to fame;  
Unknown no more you grovel;  
In morning prints we read your name,  
And wait your coming novel."



### TRAVEL.

THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD has, during the last season, made itself particularly disagreeable to canoeists, anglers, and sportsmen generally. Many complaints have reached us stating that after purchasing tickets, gentlemen have been denied admittance to the platform, because they carried in their hands light articles, which the officials insisted should be sent by express. This is well enough for the express company, but our advice is, go by the Sag Harbor boat if possible.

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THE DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA road, is another that does its best to discourage wheelmen and sportsmen from having a good time along its line. Not satisfied with furnishing the dirtiest of cars and the slowest of time cards, it treats the man with a paddle, a gun or a fishing rod as though he had no right to take a first class seat. Until our clubs unite on the proper action in such a case, let our brothers take warning and try another line of road.

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THE east-end bays of Long Island present excellent facilities for yachting and canoeing. Great Peconic Bay, from Shelter Island to Riverhead, affords an admirable sailing course for yachts, with its reach of twenty miles, and an average breadth of over two miles; while Little Peconic Bay, is just the place for canoe cruising. Noyac Bay, too, which is formed by the land of "Hog Neck" on the one side, and the jutting point of land known as "Jessup's Neck" on the other, would make a capital rendezvous for canoe clubs, on their annual cruises from the metropolis and the Connecticut towns. Steamers run direct from New York, New London and Bridgeport for Greenport, L. I., and the residents of the villages at the east-end of the Island, desire to encourage the yacht and canoe owners, to make these bays their summer resort.

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THE general passenger agents of the New York & New England Railroad companies, met

last month to make arrangements for special excursion rates of fare to Montreal, during the winter Carnival, in February. The great increase in travel to Montreal, since the introduction of

the Carnival attractions, has roused the railroad companies to the importance of fostering this patronage; hence the meeting of November. The agents made excursion rates equal to the amount of a single fare from leading points on the lines of their road to Montreal, the tickets being available from a week before the date of the Carnival to a week after its close. The agents were of the opinion, that their respective companies should make efforts to promote travel by low rates, during the entire winter season; for Montreal presents special attractions, in the form of their winter sports, not only during the Carnival season, but for the entire winter. For sleighing, skating, tobogganing and snow-shoeing, are always of the very best.

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CALIFORNIA has recently begun to come to the front as a very desirable winter resort for those whose physique will not admit of their bearing the rigors of our winter season on the Atlantic coast and the Lake cities. The increase of travel to the Pacific, by people who are in a measure invalids, seeking for milder climates than their own, has led to quite a springing up of health hotels on the Pacific coast, surrounded with picturesque attractions. Old California towns like Monterey and Los Angeles, have acquired quite a celebrity as desirable winter residences for pleasure-seekers as well as invalids. The overland journey is now made quickly, and with every comfort and many luxuries; and as the wonders and beauties of California—especially the southern portion—its marvelous scenery, natural wonders and delightful climate become better known and appreciated, the State's destiny as a Winter resort is sure to be more and more developed.

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We hear of many clubmen whose eyes have been diverted to the fishing and hunting opportunities abounding along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad between Winnipeg and the Pacific. It is a grand country for sport; but don't wait until it is too late.

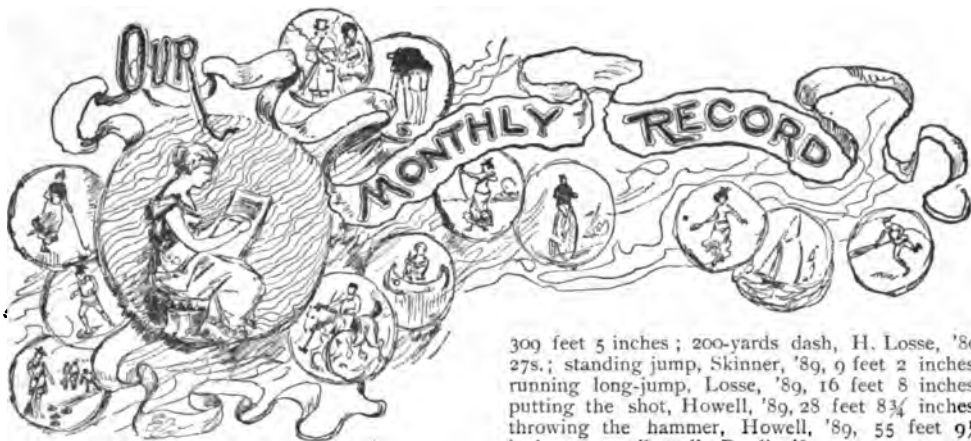


# AMUSEMENTS



SWAIN & Co.

THE BRITISH TOBOGGAN AS CONCEIVED BY "PUNCH," WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF MR. GEORGE DU-MAURIER.



THIS department of OUTING is specially devoted to brief paragraphs of the doings of members of organized clubs, engaged in the reputable sports of the period; and also to the recording of the occurrence of the most prominent sporting events of each month of the current season. On the ball fields it will embrace *Cricket, Base-Ball, Lacrosse, Foot-Ball* and *Lawn Tennis*. On the bays and rivers, *Yachting, Rowing* and *Canoeing*. In the woods and streams, *Hunting, Shooting* and *Fishing*. On the lawns, *Archery, Lawn Tennis* and *Croquet*. Together with *Ice Boating, Skating, Tobogganing, Snow-Shoeing, Coasting*, and winter sports generally; as also the in-door games of *Billiards, Chess, Whist, Draughts*, etc.

Secretaries of clubs will oblige by sending in the names of their presidents and secretaries, with the address of the latter, together with the general result of their most noteworthy contests of the month, addressed, "Editor of OUTING," 140 Nassau street, New York.

RECORD CLOSED DECEMBER 1.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All communications intended for the Editorial Department should be addressed to "The Editor," and not to any person by name. Advertisements, orders, etc., should be kept distinct, and addressed to the publisher. Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.*

### ATHLETIC.

THE ANNUAL INDOOR MEETING of the Baltimore Athletic Club was held in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, last November.

The presence of Mr. M. W. Ford, of the N. Y. A. C., champion athlete of America, and Mr. Wilson Condon, the world's champion weight-thrower, gave additional interest to the meeting. After the usual horizontal and parallel bar performances, the following events took place: Running high-jump, first, M. W. Ford, N. Y. A. C., 5 feet 9 inches. Pole vaulting, first, Wilson Condon, B. A. C., 10 feet. Tug-of-war, between teams from Baltimore Athletic Club and 5th Regiment A. C. This was very closely contested, and was won by B. A. C. by one inch, this advantage being made by them on the drop. The meeting was the most successful ever held by the club.

THE FIRST FIELD DAY of the Rutgers College athletes was held at New Brunswick, N. J., on November 6, the winners of the different events being as follows: One-hundred-yards dash, H. Losse, '89, 11½s.; throwing base-ball, H. Etting, '90,

300 feet 5 inches; 200-yards dash, H. Losse, '89, 27s.; standing jump, Skinner, '89, 9 feet 2 inches; running long-jump, Losse, '89, 16 feet 8 inches; putting the shot, Howell, '89, 28 feet 8¾ inches; throwing the hammer, Howell, '89, 55 feet 9½ inches; one-mile walk, Brodie, '87, 9m. 2s.; quarter-mile run, Lockett, '90, 1m. 2s.; kicking foot-ball, Losse, '89, 140 feet; hop-step-and-jump, Skinner, '87, 35 feet 6½ inches; mile-run, Marshall, '89, 5m. 5s.; running high-jump, Lansley, '88, 4 feet 6 inches; standing high-jump, Holly, '89, 3 feet 8 inches; half-mile run, Etting, '90, 2m. 35s.

THE ANNUAL FALL ATHLETIC MEET of the Harvard Athletic Association took place on Holmes' Field, on November 2, on which occasion no very remarkable time was made, although Yale's fall records were beaten in the 440-yards dash, the half-mile run, the mile run, the mile walk and tied in the 220-yards dash as follows: The 440-yards dash was won by Wells, L. S., from scratch, in 51 4-5s. In the half-mile run, Coggsell, '88 (scratch), made the distance in 2m. 1¾s. In the mile run, Davenport, '90, with a handicap of 100 yards, won in 4m. 45s. Hale, '88 (scratch), doing it in 4m. 49s. The mile walk was won by Bemis, '87, who was handicapped 20s. The 220-yards dash was won by Rogers, '87 (scratch), in 23½s.

THE JERSEY CITY ATHLETIC CLUB, at their annual meeting, elected the following officers: President, J. M. Tappen; vice-president, J. C. Young; recording secretary, W. J. McIlroy; financial secretary, W. C. Wescott; corresponding secretary, W. H. Gilmore, and a board of trustees of 15 members. This club has just completed its new club house, costing \$25,000, corner Clinton and Crescent aves., and is 100x100, four stories, Queen Anne style, with a tower from which a splendid view of New York Bay is seen. Its membership has run from 150 to 400 during 1886. The building is complete, from the bowling alleys on the lowest floor to the gymnasium covering the entire top floor.

### BASE-BALL.

FAST BASE-RUNNING was accomplished at Washington Park, Brooklyn, on the closing day of the Brooklyn Club's season. The record in base-running is 14¾s. On this occasion, George Smith, the Brooklyn Club's short-stop, ran the round of the bases—120 yards direct measurement in 15 2-5s., McClellan and Terry of the same club doing it in 15 3-5s., as did Parker Ford, of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, and O'Flynn, of the Nassau Club. Smith took the first prize. McClellan, the same day, received a costly silver ball and crossed bats as a prize

for the best base-running of the Brooklyn Club for 1886, as indicated by the most runs scored.

AT THE SPECIAL MEETING of the American Association, held in Cincinnati November 22 and 23, the recognition of the Pittsburg Club was accepted, and the newly-organized club of Cleveland was elected a member of the association in place of Pittsburg. The Kansas City Club solicited membership of the association, and made liberal offers for the privilege, but the application was not granted.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the National League for 1886, was held at Chicago on November 17, on which occasion the eight clubs of the League were represented as follows: Chicago—president, A. G. Spalding and W. I. Culver; Detroit—director, F. R. Stearns and Manager Watkins; New York—president, John B. Day; Philadelphia—president, J. I. Rogers and Director Reach; Boston—President Soden and Director Conant; St. Louis—President Thomberg and Thomas Russell; Kansas City—president, J. J. Heim and E. E. Menges; Washington—president, R. C. Hewitt and Manager Gafney. The business transacted by the League was very important. First, at the meeting of the Board of Directors, N. E. Young was unanimously elected president and secretary, and H. Doescher was reinstated after expulsion from the League in 1884. At the regular meeting, the Pittsburg Club was elected a member of the League, and it was decided to change the rules of dividing gate-receipts with visiting clubs to that of paying them a guarantee fund of \$125 for each game. Detroit demurred to this, and threatened to join the American Association. Chicago and New York then agreed to divide receipts, and Detroit remained in the League. Nine clubs are now in the League, and one will be obliged to resign, or a tenth club will have to be admitted. The new code of rules arranged by the Conference Committee was adopted entire. The new Board of Directors consists of Messrs. Young, Nimick, Menges, Day and Reach. The Schedule Committee is Messrs. Spalding, Stearns and Reach. Arbitration Committee: Messrs. Young, Rogers and Day. Rules Committee: Messrs. Spalding, Rogers and Day.

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE ON RULES of the National League and the American Association, which met at Chicago on November 11, adopted a special code of playing rules, which in 1887 will govern every professional club of the country enrolled under the national agreement. The new rules are as follows:

*Class 1.* The first and third bases are now placed entirely within the foul-ball lines. The home-base must be made of rubber instead of stone. The pitcher's lines are now 5 feet 6 inches by 4 feet, instead of 7 by 4. The captain or coacher's lines are now the same as those of the American code of '86, or confined to a space back of first and third bases. The League rule applying to players' benches is now the rule. Only the regulation balls made by Messrs. Spalding and Reach can now be used by any national agreement club. Players can use bats flattened at one end.

*Class 2.* The entire "Field Rules" of the League—Sections 15 to 21—were adopted in the new code.

*Class 3.* Same as in the League code of '86.

*Class 4.* The batsman cannot now call for a "high" or "low" ball at his option. He must strike at every ball which comes in over the home-base, and at any length between knee and shoulder high. The balk rules of the American code of 1886—Rule 22—was adopted entire. The batsman is now credited with a base-hit every time the pitcher gives him his base on balls. The batsman is now decided out when the ball after the third called strike is not struck at or hit, whether it be caught or muffed by the catcher, provided runners are on bases at the time. The batsman is now allowed four fair balls to strike at.

*Class 5.* No substitute is now allowed to run bases for a disabled player, the latter being forced to retire from the game

if he cannot run bases. The batsman becomes a base-runner now after 5 balls or 4 strikes have been called. Base-runners cannot be decided out after touching the base-bag, which may be moved from its position in the act of running. When taking a base on called balls, the batsman is charged with a turn at the bat. The American rule of giving the batsman his base, when hit by a pitched ball was adopted. Base-runners can now return to bases taken on foul balls without being obliged to run. No player is now allowed to address the Umpire during a game under a severe penalty, except the Captain, and he only in the case of a decision made through a misinterpretation of the rules.

The most important amendment was that of restricting the pitcher in his method of delivering the ball to the bat to one step only; and he is now prohibited from making a feint to throw to a base.

## BILLIARDS.

THE MOST NOTEWORTHY RECORD in English billiards was made November 7, on the occasion of the remarkable contest between Peall and Collins, the former having won the title of the champion "Spot" player of England, Peall succeeding in making a break of 2,413, which is the largest run ever recorded.

## CANOEING.

THE CHALLENGE CUPS of the Toronto Canoe Club which were presented for competition in 1884, have not yet been won by any of the members, as will be seen by the record of victories to November 1.

### SAILING CHALLENGE CUP.

|                          | 1885. | 1886. | Total. |
|--------------------------|-------|-------|--------|
| Will. G. McKendrick..... | 0     | 4     | 4      |
| Hugh Neilson.....        | 3     | 0     | 3      |
| Robt. Tyson.....         | 2     | 1     | 3      |
| Jno. L. Kerr.....        | 1     | 0     | 1      |

### COMBINED SAILING AND PADDLING CUP.

|                          | 1885. | 1886. | Total. |
|--------------------------|-------|-------|--------|
| Will. G. McKendrick..... | 0     | 4     | 4      |
| Hugh Neilson.....        | 3     | 0     | 3      |
| Colin Fraser.....        | 1     | 0     | 1      |

Mr. McKendrick has the lead thus far.

D. B. Jacques now holds the Mason paddling cup for decked canoes. F. M. Johnston, the champion of America, holds the class 1 paddling cup, and W. A. Leys holds the novices' sailing medal.

## CHESS.

THE CONTEST AT THE MANHATTAN CLUB between Mr. Lepshutz—who made so good a record in the British Chess Association tourney this year—and Captain Mackenzie, ended last year in the success of the captain. No less than thirteen games had to be played before the contest could be finished, the captain winning 5 games, Mr. Lepshutz 3, and 5 being drawn.

AN INTERESTING CHESS TOURNEY was started in Canada, last November, in which well-known players from different parts of Canada will be the contestants. The games will be conducted by correspondence, and the time limit for receiving a move and posting a reply must not exceed 72 hours. The following is a list of the players: Ontario—J. Ryall, M.D., Hamilton; W. C. Braithwaite, Unionville. Quebec—Col. J. B. Amyot, Quebec; John Barry, La-chine; James Wright, Montreal. Nova Scotia—W. E. Perry, Yarmouth; Major Culbill, Halifax. New Brunswick—J. E. Norraway, Moncton; Alfred Porter, St. John; Charles J. Coster, St. John; E. T. C. Knowles, St. John; J. B. Stubbs, St. John. The well-known Montreal chess-player, Mr. J. W. Shaw, will act as referee.

THE BELFAST CHESS CONGRESS Tourney closed in October with the brilliant success of Dr. W. H. K. Pollock, in winning the chess championship of

the congress. He won every game in the main tourney, and that, too, with the English champion, Blackburne, and that strong player, Mr. Burn, among his opponents. Mr. Blackburne had to remain content with second place in the tourney, and Mr. Burn with third position. Dr. R. W. Barnett was fourth, and as he made the highest score of any distinctive Irish player in the tourney, he becomes the chess champion of Ireland. The even tourney had nine competitors, their inter-play being set forth in the following table :

|              | Barnett | Blackburne | Burn | Chambers | Harvey | Nicholls | Palmer | Peake | Pollock | Lost  | Won |
|--------------|---------|------------|------|----------|--------|----------|--------|-------|---------|-------|-----|
| Dr. Barnett  | —       | 0          | 1/2  | 1        | 1      | 1        | 1      | 0     | 3 1/2   | 4 1/2 |     |
| Blackburne   |         | —          | 1    | 1        | 1      | 1        | 1      | 0     | 7       | 6     |     |
| A. Burn      |         |            | —    | 1        | 1      | 1        | 1      | 0     | 5       | 3     |     |
| J. Chambers  |         |            |      | —        | 1      | 1        | 1      | 0     | 5       | 3     |     |
| E. Harvey    |         |            |      |          | —      | 1        | 1      | 0     | 5       | 3     |     |
| W. Nicholls  |         |            |      |          |        | —        | 1      | 0     | 6       | 2     |     |
| W. C. Palmer |         |            |      |          |        |          | —      | 1     | 6       | 2     |     |
| A. S. Peake  |         |            |      |          |        |          |        | —     | 6 1/2   | 1 1/2 |     |
| Dr. Pollock  |         |            |      |          |        |          |        |       | —       | 0     | 8   |

### CRICKET.

IN THE OPENING GAME of the Melbourne, Australia, Clubs in November last — first eleven as "fifteen," J. T. Lempriere, of the latter team, was credited with a remarkable bit of bowling. Although playing with the second eleven, and only looked upon as a change-bowler at the best, he captured all the 10 wickets at a cost of 49 runs only.

THE MANHATTAN CRICKET CLUB, of Brooklyn, elected officers on November 15, as follows : President, E. C. Squance ; vice-presidents, D. A. Monroe and G. Scott ; secretary, Henry Martin ; treasurer, Samuel E. Hosford ; executive committee — Dr. Hurlburt, Loftus Love, H. S. Jewell and J. White ; captain, S. E. Hosford ; assistant-captain, Henry Martin.

A FRESHMAN CRICKET ELEVEN has been formed at Harvard College, and the cricket club are making arrangements for laying out a "crease" of their own back of Felton Hall. In the meantime, the eleven will practice on the triangle in front of the Law School.

### CURLING.

THE FIRST MATCH of the Canadian season was played at the Moss Park Curling Rink, Toronto, on November 13, on which occasion the following rinks were played:

|                           |                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Capt. Wilson,             | W. A. Malcom,       |
| James Lumbers,            | W. H. Clapp,        |
| W. T. Allan,              | Thos. Gibson,       |
| Wm. Summerfeldt,          | J. P. Rogers,       |
| Dr. J. C. Clapp (skip) 15 | R. Malcom (skip) 13 |

The ice was in good condition, and the game was heartily enjoyed.

### CYCLING.

THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR RECORD was broken on November 6, by Alfred A. McCurdy, of Lynn, Mass., who on that date beat Stillman G. Whittaker's Indiana record of 301 1/2 miles on a bicycle in 24 hours. McCurdy started at 9 A. M., from Waltham, to beat the best 20, 25 and 50 and 100-mile road records, and he accomplished everything he undertook. He finished shortly before 9 o'clock next morning, coming in on the last turn at 38 minutes past 8 A. M., having been over the route six times, thereby completing 300 miles. This, with two slow circuits of

2 3-16 miles each made afterward, brought the actual distance traveled to 304 3/8 miles, and, with the runs to and from his hotel after each 50-mile round, the real record is unquestionably full 305 miles. A large crowd witnessed the performance and cheered loudly at the finish.

THE PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY CYCLING CLUB now has a membership of 25 active, enthusiastic wheelmen. They have made a grand total of about 7,000 miles during the year up to November 1. The highest figures have been made by W. B. Page (captain) 1,800 miles; A. D. Whittaker, 870; W. R. Lincoln, 700; J. A. Harris, 600, and R. Riddle, 500. Besides this, there have been many small trips to various points of interest, such as Valley Forge. The October run to Westchester was an enjoyable affair. The weather was fine, and the road, although dusty, afforded good wheeling. Westchester was reached about midday, and an excellent dinner was thoroughly discussed at the Mansion House. The return trip of 23 1/4 miles (Westchester to 52d street) was made in just 2 1/2 hours.

THE RECORDS CLAIMED by Furnivall and Gatehouse, respectively 2m. 30s. for a mile on a bicycle, and 2m. 41 2-5s. on a tricycle, have been thrown out by the record committee of the N. C. U. An examination of Timer W. W. Alexander's watch, showed that the hand could be made to dwell three times in five seconds without actually stopping.

MR. F. B. HAWKINS, OF BROOKLYN, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, made a noteworthy road travel record for 24 hours on Long Island, on November 15 and 16. He rode from Brooklyn to Bay Shore, Long Island, and returned *via* Babylon, Farmingdale, Hicksville and Garden City. The distance ridden was 207 1/2 miles. The total elapsed time was 23h. 52m., and riding time, 21h. 15m., with an average of 9.82 miles per hour. Messrs. W. I. Ticknor and H. E. Raymond acted as judges.

### FOOT-BALL.

THE CLOSING MATCH of the scheduled series of games of the Inter-Collegiate Association's championship contests for 1886, took place at Princeton on Thanksgiving day, under the most unpromising conditions for a satisfactory issue of the contest it would be possible to imagine. The contestants were the elevens of Yale and Princeton; and two teams of the Association clubs never entered a field under conditions better calculated to elicit ill-feeling and give play to bad temper than the players of Yale and Princeton did on this occasion. In the first place the ground was unfit for play, owing to the rain-storm which prevailed during the contest. Secondly, the arrangements for the accommodation of the crowd were simply wretched, and lastly, the course pursued by Princeton in insisting upon playing on such a field, when a model neutral field, like the St. George ground, at Staten Island, was at command, led to a very bitter feeling of animosity between the contesting elevens. The two teams were made up as follows:

*Princeton.* — Rushers — H. Hodge, Cook, Cowan, George, Irvine, Moore, Wagenhorst ; quarter-back — R. Hodge ; half-backs — Price and Ames ; full-back — Savage, (captain).

*Yale.* — Rushers — Wallace, Gill, Woodruff, Corbin, Carter, Burke, Corwin, (captain) ; quarter-back — Beecher ; half-backs — Watkinson and Morrison ; full-back — Bull.

We have not space for any details. Suffice it to say, therefore, that during the first half not a point

was scored on either side which was acknowledged by Referee Harris. In the second half, however, Yale scored a touchdown, thereby securing 4 points to 0 in the game. Before the second half could be concluded, darkness and the increased inclemency of the weather necessitated the calling of "Time" before the regular limit time had been reached, avoidable delays having rendered the playing out of the full time before dark impossible. The final result was that Yale claimed a victory by 4 to 0, and Princeton claimed a drawn match on the ground of full time not having been played out. The question was left to the Inter-Collegiate Association to settle, and on November 27, at a meeting held in New York, the contest was officially declared a drawn match. This leaves Princeton in possession of the championship which they won in 1885. Princeton afterward challenged Yale to play at the Polo grounds on December 4, but Yale stood by the decision of the Association meeting.

**THE JOHNS HOPKINS FOOT-BALL CLUB'S** eleven had a spirited contest on November 13 with the U. S. Naval Cadet's eleven at Annapolis, Md. During the first half, the Cadets, with a strong wind in their favor, scored the first, and as it proved to be the only touchdown, but failed to kick the goal; they, however, scored a goal on a fair kick by Cadet Stone a few minutes after they had missed the kick-off from the touchdown. Neither side being able to score during the second-half, the game was given to the Cadets by the score of 6 to 0.

**THE PLAYING OFF OF THE DRAWN GAME** between the Toronto and Montreal clubs on November 20, at Montreal, resulted in another draw. Montreal took the first game in the 30m., but darkness set in while the next game was in progress.

**THE LARGEST CROWD OF SPECTATORS** ever seen at a foot-ball match at Cambridge, Mass., was that gathered on November 20, to witness the match for the college championship between Yale and Harvard. The teams were made up as follows:

**Yale.**—Wallace, Gill, Carter, Corbin, Woodruff, Burke, and Corwin (captain), rushers; Beecher, quarter-back; Walkinson and Morison, half-backs; Bull, full-back.

**Harvard.**—Adams, Remington, Burgess, Brooks (captain), Wood, Butler, and Harding, rushers; Dudley, quarter-back; Holden and Porter, half-backs; Peabody, full-back.

The home team had no hope of victory, and they were content to score a few points against their more powerful and practiced opponents. In this they were satisfied, as Yale found it difficult to win by 20 to 4.

**A CANADIAN TEAM** of foot-ball players reached Newark Thanksgiving week and played a picked team of the New Jersey clubs, playing under association rules. The visitors comprised the following well-known Canadian players: Goal, J. N. McKendrick; Galt and Toronto University. Backs, O. Shantz, Rangers; W. Wood, Victorias. Half-backs, H. Pirie, Queen's and Dundas; H. Bewell, late Galt, C. I. Left, E. Webster, Galt and Trin. Med.; F. Doll, Rangers. Center, F. Sheppard and D. Forsyth (captain), Rangers. Right, A. Gibson and W. Bowman, Rangers.

The first game was played on Thanksgiving day, on the O. N. T. grounds at Newark, and the result was the success of the home team by 3 goals to 2. The visitors played a strong game, but were handicapped by their long journey, which ended only two

hours before the game began. The second game was played on the same field on November 27, and the result was a closer contest than before, the Jersey team finally winning by 2 goals to 1. Each scored a goal on the first half.

**AT ANNAPOLIS,** November 27, the contest between the foot-ball teams of Princeton College and the Naval Academy Cadets, proved to be a close game in the first half. The Princeton men had the advantage of size, but the Cadets played so pluckily, that up to 8 minutes of the close of the first inning, neither side had scored a point. Then the college boys scored a point for every minute left to them. In the second inning, the visitors made 2 points by kicking 3 goals, and getting in a touchdown, ending the game with the score of 30 to 0.

Following is a concise statement of the work of the teams outside the Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association:

**NAME OF TEAM**—Brooklyn Hill, Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Games played.—Brooklyn Hill *v.* Crescents, of Brooklyn, October 23, Crescent Athletic ground, Brooklyn: 3 goals, 1 safety touchdown; Crescents, 20; Brooklyn Hill, 0. Referee, Stevens, Crescent Athletic Club. Brooklyn Hill *v.* Staten Island, October 30, Staten Island; Brooklyn Hill, 1 touchdown and safety; Staten Island, same; Brooklyn Hill, 6; Staten Island, 6. Referee, Mr. Austin, of St. Austin's School, Staten Island. Brooklyn Hill *v.* Polytechnic Institute, November 4, Brooklyn: Brooklyn Hill, 4 goals, 1 touchdown; Brooklyn Hill, 28; Polytechnic, 0. Referee, Stevens, Crescent Athletic Club. Brooklyn Hill *v.* Yale Freshmen, November 6, Brooklyn: Yale Freshmen, 3 goals; Yale Freshmen, 18. Referee, Mr. Harrison, of Yale. Brooklyn Hill *v.* Staten Island, November 13, Staten Island: Brooklyn Hill, 0; Staten Island, 0. Referee, J. Norris, Brooklyn Hill Club. Brooklyn Hill *v.* Hasbrouck Academy, November 11, Jersey City: Brooklyn Hill, 1 goal, 2 touchdowns; Brooklyn Hill, 14; Hasbrouck, 0. Referee, Mr. Millan, Hasbrouck Academy. Brooklyn Hill *v.* Princeton Freshmen, November 20, Princeton, N. J.: Brooklyn Hill, 1 goal from field; 1 goal, 1 touchdown; Princeton Freshmen, 11 goals, 1 safety; Brooklyn Hill, 11; Princeton Freshmen, 68. Referee, Mr. Honcock, Princeton College.

Rushers: A. Norris, W. Tomes, E. Ditmars, J. Norris, D. Geddes, C. L. Woodward; quarter-back: E. Milhaw; half-backs: J. Pedlow, F. Brown; back: A. Tomes; substitutes: G. Graham, M. Carrere, L. S. Carrere, J. Smith, W. Webster, J. Cleland. Captain: Wm. Halsey (end rusher).

**NAME OF TEAM**—Crescents, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Games played.—Crescents *v.* Brooklyn Hill, October 23, Brooklyn: Crescents, 2 goals from touchdowns, and 2 touchdowns without goals; Brooklyn Hill, 0; Crescents, 20; Brooklyn Hill, 0. Referee, W. R. Thompson. Crescents *v.* Brooklyn Athletic Club, October 30, Brooklyn: Crescents, 5 touchdowns, 1 goal from same; 2 safety touchdowns by opponents; Brooklyn Athletic Club, 0; Crescents, 26; Brooklyn Athletic Club, 0. Referee, Mr. J. E. P. Stevens. Crescents *v.* Yale, November 2, New York: Yale, 82; Crescents, 0. Referee, Mr. W. C. Camp. Crescents *v.* New York University, November 20, Brooklyn: Crescents, 7 touchdowns, 28; 4 goals from same, 8 additional; New York University, 0; Crescents, 36; New York University, 0. Referee, W. R. Thompson.

Rushers: F. J. Vernon, F. R. Vernon, C. H. Chapman, W. H. Ford, H. J. Lamarche, M. J. Lamarche, Duncan Edwards; quarter-back: Herbert

Boughton; half-back: Juan Smith, Chas. Stevens; back: S. H. Dennen, W. H. Ford; substitutes: Geo. Hicks, J. E. Austin, Clyde Notman, J. V. La-marche, J. E. P. Stevens. Captain: W. H. Ford.

NAME OF TEAM.—Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H.—Games played.—Dartmouth *v.* Andover, October 28, 1886; Andover, Mass.: Dartmouth, 2 goals, 1 from field; Andover, 3 touchdowns, 1 goal; 11 to 18 in favor of Andover. Referee, W. T. Merrill, of Dartmouth. Dartmouth *v.* Technology, October 29, Boston, Mass.: Dartmouth, 2 goals, 1 from field; Technology, one goal; 11 to 6 in favor of Dartmouth. Referee, W. T. Merrill, of Dartmouth. Dartmouth *v.* Harvard, October 30, Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard, 11 goals, 1 touchdown; 70 to 0, in favor of Harvard. Referee, Mr. Mason, Harvard. Dartmouth *v.* Burlington University, November 6, Burlington, Vt.: Dartmouth, 14 goals, 1 from field, 2 touchdowns; 91 in favor of Dartmouth. Referee, C. W. Bickford, of Dartmouth.

Rushers: Eaton (end), Blossom, Norton, Dartt (center), Bodwell, Hazen, Hurd (end); quarter-back: Odlin (captain); half-backs: Vian, Artz; back: Quackenboss; substitutes: Kelly, Morgan, Ellis.

NAME OF TEAM.—E. A. C. Foot-ball Eleven, Cheshire, Conn.—Games played.—E. A. C. *v.* Wallingford, October 16, Cheshire, Conn.: 1 goal, 1 touchdown, 2 safetys; E. A. C., 14; Wallingford, o. Referee, Mr. Luther. E. A. C., 1st Eleven *v.* E. A. C., 2d Eleven, October 20, Cheshire, Conn.: 3 goals, 7 touchdowns, 3 safetys; E. A. C. 1st, 34; E. A. C. 2d 8. Referee, Mr. Chapin. E. A. C. 1st Team *v.* Wallingford, October 31, Wallingford: 3 touchdowns; Wallingford, 12; E. A. C., o. Referee, Mr. —. E. A. C. 1st Team *v.* E. A. C. Juniors, November 3, Cheshire, Conn.: 3 goals, 2 touchdowns, 3 safetys; E. A. C. 1st, 20; E. A. C. Juniors, 2. Referee, Mr. Arias.

Rushers: E. K. Curtiss, J. Swan, M. Mallette, U. Husblein, F. Davis, S. Du Pré, D. P. Poole; quarter-back: G. Deshon; half-backs: W. McCandless, E. B. Bulkeley; back: I. Davis; substitutes: Briggs, H. Drummond, Belden. Captain: Geo. Deshon.

NAME OF TEAM.—Graduates of Pittsburgh, Pa. Rushers: A. McPherson, James McCoul, D. Speer, Wills, John Oliver, John Moorhead, L. Shaw; quarter-back: Carnegie; half-backs: O. D. Thompson, H. Brown; back: P. Loyd.

NAME OF TEAM.—Hartford Public High School, Hartford, Conn.—Games played.—Hill House High School of New Haven *v.* Hartford Public High School, October 30, Hartford: 1 touchdown for Hartford Public High School; Hartford Public High School, 4; Hill House High School, o. Norwich Free Academy *v.* Hartford Public High School, November 6, Norwich, Conn.: Hartford Public High School, 42; Norwich Free Academy, o. Trinity Freshmen *v.* Hartford Public High School, November 10, Hartford: Hartford Public High School, 13; Trinity, o. Referee, W. Barbour. Wesleyan Freshmen *v.* Hartford Public High School, November 22, Hartford: Hartford Public High School, 1 goal from field; Wesleyan Freshmen, 1 touchdown; Hartford Public High School, 5; Wesleyan Freshmen, 4. Referee, Mr. Beattys, of Wesleyan Varsity Team.

Rushers: A. Howard, Buck, Hoisington, Weed, Winter, Cheney, Dennis; quarter-back: Burnham; half-backs: Williams, H. Reynolds; back: F. Reynolds; substitutes: Glazier, Brainard, Corson. Captain: H. B. Cheney.

NAME OF TEAM.—Haverford College Foot-ball Team, Haverford, Pa.—Games played.—Haverford College *v.* Lehigh University, November 20, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.: 3 goals; 1 touchdown; 18 to 4, in Lehigh's favor. Referee, Mr. Swift. Haverford College *v.* Tioga Athletic Association, October 28, Tioga, Pa.: 3 goals, 3 touchdowns, 1 safety touchdown to o; 32 to o, in Haverford's favor. Referee, Mr. H. H. Firth. Haverford College *v.* University of Pennsylvania, November 3, University Athletic ground: 2 goals, 1 touchdown to 1 touchdown; 16 to 4, in University's favor. Referee, Mr. Porter.

Rushers: Overman, W. Wood, Janney, Slocum, Orbison, Evans, G. C. Wood; quarter-back: W. Lewis; half-backs: A. C. Garrett, P. H. Morris; back: J. T. Hills; substitutes: Baner, Thompson, Angell. Captain, A. C. Garrett.

NAME OF TEAM.—Hillhouse High School F. B. T., New Haven, Conn.—Games played.—Hillhouse High School *v.* Picked Team, September 29, New Haven: Hillhouse High School, 7 touchdowns, 5 goals from touchdowns; Picked Team, 1 safety; Hillhouse High School, 40; Picked team, o. Referee, Mr. G. F. Goodale. Hillhouse High School *v.* Hopkins Grammar School, October 6, New Haven: Hillhouse High School, 8 touchdowns, 7 goals from touchdowns; Hopkins Grammar School, 1 safety; Hillhouse High School, 48; Hopkins Grammar School, o. Referee, Mr. Chas. Hunt. Hillhouse High School *v.* Elm City Institute, October 9, New Haven: Hillhouse High School, 5 touchdowns, 1 goal from touchdown; Elm City Institute, 3 safetys; Hillhouse High School, 28; Elm City Institute, o. Referee, Mr. Marshall. Hillhouse School *v.* Wesleyan Freshmen, October 23, New Haven: Hillhouse School, o; Wesleyan Freshmen, 5 touchdowns, 3 goals from touchdowns; Hillhouse School, o; Wesleyan Freshmen, 26. Referee, Mr. Hamlin. Hillhouse High School *v.* Hartford Public High School, October 30, Hartford, Conn.: Hillhouse High School, o; Hartford Public High School, 1 touchdown; Hillhouse High School, o; Hartford Public High School, 4. Referee, Mr. Chas. Hunt. Consolidated H. H. S. & E. C. I. *v.* Hopkins Grammar School, November 20, New Haven: H. H. S. & E. C. I., 3 touchdowns, 1 goal from touchdown; Hopkins Grammar School, o; H. H. S. & E. C. I., 14; Hopkins Grammar School, o. Referee, Mr. Curtis.

Rushers: Jones, Goodale, Merriman, Blake, Farley, Rowland, Tibballs; quarter-back: Durkin; half-backs: C. Hutchinson, Guernsey; back: Wurts; substitutes: Lamb, Field, Gunn, Norman, R. Hutchinson; captain: Henry H. Guernsey.

NAME OF TEAM.—Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.—Games played.—Swarthmore *v.* Lafayette College, October 13, Swarthmore: Lafayette College, 5 touchdowns; Swarthmore, 1 goal from touchdown, 1 touchdown, 1 safety; Lafayette, 20; Swarthmore, 8. Referee, Mr. Ashurst, University of Pennsylvania. Rutgers *v.* Lafayette College, October 16, Easton, Pa.: Rutgers, 1 safety; Lafayette College, 1 safety, 5 touchdowns, 1 goal from touchdown; Rutgers, 2; Lafayette College, 28. Dickinson *v.* Lafayette College, October 18, Easton, Pa.: Dickinson, 1 goal from field; Lafayette College, 1 safety, 4 touchdowns, 1 goal from touchdown; Dickinson, 5; Lafayette College, 24. Referee, Mr. Bradford, of Lehigh University. University of Pennsylvania *v.* Lafayette College, October 20, Easton, Pa.: University of Pennsylvania, o; Lafayette College, 2

goals from touchdowns ; University of Pennsylvania, 0 ; Lafayette College, 12. Referee, Mr. Lake, of Dickinson. Stevens Institute *v.* Lafayette College, October 23, Hoboken, N. J. : Stevens', 0 ; Lafayette College, 1 goal from field ; Stevens', 0 ; Lafayette College, 5. Referee, Mr. Shultz, Yale, '85. University of Pennsylvania *v.* Lafayette College, October 30, Philadelphia : Lafayette College, 1 goal from touchdown, 1 touchdown ; University of Pennsylvania, 1 safety, 3 touchdowns, 1 goal from touchdown ; Lafayette College, 10 ; University of Pennsylvania, 20. Referee, Mr. Porter, Princeton, '86. Lehigh University *v.* Lafayette College, November 6, Easton, Pa. : Lehigh University, 0 ; Lafayette College, 1 goal from touchdown, 1 safety, 1 touchdown ; Lehigh University, 0 ; Lafayette College, 12. Referee, Mr. Knorr, of Lehigh University. Trinity *v.* Lafayette College, November 11, Hartford, Conn. : Trinity, 0 ; Lafayette College, 3 touchdowns ; Trinity, 0 ; Lafayette College, 12. Referee, Mr. Robinson, Yale. Wesleyan *v.* Lafayette College, November 13, Middletown, Conn. : Lafayette College, 0 ; Wesleyan, 3 touchdowns, 2 goals from touchdowns, 1 safety ; Lafayette College, 0 ; Wesleyan, 26. Referee, Mr. Forseman, Lafayette. Rutgers *v.* Lafayette College, November 17, New Brunswick : Rutgers, 2 goals from field ; Lafayette College, 1 safety, 4 touchdowns, 1 goal from touchdown ; Rutgers, 10 ; Lafayette College, 26. Stevens' *v.* Lafayette College, November 20, Easton : Stevens', 0 ; Lafayette College, 13 touchdowns, 1 goal from touchdowns ; Stevens', 0 ; Lafayette College, 58. Referee, Mr. Forseman, Lafayette. Lafayette College *v.* Lehigh, November 24, Bethlehem, Pa. : Lehigh, 0 ; Lafayette College, 1 touchdown ; Lehigh, 0 ; Lafayette College, 4. Referee, Mr. Forseman, Lafayette.

Rushers : Gutelins (captain), Van Loon, Young, Williams (swap-back), Rohrbach, Overton, Beatty ; quarter-back : Krick ; half-backs : Camp, Payne ; back : McIlvain ; substitutes : Harry, Cummins, Ort, Pilgrim. Captain : Gutelins (right end rusher).

NAME OF TEAM—Lawrenceville School Team, Lawrenceville, N. J.—Games played.—Lawrenceville *v.* Tioga Athletic Association, October 16, Lawrenceville : Lawrenceville, 0 ; Tioga, 25. Lawrenceville *v.* Princeton Freshmen, "scrub," October 13, Lawrenceville : Princeton Freshmen, 8 ; Lawrenceville, 2. Referee, K. L. Ames. Lawrenceville *v.* Princeton Prep., October 23, Lawrenceville : Lawrenceville, 18 ; Princeton Prep., 0. Referee, C. Reiley. Lawrenceville *v.* Princeton Sophomores, November 6, Princeton : Lawrenceville, 0 ; Princeton Sophomores, 22. Lawrenceville *v.* Rutgers Grammar School, November 10, Lawrenceville : Lawrenceville, 28 ; Rutgers, 0. Referee, Mr. Patterson. Lawrenceville *v.* Princeton Sophomore, "scrub," November 20, Lawrenceville : Lawrenceville, 0 ; Princeton Sophomore, 16. Referee, R. C. Lewis.

Rushers : Deedy, McNinch, Brown, Vredenberg, Marshall, Flemming, R. Jones ; quarter-back : Edey ; half-backs : McClintock, Fitzwilliam ; back : Franke ; substitutes : Hart, Willard. Captain : Peter Vredenberg.

NAME OF TEAM—Lehigh University F. B. Team, South Bethlehem, Pa.—Games played.—Lehigh *v.* University of Pennsylvania, October 9, Philadelphia : University of Pennsylvania, 26 ; Lehigh, 4. Referee, Mr. Porter, Princeton. Lehigh *v.* Dickinson, October 16, South Bethlehem, Pa. : Lehigh, 26 ; Dickinson, 0. Referee, Professor Durell, Dickinson. Lehigh

*v.* Stevens, October 30, Hoboken, N. J. : Lehigh, 0 ; Stevens, 0. Referee, Mr. Schultze. Lehigh *v.* Lafayette, November 6, Easton : Lafayette, 12 ; Lehigh, 0. Referee, Mr. Knorr, Lehigh. Lehigh *v.* Stevens, November 13, South Bethlehem, Pa. : Lehigh, 14 ; Stevens, 0. Referee, Mr. Swift, University of Pennsylvania. Lehigh *v.* University of Pennsylvania, November 18, South Bethlehem, Pa. : Lehigh, 28 ; University of Pennsylvania, 0. Referee, Mr. Bradford, Princeton. Lehigh *v.* Haverford, November 20, South Bethlehem : Lehigh, 18 ; Haverford, 4. Referee, Mr. Swift, University of Pennsylvania. Lehigh *v.* Lafayette, November 24, South Bethlehem : Lehigh, 0 ; Lafayette, 0. Referee, Mr. Forseman, Lafayette.

Rushers : Williams, Palmer, Davis, Pierce, La Doo, Lee, Wetzel ; quarter-back : Ely ; half-backs : Bradford, Long ; back : Howard ; substitutes : Bates, Kittrell, Martin. Captain : Pierce.

NAME OF TEAM—Mass. Inst. Tech., Boston, Mass.—Games played.—Tech. *v.* Amherst, October 28, Amherst : Amherst, 18 ; Tech., 0. Referee, Mr. Watson. Tech. *v.* Tufts, October 27, Boston : forfeited to Tech. Referee, Smith. Tech. *v.* Williams, November 8, Boston : Tech., 14 ; Williams, 14. Referee, Mr. G. Kelley. Tech. *v.* Amherst, November 4, Boston : Tech., 22 ; Amherst, 0. Referee, Mr. G. Kelley. Tech. *v.* Williams, November 13, Williamstown : Williams, 21 ; Tech., 0. Played in 4 inches of snow. Referee, Mr. G. Kelley. Tech. *v.* Tufts, November 19, College Hill : Tech., 29 ; Tufts, 8. Referee, Mr. Smith.

Rushers : Torce (end), Tracy, Dame, Tamlor (center), Ladd, Bartlett, Goodline (end) ; quarter-back : Herrick ; half-backs : Dearborn, Duane ; back : Devens ; substitutes : Kimball, Fish, Wadsworth, Durfee. Captain : Herrick.

Other games—Harvard, 48 ; Tech., 0. Harvard, 51 ; Tech., 8. Harvard, 61 ; Tech., 0. Yale, 06 ; Tech., 0. Phillips-Andover, 18 ; Tech., 16. Phillips-Evels, 6 ; Tech., 22. Dartmouth, 11 ; Tech., 6. Average : Tech. rush line, 163 ; team, 157. Tie game with Williams, not played off.

NAME OF TEAM—Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.—Games played.—Norwich Free Academy *v.* Bulkeley High School, October 16, Norwich : Norwich Free Academy, 7 goals from touchdowns, 4 touchdowns ; 54 to 6. Referee, Mr. Schierge, of New London. Norwich Free Academy *v.* Bulkeley High School, October 23, New London : 1 goal from field, 2 touchdowns ; 13 to 6. Referee, Mr. J. S. Dutcher. Norwich Free Academy *v.* Norwich Free Academy Alumni, October 26, Norwich : 3 goals from touchdowns. 18 to 0. Referee, Mr. J. S. Dutcher. Norwich Free Academy *v.* Hartford High School, November 6, Norwich : 0 to 42. Referee, Mr. J. S. Dutcher.

Rushers : H. Thompson (r. e.), Corwin (r. t.), A. Thompson (r. g.), A. Aiken (C.), Williams (l. g.), Fitch (l. t.), Cogswell, (l. e.) ; quarter-back : Button ; half-backs : Holmes (r.), Wolf (l.) ; back : Bidwell ; substitutes : Warner, J. Aiken, Dawson. Captain, A. L. Aiken (c. r.).

NAME OF TEAM—The Phillips' Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.—Games played.—Phillips' Exeter Academy *v.* Gentlemen of Boston, October 2, Exeter, N. H. : 4 to 4 ; 1 touchdown each. Referee, Mr. Ewing, of Exeter. Phillips' Exeter Academy *v.* Tuft's College, October 9, Exeter, N. H. : 18 to 8 ; 3 goals ; 1 touchdown ; 2 touchdowns. Referee, Mr. Galletley, of Tuft's College. Phillips' Exeter Academy *v.* Harvard Varsity, October 27, Exeter,



N. H.: 0 to 158. Referee, Mr. Mason, of Harvard. Phillips' Exeter Academy *v.* Massachusetts Institute of Technology, November 6, Exeter, N. H.: 6 to 18; 1 touchdown with goal; 3 touchdowns with goals. Referee, Mr. Fallows, Amherst, '86. Phillips' Exeter Academy *v.* Harvard '90, November 10, Exeter, N. H.: 30 to 5; 5 touchdowns with goals; 1 goal from field. Referee, Mr. Odlin, of Dartmouth. Phillips' Exeter Academy *v.* Phillips' Academy, at Andover, November 13, Andover, Mass.: 26 to 0; 3 touchdowns with goals; 2 touchdowns failing goal. (Huntington 2, MacPherran 2, Brooks 1). Referee, Mr. Hurd, of Dartmouth.

Rushers: Brooks, Rhodes, Knowles, Horne, Cranstons, Willard, Harding; quarter-back, Huntington; half-backs: MacPherran, McClung; back: Morrison; substitutes: Frazier, Kales, Baker. Captain: E. W. MacPherran.

NAME OF TEAM—Pittsburgh Cricket Club Football Team, Brushton Station, Penn.—Games played.—Pittsburgh Cricket Club Football Team *v.* Pittsburgh Oil Exchange, October 16, Brushton: 2 goals and 2 touchdowns; 20 to 0. Referee, John Moorehead, of Yale. Pittsburgh Cricket Club Football Team *v.* Shady Side, October 30, Brushton: 1 goal and 1 touchdown, to 1 dropped goal and touchdown; 10 to 9. Referee, John Moorehead, of Yale. Pittsburgh Cricket Club Football Team *v.* Sharpsburg, November 20, Brushton: 4 touchdowns to 0; 16 to 0. Referee, Dawson Spear, of St. Paul's School. Pittsburgh Cricket Club Football Team, *v.* Alleghany, November 13, postponed on account of weather. Pittsburgh Cricket Club Football Team *v.* Local Collegians, November 17, postponed on account of weather.

Rushers: W. C. Carnegie, W. Reid, B. Robertson, H. Hilliard, H. Buchanan, C. S. Clarke; quarter-back, Harry Farr; half-backs: W. Richards, H. Vandergrift; back: A. Macpherson; substitutes: K. Moorhead, G. Wood, J. Page, J. Brown. Captain: Alex. McPherson.

NAME OF TEAM—Queen's College Association Football Club, Kingston, Ontario.—Games played.—Queens *v.* Victorias of Toronto, October 30, Kingston: 1 goal to 0 (favor of Toronto). Referee, J. Heslop.

Forwards: E. Pirie, H. Leask, J. Buchanan, H. Pirie, H. Farrell, H. McFarlane; back: L. Irving; half-backs: J. White, R. Lett; back: J. Harvey; substitutes: E. Echlin, J. McLennan; goal: H. Dunning. Captain: H. Pirie.

NAME OF TEAM—Roxbury Latin, Roxbury, Mass.—Games played.—Groton School *v.* Roxbury Latin, October 23, Groton, Mass.: Groton, 24; Roxbury, 0; 5 touchdowns, 2 goals. Referee, Mr. Billings. English High *v.* Roxbury Latin, November 3, Roxbury: English High, 0; Roxbury, 0. Referee, Mr. A. W. Rice, English High School. Adams' Academy *v.* Roxbury Latin, November 17, Quincy: Adams', 6; Roxbury, 8; Adams', 1 touchdown and safety; Roxbury, 2 touchdowns. Referee, Mr. Rice. English High *v.* Roxbury Latin, November 24, Roxbury: Game forfeited to Roxbury from inability of English to produce an eleven. Referee, Mr. Rice.

Rushers: Wright, Draper, Williams, Hale, Denny, Baker, Gallant; quarter-back: Chamberlain; half-backs: Batchelder, Blaney; back: Rogers; substitutes: De Normandie, King, Newell. Captain, M. Williams, jr.

NAME OF TEAM—Stevens' Institute, Hoboken, N. J.—Games played.—Princeton *v.* Stevens',

October 9, Princeton: 59 to 0. Referee, R. Hodge, Princeton. Princeton *v.* Stevens', October 13, Hoboken: 58 to 0. Referee, R. P. Bradford, Princeton. Harvard *v.* Stevens', October 16, Cambridge: 44 to 0. Referee, W. Fiske, Harvard. Yale *v.* Stevens', October 20, Hoboken: 54 to 0. Referee, R. P. Bradford, Princeton. Lafayette *v.* Stevens', October 23, Hoboken: 5 to 6. Referee, E. M. Shultze, Yale. Lehigh *v.* Stevens', October 30, Hoboken: 0 to 0. Referee, V. Aldredge, Syracuse.

Rushers: Phelps, Taylor, Firestone, Ferris, Drummond, Reid; quarter-back: Lopez; half-backs: Cuntz, Campbell; back: Ublenhaut; substitutes: Wicht, De Hart, Darby. Captain, B. F. Hart, jr., rusher.

NAME OF TEAM—Swarthmore College. Swarthmore '89 *v.* Haverford '89, October 20, Haverford: 28 to 6 in favor of Swarthmore. Swarthmore College *v.* Dickinson College, October 23, Carlisle, Pa.: 30 to 11 in favor of Swarthmore. Referee, Dasell, of Dickinson. Swarthmore College *v.* Lafayette College, October 13, Swarthmore. Referee, Pacheco, University of Pennsylvania.

Rushers: Pancoast, Pyle, Ekins, Lane, Ervien, Hunter, Saxman; quarter-back: Sweet; half-backs: Clothier, Leamen; back: Cummins, Ekns; substitutes: Webster, Sudler. Captain: Ekns.

NAME OF TEAM—Trinity College Football Team, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.—Games played.—Amherst *v.* Trinity, October 20, Hartford: Amherst, 2 goals from field, 1 goal from touchdown: Trinity, 1 touchdown; Amherst, 20; Trinity, 4. Referee, C. W. Stiles, Wesleyan, '89. Lafayette *v.* Trinity, November 11, Hartford: Lafayette, 3 touchdowns; Lafayette, 12; Trinity, 0. Referee, Lucius F. Robinson, Yale, '84. Amherst *v.* Trinity, November 13, Amherst: Amherst, 4 touchdowns; Trinity, 2; Amherst, 16; Trinity, 8. Referee, Porter Tracy, Amherst, '88.

Rushers: Griswold, McCook, Fitzgerald, Shannon, Talcott, Deuel, G. Rodgers; quarter-back: McLemore; half-backs: Barber, Brinley; back: Brady; substitutes: Jarvis, Upson, R. Rodgers, Robb. Captain: W. W. Barber, '88.

NAME OF TEAM—University Football Club, King's College, Windsor, N. S.—Games played.—University Football Club *v.* College School Club, October 22, Windsor, N. S.: 27 to 0, in favor of University Football Club. Referee, A. B. Murray, '87. University Football Club *v.* Windsor Athletic Association, November 4, Windsor, N. S.: 8 to 0, in favor of University Football Club. Referee, C. S. Martin, '89. University Football Club *v.* College School, November 6, College Campus: 42 to 0, in favor of University Football Club. Referee, A. B. Murray, '87. University Football Club *v.* Windsor Athletic Association, November 13, College Campus: 6 to 0, in favor of University Football Club. Referee, A. B. Murray, '87.

Rushers: C. Le V. Brine, '87, J. Silver, '88, G. Roberts, '90, J. Withycombe, '90, C. A. Saunders, B. A., G. Thomson, '90; quarter-back: T. H. White, '87; half-backs: Prof. Roberts, Prof. Hammond; back: H. H. Pittman, '89; substitutes: A. W. Smithers, '89, McL. Harvey, J. Jennison, P. B. Chandler. Captain: F. S. Raddin, '89, rusher.

NAME OF TEAM—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.—Games played.—University of Michigan *v.* Albion College, October 15, Albion, Mich.: University of Michigan, 50; Albion, 0. Referee, A. E. Hagle, Albion, '87. University of Michigan

*v.* Albion College, October 30, Ann Arbor, Mich., University of Michigan, 24; Albion, 0. Referee: Geo. W. Whyte, University of Michigan, '87.

Rushers: H. G. Prettyman, F. G. Higgins, Geo. Higgins, F. F. Bumps, C. D'A. Wright, C. N. Banks; quarter-back: W. M. Morrow; half-backs: Jas. E. Duffy, Jno. M. Jaycox; back: John L. Duffy; substitutes: A. C. Kiskadden, A. A. Harless, W. R. Trowbridge, Chas. Miller, F. W. Mehlhop, W. C. Malley. Captain, H. G. Prettyman.

NAME OF TEAM—University Foot-ball Eleven, Minneapolis, Minn.—Games played.—University *v.* Shattuck Military School, October 25, Faribault, Minn.: 8 to 4, in favor of University. Referee, Fred. S. Jones, of Yale College. University *v.* Shattuck Military School, November 10, Minneapolis: 22 to 8, in favor of Shattuck. Referee, Samuel A. Booth, of Yale.

Rushers: E. R. Allen, A. F. Pillsbury, B. E. Traske, F. D. Nickerson, J. P. Good, C. Graham; snapper-back: W. Wagner; quarter-back: H. T. Abbott; half-backs: J. F. Hayden, C. H. Alden; back: F. D. Jones; substitutes: H. Cotton, A. D. Meeds, A. J. Mayall. Captain: Howard T. Abbott.

Remarks: Club was lately organized, and few games have yet been played. Heretofore Shattuck has held the championship of the Northwest.

NAME OF TEAM—Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.—Games played.—Tufts *v.* Williams, October 20, College Hill: Tufts, 0; Williams, 61. Referee, Mr. Smith, of Harvard. Amherst *v.* Williams, October 30, Amherst: goal from touchdown to touchdown; Amherst, 6; Williams, 4. Referee, Mr. Watson, of Amherst Agricultural College. Massachusetts Institute of Technology *v.* Williams, November 3, Boston: 2 goals from touchdown and safety by Williams, to 1 goal from touchdown and 2 touchdowns; 14 to 14. Referee, Mr. Geo. Kelley, of Harvard. Tufts *v.* Williams, November 6, Williamstown: Tufts, 4; Williams, 33. Referee, Mr. A. E. Snow, of Tuft's. Massachusetts Institute of Technology *v.* Williams, November 13, Williamstown: 0 to 2 goals from touchdowns; touchdown and goal from field; Technology, 0; Williams, 21. Referee, Mr. Geo. Kelley, of Harvard. Amherst *v.* Williams, November 20, Williamstown: 0 to 3 touchdowns, and 2 goals from touchdown; Amherst, 0; Williams, 30. Referee, Mr. Hutchinson, of Wesleyan.

Rushers: Wells, Van Duzee, Richards, Johnson, Young, Ruic, Campbell; quarter-back: Safford; half-back: Brusie, Belden; back: Conn; substitutes: Rowland, Williams, Rathbone. Captain, Wells, then Brusie.

Remarks: The game of October 30, with Amherst, was ordered to be played over on the 17th of November, but Amherst forfeited it to Williams.

NAME OF TEAM—Union University, Schenectady, N. Y.—Games played.—Union College *v.* Albany Medical College, November 20, Schenectady, N. Y.: 2 touchdowns to 0. Referee, C. F. Bridge. Union University *v.* R. P. I., November 20, Troy, N. Y.: 1 touchdown. Referee, Prof. Murdock, Princeton.

Rushers, E. M. Hawkes, De Puy, G. G. Lewis, Duncan, A. Turnbull, E. B. Coburn; quarter-back: J. W. Carmichael; half-backs: C. W. Culver, D. S. Voorhees; back: E. P. Towne; substitutes: C. H.

<sup>1</sup> Game protested, and protest allowed by the League.

Ashton, Snow, M. Smith, Birden, Brundage. Captain: F. D. Lewis, end rusher.

NAME OF TEAM—Randolph Macon College Football Team, Ashland, Va.—Games played.—Randolph Macon *v.* Richmond College, October 22, Richmond, Va.: 3 to 0 in favor of Randolph Macon College. Referee, J. F. Woodward. Randolph Macon *v.* Richmond College, November 20, Ashland, Va.: 3 to 2 in favor of Richmond College. Referee, H. G. Leigh.

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NAME OF TEAM—Wesleyan, Middletown, Conn.—Games played.—University of Pennsylvania *v.* Wesleyan, October 27, Polo Grounds, New York: 1 goal from touchdown; 2 touchdowns; 14 to 0. Referee, Mr. Baker, of Princeton. Yale *v.* Wesleyan, October 30, New Haven: 136 to 0. Referee, Mr. F. G. Peters, of Yale. Harvard *v.* Wesleyan, November 6, Cambridge, Mass.: 34 to 0. Referee, Mr. F. G. Peters, of Yale. Princeton *v.* Wesleyan, November 20, Hartford, Conn.: 70; Wesleyan, 6. Referee, Mr. Robinson, of Yale. Wesleyan *v.* Amherst, October 16, Hartford, Conn.: 47 to 0. Referee, Mr. McCook, of Trinity College. Wesleyan *v.* Lafayette, November 13, Middletown, Conn.: 26 to 0. Referee, Mr. Forsborne, of Lafayette.

Rushers: Hutchinson, '87, Glenn, '89, Fish, '87; Welk, '88, Eaton, '89, Norton, '89, Richards, '88; quarter-back: M. F. Steelman, '87; half-backs: Manchester, '89, Hamlen, '88; back: Beattys, '88; substitutes: Smith, '88, Floy, '89, Johnson, '89, Cassidy, '88, Cobb, '90, Brainard, '90. Captain: J. C. Wells, '88.

Remarks: Mr. J. M. Stevens, '87, has managed the team the past season.

Mr. Wm. Hyland has again trained the team.

## HARE AND HOUNDS

THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY Hare and Hounds Club had their second chase at Bethlehem, Pa., November 6. The hares, G. B. Shane, '88, and J. J. Lincoln, '89, left the gymnasium at 10.16 A. M., followed by seven hounds, with R. P. Barnard, '89, as whipper-in, 7m. later. The 7-mile run across the Lehigh Mountain and return was made in 1h. 7m. The hares were winners by 31m. 25s.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY run of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association on October 30, was quite an interesting event. It was arranged under the auspices of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, and the course was from the Rosedale grounds to Eglington, a distance of five miles, finishing opposite Oulcott's hotel. There were seven starters, as follows: Messrs. S. D. Jones and J. G. Ross, Montreal; F. W. Jackson, J. Garvin, R. B. Coulson, A. H. R. Kirtland and A. B. McKenzie, Toronto. The time at the finish was: Jones, 36m. 57 1-5s.; Ross, 36m. 59s. The prizes were: first, gold medal; second, silver medal; and third, silver locket.

THE HARVARD HARE AND HOUNDS CLUB had a lively run November 16. The hares, Baldwin and G. P. Cogswell, '88, laid a broad and easily discriminable round Fresh Pond and back, and covered this distance in the fast time of 40m. The hounds, under the leadership of W. Austin, '87, followed hard behind and nearly succeeded in getting home within the allotted time after the hares. Dana was the first hound in, completing the distance in 50m.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL RACE for the New York Athletic Club's cross country championship was held on November 2—election day. The start was made

from the club grounds in Mott Haven, in a north-easterly direction, to Fleetwood Park. The length of the course was five miles. Will Wood, of the New York Athletic Club, was referee. The competitors were: T. J. F. Murphy, of the Spartan Harriers; G. Thompson, of the New York Athletic Club; P. D. Skillman, of the Manhattan Club; W. F. Thompson, of the Olympic Club; E. McMahon, of the West Side Athletic Association; E. C. Carter, of the New York Club; M. F. Doian, of the Scottish-American Club; G. Y. Gilbert, of the Staten Island Club, and J. Larkins of the Scottish-American Club. The start was even, but E. C. Carter, the champion, soon obtained the lead. He won in 31m., which, for a five-mile course, is considered very good time.

THE FIRST PAPER CHASE of the Prospect Harriers took place November 2. Starting from the club-house on the parade ground, Prospect Park, the hares—E. L. Crabbe, Connell, and Schoeneck—took a circuit of New-Utrecht, Flatlands and the water-works at Flatbush, ending with a straight run across the parade ground. E. L. Crabbe and Connell were only divided by a yard at the finish. Schoeneck 30s. behind. They had covered about 10 miles in 1m. 21s. The harriers came in 14m. later, Dove first, Smith, Crabbe, Lloyd, and Morehouse leading. The pack consisted of 21 members.

THE SPARTAN HARRIERS on November 2, held the third cross country paper chase of the season, from Jamaica, L. I. About thirty of the crack cross country runners of the club followed the hares. The day was a perfect Indian summer one, and was fully enjoyed. The hares—Messrs. H. Haubold, E. Wemacht and W. E. Knox—were sent off at 12:01, and 10 minutes later the pack, with C. E. Nissen, as master, and A. Fleischman and J. Hatton as whippers-in, were sent in chase. The course led through Frankston, Queen's, and skirting the edge of Creedmoor, led back along the turnpike to Jamaica at the place of starting. The hares arrived home, after an enjoyable run of about 12 or 13 miles, at 1:39 P. M. and were followed 11 minutes later by the pack. Mr. L. R. Sharp finished first, after a desperate struggle; C. Renner was second, J. Bell, third, and A. Fleischman, fourth.

THE FLEETWOOD HARE AND HOUNDS CLUB held a chase from East New York to Jamaica, L. I., November 2. The distance covered was about ten miles, and the first hare in, Watt, accomplished it in 1h. 50m., the hounds coming in half an hour later.

THE YALE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION has revived the Hare and Hounds Club, which became defunct two years ago, and on November 6, the club had their first run. Pettie, '87, and Lane, '88, were the hares. Twenty-one hounds followed them in their course, which was about nine miles in length. Phelps, '87, was the first hound in, and won. Goodwin, '90, won the sprinters' prize. In this race the hares were given ten minutes' start. Phelps, '87, who won the first prize, came home only twenty yards behind the hares.

#### HUNTING.

THE COUNTRY CLUB HOUNDS (Westchester County) met at Pleasant, the residence of Mr. James M. Waterbury, near the Sound, on the 20th November, it being their eighteenth meet, and hunted over a line of average country to a point seven miles inland. A fox, as usual, turned loose at the end of the drag, ran for several fields, and was ultimately killed in a

farm-yard. The sport so far has been well patronized for a first season, and among those with the hounds on this occasion and doing their share of hard riding were Messrs. F. O. Beach, the master; O. Bird, Jas. M. Waterbury, C. O. Iselin, C. and T. Havemeyer, E. C. and Mrs. Potter, Major Cooley, L. Beeckman, Mrs. H. N. Potter, J. Lorillard, Miss Hunter, Miss Iselin, and others.

The country, unlike monotonous Long Island, is hilly and closely fenced in most cases, with walls of no mean height. Timber fences are rare, but the walls are broken at some point by a post and rail or swinging-board gate. Drops are frequent, brooks and blind ditches ordinary occurrences. These hounds or harriers—not the true fox hounds used by the Meadow Brook, Rockaway, or Essex Hunts, are swift enough to please the hardest men across country—especially over such country as Westchester affords, where jumping is incessant and fences blind.

THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB had an enjoyable field meeting on October 30, at the ever Toronto Junction. The hounds were cast off in Carlton grove, and, taking a westerly direction, ran very fast for about five miles, until they reached Black Creek gully, when the scent was lost, and a check took place. During this part of the run, the master cut the pace so fast that the field was well strung out. Only a few of the best fencers were able to keep up. After the check, the hounds soon took scent and dashed up the steep banks, along which they ran, old Reynard making for the river, and running very fast. The run continued four miles farther, the hounds killing in the flats near Kennedys' farm. Mr. S. P. Phelan was first to the death, and he gallantly presented the brush to Mrs. Carruthers who, on her splendid hunter, was a good second, and never more than third throughout the whole race. Next up was Mrs. W. T. Murray, Mr. Hariton Walker, Mr. James Harris, D. F. A. Campbell, Mr. Score, and Mr. Sharpe, on Helen.

#### LACROSSE.

THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT met November 23, and decided that the Montreal-Toronto draw should be played in Montreal, on the Shamrock ground, on Saturday, the 27th of November at one o'clock. The Montreal representative also requested the committee to decide that in connection with the match played November 20, the expenses of the Toronto team be paid by the Torontos out of their share of the gate receipts, and not form part of the expenses of the match. This the committee refused to do, and ruled that they should come out of the gross proceeds.

There were present: Dr. Guerin, president; McIndoe, Montreal club; Ross McKenzie, Toronto; Ahern, Shamrocks, and a representative of the Ontario club. The Cornwalls were represented by proxy. The vote was 3 to 2, the representatives of the Toronto and Ontario clubs dissenting.

#### KENNEL.

THE FIELD TRIALS AT FISHER'S ISLAND, given under the auspices of the Fisher's Island Club, on November 8, 9 and 10, proved quite successful, the prizes being awarded as follows:

Mr. H. Pape's blue belton setter bitch Lady May (Lofty—Maud Muller).....1  
Mr. Max Wenzel's Irish setter dog Tim (Biz—Hazel).....2

Mr. Chas. J. Stewart's Irish setter bitch Meg (Chief—Beezy)..... 3

Mr. Robert Betty's orange and white setter dog Doc B (Jersey Duke—Topsey)..... 4

The following are the scores of each dog and upon which the awards were based :

| NAME OF DOG.        | MERIT POINTS.                  |                  |          |                |                         |        | DEMERITS. |                 |          |                   |                      |        |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|------------------|----------|----------------|-------------------------|--------|-----------|-----------------|----------|-------------------|----------------------|--------|
|                     | Pointing, Nose and Stanchness. | Speed and Style. | Backing. | Retrieving.    | Obedience and Training. | Total. | Flushing. | False Pointing. | Chasing. | Refusing to Back. | Breaking in on shot. | Total. |
| Tim .....           | 50                             | 30               | 10       | 10             | 10                      | 80     | 5         |                 |          |                   |                      | 75     |
| Florida .....       | 35                             | 15               | 10       | 10             | 10                      | 60     |           |                 |          |                   |                      | 60     |
| Yoube .....         | 35                             | 10               | 10       | 10             | 20                      | 60     |           |                 |          |                   |                      | 63     |
| Catfoot .....       | 35                             | 15               | 10       | 0 <sup>1</sup> | 10                      | 70     |           |                 |          |                   |                      | 70     |
| Meg .....           | 30                             | 20               | 10       | 10             | 8                       | 78     |           |                 |          |                   |                      | 73     |
| Lady May .....      | 40                             | 15               | 10       | 10             | 10                      | 85     |           |                 |          |                   | 5                    | 85     |
| Jesse .....         | 0                              | 15               | 0        | 10             | 0                       | 25     |           |                 |          |                   |                      | 25     |
| Spot .....          | 35                             | 20               | 10       | 0              | 8                       | 73     | 8         |                 |          |                   |                      | 70     |
| Jersey Beauty ..... | 35                             | 10               | 0        | 0              | 0                       | 45     |           |                 |          |                   |                      | 60     |
| Lady Essex .....    | 22                             | 10               | 0        | 5              | 10                      | 50     |           |                 | 5        |                   | 5                    | 40     |
| Doc B (a bye) ..... | 85                             | 30               | 5        | 10             | 8                       | 71     |           |                 |          |                   |                      | 71     |

<sup>1</sup> Not broken to retrieve.

### PEDESTRIANISM.

THE TEN-MILE RUN for the amateur championship which took place November 6, at Mott Haven Grounds, under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club, was an interesting contest. Of the eleven athletes entered, eight got on the mark and went off with the pistol. They were A. Gerow, American Athletic Club; George Dufrane, Newark Amateur Athletic Club; T. A. Collett, Pastime Athletic Club; E. C. Carter, New York Athletic Club; T. J. F. Murphy, Spartan Harriers; George H. Cullom, American Athletic Club; P. D. Skillman, Manhattan Athletic Club, and J. F. Larkin, of the Scottish-American Athletic Club. Murphy led the bunch of racers for the first lap, with Carter a close second. The first mile was run in 5m. 5s., with Carter in the lead, which he held throughout. Carter won handily. Time, 52m. 58 3-5s. P. S. Skillman came in second in 56m. 35 1-5s. Larkin was third in 56m. 45s. Dufrane was the last man home, 3s. later. Carter's time by miles is as follows: First mile, 5m. 5s.; second, 10m. 20 2-5s.; third, 15m. 37 3-5s.; fourth, 20m. 46s.; fifth, 26m. 6 2-5s.; sixth, 31m. 29s.; seventh, 36m. 54s.; eighth, 42m. 19s.; ninth, 47m. 44 3-5s.; tenth, 52m. 58 3-6s. The previous best 10-mile American amateur record was 56m. 9 2-5s., by Thomas Delaney. The best English Amateur record is 61m. 20s., and was made by W. G. George, in London, on April 7, 1884, and the best 10-mile professional record is 51m. 6 3-5s., made in London, by W. Cummings, a year ago. Since then the two latter have joined the professional ranks.

### QUOITING.

THE VETERAN CRICKETER, "Nelly" Pearson, who is a noted quoit player of Philadelphia, last month undertook to pitch 100 "ringers" in three hours with the same pair of quoits. On November 10, at Pastime Park, at eighteen yards distance, he pitched thirty-two "ringers," and on the 11th, on

his own ground on Ridge avenue and Nicetown lane, he did much better work, winning the match with 16m. 30s. to spare.

### RACQUET.

THE EXHIBITION GAMES by the markers of the Montreal, Quebec and New York Racquet clubs which took place at the latter's courts on Sixth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, this city, November 10, 11 and 12, proved to be very interesting displays of skill. On November 10, Albert Bridger, of Montreal, and Edward Mahon, of this city, met the best 4 games in 7 to win, and the result of a very close game was the success of Bridger, who took the 2d, 3d, 6th and 7th games by scores of 18 to 17, 15 to 9, 15 to 12, and 15 to 2, respectively, the totals being 89 to 88. Aces by service—Mahon, 55; Bridger, 54. On the following day, Harry Boakes, of Quebec, champion, undertook to play both Bridger and Albert Wright, of New York, the best 3 in 5 games to win. He found the task more than he could accomplish, he winning but 1 game in 4, and being easily beaten in the others; totals 60 to 33. Aces by service—Boakes, 10; Wright, 10; Bridger, 4. On the 12th, Wright and Bridger were pitted against each other, the former taking 4 games out of 5, and winning by totals of 73 to 49. Aces by service—Wright, 43; Bridger, 29. The match on Saturday was between Boakes and Wright, the latter being conceded the odds of an extra hand. Five games were played in the most skillful manner, the advantage given to the New York expert proving too great to be overcome, and Wright winning by 68 aces to 54. He took the 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th games by scores of 17 to 16, 15 to 4, 15 to 11, and 15 to 8, respectively, Boakes winning the 4th by 15 to 6. Aces by service—Boakes, 26; Wright, 22.

### ROWING.

THE FOUR-OARED race in shell boats between Hanlan, Teemer, Hamm and Ten Eyck in one boat, and Ross, Lee, Bubear and Perkins in the other, was rowed on the Thames, Eng., November 8. The race was for \$500 a side. The course was from Mortlake to Putney. Hanlan's crew made the better start and soon had a lead of a length. This was increased at the end of the first half mile to two lengths, and to four lengths at the end of the mile. From this point it was no race, and Hanlan's crew won easily.

### SHOOTING.

ENGLISH PHEASANTS have been imported for the purpose of stocking the woods at Tuxedo Park with English game birds, a large consignment of pheasants having arrived in this city for this purpose on November 3, by the steamer *Fulda*, which brought no less than 1,500 birds. They were imported by Reecke Brothers, chiefly for the preserves at Tuxedo Park, where a thousand of them are to be carefully stocked. United States Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, will have several pairs, and some will go as far south as Louisiana. Heretofore English pheasants have been imported in the spring, and that being the breeding season, they have not done well. It is thought that importing them in the fall will be an improvement, as they will be acclimated by spring. The birds were fine specimens, and looked well after their voyage of 3,000 miles on the ocean.

THE OPEN SEASON for quail shooting in New York State began November 1 and ends January 1.

Rabbits and hares can be killed until February 1. There was a rush to the quail shooting districts of Long Island on election day, after voting had been attended to at sunrise.

THE PASSAIC COUNTY, N. J., Game Protective Association, says the Newark *Sunday Call*, has been busy this season apprehending and punishing violators of the game laws. The Essex Game Protective Society died out because of the difficulty of obtaining convictions under the old laws. The law of 1885, however, removes this difficulty and makes it an easy matter to bring a man before any Justice of the Peace and punish him to the full extent of the law. Half of the fine inflicted goes to the society or person bringing the complaint, and in a measure makes a busy organization self-sustaining.

THE COOPER AND HEWITT tract of wooded lands in Passaic County, N. J., is this season abundantly supplied with game, ruffed grouse and quail, with rabbits, squirrels, racoons and opossums, presenting excellent sport for game hunters. The tract in question extends from near Ringwood up to the old ice-house at Greenwood Lake, and consists chiefly of wild land. It is all "advertised" with notices that no hunting, trapping or shooting are allowed upon it, and very little shooting has been done since the notices were tacked to the trees two years ago. Mr. Hewitt employs several game-wardens to guard the land, and they do their duty so effectually that the report of a gun is certain to bring one of them down upon the poachers. Special permits are required for shooting on the tract land.

#### SWIMMING.

THE BEST ON RECORD in swimming matches in Glasgow, Scotland, was made on October 18, when William White, ex-500 yards Scottish champion, swam 100 yards in 1m. 10 2-5s., and the intermediate distances as follows: 25 yards, 14s.; 50 yards, 31 4-5s.; 75 yards, 50s.

#### THE TURF.

AT THE HORSE SHOW at Madison Square Garden, in this city, held the first week in November, the afternoon's programme of November 3 was marked by a jumping contest, a feature of which was a decidedly sensational episode. Mr. August Belmont, jr., had taken his chestnut gelding Carmelite very cleverly over the 15 hurdles in the course of three circuits of the track. Every jump had been made cleanly for the first time since the show opened. Llewellyn Lloyd's Punch, ridden by W. Meanie, followed with a performance but little inferior. Mr. Belmont then mounted Mrs. A. B. Purdy's Lady Evelyn, and made a circuit of the track without disaster. At the first jump of the in and out on the second round, Lady Evelyn balked and threw her rider. He remounted and took her over the hurdles until the hedge jump was reached, when the mare landed on the fence and, with her rider, rolled to the ground. Corpse or man was the question for a moment, but the plucky rider showed very conclusively that he was a very good specimen of the latter. In a moment he was in the saddle again, and the mare, who seemed to have gained confidence from disaster, went to work again and cleared the remaining hurdles like a bird. No louder or heartier applause, whether for persevering pedestrian, clever pugilist, or transplanted cowboy, ever woke the echoes of Madison Square Garden than that which hailed the plucky rider as he pulled up in front of the judge's stand after the last jump.

NEARLY FIFTY HORSES died while in training in the United States during the past turf season, their aggregate value reaching over \$150,000.

#### THE RIFLE.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION have never had so fine a day for its annual fall shooting as it did on November 2, at Creedmoor. From as early as seven o'clock in the morning until dark in the evening the crack of the rifle could be heard. Every regiment and company of the First and Second brigades were largely represented. E. F. Young, of the Seventh Regiment, who had won the gold champion markman's badge the greatest number of times during the series of matches which closed November 2, was presented with the handsome medal.

#### TOBOGGANING.

WASHINGTON PARK, Brooklyn, presents many facilities for a good toboggan slide. The ground lies many feet below the surface of the roadway, making it easy to construct a slide with a great declination. President Byrne, one of the lessees of the park and manager of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, has had plans drawn for an 18-foot slide, to start from the Fifth avenue entrance to the ground. The incline will stop at the home plate, about 180 feet. The distance then to the end of the ground would be another 520 feet. Should the project be carried through, three slides will be made and extra facilities for the tobogganers will be introduced, by which they will be saved the trouble of tugging their sleighs back up the hill.

THE EXCITING WINTER SPORT of Canada, tobogganing, is to be the attraction this winter at the Polo Grounds in this city, Mr. Day having decided to build artificial slides commencing at the Sixth avenue end, and extending almost the entire length of the field. The Boston, Detroit and Utica baseball clubs also intend building slides on their grounds, and thus utilize the toboggan as a means of exercise, recreation and profit.

#### YACHTING.

THE HUDSON RIVER ICE-YACHT CLUB is the largest organization of the kind in America, the club's headquarters being at Hyde Park, N. Y. In November last the club elected the following officers for 1886-7. Commodore—John A. Roosevelt; Vice-Commodore—J. C. Baron; Secretary—E. P. Rogers; Treasurer—Archibald Rogers; Measurer—C. Van Loan; Regatta Committee—J. A. Roosevelt, H. Livingston, J. R. Roosevelt, N. G. Morse, N. H. Storms. Rule II. of the Sailing Rules and Regulations was so amended as to provide for the classification of yachts as follows: First class, measuring 600 square feet of sail and over; second class, measuring over 300 square feet of sail and less than 600; third class, under 300 square feet of sail. A feeling against the rise of the lateen sail has cropped out among the members, and the disaffected ones who won boats with the lateen sail, will discard the latter and go back to jib and mainsail. It is said that the lateen sail is positively unsafe in a heavy wind; that the ice-yacht carrying it will not obey the helm; therefore, the sport becomes dangerous. The Shrewsbury boat, wearing an immense lateen sail, is still here, and her owners will stick to that sail, believing that their boat, if given a big breeze, will beat any ice-yacht now on the Hudson.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[This department of OUTING is confined entirely to answers to correspondents seeking information on subjects appertaining to all sports which the magazine makes a specialty of. No replies will be made to questions having reference to any bets.]

*Query No. 1, Chas. H. D.*—The fastest trip of 1886 recorded to November 1, that has been noted, is that made by a special train on the Michigan Central Railroad, conveying Messrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey Depew, H. B. Ledyard, and other officers and directors of the road, from Perry to St. Thomas—the trip of 92 miles being made in 86m., exclusive of stops of 5m. at Waterford, and 2m. each at Caulfield, Hagersville, Port Dover Junction, and the Air Line crossing, or 15m. in all, bringing the time up to 1h. 41m.

*Veteran Cricketer, Albany, N. Y.*—An Australian aboriginal is said to have thrown a cricket ball 420 feet on December 26, 1874; and in England, one George Brown is credited with having thrown a ball 411 feet, on Walburton Common, in 1819. But W. F. Forbes' throw of 406 feet in March, 1876, at Eton College, is the best authenticated throw of a cricket ball.

*Anglo-American, N. Y.*—Lieut. W. Henn, R. N., owner of the cutter *Galatea*, was born in Dublin in 1847. He entered the Royal Navy in 1860, and served as naval cadet and midshipman up to 1866 on board the crack frigate *Galatea*. From 1867 till 1871 he served as lieutenant on board H. M. S. S. *Daphne*, during which time he took part in the Abyssinian war.

*Hunter, Long Island.*—Deer are protected in Suffolk and Queen's counties, New York, until August 15, 1891. Ducks, geese and brant, from May 1 to October 1, in the Long Island waters. Use of floating batteries, etc., prohibited; and bough-houses and decoys must be within twenty rods from the shore, except in Great South Bay west of Smith's Point, Peconic Bay, Shinnecock Bay. Shooting from boats prohibited, except on Long Island Sound. Grouse, from January 1 to November 1.

*Nauticus.*—You had better address Hubbe & Co., 65 Wall street. They are reliable yacht agents, and will give you the information.

*Photographer.*—Captain Cloudman takes the Anthony outfit with him on his voyage around the world.

*Brooklyn Canoeist.*—The Royal Canoe Club of England has about twenty yachts, in addition to canoes, on its regular list. These are owned by members. We see no reason why you should not be permitted to float the club burgee upon your cutter, provided you are a canoe club member, and a *bona fide* canoeist.

*A. Nevins, Elizabeth, N. J.*—The annual archery meetings in this country have the following rounds in their programmes: The York round, 72 arrows at 100; 48 at 80, and 24 at 60; the National round, 48 arrows at 60 yards, and 24 at 50; the American round, 30 arrows at 60 yards; 30 at 50, and 30 at 40; the Columbia round, 24 arrows at 50 yards; 24 at 40, and 24 at 30.

*B. A. C., Yonkers.*—The regulation target used at archery meetings is four feet in diameter. The center or gold is 9 3/4 inches in diameter. About this are successive rings of red, black and white, each 4.4-5 inches in width.

*Amateur, New London.*—The best quarter-mile amateur time for a bicycle is 35 1/5 seconds in America, and 37 seconds in England. The best professional record is respectively 36 4/5 and 39.

*Toronto Enquirer.*—The League clubs play eighteen games with each other, nine on each others' grounds, making a total of 504 for the entire championship season.

*J. R. R., of Stapleton, N. Y.*, asks—"Does fishing with a drop-line count as a record in angling, as against fishing with rod and reel?" It does not. Angling in the present sense of the word implies the use of a rod.

*A. D. Blanchard, Burbank, O.*—"Will you kindly inform me in what year Weston made his famous walk from Maine to Chicago?" Weston's walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill.—1,226 miles—was concluded November 28, 1867.



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POULTNEY BIGELOW, *Editor*.

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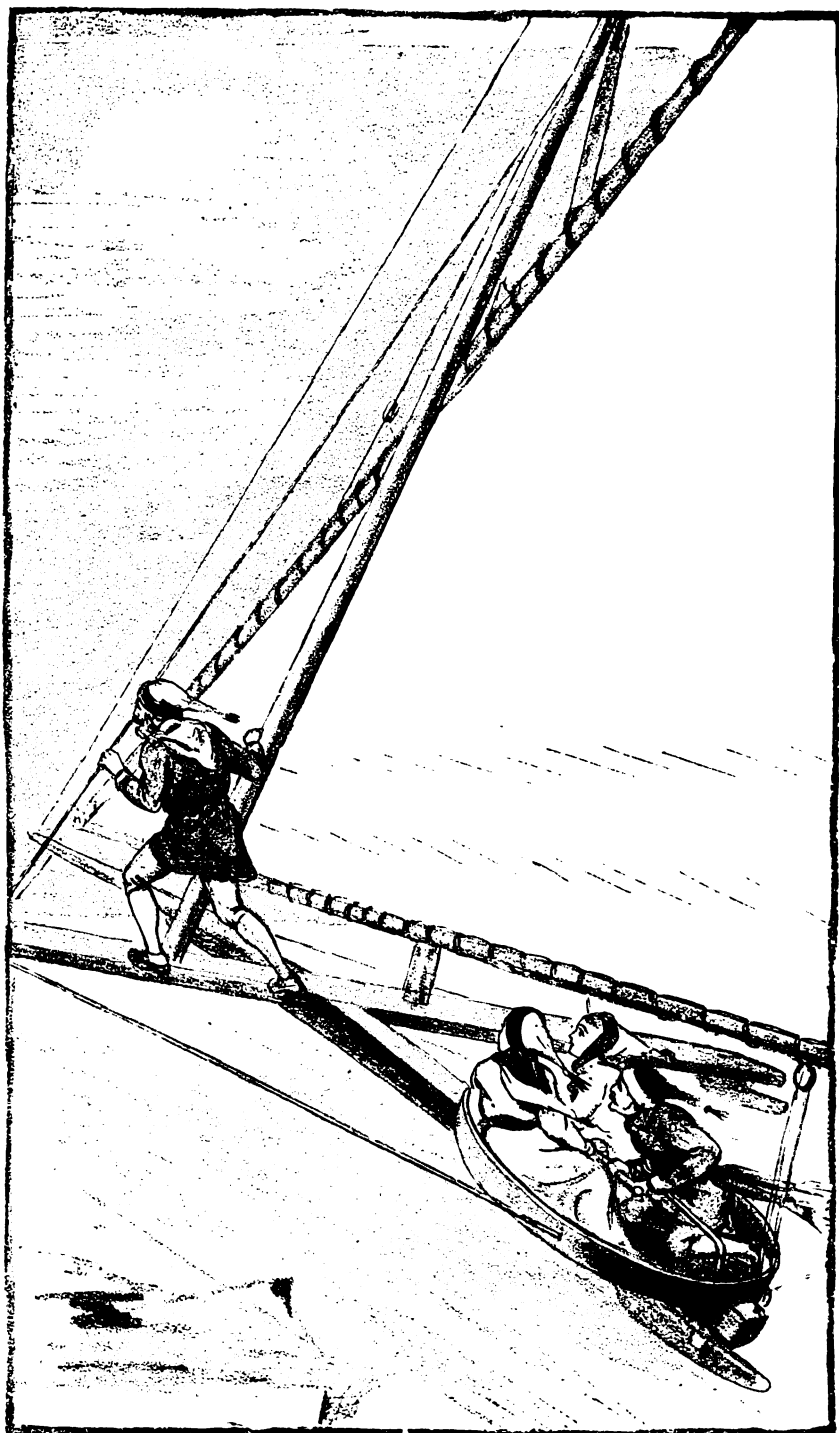
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OUTING FOR FEBRUARY.



WINTER YACHTING IN THE NORTH.

*Drawn by J. E. Kelly.*

# OUTING.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 5.

## YACHTING IN MIDWINTER.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

Author of "CANOEING IN KANUCKIA."

To the novice in ice-yachting, who is perhaps more or less accustomed to handling an ordinary marine pleasure-boat under sail, the sensation is a strange one when, for the first time, he grasps the tiller of a well-appointed ice-yacht, and, with a shade of nervousness, sees the owner—who has not trusted him alone before—start her with a vigorous push, and hears his cheery warning, "Don't let her run away with you!" as he lets go. Let us suppose that the scene is the Hudson River somewhere above Poughkeepsie, the ice in fair condition, and a steady, gentle breeze blowing from the northward. The Catskill Mountains lift their blue summits against the cold sky, the woods darken along the bold, rocky shores, and the royal stretch of river opens up toward Kingston, with here and there a white sail, and on the smooth reaches along shore, black dots of skaters. The general surface of the ice is gray, and broken by hummocks and windrows, with now and then a patch of snow—fairly good ice, however, for yachting purposes. All this our novice unconsciously notes as he puts the tiller ever so little to starboard, and lets the broad mainsail feel the pressure of the wind.

With what athletic energy she gathers headway! There are no boiling, green seas under her bows to check her increasing speed! There is not the slightest drag under her counter. Indeed, bow and counter are altogether eliminated in the flying skeleton that now bears him forward. Reclining in an awkward and uncomfortable posture on the cushions of the cockpit, he keeps a sharp lookout ahead. The ice seems to leap toward him as his ship, obedient to the slightest turn of the wrist, rushes into the eye of the wind. Already the rocky shore is coming at him, close aboard, though a moment ago it was a mile away.

He sees a huge boulder standing out a little way from shore, and Satan whispers to him the suggestion that he try how squarely he can strike it with his jib-boom. He wonders how far up the stout timbers will splinter into match-wood, and how far into space he himself will be projected when the crash comes. Foolish as the temptation seems, it is, nevertheless, a temptation to some natures; but for our special novice it shall have no really dangerous fascination. At a safe distance from the rock he puts the helm down—if shifting it a few inches can be termed putting it down—the sails shiver for an instant, and she fills away on the port tack, flying twenty miles an hour, driven by a ten-knot breeze. It is not necessary to touch main or jib sheets; everything is trimmed flat, and, after a little experience, the boat seems to go in any direction to within four or five points of the wind, obedient to her steersman's whim.

Last year OUTING published a mathematical demonstration to the effect that an ideally perfect ice-yacht, under ideally perfect conditions, will sail infinitely fast in any direction except dead to windward. The correctness of the demonstration, as such, has not been questioned so far as we know, but the perfect boat and the perfect conditions are unattainable. Actual boats under frequently occurring conditions, however, so nearly approximate perfection, that often one is tempted to hope that in some future sphere of existence, the perfect boat will glide over a faultless medium, and bear its immaculate skipper with infinite speed, into the elysium of ice-yachting.

At all events, improvements are introduced every year in construction and rig, and every year increases the number of the ice-yachting fleet.

Thrilling as the sport is, it has its drawbacks. The elements conspire to render its enjoyment one of the rarities of life. The dispensations of the fates in this regard are extremely trying to human equanimity. Sometimes a whole winter passes

old plan was to have light timbers reaching from the runner-plank aft to the rudder (Fig. 9). Resting upon these, and upon the keel was a light platform, in which the crew reclined. Now these timbers are omitted, and wire ropes take their place.

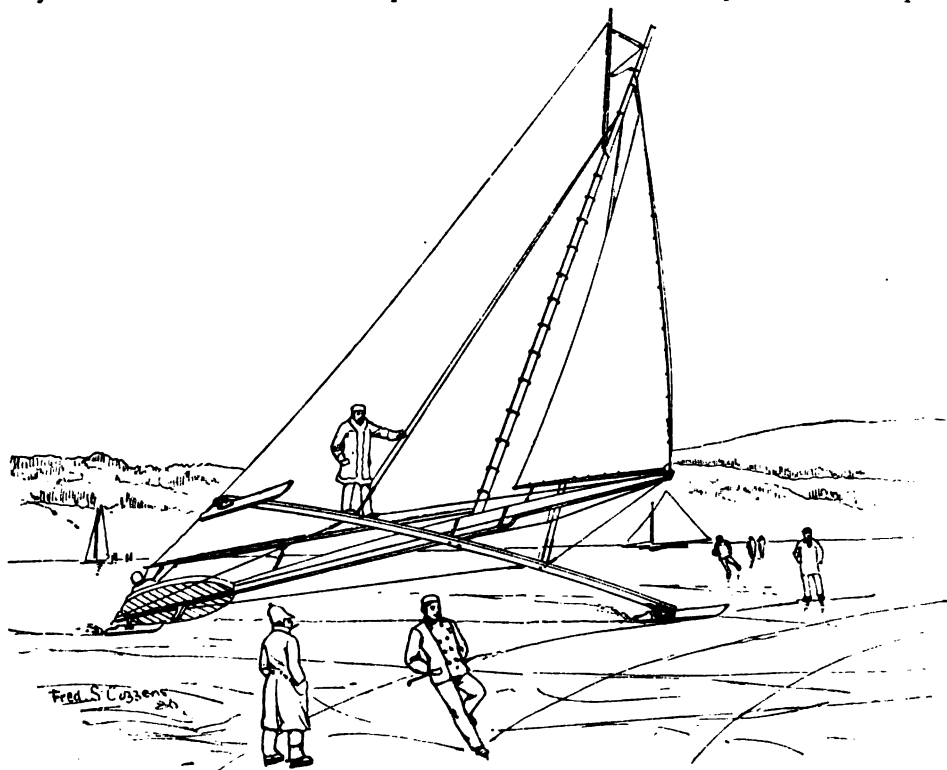


FIG. 1.—JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHT "ICICLE," J. A. ROOSEVELT, OWNER.

away without a day of really good sailing. Last season the rival clubs waited in vain for a day on which the annual race for the challenge pennant could be sailed, and most of them had housed their boats for the summer, when suddenly Winter asserted himself again, and those who were fortunate enough to be ready had some of the most terrifically exciting sport that has ever come within the experience of the Hudson River clubs. Luckily it is a comparatively simple matter to put an ice-yacht into or out of commission, so that the freaks of nature are not so formidable as they would be if the ice-flyer were as complicated a machine as her sea-going sisters, the sloops or cutters of the period.

One of the radical changes in construction lately introduced is the substitution of all-round braces of wire rope with adjustable turn-buckles, instead of the wooden side-rails that were formerly used. The

The cockpit is an elliptical box seven or eight feet long, which fits over the center-timber like a saddle, and is bolted to it when in place (Figs. 1 and 2). On top of the center-timber is a handle or series of handles for the passengers to hold on by, and the tiller is within easy reach amidships. This is a decided advance as regards simplicity and lightness, but for convenience there is still room for improvement. The position of the skipper and his companion is necessarily awkward and constrained. He reclines, but in order to look out ahead he must raise himself on his elbow in a posture that becomes after a while absolutely painful. His head is advanced, so that if anything happens he stands a chance of being projected forward head foremost at an initial velocity that insures a very flat trajectory, as the artilleryists say, and tolerably long range. The best suggestion for an improvement in this respect

was published last winter by a contemporary sporting journal, and is described herewith (Fig. 4).

The plan, as described, involved the use of a double set of runners for the steering-gear. These are adjusted in the usual way at either end of a cross-bar, A, which is pivoted near the after end of the center-timber, B. To this bar yoke-lines are attached, which lead forward to a second cross-bar, C, also pivoted to the center-timber, and serving the double purpose of a foot-rest and a foot steering-gear. Of course, these lines must be readily adjustable as to length. If preferred, hand-lines, as shown by dots in the diagram, may be substituted for the foot-gear, or provided in addition to it. Such lines should lead

a comfortable affair, and with its foot-rests, may be fastened by means of thumb-screws at any desired part of the center-timber. The sides of the seat should be so shaped that they will serve to hold on by in case of need. There appears to be no reason why additional seats should not be provided for passengers, the foot-rests for each being placed near, or under the next seat forward. The passengers would then sit as tobogganers or bob-sliders do, one behind another, to the full carrying capacity of the yacht. This arrangement will be objected to for racing, because it involves an upright position, and so presents more resistance to the air; but for ordinary pleasure-sailing, it is certainly preferable. It would seem that some such adaptation

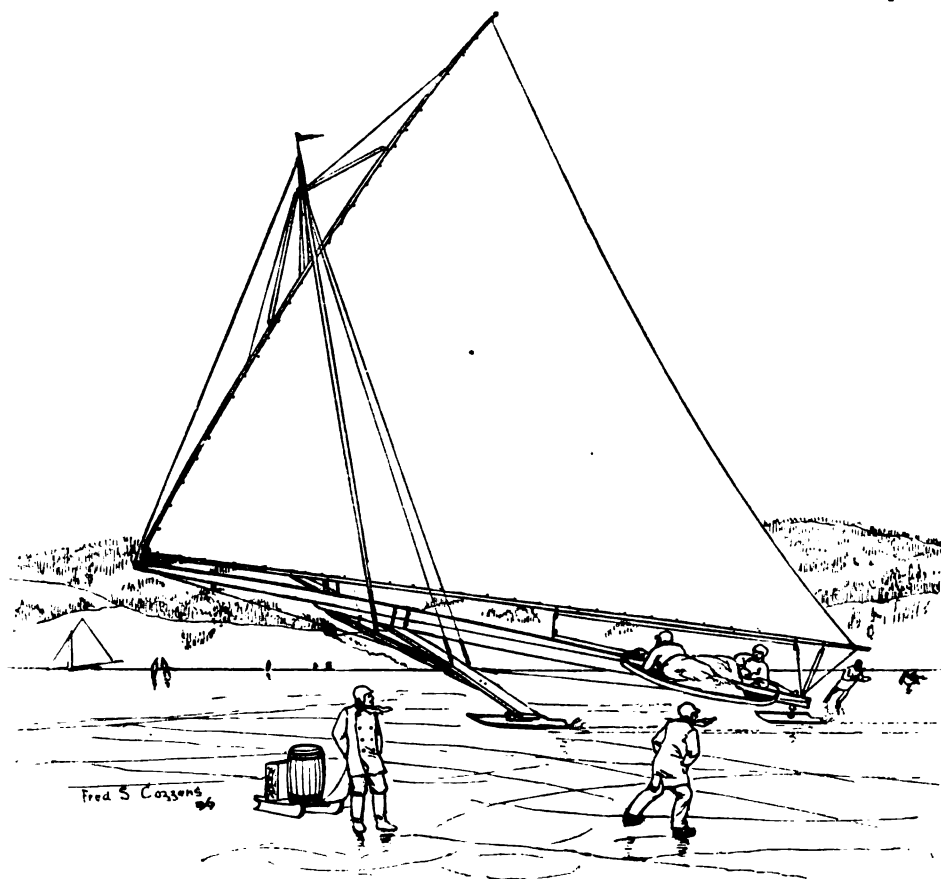


FIG. 2.—ICE-YACHT "BLIZZARD;" LATEN. HUDSON RIVER YACHT CLUB. ARCHIBALD ROGERS, OWNER.<sup>1</sup>

through blocks or sheaves, at D, and should be provided with stirrup-like handles. The steersman, instead of lying prone, sits much as if he were driving a sulky. His seat is

could be made for the relief of the racing steersman, who would thus be able to devote his whole attention to navigation without being compelled to wonder how much

<sup>1</sup> It is noteworthy, that while all the artists persist in drawing ice-yachts in the act of "rearing," with their windward runners in the air, Mr. Cozzens is the first who has drawn the leeward runner in the proper position, namely flat on the ice. The position of "rearing," by the way, is always hateful to the yachtsman, and is never permitted when it can be avoided.

longer he will be able to endure the cramp in his neck and shoulders that is inseparable from the position usually adopted.

At first sight, the modern ice-yacht, with its gleaming brass-work and its soft cushions, seems fit for a Sybarite; but those

the upper being the bow. The middle portion of the center-timber is double two pieces of scantling, overlapping and fastened with bolts running through them, and with iron caps or wire lashings at the ends. (See side elevation.) At the point

where the two side-rails and the center-timber meet (the stern that is), a bolt goes through all three, and a metal strap may be used to good advantage for additional strength. The steering-gear may be either for a single or a double runner, the double one (see Fig. 4) being probably the simplest and best—at least, for a boat of this size. All of the iron-work

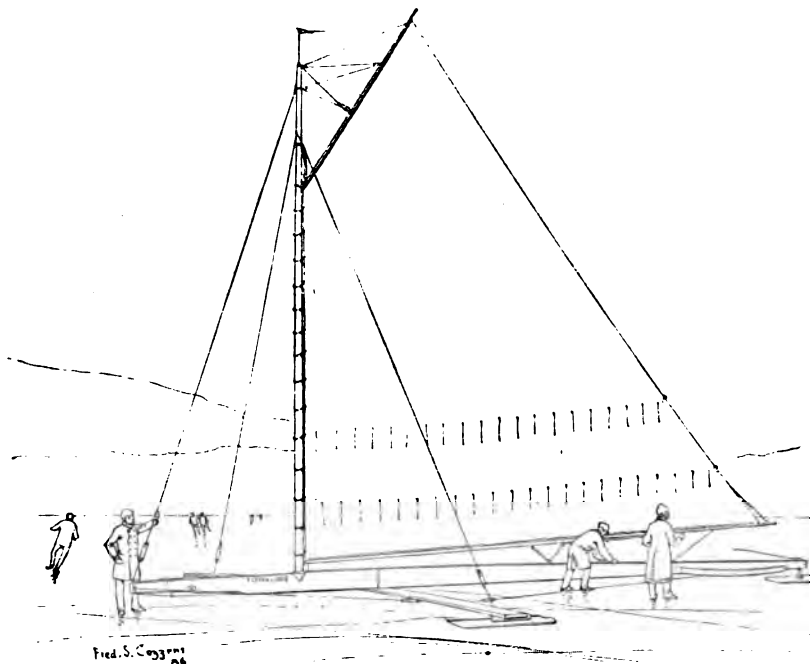


FIG. 3.—"FLYING CLOUD." IRVING GRINNELL, OWNER.

same cushions become a bed of torture after an hour or so of occupancy. These perfectly appointed specimens of the builder's art, however, are only for the few who have the means to indulge in luxuries and the leisure to enjoy them. The average American who lives within reach of a lake or river, must be content, if he would have an ice-yacht, with something simpler and less expensive. To such, the following plan is suggested, as probably the most feasible:

Select eight or ten pieces of clear planed pine or spruce scantling, 3x4 inches. For convenience we will suppose the pieces to be twelve feet long. The first part to be constructed is the frame (Fig. 5), consisting of runner-plank, A; center-timber, B, and side-rails, C C. A single piece of scantling would not be stiff enough for the runner-plank, which is subjected to heavy pressure; therefore it should be made of two or more pieces, taking care to keep the lower piece straight until the upper piece is bent and fastened with bolts. It (the lower piece) forms a sort of bowstring,

required for this boat may be had ready made, in the regular sizes, galvanized or plain, of any large hardware dealer. This greatly reduces the expense. The rig should be either lateen or jib and mainsail (see Figs. 1 and 2). The cat-rig has been repeatedly tried, and fails to give satisfaction. Mr. Irving Grinnell's large new boat, *Flying Cloud* (Fig. 3), is registered "cat-rigged," but is, in fact, obliged to carry a small jib, not having enough headsail without. The lateen is apparently the coming sail, though it is a wayward beauty, and has not yet been fully reduced to subjection. In the case of a lateen the mast takes the form of a derrick, to the apex of which the sail is hoisted. These masts, or shear-poles, must have a sharp rake forward, and be stayed to the bowsprit-end and to the side-rails, or the runner-plank.

If a single mast is used it should be stepped on the center-timber, a foot or two forward of the runner-plank, and similarly stayed to bowsprit and side-rails. The accepted method of stepping the mast is indicated in Fig. 6. An iron collar is set



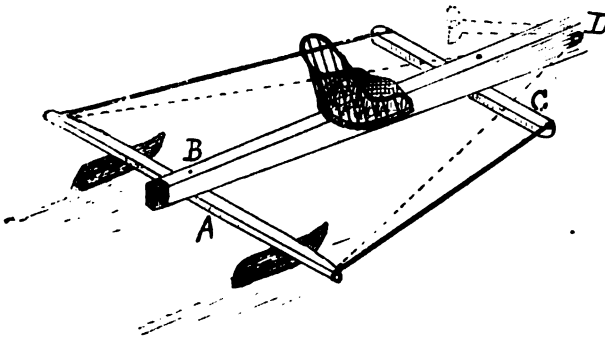


FIG. 4.—STERRING-GEAR.

around the foot of the mast, and within this is a socket which fits over a casting screwed to the center-timber. A pin set into the foot of the mast, and fitting a hole in the center-timber, will answer quite as well for a small boat. The stays alone support the mast, and keep it from being unstepped.

The sail area for a boat this size, eighteen feet long by twelve feet beam, should be about 150 square feet. Mr. Archibald Rogers' *Ariel*, which measures twenty-two feet over all, and has fourteen feet six inches beam, carries 187 square feet of canvas. It is about as much as she will bear in a fresh wind, and her construction is stronger and more scientific than an amateur can expect to achieve.

In making plans it should be borne in mind that to ensure speed and easy steering, the centers of effort and the center of lateral resistance must be near together. This is not altogether easy of accomplishment, for the downward pressure of the sails varies so much on different points of sailing, and with different degrees of speed, that the center of lateral resistance is constantly changing, and at times shifts so suddenly, that the boat runs away or performs most unexpected and not altogether agreeable gymnastics. It has been proposed to arrange ballast on the center-timber, so that it can be shifted forward or aft as required, by means of pulleys. It is impossible, however, to figure with absolute certainty on the whims and peculiarities of any individual ice-yacht, before practically testing, on the ice. Her preferences must be consulted before she

will do her best, or even behave herself with reasonable decorum.

Last winter, a new rig was devised by Mr. R. D. Chandler, the Shrewsbury builder, and this season will see it fully tested, ice and weather permitting. The new boat has been named *Echo* (Fig. 7). She spreads 277 square feet of canvas, measures 22 feet on the center-timber, 28 feet on the boom, and 12 feet between runners. The cockpit, 3 x 6, is made of oak and cherry, and she is handsomely fitted throughout.

The sail is a novel combination of lateen, gaff and shear-pole, which merits a special description. The shear-poles are eighteen feet long, and made in the usual way, save that in addition or instead of the ordinary lashings at the mast-head, they are provided with a T-shaped iron, the lower end of which projects below the junction of

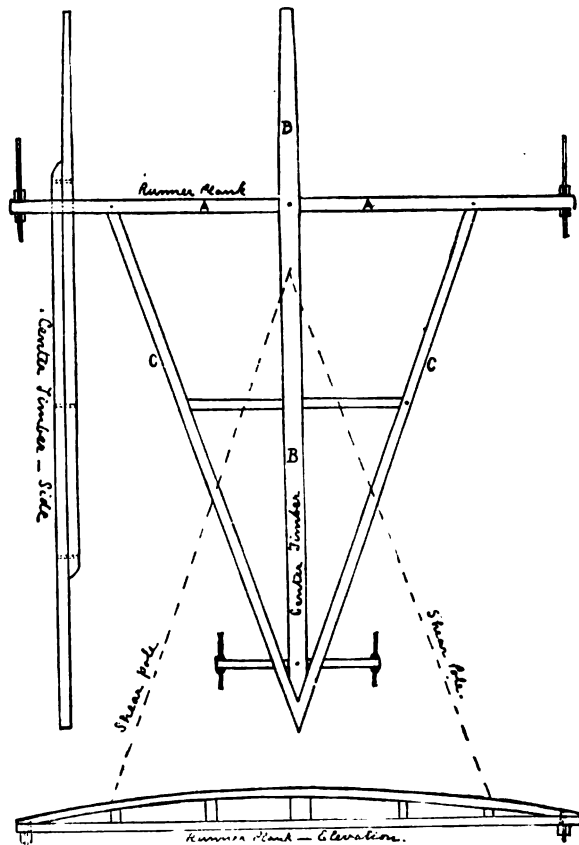


FIG. 5.—PLAN FOR HOME-MADE FRAME.

the shear-poles. To this end is bolted a third shear-pole, fifteen feet long, extending

to the bowsprit end, where it is eye-bolted at once to bowsprit and boom. The gaff and the luff run on this fore shear-pole, as if it were a stay. The shear-poles are stayed forward to the bowsprit by the usual wire stay, but the fore shear-pole does away with the necessity of back-stays, and thereby materially simplifies the mechanical construction.

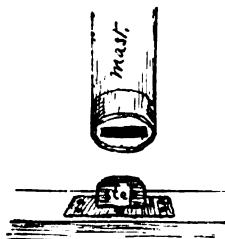


FIG. 6.—MAST.

The obvious advantages of this rig, as compared with the lateen, are—that it does away with the enormously long and heavy yard, and substitutes for it a light, handy gaff. The labor of making sail, reefing and furling, are therefore very considerably simplified. Moreover, the canvas stows better than in the case of the lateen, where the reef-points cannot be parallel to the foot of the sail. The designer claims an advantage over the lateen from the fact that the gaff can fall away to leeward, and thus give a better draught. It has always been claimed, however, as one of the virtues of the lateen, that the peak does *not* fall off. This point, however, may be left to the test of actual experiment.

Mr. Chandler has introduced a new device in the *Echo's* runners, which are cast solid, except where open-work is admissible, having due regard to strength. On each side of the runner is a raised panel planed where it meets the guides, and so fitted as to work accurately between them—a close fit, but with a minimum of friction.

In the sail plan of *Echo*, A is the port shear-pole (the starboard shear-pole is on the other side of the sail, and not visible); B is the fore shear-pole, on which the gaff C runs, when the sail is hoisted or lowered.

The runners of the Hudson River and Shrewsbury flyers have usually been made of white oak, shod with cast-iron or steel. Cast-iron is held by many to be the best material, as it acquires a "water-polish" through contact with the ice, and becomes excessively hard exactly where hardness is most needed. Such being, in brief, the A B C of construction, a few words regarding navigation are in order:

With the wind abeam the steersman has nothing to do but sit still and let her go as fast as she will, keeping a bright lookout ahead for obstacles, or cracks that are too wide to jump. The science of ice-boat navigation calls for the highest qualities of seamanship in the run before the wind. It is perfectly obvious and needs no demonstration, that a ball of thistle-down floating on the wind can go only just as fast as the air that carries it. The ice-yacht is made to go to leeward faster than does the wind that drives it. It has been repeatedly shown that an ice-yacht, close-hauled, will go much faster than its wind. Taking advantage of this, the steersman who would make the best possible time to

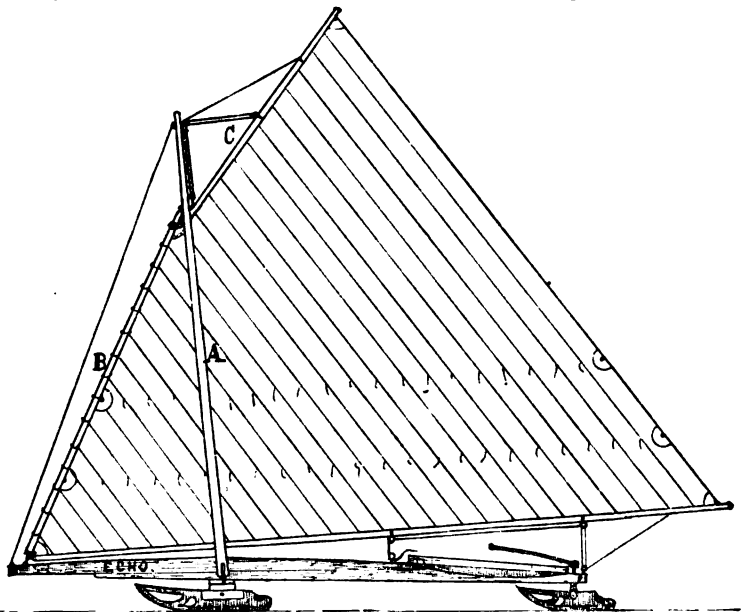


FIG. 7.—ICE-YACHT "ECHO," NORTH SHREWSBURY CLUB.

leeward, puts his boat on her best angle of sailing, across the wind. As soon as instinct tells him that she has attained her greatest speed, he puts the helm down and trusts to her acquired momentum to carry her a greater or less distance directly to leeward. When he feels her speed slacken

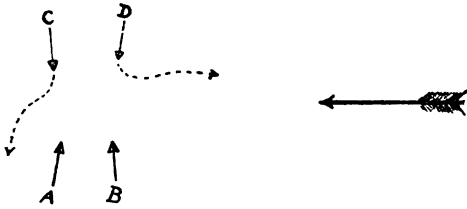


FIG. 8.—A POSSIBLE TANGLE.

he must refresh her by another spin on one tack or the other. The sheet is not started during these tacks, for the boat will go nearly as fast as the wind when suffered to run directly before it, even with the sheet trimmed flat aft. In such a run it is evident that the highest qualities of judgment and knowledge of the course may be called out, and the result of a race may depend upon a trifling miscalculation of distance, or upon the sudden appearance of some forgotten windrow or ice hummock.

The cruising-ground of ice-yachts is

essential sailing rules of the Hudson River Ice-Yacht Club are the result of many years' experience, and are given here :

"When two yachts have to cross each other on opposite tacks, the one on the starboard must invariably keep her course, and the one on the port tack must keep away, and pass to leeward, or tack short, when the smallest doubt exists as to her being able to weather the other. All expenses of damage incurred by yachts on opposite tacks running on board each other, fall upon the one on the port tack, unless the one on the starboard tack has kept away with the intention of passing to leeward, in which case the expense of damage falls upon the yacht on the starboard tack, because, by keeping her away, she may have prevented the other passing to leeward. Should a vessel on the port tack attempt to weather one on the starboard tack, when it does not seem possible to do so, the latter, rather than keep away, should

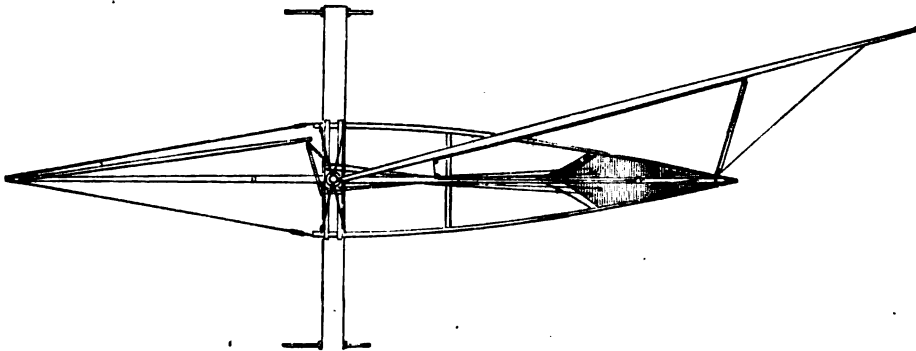


FIG. 9.—DIAGRAM SHOWING THE OLD STYLE OF ICE-YACHT WITH SIDE-RAILS.

usually somewhat limited in extent, either for convenience of reaching home in case the wind dies out, or from natural or artificial causes. In any event the available space is crossed and recrossed constantly by ice-yachts at a high rate of speed, and it is of the greatest importance that there should be a simple and easily comprehended rule of the road. It is not outside of the range of possibility that two yachts sailing on different tacks and in opposite directions, may be a mile apart at a given instant, and in disastrous collision thirty seconds later. There is, therefore, but a narrow margin of time in which to decide how to act. In marine navigation there is usually—by daylight at least—time to consider what is the best and safest course. But on the ice the judgment and hand must act together, and that quickly. The

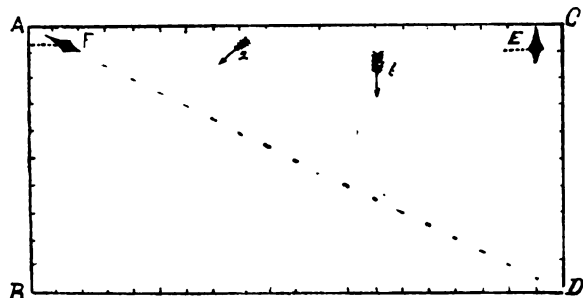
put her helm down. Nothing should induce a vessel on the starboard tack to keep away.

"Ice-yachts going free must invariably give way for those by the wind on either tack."

These two rules comprise all the essentials for avoiding collision. They are fundamentally identical with those of marine yachting, but the part of the rule enjoining the yacht on the starboard tack, always to keep its course, is properly, especially emphasized for ice-yachts. The rest of the Sailing Rules are identical with those long established for marine yachting, and bear upon the rounding of stake-boats, giving way when off a lee shore, and the like. These are well known to all yachtsmen, and no one should attempt to sail in company without knowing them thoroughly.

Practically, however, there are only two rules that need be borne in mind at the outset. First, keep your course if you are sailing on the starboard tack; secondly, keep clear of everyone else if you are

a looker-on, the boats seem to be sailing parallel courses on the same tack, but to the respective skippers it is evident they are converging. If B knows his business, he sees that he is running free, as compared with his companion, and must therefore keep out of his way, either by luffing a bit, or by keeping away, provided there be space enough, and the course be clear, passing astern of A. But in this instance the case is complicated by C and D, who are approaching, perhaps at more than railroad speed, in precisely the same relative position as A and B, but on the port tack (C on the wind, and D off it). D holds the key of the situation. If he keeps his course he



sailing on the port tack or running free. With these two simple rules well in mind, collisions are not possible without gross recklessness.

Many new ice-yachts are making their appearance every year on inland waters, and as their owners may sooner or later find themselves in company with other yachts, it is important that the general rules of the road, as followed by sailormen the world over, should be observed from the outset. As the terms port and starboard are not current away from the sea and the great lakes, they are here defined: Port is left and starboard is right.

A yacht is on the port tack when the wind is blowing against her port or left side, and on the starboard tack when it is blowing against her starboard or right-hand side. A boat is said to be running free, or to have a free wind, when the wind comes from a direction "abaft the beam," or in other words, from behind. Now, it is often doubtful in the case of an ice-yacht, whether she is on or off the wind, as her sails are always sheeted home, and there may easily be an honest difference of opinion as to whether the wind is the least bit astern or a point or two ahead. Let us suppose a somewhat complicated case:

The large arrow (Fig. 8) represents the direction of the wind; the small darts, A, B, C and D, represent four ice-yachts. A is on the starboard tack, and has the wind a trifle ahead; B is on the same tack, but with the wind a trifle astern. To

ought to be made to pay for four wrecked ice-yachts, including his own. But it is clearly his duty under the rules to get out of the way of the rest of the fleet as quickly as the conditions will allow. C has only to keep away, and is out of A's course in an instant; but D has no time to cross the courses of both A and B, and there is nothing for it but to put his helm hard-a-lee, and round up into the wind. (See dotted lines.) He ought properly to keep to leeward of A and B, but through some combination of circumstances, he fails to do this in time. So he says to himself, "I'm on the port tack, with the wind abaft the beam. I must keep out of everybody's way." Acting upon this, the tangle would be straightened out instantly. If he prove obstinate or apathetic, the four boats will be in an inextricable snarl in about five seconds, supposing them to have been 500 yards apart when the situation first

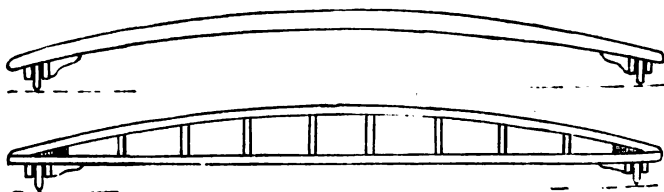


FIG. 11.—THE UPPER RUNNER-PLANE IS HUDSON RIVER STYLE, THE LOWER ONE SHREWSBURY.

became apparent. Such is one of the problems that may very easily offer itself, when several yachts are sailing in company. It is presented here merely to put novices on their guard, not because it is a difficult or unusual case.

The future of ice-yachting, so far as regards locality, is pretty definitely marked

out. The Hudson River from the Highlands to Albany will be its headquarters, partly because of its low temperature and comparatively light snow-fall, partly because of its nearness to New York, and partly because there are so many along its shores whose wealth and leisure enable them to indulge a taste for the sport in its highest development. The Hudson River Yacht Club, whose sailing regulations have been quoted, was organized last winter, drawing its members largely from the old Poughkeepsie and New Hamburg clubs. Its club houses are at Roosevelt's Point and Crum Elbow, and its secretary, E. P. Rogers, may be addressed at Hyde Park, Dutchess County, N. Y. Its fleet, according to the latest official list, includes fourteen first-class ice-yachts, each spreading more than 475 square feet of sail, and twelve second-class yachts of smaller dimensions. The largest of this fleet is Mr. E. Harrison Sanford's lateen-rigged *Avalanche*, which carries 841 square feet of sail, and measures fifty-one feet on the center timber.

The Hudson, however, finds a worthy rival in the Shrewsbury Club, of Red Bank, N. J. Shrewsbury River is an arm of the sea about a mile wide, and several miles long, completely land-locked and open to almost every wind that blows. The average temperature is considerably higher than that of the Hudson, but it is sufficient, usually, to insure ice of ample thickness, and the snow-fall is considerably less than north of the Hudson highlands. The North Shrewsbury Club has commodious quarters at Red Bank, with rooms for the use of members, a tool and repair shop, storage lofts, etc. It has sixty-five members and a fine fleet of yachts, some of which visit the Hudson every year to compete for the challenge pennant. To that end the large lateen *Scud*, belonging to the Shrewsbury Club, has passed the summer

near Poughkeepsie, so as to be on hand at the beginning of the racing season.

Should the Shrewsbury flyers some day capture the challenge pennant that has thus far been defiantly held by the Hudson River clubs, New York ice-yachtsmen may suddenly wake up to the fact that the Shrewsbury is more easily reached from the city than is the upper Hudson, and is on many accounts better adapted for the purposes of non-resident yachtsmen.

To all who have paid any attention to the subject of ice-yachting, the demonstration of the problem is familiar that an ice-yacht will sail faster than the wind that drives her. It is only republished here because the present paper is certain to meet the eyes of thousands of readers to whom the bare statement will seem utterly preposterous. Let A, B, C, D (Fig. 10), represent an ice-area ten miles wide and twenty miles long. Suppose the wind to be blowing across this in the direction of arrow No. 1, at the rate of ten miles an hour. The ice-boat E would go from C to D in one hour, steering directly with the wind, but the ice-boat F, steering on the diagonal from A to D, would go more than twice as far as E in the same time. Leaving friction out of the account—and it may fairly be disregarded since it is almost inappreciable—a boat may actually equal the performance here indicated. As soon as she gains headway, she "goes to meet the wind," and, so far as she is concerned, changes its direction to that indicated by arrow No. 2. At the same time she increases its force—actually going faster than before, *because she does go faster*.

Fig. 11 shows the different ways of making runner-planks, the Hudson River men claiming an advantage in a certain amount of elasticity, while the Shrewsbury sailors make their runner-planks as rigid as possible, constructing them, in fact, on the principle of a truss.



## AFTER GERONIMO.<sup>1</sup>

BY LIEUT. JOHN BIGELOW, JR., 10TH CAVALRY, U. S. A.

Author of "MARS LA TOUR AND GRAVELOTTE."

### XII.

*Fort Grant, Arizona, May 10, 1886.*—About noon I was informed by the commanding officer that he had orders to send me out in the field. I have been in the post since the 10th of last month. In that time General Crook has been replaced as commander of the department by General Miles, who has initiated a campaign in which the troops are put forward to do the fighting, and Indians are employed only in small numbers as scouts and trailers. The following order indicates the spirit of forthcoming operations:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA, IN  
THE FIELD,

FORT BOWIE, A. T., April 20, 1886.

GENERAL FIELD ORDERS }  
No. 7.

The following instructions are issued for the information and guidance of troops serving in the southern portions of Arizona and New Mexico.

The chief object of the troops will be to capture or destroy any band of hostile Apache Indians found in this section of country; and to this end the most vigorous and persistent efforts will be required of all officers and soldiers until the object is accomplished.

To better facilitate this duty, and afford as far as practicable protection to the scattered settlements, the territory is subdivided into districts of observation as shown upon maps furnished by the Department engineer officer, and will be placed under commanding officers to be hereafter designated.

Each command will have a sufficient number of troops and the necessary transportation to thoroughly examine the district of country to which it is assigned, and will be expected to keep such section clear of hostile Indians.

The Signal detachments will be placed upon the highest peaks and prominent lookouts to discover any movement of Indians, and to transmit messages between the different camps.

The Infantry will be used in hunting through the groups and ranges of mountains, the resorts of the Indians, occupying the important passes in the mountains, guarding supplies, etc.

A sufficient number of reliable Indians will be used as auxiliaries, to discover any signs of hostile Indians, and as trailers.

The Cavalry will be used in light scouting parties, with a sufficient force held in readiness at all times to make the most persistent and effective pursuit.

To avoid any advantage the Indians may have by a relay of horses, where a troop or squadron commander is near the hostile Indians, he will be justified in dismounting one half of his command and selecting the lightest and best riders to make pursuit by

the most vigorous forced marches, until the strength of all the animals of his command shall have been exhausted.

In this way a command should, under a judicious leader, capture a band of Indians or drive them from 150 to 200 miles in forty-eight hours through a country favorable for cavalry movements; and the horses of the troops will be trained for this purpose.

All commanding officers will make themselves thoroughly familiar with the section of country under their charge and will use every means to give timely information regarding the movements of hostile Indians to their superiors or others acting in concert with them, in order that fresh troops may intercept the hostiles or take up the pursuit.

Commanding officers are expected to continue a pursuit until capture, or until they are assured a fresh command is on the trail.

All camps and movements of troops will be concealed as far as possible, and every effort will be made at all times by the troops to discover hostile Indians before being seen by them.

To avoid ammunition getting into the hands of the hostile Indians, every cartridge will be rigidly accounted for, and when they are used in the field the empty shells will be effectually destroyed.

Friendly relations will be encouraged between the troops and citizens of the country, and all facilities rendered for the prompt interchange of reliable information regarding the movements of hostile Indians.

Field reports will be made on the 10th, 20th and 30th of each month, giving the exact location of troops and the strength and condition of commands.

By command of Brigadier-General MILES:

WM. A. THOMPSON,

Captain 4th Cavalry, A. A. A. G.

*Sulphur Spring Valley, May 11, 1886.*—

I set out this afternoon with thirty-five dismounted cavalymen, all the available cavalry in the post, for Willcox, on Southern Pacific Railroad, under orders to proceed to Calabasas, about nine miles north of the Mexican line, and report from there to Colonel Royall, Fourth Cavalry, at Fort Huachuca. I had my private horse, which I rode, and a wagon in which I transported twenty days' rations, the horse equipments of the men, and a supply of camp equipage and cooking utensils. There being no water between the post and Fisk's ranch, twenty miles distant, I was accompanied by a water-wagon with a supply for the night. An hour or more after dark I went into camp, about eighteen miles from the post. The men were pretty tired and footsore,

<sup>1</sup> This diary of a United States cavalry officer in pursuit of the hostile Apaches was commenced in March, 1886.

but only one fell out, and he came into camp with the column, riding on top of the water-wagon. There was not a bush within foraging distance, so there was no cooking, and the men were soon through with their cold supper of hard tack and canned beef, and ready to turn in. At nine

etc., into a baggage car assigned to us. I had intended that in the loading of the horse equipments, the detachment should file past the door of the car, and each man put in his own bundle in turn. But at the command for this operation to commence my whole line broke, and every man



A SIX-MULE GOVERNMENT TEAM AND WAGON.

o'clock I had the trumpeter quiet the last lingerings of after-supper hilarity by sounding taps.

*Calabasas, A. T., May 12, 1886.*—At break of day a livelier performance of the trumpeter brought the men to their feet, and at the first appearance of the sun over the horizon—our slender breakfasts being disposed of and the wagon packed—we turned again into the dreary, dusty road to Willcox. The men were so stiff from yesterday's march that we traveled slowly, making little more than two miles an hour.

While waiting at Willcox for the train, the men dined at a restaurant at a cost to the government of twenty-one cents per man, the sum allowed me to each one for three pints of coffee. They were given all the coffee to take with them that they wanted, and, for their evening meal, they had besides coffee, the remainder of the canned beef and hard bread of their traveling ration, issued for to-day, but part of which they ate yesterday for supper.

About half an hour after time the train arrived, and my men set to work putting their horse equipments, tentage, rations,

made a dash for the door. After a dignified and, of course, ineffectual attempt to check this disorder, I contented myself with looking on in contemplation of the brawn and vigor that it brought into play. The men being thereupon filed into a passenger car, the train started. A straight pull up the gentle slope of the Sulphur Spring Valley, a spurt across Dragoon Summit, a tortuous descent into the valley of the San Pedro, and we are at Benson, where the New Mexico and Arizona road branches off to the Mexican border. Here we change cars and transfer the baggage, the latter operation being executed with the same zest and vigor as the loading at Willcox. At Huachuca Station I met a number of acquaintances; among others, the Adjutant of the post and Dr. Terrill. The former gave me an order from Colonel Royall, in command of the Southwest District, directing me to report at Calabasas to Captain Lebo, my troop commander. I learned from the doctor that he had come in for a portion of the active service that I had missed, having assisted at the amputation of Corporal Scott's leg. The brave





"INDIANS WERE SEEN TO FALL AND HE DRAGGED BACK OUT OF FIRE."

corporal, I was grieved to hear, is in a very critical condition. At Crittenden I had a talk with Lieutenant Clarke, who was with the captain in the recent fight. A party of Indians prepared an ambush for our troop, which was on their trail, but the captain was too sagacious to go into it. Seeing this, the Indians opened fire upon his column as it was turning their ambush, whereupon the troop deployed and attacked. The Indians held their ground and made an attempt to get our horses, which was frustrated by a covering force and a detail sent to drive the herd to the rear. Each side in the fight numbered about thirty men. Three Indians were seen to fall and to be dragged back out of fire, a pretty sure indication that they were killed or mortally wounded. Our casualties were one man killed and one wounded.

At eight o'clock we arrived at Calabasas, where I met the captain at the station. Leaving my baggage, with the exception of the men's bundles, in the baggage car, which was switched off here, I put my men into camp and then repaired to the hotel where the captain is staying, and took a room.

*Calabasas, A. T., May 13, 1886.* — At seven o'clock this morning I was at the railroad station to telegraph my arrival

here to Colonel Royall. While writing my despatch, a message went through to Fort Huachuca from Nogales to the effect that a party of forty Mexicans and some Papago Indians had been ambushed about seventy-five or eighty miles southwest of Nogales, and every man killed. This report, however, was not confirmed this evening, and is therefore not to be believed. Later in the day we received various reports by telegraph of engagements across the line, probably all differ-

ent versions of the same affair. Sifted down they indicate that there has been an engagement somewhere in the State of Sonora, and that the Indians had the best of it. Captain Lawton, of the Fourth Cavalry, is understood to be on their trail. He has a force of eighty soldiers (infantry and cavalry) and twenty Indian scouts, with rations for about ten weeks; also a fund of \$1,000 in silver.

I have had my detachment pitch their tents on a *mesa* adjoining the flat on which the town and station of Calabasas are situated. I heard before coming here that this was a very malarious locality, and have heard here, of course, that it is no such thing. The Calabasas people admit that there was more or less malaria here before the introduction of cattle, but claim that the stock now in the country, eating up the rank vegetable matter, prevent the germination of all such diseases.

Calabasas consists in the main of a loose array of about a dozen poor-looking houses and shanties, facing at respectful distance the two-storied brick hotel, with its porch and veranda, as if to do homage to its lonesome stateliness. The hotel is named the Santa Rita. It was built about four years ago in the expectation that the railroad would be built to connect this point

with Tucson, and that the road then building, the New Mexico and Arizona, would locate here the elements of civilization with which it started Nogales. The house throughout is well furnished, carpeted and wall-papered. There is water in every room, forced from a tank in the garden; also an electric bell, and the end of a gas-pipe. To look out from the front veranda of the Santa Rita, over a foreground of rank grass, animated now and then by a careering jack-rabbit, upon the adobe huts, constituting the bulk of the town, and then with the impression thus obtained fresh in one's mind to contemplate upon a wall-

*Calabasas, A. T., May 15, 1886.* — Sent out three detachments of four men each as ranch guards, reading to them the following instructions :

CALABASAS, A. T., May 15, 1886.

The detachments of dismounted troops are located where they will give protection to the exposed settlers, and where they would be likely to intercept the movements of any band of hostile Indians.

The men will be instructed that it is their duty to discover the Indians before being seen by them. They should be constantly on the watch, and will fire upon any number, and the closer the range, the better.

They can frequently go out before day and take favorable position for observing the adjacent country, and make it their business to hunt for any hostile Indians in the vicinity.



READING THE ORDERS.

map in the hotel reading-room, the blocks and squares, and parks and avenues of the *Town site of Calabasas*, is singularly instructive.

*Calabasas, A. T., May 14, 1886.* — I sent off two detachments to take post, the one at Peck's ranch, the other at the Santa Rita.

Indians are now reported about five miles West of Imuris, on the railroad, forty miles south of Nogales. Captain Lawton and Lieutenant Davis will keep them stirred up, and may drive them this way.

General Miles arrived here this evening with his aid, Lieutenant Dapray, and a general service clerk.

Should Indians be discovered, reliable and definite information will be sent to the commanding officer at Calabasas, by any citizen whose property is being protected.

By command of Brigadier-General MILES :

J. A. DAPRAY,  
Second Lieutenant, 23d Infantry, A. D. C.

The general went this evening to Nogales, accompanied by Captain Lebo.

*Calabasas, A. T., May 16, 1886.* — Telegraphic information went through here this morning to the effect that Captain Hatfield's troop, while carrying off booty from an Indian camp, which it had "jumped," was ambushed with disastrous effect, losing most of its horses, and two men killed,

and two or more wounded. Lieutenant Clarke has been ordered to join Captain Hatfield with our troop from the Mowry Mine.

*Tubac, A. T., May 17, 1886.*—About four P. M. yesterday it was reported to me by an excited American, coming at a gallop into Calabasas, that at a ranch about six miles down the Santa Cruz, a house and fence were burning that were supposed to have been fired by Indians. As soon as possible I set out at a gallop with thirteen men and ten days' rations, guided by the aforesaid American. About three miles from camp we were met by a Mexican riding leisurely toward us, who stated that he had just come from where we were going, and that there was nothing the matter there. A number of Mexicans who had attached themselves to us since we started were satisfied by this man's representation that there was no use in going any farther, and turned around and went back. Rejecting the suggestion of my guide to go on "just to see," I turned my column about, and while the sergeant walked it back to camp, I trotted ahead to contradict any false report that might have been wired to General Miles.

In the evening I had an interview with a party of Americans who had just come from the ranch, and learned from them certain particulars which made me desire to go there and examine the situation for myself. Accordingly, at four o'clock this morning I set out with my detachment of yesterday—all the men that I could mount—and after an easy walk of about six miles, arrived at the ranch in question, the Palo Parado (stake in the ground). Leaving my men on the road, I walked over to the house on the other side of the dry bed of the Santa Cruz, and interviewed its inmates, four or five men and a number of women and children. One of the former showed me, about two hundred yards to the right of the house, the smoldering ruins of an old hut, from which a track of two human feet—one moccasined and one bare—led down into the bed of the river; also, back of the house, the ashes of the fence where a stretch of about a hundred yards had been burned to the ground. The government guide that I had with me failed to find any tracks or other signs about the fence that looked at all suspicious, and after trying to follow the track that we found at the hut, gave that up too. As the latter seemed to continue down the bed of the river, I decided to follow the river

along the road as far as Tubac, on the chance of getting on the track again, or of learning something further in regard to it. We had not gone far before we found it in the road, and soon afterward we were given to understand that it was made by a Mexican deserter, footing it to Tubac. Keeping on, however, as I wanted to see the country, we passed a number of fields lying fallow from want of water, which were formerly irrigated from the river, and caught a glimpse through the tops of cotton-wood and mesquite trees, of the white dome and walls of the ruined Mission of St. Joseph, of Tumacacori. The latter, as well as the town of Tubac, is described in Wilkie Collins's "Black Robe." I acquired much interesting information in regard to both from Mr. Lillie T. Mercer, the justice of the peace at Tubac, where we arrived about noon; and what I shall state in regard to them, I rest mainly on his authority.

The mission was established by Jesuit padres in 1752, and finally destroyed by Apaches, in 1820. It effected the conversion of the Papago Indians, who supported and enriched it by their labor in its fields and mines. They had to bring in each week a certain money's worth of ore, for which they obtained one alamo (about sixteen pounds) of corn. If they failed of this contribution, their rations were cut down.

Since the Americans first came here in 1850, thousands of prospectors have worked in these mountains in search of what is called "the great Tumacacori Mine," and books and maps have been published purporting to locate and describe it. There is a legend that if one stands at the mission door, and faces due north-east, one can look into the mouth of the mine; and according to an old Mexican legend, if one stands on the *camino real*, royal road, opposite the mission, and watches where the sun sinks on the 15th day of July, one will find the mine immediately below where it disappears.

In 1876, an old Mexican—by name, Cayetano Marquis—made a trip to Alamos, in Sonora, to see his mother, and while there, happened to bring up the subject of the Tumacacori mine. His mother, who was about ninety years old, and was born and had lived many years in Tubac, looked at him curiously for a while, and then said, "Why, my son, you don't believe in that story of the Tumacacori mine, do you?" He replied: "I neither believe it nor disbelieve it; but as there is so much talk about it, I do not know but that there is



THE GOVERNMENT GUIDE LOOKING FOR TRACKS.

something in it." At this, the old lady, who was of an hysterical turn, went off into such a fit of laughter that it was actually thought she would die. Seeing the effect of this topic on his mother, Don Cayetano did not bring it up again during his stay with her. Before he departed, however, the good woman did so herself. "My son," she said, "I don't want you to waste your time or money looking for a Tumacacori mine, for any particular Tumacacori mine never had existence. The whole story is a fable, gotten up by us residents of Tubac in order to obtain money from the American trains coming through during the winter on their way to California. Their earlier route had been due west across the plains, but they had experienced so much death and suffering that during the winter months they came instead through Northern Texas, Chihuahua and Sonora, to the present town of Santa Cruz, and followed the Santa Cruz River to the Gila, whence they proceeded westward to California. When they first began to come here, we had no knowledge of the value of money, and would not exchange our commodities for any amount of it; but finding after a while how we could use it at the trading-posts, we learned its value, and then our only object was to obtain it, no matter how. Wagon after wagon, train after train,

would come in, and from each one would come the inquiry whether there were any rich mines in the neighborhood. Being answered that there were none, they would pay out a little money for our products, and pass on. A few of our older heads got together one day to see if they could not get up a scheme for keeping the trains here longer, that we might make more off them; and so it happened about this time that some one conceived the idea of a rich Tumacacori mine. It was tested upon the first train that came along, and it took at once. The travelers were retained two months, at the end of which their funds were so low that they had to go on, leaving with us almost all their money. The trick was played upon train after train, until hens, and eggs, and corn, and grain, and everything else that we had to sell was sold, and we had to send out to surrounding towns and settlements, mostly in Sonora, for provisions. Whole trains would come in loaded down with them.

Not less than 5,000 men have thoroughly searched—at least, as they thought—all the mountains in the vicinity of Tubac, and failed to find the Tumacacori mine. Yet the story is thoroughly believed by some people to this day, and parties come every now and then from long distances to look for it."

It is not four years since such a party came from San Jose, California, claiming to have maps from the existing mission there. It is needless to say that the party was disappointed.

The little cluster of dilapidated mud houses, constituting the present town of Tubac, is the remnant of an old frontier settlement of no mean size and importance. According to Hinton's Guide-Book, Tubac was the seat of a Spanish mission in 1720. In 1840, according to a Mexican authority, the Mexicans had a garrison here of thirty men, the town containing a population of 400. In 1858, according to S. W. Cozzens, it numbered a population of 800, principally miners. I visited the ruins both of the old mission church and of the *presidio*, or fort. A portion of the latter, still intact, is occupied by several Mexican families. I also looked in at the district school-house, little frequented just now, the reason for which was suggested by the inscription, sloping up in large school-boy hand over the center of the blackboard: *The Apaches are out!*

*Calabasas, A. T., May 18, 1886.*—At a quarter of five this morning I was on my return march to Calabasas by way of the Tumacacori mission. After a somewhat leisurely ride along the flat bank of the river, through a wild shrubbery of mesquite, I halted in front of its carved facade and dismounted for a half-hour's rest and sight-seeing. Through its doorless entrance I stepped into the body of the

church. It is almost wholly unroofed, but its bare walls and earthen floor are damaged more by pick and spade than by the tooth of time. Its most curious and notable features now are its defacements. To the right of the altar is a hole in the wall which, previously to 1855, was the deposi-

tory of a hidden treasure. About that year there arrived in Prescott a priest, come directly from Rome, who with some difficulty procured for himself a guide to the Tumacacori mission, for a consideration of \$40 a day for twenty days, and also a number of men as escort for \$10 a day. Arriving with his party safely at the mission, he walked at once to the altar, and, after making certain measurements from altar and floor, took some heavy object, and breaking through a shell covering, opened this hole in the wall and drew from it, in gold and bullion, \$80,000. Impelled by this incident, stories of



PAPAGO INDIAN.

silver bells, etc., Slavonian Jews and other vandals have torn up the floors, and undermined and gouged out the walls, reducing the structure to a dilapidated condition.

From the nave I walked out through the sacristy into a rectangular space back of the church, inclosed on its three outer sides by a high adobe wall, whose empty niches were once occupied no doubt with shrines. About the center of this inclosure is a circular stone mortuary containing a number of plain graves. It must have been pacing around this melancholy memorial, under the gaze of saintly effigies, their thoughts alternating between the salvation

of souls and the exploitation of the earth, between the beauties of religion and the power of money, that the sturdy missionaries of St. Joseph held their sweet and deep meditations.

Close around the front and sides of the church are the remains of rude metallurgical works, the ruins and bare foundations of the residences of priests and laborers, and traces of old acequias, or irrigating ditches, through which the adjacent fields were brought under cultivation.

There is in the Santa Rita mountains a mine called the Salero (salt-cellar), from a legendary association with this mission. Some hundred years ago, a bishop on a visit from Alamos, in Sonora, to the different churches in his diocese, being honored at Tumacacori with a feast, allowed himself to remark, as he surveyed it: "You have everything here except a salt-cellar." The brothers thereupon dispatched to the mine a number of Papagos, who procured some silver, worked it into a salt-cellar,

across the Santa Cruz, and along the hot, dusty road beyond it, to the embryo of American civilization at Calabasas.

Here I found the captain and the paymaster. Indians were reported this evening crossing the railroad at Agua Zarca, twelve miles south of Nogales.

*Calabasas, A. T., May 19, 1886.*—The captain received the following despatch this morning:

NOGALES, A. T., May 19.

Two Mexicans killed eight miles below on railroad last evening—other on trail to Barnett's ranch. Bodies brought here for burial. Two American prospectors and three Mexicans reported killed in same vicinity.

W. J. PARKS,

Late Captain Duncan Rangers.

We are ordered to keep a sharp lookout for Indians going north pursued by Captain Lawton.

The following despatch was received this afternoon:

FORT HUACHUCA, May 19.

*Captain Lebo, Calabasas:*

Lieutenant Johnson, with Clarke's troop and twenty packs, should be at Calabasas to-night; also



A MEXICAN MADE A FIGHT FROM BEHIND A TREE.

and brought it to the mission in time to present it to his holiness before he got up from the table.

From Tumacacori's lone relic of Romanism, we pursued our way in due time

Tisdall's Co. C, First Infantry. Lawton is behind Indians and expects to have Wood with strong force south and west of Indians before daylight to-morrow. You can take an effective force and strike west and south wherever you think you can strike the hostiles.

MILES, Commanding.  
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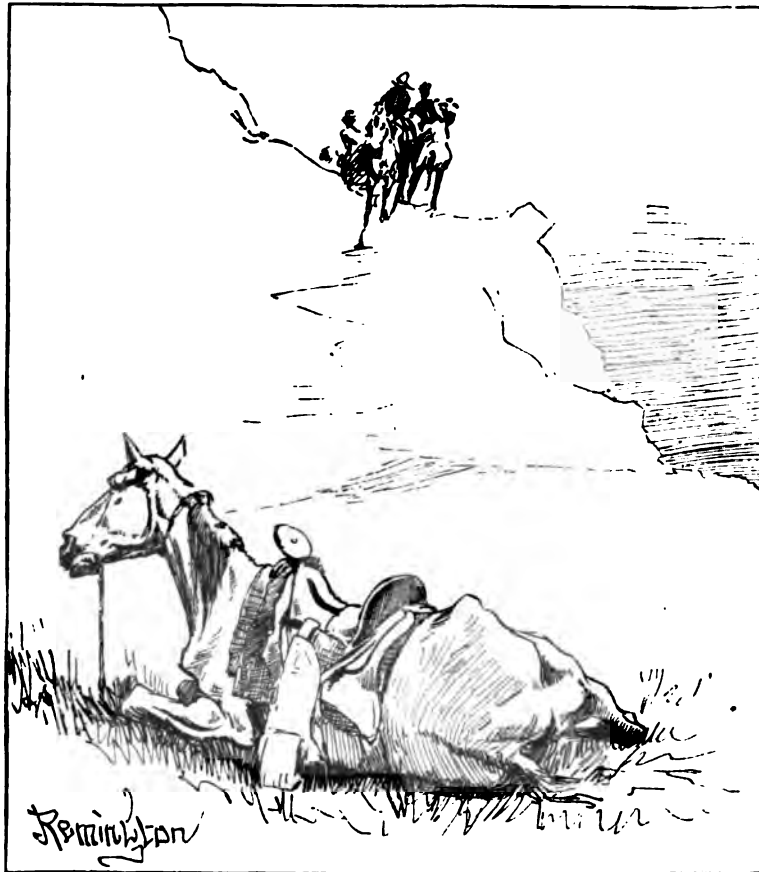
The captain will await the arrival of Lieutenant Johnson to get the pack-mules coming with him, and hopes meanwhile to learn something further by which to direct his movements. I have made arrangements for leaving my things in safety and taking the field. As it is a sultry afternoon, threatening rain, and we are liable to travel at night, I shall take my overcoat with me on my horse. My bedding is thrown in a corner of my room ready to be rolled up and put on a pack-mule; my pistol is cleaned and cartridge belt replenished; my maps, postal cards, etc., are laid out to be put in my saddle pockets, and

on his way to Nogales. On the same train with him were Captain Wood, Fourth Cavalry, referred to in the general's despatch of yesterday; Captain Tisdall, First Infantry, with the greater part of his company; Lieutenant Dapray, the general's aid; Dr. Terrill, who is going with Captain Wood into Mexico, and a troop of the Second Cavalry, with its horses. The troop is to go through Nogales to-night if the general can get the custom-guard to let it do so. It is a stringent rule of that body to allow no train to cross the line after nine o'clock. General Miles expressed the apprehension that the Indians would turn around and go

south before we should be ready to head them off in that direction.

Lieutenant Johnson not arriving, and the captain having decided not to start until morning, I turned in last night at ten o'clock, and slept until four this morning. Having breakfasted in camp and attended to the final arrangements of getting off, I walked over to the station to meet the 5:15 train from Nogales, and learned that last night's train had been allowed to cross the line.

An American who came up here this morning from Nogales, tells me that the two Mexicans who were killed there, as reported in yesterday's telegram, were brothers. One



"WE FOUND A SMALL PONY, SADDLED AND BRIDLED, LYING DOWN."

my riding trousers and heavy boots are where I can jump into them at a moment's notice.

I am satisfied now that the fires at the Palo Parado ranch were a device of people on the ranch for drawing soldiers to it.

*Shanahan's Ranch, May 20, 1886.*—General Miles went through here last night

of them was killed at the first fire, having been struck but once. The other had evidently made a fight of some duration from behind a tree, his face in death attesting his indomitable courage. He must have hurt some of the Indians, for besides being shot many times, he was stabbed in several places; and the Apaches do not



ordinarily mutilate their victims unless hurt by them.

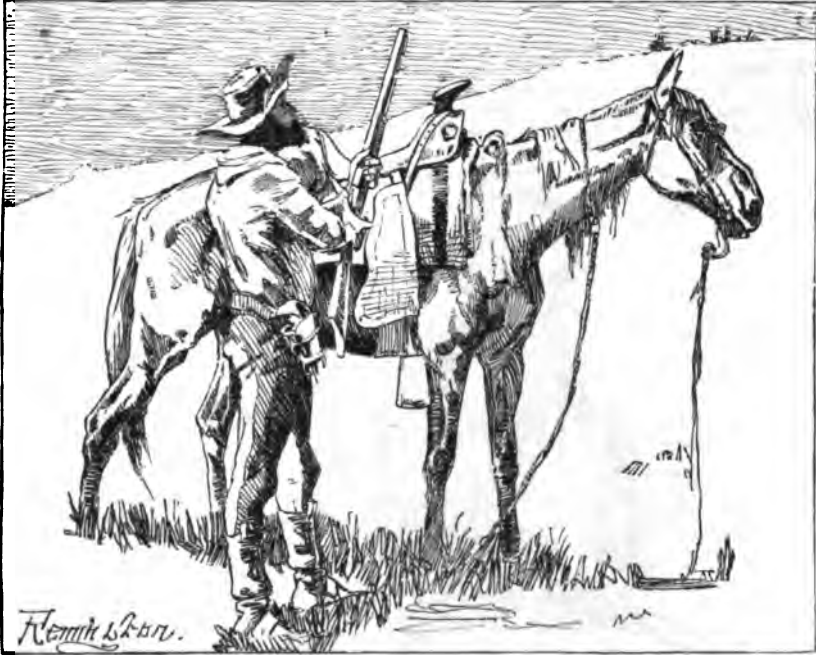
According to the same American, a party went out from Nogales yesterday in search of five men who are missing and supposed to have been killed. Nogales is frightened into a state of siege.

Leaving in reserve at Calabasas the troop that arrived in the night under Lieutenant Clarke, the captain set out at 8:50 this morning with the remainder of his command, consisting of troops D and L, without having heard anything further in regard to the Indians. Our two citizen guides, riding at some distance ahead

of the column, led us by a good road to Owen's ranch, in the foothills of the Pajarito mountains, and thence by a plain, but in many places narrow, treacherous, path into the heart of the range, where we are now camped.

About a mile from here we found a small horse or pony, saddled and bridled, lying down resting. The saddle was of Mexican type, and the blanket under it of army pattern, marked B 18. We supposed the blanket to be one of Captain Hatfield's, captured in his recent fight. To the saddle were hanging about five pounds of beef, cut Indian fashion into strips, to dry; also a piece of cowhide, presumably for soling moccasins. At this point of our march we stopped for half an hour to allow the guides to hunt up trails. They found tracks of about six ponies going in three different directions. Thinking to learn something regarding the main body of the Indians, the captain pushed on for Shanahan's ranch. We had proceeded about one hundred yards, when I

was startled by an exclamation ahead of me; and looking up, I saw the guide nearest the column jump off his horse, and, pointing to the top of a hill that we were circling, bring up his Winchester to cock it. The captain called out to him to hold



"BRING UP HIS WINCHESTER TO COCK IT."

on—not to fire, that it was one of our men. Having meanwhile seen a man in a white shirt and without hat disappear suddenly behind the very top of the hill, I was not so sure myself as I should have liked to be that the captain was right. Almost immediately after disappearing, however, this man returned, accompanied by another, wearing a soldier's blouse, and the two stood together looking at us, neither having a gun. Satisfied then that they were soldiers, the guide went up to them to see if they had any news. They had none. These men were from the infantry outpost at Shanahan's ranch, about half a mile ahead of us. They had allowed us to come within a hundred yards of them without seeing us, and had not sent the horse that we picked up about two hundred yards from them, directly in their front. At the post, we found a sergeant with eight men, including the two on the hill. The principal duty of the detachment is to keep Indians away from the water, and to notify the command at

Calabasas of any movements of Indians that they may detect.

The ranch, marked only by the hut in which the guard is living, is abandoned by its regular occupants.

*Shanahan's Ranch, May 21, 1886.* — At about a quarter past three this morning, a courier arrived from Calabasas with the following despatches :

NOGALES, May 20, 1886.  
*To Lieutenant Clarke :*

Captain Lawton reports Indians camped last night about five miles north of Planchas de Plata, about twenty-five south-west of this point. Trail



CHATO-CHIRICAHUA, APACHE CHIEF.

indicates moving north. Send word at once to Lebo. I want your command to prevent their moving north; and *strike hard* at first opportunity. About thirty Indians, men and squaws, some on foot. Have infantry and dismounted men at all stations, to be on the watch and destroy as many of them as possible.

MILES, Commanding.

NOGALES, May 20, 1886, 6 A.M.

*To Lieutenant Clarke :*

Send word to Lebo at once; also, about report of thirty Indians at Town's ranch.

MILES, Commanding.

Planchas de Plata (Plates of Silver), so named from the remarkable specimens of native silver found there, is on the Mexican side of the line, about fifteen miles south-west of here and Town's ranch, about half that distance south-east. We understand, therefore, that there are Indians to right and to left of us, numbering, all told, about sixty, or the same as ourselves. On reading the despatches, half an hour before daybreak, the captain had the cooks aroused, and at half-past five the horses had been groomed and were being saddled. Meanwhile the courier who had come from Calabasas, a citizen guide, was sent off to notify the outposts to the west of us of what we had learned, and enjoin upon them extra caution and vigilance. Another guide went over to a ridge about a mile north of camp in search of Indian signs. The captain sent a guide last night to Oro Blanco, the headquarters of the outposts, to get what news there was there.

It is highly probable that the horse picked up yesterday afternoon, as well as another brought into camp in the evening, belonged to an advance party of the Indians reported to us early to-day. It looks as if they went through here yesterday morning, and catching sight of the infantry, at once jumped off their horses and took to the hills.

From half-past seven to half-past ten we lay observing the country in a position about a mile back on our route of yesterday.

Having made nothing thereby, apart from the capture of two more horses, we returned to camp, and having watered, moved to shade and grass a few hundred yards beyond it. There we are now waiting with horses saddled, for a report from Owen's

ranch, that we may know whether any hostiles have passed in our rear.

*Bartlett's Ranch, May 22, 1886.*—About two P. M. yesterday we set out from Shanahan's ranch. We marched in and out of cañons and up and down divides past Bartlett's ranch, where there is a post of eight or nine infantrymen ; and also McClenahan's, where there are four dismounted cavalymen. Between the latter, as we passed them and the column, there was a very lively interchange of greetings. The poor fellows at the ranch, not having a house within sight, have built themselves a little stone redoubt commanding the spring.

About two miles beyond here, as my troop was about to go down into a ravine out of which the column, which was dismounted, was ascending on the other side, I was abruptly informed, by mounted messenger, that there were forty Indians at the place where we camped last night. I sent the report forward to the captain, and, turning my troop about, waited for his action. He marched us back on our tracks, but upon conferring at Bartlett's with another messenger by whom he was there met, he put us into our present camp. It appears that the forty Indians reported at Shanahan's are the eighteen or twenty scouts of Captain Lawton, who has come in there with his command, on a trail of from twelve to fifteen hostiles. After marching about twelve miles, and a large part of the way on foot, we are camped within two miles of the place where we camped last night.

Bartlett's ranch is at the head of the Sycamore cañon, a frowning chasm, lined with blocks and columns of basalt, interspersed with hardy rooted oak. Three or four weeks ago, a man was killed by Indians a few hundred yards from the house, and another wounded while taking aim from the doorway at an Indian on the hill that we are camped upon.

Owing to the roughness of the trail, there was a good deal of falling out this



APACHE CHIEF.

afternoon to have horseshoeing done. The old shoes had to be used over again as our new ones are not "set" or prepared to be put on. Until we get to a forge the latter are so much old iron that we are carrying about in our saddle-pockets. It would be well if our horseshoes were issued with large enough holes in them to admit a nail.

*Tubac, A. T., May 23, 1886.*—At 8:20 this morning, the captain having returned from a visit to Captain Lawton, the command was put on the march for Tubac. Captain Lawton thinks that the Indians he is following are hard up for horses, a number of their women and children being afoot. His scouts, under Lieutenant Finley, were out this morning examining tracks, with a view to determining where they came together. Captain Lawton's especial function is to keep the Indians on the go, following their trail though it should number but three tracks. Ours is to keep them from getting north of here.

Through a confusion of rounded hill-tops, broken here and there by projecting rock, but generally well covered with grass and timber, we made our way to the long, narrow cañon called Hell's Gate, and proceeded slowly and with difficulty through it. Parts of it were as uncanny as the name would imply, and strongly suggestive of an ambush. We had an advance guard of about six men accompanying the guide, but could not afford to send out flankers, and had therefore to take the chances of being fired upon from the bluffs on either side. We passed Peck's ranch, where Mrs. Peck was killed and her twelve-year-old niece was taken captive by Apaches, the 27th of last month. I will tell the story as I heard it. Having been out back of the house, her little niece came up to Mrs. Peck, who was sitting on the bed holding her child, and told her that there was an Indian outside, behind the chicken coop. Mrs. Peck replied that it could not be, and got up and went out. She had hardly crossed the threshold when she fell dead from a bullet, dropping her infant from her arms. The girl was then secured, and the baby killed by a blow on the head.

A fresh trail that we followed into the cañon turned out of it before we came to the house.

Emerging from the cañon we descended along barren *hog-backs* into the valley of the Santa Cruz, and followed in a downward direction the dry bed of the stream, shaded by magnificent cotton-woods and willows, and strewn with huge trunks and limbs in all stages of decay.

About half a mile from Tubac we went into camp in the river's grateful shade, an

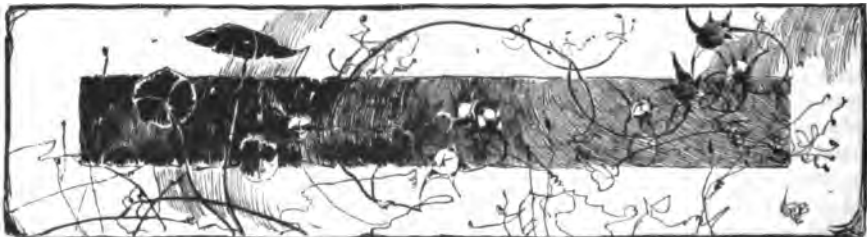
acequia affording us water for man and beast.

From a couple of Mexicans, who witnessed our camping with evident satisfaction, we learned that about half a dozen Indians left here at daybreak this morning with six head of stolen stock.

Coming back from an after-dinner stroll over to town, I fell in with a citizen of Tubac, who is said to have lived some twenty-five years with the Apaches, and to have been with them on many a raid. Some say he is a Mexican who was captured by the Indians when a boy fourteen years old; others, that he is an Apache, and was captured by the Mexicans when a child, and subsequently recaptured by the Apaches. I asked him the meaning of a certain sign that we had found on the march to Shanahan's ranch—a strip of white linen or canvas tied to the branch of a bush. It meant, he said, that the Indians were taking captives along, and he informed me that when they kill a captive they indicate it by drawing a circle in the trail. I could not but think of the girl taken from Peck's ranch, and wonder about her fate.

About ten o'clock to-night we got our blacksmiths out with the spare horseshoes—every man carries two, one forefoot and one hindfoot—and had them go with a civilian blacksmith to his shop, two miles from here, to work at his forge. About midnight our horses, which had subsisted on grass since leaving Calabasas, were given a feed of barley-hay, which it had taken a Mexican from sunset until that time to fetch from his ranch, about two miles from here.

[To be continued.]



## AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS STEVENS.

[*Our Special Correspondent.*] •

### XVII.

#### TEHERAN.

THERE is sufficient similarity between the bazaar, the mosques, the residences, the suburban gardens, etc., of one Persian city, and the same features of another, to justify the assertion that the description of one is a description of them all. But the presence of the Shah and his court; the pomp and circumstance of eastern royalty; the foreign ambassadors; the military; the improvements introduced from Europe; the royal palaces of the present sovereign; the palaces and reminiscences of former kings—all these things combine to effectually elevate Teheran above the somewhat dreary sameness of provincial cities.

A person in the habit of taking daily strolls here and there about the city, will scarcely fail of obtaining a glimpse of the Shah, incidentally every few days. In this respect there is little comparison to be made between him and the Sultan of Turkey, who never emerges from the seclusion of the palace, except to visit the mosque, or on extraordinary occasions; he is then driven through streets between compact lines of soldiers, so that a glimpse of his imperial person is only to be obtained by taking considerable trouble. Since the Shah's narrow escape from assassination at the hands of the Baabi conspirators in 1867, he has exercised more caution than formerly about his personal safety. Previous to that affair, it was customary for him to ride on horseback well in advance of his body-guard; but nowadays, he never rides in advance any farther than etiquette requires him to, which is about the length of his horse's neck. When his frequent outings take him beyond the city fortifications, he is generally provided with both saddle-horse and carriage, thus enabling him to change from one to the other at will.

The Shah is evidently not indifferent to the fulsome flattery of the courtiers and sycophants about him, nor insensible of the pomp and vanity of his position; nevertheless he is not without a fair share

of common sense. Perhaps the worst that can be said of him is, that he seems content to prostitute his own more enlightened and progressive views to the prejudices of a bigoted and fanatical priesthood. He seems to have a generous desire to see the country opened up to the civilizing improvements of the West, and to give the people an opportunity of emancipating themselves from their present deplorable condition; but the *mollahs* (priests) set their faces firmly against all reform, and the Shah evidently lacks the strength of will to override their opposition. It was owing to this criminal weakness on his part, that Baron Reuter's scheme of railways and commercial regeneration for the country proved a failure. The Shah signed the contract, and the enterprising baron shipped material to the Caspian port of Resht; but the *mollahs* opposed the scheme, as they oppose everything beneficial to the country at large; the Shah weakened, and the railway material may be seen to-day rusting in the swamps of the Caspian littoral.

Persia is undoubtedly the worst priest-ridden country in the world; the *mollahs* influence everything and everybody, from the monarch downward, to such an extent that no progress is possible. Barring outside interference, Persia will remain in its present wretched condition until the advent of a monarch with sufficient force of character to deliver the people from the incubus of their present power and influence: nothing short of a general massacre, however, will be likely to accomplish complete deliverance.

Without compromising his dignity as "Shah-in-shah," "The Asylum of the Universe," and so forth, when dealing with his own subjects, Nassir-ud-deen Shah has profited by the experiences of his European tour to the extent of recognizing, with becoming toleration, the democratic independence of such *Ferenghis*, whose deportment betrays the fact that they are not dazed by the contemplation of his greatness. The other evening myself and

<sup>1</sup> The first number of this series appeared in *OUTING* for April, 1885.

a friend encountered the Shah and his crowd of attendants on one of the streets leading to the winter palace; he was returning to the palace in state after a visit of ceremony to some dignitary. First came a squad of foot-runners in quaint

of the Khajar guard, addressed themselves to us personally, shouting appealingly as though very anxious about it: "Sahib! Sahib!" and motioned for us to do as the natives were doing. These valiant guardians of the Shah's barbaric gloriousness cling tenaciously to the belief that it is the duty of everybody, whether *Ferenghi* or native, to prostrate themselves in this manner before him; although the monarch himself has long since ceased to expect it, and is very well satisfied if the *Ferenghi* respectfully doffs his hat as he goes past.

Much of the nonsensical glamour and superstitious awe that formerly surrounded the person of oriental potentates has been dissipated of late years by the moral influence of European residents and travelers. But a few years ago, it was certain death for any luckless native who failed to immediately scuttle off somewhere out of sight, or



PASSING THE WONDERING SENTRY AT THE TEHERAN GATE.

scarlet coats, knee-breeches, white stockings, and low shoes, and with a most fantastic head-dress, not unlike a peacock's tail on dress-parade; each runner carried a silver staff; they were clearing the street and shouting their warning for everybody to hide their faces. Behind them came a portion of the Shah's Khajar body-guard, well mounted, and dressed in a grey uniform, braided with black: each of these also carries a silver staff, and besides sword and dagger, has a gun slung at his back in a red baize case. Next came the royal carriage, containing the Shah: the carriage is somewhat like a sheriff's coach of "ye olden tyme," and is drawn by six superb grays; mounted on the off horses are three postilions in gorgeous scarlet liveries. Immediately behind the Shah's carriage came the higher dignitaries on horseback, and lastly a confused crowd of three or four hundred horsemen. As the royal procession approached, the Persians—one and all—either hid themselves, or backed themselves up against the wall, and remained with heads bowed half-way to the ground until it passed. Seeing that we had no intention of striking this very submissive and servile attitude, first the scarlet foot-runners, and then the advance

to turn his face to the wall, whenever the carriages of the royal ladies passed by; and Europeans generally turned down a side street to avoid trouble when they heard the attending eunuchs shouting "gitchin, gitchin!" (begone, begone!) down the street. But things may be done with impunity now, that before the Shah's eye-opening visit to Frangistan, would have been punished with instant death; and although the eunuchs shout "gitchin, gitchin!" as lustily as ever, they are now content if people will only avert their faces respectfully as the carriages drive past.

An eccentric Austrian gentleman once saw fit to imitate the natives in turning their faces to the wall, and improved upon the time-honored custom to the extent of making salaams from the back of his head. This singular performance pleased the ladies immensely, and they reported it to the Shah. Sending for the Austrian, the Shah made him repeat the performance in his presence, and was so highly amused that he dismissed him with a handsome present.

Prominent among the improvements that have been introduced in Teheran of late, may be mentioned gas and the electric light. Were one to make this statement

and enter into no further explanations, the impression created would doubtless be illusive; for although the fact remains that these things are in existence here, they could be more appropriately placed under the heading of toys for the gratification of the Shah's desire to gather about him some of the novel and interesting things he had seen in Europe, than improvements made with any idea of benefiting the condition of the city as a whole. Indeed, one might say without exaggeration, that nothing new or beneficial is ever introduced into Persia, except for the personal gratification or glorification of the Shah; hence it is, that, whilst a few European improvements are to be seen in Teheran, they are found nowhere else in Persia.

Coal of an inferior quality is obtained in the Elburz Mountains, near Casveen, and

the poorest quality, and the lamps glimmer faintly through the gloom of a moonless evening until half-past nine, giving about as much light, or rather making darkness about as visible as would the same number of tallow candles; at this hour they are extinguished, and any Persian found outside of his own house later than this, is liable to be arrested and fined.

The electric light improvements consist of four lights, on ordinary gas-lamp posts, in the *top-maidan*, and a more ornamental affair, immediately in front of the palace; these are only used on special occasions. The electric lights are a never-failing source of wonder and mystification to the common people of the city and the peasants coming in from the country. A stroll into the *maidan* any evening when the four electric lights are making the gas-lamps



THOMAS STEVENS ON HIS WAY TO THE PALACE OF THE SHAH. SOLDIERS CLEARING THE WAY.

brought on the backs of camels to Teheran; and enough gas is manufactured to supply two rows of lamps leading from the *top-maidan* to the palace front, two rows on the east side of the palace, and a dozen more in the *top-maidan* itself. The gas is of

glimmer feebler than ever, reveals a small crowd of natives assembled about each post, gazing wonderingly up at the globe, endeavoring to penetrate the secret of its brightness, and commenting freely among themselves in this wise:



"Mashallah! Abdallah!" says one, "where does all the light come from? They put no candles in, no naphtha, no anything; where does it come from?"

"Mashallah!" replies Abdallah, "I don't know; it lights up 'biffs!' all of a sudden, without anybody putting matches to it, or going anywhere near it; nobody knows how it comes about except Sheitan (Satan) and Sheitan's children, the Ferenghis."

"Al-lah? it is wonderful!" echoes another, "and our Shah is a wonderful being to give us such things to look at—Allah be praised!"

All these strange innovations and incomprehensible things produce a deep impression on the unenlightened minds of the common Persians, and helps to deify the Shah in their imagination; for although they know these things come from Frangistan, it seems natural for them to sing the praises of the Shah in connection with them. They think these five electric lights in Teheran among the wonders of the world; the glimmering gas-lamps and the electric lights help to rivet their belief that their capital is the most wonderful city in the world, and their Shah the greatest monarch extant. These extreme ideas are, of course, considerably improved upon when we leave the ranks of illiteracy; but the Persians capable of forming anything like an intelligent comparison between themselves and a European nation, are confined to the Shah himself, the *corps diplomatique*, and a few prominent personages who have been abroad.

Always on the lookout for something to please the Shah, the news of my arrival in Teheran on the bicycle no sooner reached the ears of the court officials than the monarch hears of it himself. On the seventh day after my arrival an officer of the palace calls on behalf of the Shah, and requests that I favor them all, by following the soldiers who will be sent to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, *Ferenghi* time, to conduct me to the palace, where it is appointed that I am to meet the "Shah-in-shah and king of kings," and ride with him, on the bicycle, to his summer palace at Doshan Tepe.

"Yes, I shall, of course, be most happy to accommodate; and to be the means of introducing to the notice of his majesty, the wonderful iron horse, the latest wonder from Frangistan," I replied; and the officer, after salaaming with more than French politeness, took his departure.

Promptly at the hour appointed the soldiers presented themselves; and after waiting a few minutes for the horses of two young Englishmen who desired to accompany us part way, I mounted the ever ready Columbia, and together we followed my escort along several fairly rideable streets to the office of the foreign minister. The soldiers cleared the way of pedestrians, donkeys, camels and horses, driving them unceremoniously to the right, to the left, into the ditch—anywhere out of my road; for am I not for the time being under the Shah's special protection? I am as much the Shah's toy and plaything of the moment, as an electric light, a stop-watch, or as the big Krupp gun, the concussion of which nearly scared the soldiers out of their wits, by shaking down the little minars of one of the city gates, close to which they had unwittingly discharged it on first trial.

The foreign office, like every building of pretension, whether public or private, in the "Land of the Lion and the Sun," is a substantial edifice of mud and brick, inclosing a square court-yard or garden, in which splashing fountains play amid a wealth of vegetation that springs, as if by waft of magician's wand, from the sandy soil of Persia wherever water is abundantly supplied. Tall, slender poplars are nodding in the morning breeze, the less lofty almond and pomegranate, sheltered from the breezes by the surrounding building, rustle never a leaf, but seem to be offering Pomona's choice products of nuts and rosy pomegranates, with modest mien and silence; whilst beds of rare exotics, peculiar to this sunny clime, impart to the atmosphere of the cool shaded garden, a pleasing sense of being perfumed. Here, by means of the Shah's interpreter, I am introduced to Nasr-i-Mulk, the Persian foreign minister, a kindly-faced yet business-looking old gentleman, at whose request I mount and ride with some difficulty around the confined and quite unsuitable foot-walks of the garden; a crowd of officials and *far-rashes* look on in unconcealed wonder and delight. True to their Persian characteristic of inquisitiveness, Nasr-i-Mulk and the officers catechize me unmercifully for some time concerning the mechanism and capabilities of the bicycle, and about the past and future of the journey around the world.

In company with the interpreter, I now ride out to the Doshan Tepe gate, where we are to await the arrival of the Shah.

From the Doshan Tepe gate is some four English miles of fairly good artificial road, leading to one of the royal summer palaces and gardens. His majesty goes this morning to the mountains beyond Doshan Tepe on a shooting excursion, and wishes me to ride out with his party a few miles, thus giving him a good opportunity of seeing something of what bicycle traveling is like. The tardy monarch keeps myself and a large crowd of attendants waiting a full hour at the gate, ere he puts in an appearance. Among the crowd is the Shah's chief *shikaree* (hunter), a grizzled old veteran, beneath whose rifle many a forest prowler of the Caspian slope of Mazandaran has been laid low. The *shikaree*, upon seeing me ride, and not being able to comprehend how one can possibly maintain the equilibrium, exclaims: "Oh, ayab Ingilis!" (Oh, the wonderful English!)

Everybody's face is wreathed in smiles at the old *shikaree's* exclamation of wonderment, and when I jokingly advise him that he ought to do his hunting for the future on a bicycle, and again mount and ride with hands off handles to demonstrate the possibility of shooting from the saddle, the delighted crowd of horsemen burst out in hearty laughter, many of them exclaiming, "Bravo! bravo!" At length

the word goes round that the Shah is coming. Everybody dismounts, and as the royal carriage drives up, every Persian bows his head nearly to the ground, remaining in that highly submissive attitude until the carriage halts and the Shah summons myself and the interpreter to his side.

I am the only *Ferengi* in the party, my two English companions having returned

to the city, intending to rejoin me when I separate from the Shah.

The Shah impresses one as being more intelligent than the average Persian of the higher class; and although they are, as a nation, inordinately inquisitive, I have never met a Persian who took a more lively interest in the bicycle than his majesty seems to take, as, through his interpreter, he plys me with all manner of questions. Among other questions he asks if the Koords didn't molest me when coming through Koordistan without an escort; and upon hearing the story of my adventure with the Koordish shepherds between Ovahjik and Khoi, he seemed greatly amused. Another large party of



"FIRST CAME A SQUAD OF FOOT-RUNNERS IN QUIANT SCARLET COATS."

horsemen arrived with the Shah, swelling the company to perhaps two hundred attendants.

Pedaling alongside the carriage, in the best position for the Shah to see, we proceed toward Doshan Tepe, the crowd of horsemen following, some behind and others careering over the stony plain through which the Doshan Tepe highway

leads. After covering about half a mile, the Shah leaves the carriage and mounts a saddle-horse, in order to the better "put me through some exercises." First he requests me to give him an exhibition of speed; then I have to ride a short distance

people ever hurt themselves by falling off bicycles; and the answer that a fall such as I would have experienced by running full speed into the irrigating ditch, might possibly result in broken bones, appeared to strike him as extremely humorous; from



THE SHAH OF PERSIA ESCORTS THOMAS STEVENS.

the way he laughed I fancy the sending me flying toward the irrigating ditch was one of the practical jokes that he is sometimes not above indulging in. After mounting and forcing my way for a few yards through deep, loose gravel, to satisfy his curiosity as to what could be done in loose ground, I trundle along with him to a small menagerie he keeps at this place. On the way he inquires

over the rough stone-strewn plain, to demonstrate the possibility of traversing a rough country, after which he desires to see me ride at the slowest pace possible. All this evidently interests him not a little, and he seems ever more amused than interested, laughing quite heartily several times as he rides alongside the bicycle. After awhile he again exchanges for the carriage, and at four miles from the city gate we arrive at the palace garden. Through this garden is a long, smooth walk, and here the Shah again requests an exhibition of my speeding abilities. The garden is traversed with a network of irrigating ditches; but I am assured there is nothing of the kind across the pathway along which he wishes me to ride as fast as possible. Two hundred yards from the spot where this solemn assurance is given, it is only by a lightning-like dismount that I avoid running into the very thing that I was assured did not exist—it was the narrowest possible escape from what might have proved a serious accident.

Riding back toward the advancing party, I point out my good fortune in escaping the tumble. The Shah asks if

about the number of wheelmen there are in England and America; whether I am English or American; why they don't use iron tires on bicycles instead of rubber, and many other questions, proving the great interest aroused in him by the advent of the first bicycle to appear in his capital. The menagerie consists of one cage of monkeys, about a dozen lions, and two or three tigers and leopards. We pass along from cage to cage, and as the keeper coaxes the animals to the bars, the Shah amuses himself by poking them with an umbrella. It was arranged in the original programme that I should accompany them up into their rendezvous in the foot-hills, about a mile beyond the palace, and take breakfast with the party; but seeing the difficulty of getting up there with the bicycle, and not caring to spoil the favorable impression already made, by having to trundle up, I ask permission to take my leave at this point. The request is granted, and the interpreter returns with me to the city—thus ends my memorable bicycle ride with the Shah of Persia.

Soon after my ride with the Shah, the Naib-i-Sultan, the Governor of Teheran

and commander-in-chief of the army, asked me to bring the bicycle down to the military *maidan*, and ride for the edification of himself and officers. Being busy at something or other when the invitation was received, I excused myself and requested that he make another appointment.

I am in the habit of taking a constitutional spin every morning ; by means of which I have figured as an object of interest, and have been stared at in blank amazement by full half the wonder-struck population of the city. The fame of my journey, the knowledge of my appearance before the Shah, and my frequent appearance upon the streets, has had the effect of making me one of the most conspicuous characters in the Persian capital ; and the people have bestowed upon me the expressive and distinguishing title of "the asp-i-ahen Sahib" (horse-of-iron Sahib).

A few mornings after receiving the Naib-i-Sultan's invitation, I happened to be wheeling past the military *maidan*, and attracted by the sound of martial music inside, determined to wheel in and investigate. Perhaps

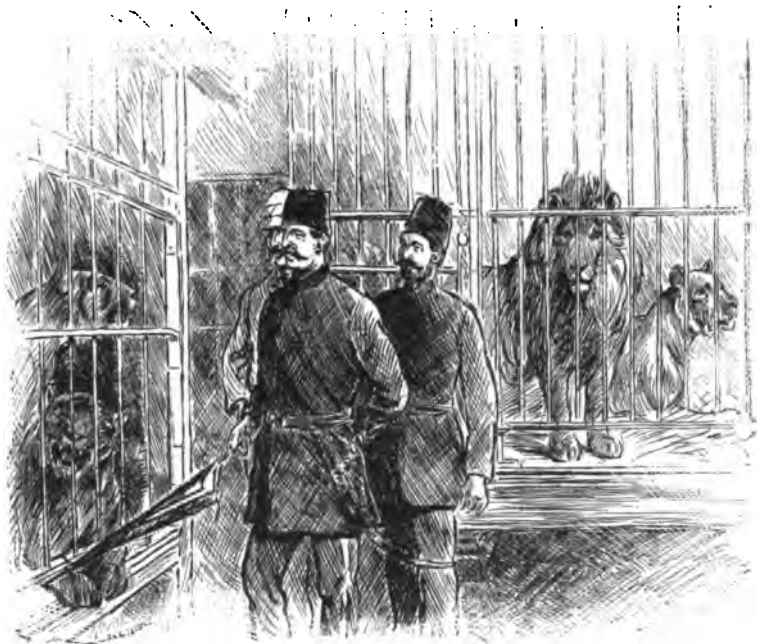
in all the world there is no finer military parade ground than in Teheran ; it consists of something over one hundred acres of perfectly level ground, forming a square that is walled completely in by alcoved walls and barracks, with gaily painted *bala-khavas* over the gates. The delighted guards at the gate make way and present arms, as they see me approaching ; wheeling inside, I am somewhat taken aback at finding a general

review of the whole Teheran garrison in progress ; about ten thousand men are maneuvering in squads, companies and regiments over the ground.

Having, from previous experience on smaller occasions, discovered that my

appearance on the incomprehensible "*asp-i-ahen*" would be pretty certain to temporarily demoralize the troops and create general disorder and inattention, I am for a moment undetermined about whether to advance or retreat. The acclamations of delight and approval from the nearest troopers, at seeing me enter the gate, however, determines me to advance ; and I start off at a rattling pace around the square, and then take a ziz-zag course through the maneuvering bodies of men.

The sharp-shooters lying prostrate in the dust, mechanically rise up to gaze ; forgetting their discipline, squares of soldiers change into confused companies of inattentive men ; a simultaneous transformation takes place in straight lines of marching troops, which now degenerate into serpentine columns, and the music of the bands degenerates into inharmonious toots and discordant squeaks, from the inattention of the musicians. All along the line the signal runs — not "every Persian is expected to do his duty," but "the asp-i-ahen Sahib ! the asp-i-ahen Sahib !" the



THE SHAH OF PERSIA SHOWS THOMAS STEVENS THE SIGHTS.

whole army is in direful commotion. In the midst of the general confusion, up dashes an orderly, who requests that I accompany him to the presence of the commander-in-chief and staff ; which, of course, I readily do, though not without

certain misgivings as to my probable reception under the circumstances. There is no occasion for misgivings, however; the Naib-i-Sultan, instead of being displeased at the interruption to the review, is as delighted at the appearance of "the *asp-i-ahen*, as is Abdul, the drummer-boy, and he has sent for me to obtain a closer acquaintance. After riding for their edification, and answering their multifarious questions, I suggest to the commander-in-chief that he ought to mount the Shah's favorite regiment of Cossacks on bicycles. The suggestion causes a general laugh among the company, and he replies: "Yes, *asp-i-ahen* Cossacks would look very splendid on our dress parade here in the *maidan*; but for scouting over our rough Persian mountains"—and the Naib-i-Sultan finished the sentence with a laugh and a negative shrug of his shoulders.

Two mornings after this I take a spin out on the Doshan Tepe road and, behold! upon wheeling through the city gate, I find myself in the immediate presence of another grand review, again under the personal inspection of the Naib-i-Sultan. Disturbing two grand reviews within two days is, of course, more than I bargained for, and I would gladly have retreated through the gate; but coming full upon them unexpectedly, I find it impossible to prevent the inevitable result. The troops are drawn up in line about fifty yards from the road, and are for the moment standing at ease, awaiting the arrival of the Shah, whilst the commander-in-chief and his staff are indulging in soothing whiffs at the seductive *kalian* (Persian water-pipe). The cry of "*asp-i-ahen Sahib!*" breaks out all along the line, and scores of soldiers break ranks, and come running helter-skelter toward the road, regardless of the line-officers, who frantically endeavor to wave them back. Dashing ahead, I am soon beyond the lines, congratulating myself that the effects of my disturbing presence is quickly over; but ere long, I discover that there is no other rideable road back, and am consequently compelled to pass before them again on returning. Accordingly, I hasten to return, before the arrival of the Shah. Seeing me returning, the Naib-i-Sultan and his staff advance to the road, with *kalias* in hand, their oval faces wreathed in smiles of approbation; they extend cordial salutations as I wheel past. The Persians seem to do little more than play at soldiering; perhaps in no other army in the world could a lone cyclist demoralize a general review

twice within two days, and then be greeted with approving smiles and cordial salutations by the commander-in-chief and his entire staff.

Through November and the early part of December, the weather in Teheran continues, on the whole, quite agreeable, and suitable for short-distance wheeling; but mindful of the long distance yet before me, and the uncertainty of touching at any point where supplies could be forwarded, I deem it advisable to take my exercise afoot, and save my rubber tires for the more serious work of the journey to the Pacific.

There are no green lanes down which to stroll, nor emerald meads through which to wander about the Persian capital, though what green things there are, retain much of their greenness until the early winter months. The fact of the existence of any green thing whatever—and even to a greater extent, its survival through the scorching summer months—depending almost wholly on irrigation, enables vegetation to retain its pristine freshness almost until suddenly pounced upon and surprised by the frost. There is no springy turf, no velvety greensward in the "Land of the Lion and the Sun." No sooner does one get beyond the vegetation, called into existence by the moisture of an irrigating ditch or a stream, than the bare, gray surface of the desert crunches beneath one's tread. There is an avenue leading part way from the city to the summer residence of the English Minister at Gulack, that conjures up memories of an English lane; but the double row of chenars, poplars and jujubes are kept alive by irrigation, and all outside is verdureless desert.

Things are valued everywhere for their scarcity, and a patch of greensward large enough to recline on, a shady tree or shrub, and a rippling rivulet are appreciated in Persia at their proper value—appreciated more than broad, green pastures and waving groves of shade-trees in moister climes. Moreover, there is a peculiar charm in these bright emerald gems, set in sombre gray, be they never so small and insignificant in themselves, that is not to be experienced where the contrast is less marked.

Scattered here and there about the stony plain between Teheran and the Elburz foothills, are many beautiful gardens—beautiful for Persia, where a pleasant hour can be spent wandering beneath the shady avenues and among the fountains. These gardens are simply patches, redeemed from the



desert plain, supplied with irrigating water, and surrounded with a high mud wall ; leading through the garden are graveled walks, shaded by rows of graceful chenars. The gardens are planted with fig, pomegranate, almond or apricot trees, grapevines, melons, etc. ; they are the property of wealthy Teherans, who derive an income from the sale of the fruit in the Teheran market. The ample space within the city ramparts includes a number of these delightful retreats, some of them presenting the additional charm of historic interest, from having been the property and, peradventure, the favorite summer residence of a former king. Such an one is an extensive garden in the northeast quarter of the

visit this garden one afternoon. My friend is the owner of a pair of white bull-dogs, who accompany us into the garden. After strolling about a little, we are shown into the summer palace ; into the audience room, where we are astonished at the beautiful coloring and marvelously life-like representations in the old Persian frescoing on the walls and ceiling. Depicted in life-size are Fatteh-ali Shah and his courtiers, together with the European ambassadors, painted in the days when the Persian court was a scene of dazzling splendor. The monarch is portrayed as an exceeding handsome man with a full, black beard, and is covered with a blaze of jewels that are so faithfully pictured as to appear



SMILES OF APPROVAL FROM THE COMMANDER AND HIS STAFF.

city, in which was situated one of the favorite summer palaces of Fatteh-ali Shah, grandfather of Nasr-e-deen, and famous as having been the father of seventy-two sons, beside daughters almost beyond belief.

It was chiefly to satisfy my curiosity as to the truth of the current stories regarding that merry monarch, and his exceeding novel methods of entertaining himself, that I accepted the invitation of a friend to

almost like real gems on the walls. It seems strange—almost startling—to come in from contemplating the bare, unlovely mud walls of the city, and find one's self amid the life-like scenes of Fatteh-ali Shah's court ; and, amid the scenes to find here and there an English face, an English figure, dressed in the triangular cockade ; the long Hessian pigtail, the scarlet coat with fold-back tails, the knee-breeches, the yellow stockings, the low shoes, and the

long, slender rapier of a George III. courtier. From here we visit other rooms, glittering rooms, all mirror-work and white stucco. Into rooms whose walls consist of myriads of tiny squares of rich stained glass, worked into intricate patterns and

chamber, and overlapping the tank, is a smooth-worn marble slide or shute, about twenty feet long and four broad, which is pitched at an angle that makes it imperative upon any one trusting themselves to attempt the descent, to slide helplessly into

the tank. Here, on summer afternoons, with the chastened daylight peeping through a stained-glass window in the roof, and carpeting the white marble floor with rainbow hues, with the only entrance to the cool and massive marble court, guarded by armed retainers, who, whilst guarding it from intrusion, were conscious of guarding their own precious lives, Fattah-ali Shah was wont to beguile the hours away by making merry with the bewitching nymphs of his *anderoon*, transforming them for the nonce into naiads.

There are no nymphs nor naiads here now, nothing but the smoothly-worn marble shute to tell the tale of the merry past; but we obtain a realistic idea of their sport-



BUFFOONS AND BABOONS OF PERSIA.

geometrical designs, but which are now rapidly falling into decay; and then we go to see the most novel feature of the garden — Fattah-ali Shah's marble slide, or shute.

Passing along a sloping, arched vault beneath a roof of massive marble, we find ourselves in a small, subterranean court, through which a stream of pure spring water is flowing along a white marble channel, and where the atmosphere must be refreshingly cool even in the middle of summer. In the center of the little court is a round tank about four feet deep, also of white marble, which can be filled at pleasure with water, clear as crystal, from the running stream. Leading from an upper

chamber, and giving them a start down the slide. As they clutched and clawed, and looked scared, and appealed mutely for assistance, only to slide gradually down, down, down, and fall with a splash into the tank at last, we had only to imagine the bull-dogs transformed into Fattah-ali Shah's naiads, to learn something of the truth of current stories. After we had slid the dogs down a few times, and they began to realize that they were not sliding hopelessly down to destruction, they enjoyed the sport as much as we did, or as much as the naiads perhaps did a hundred years ago.



That portion of the Teheran bazaar immediately behind the Shah's winter palace, is visited almost daily by Europeans, and their presence excites little comment or attention from the natives; but I had frequently heard the remark that a *Ferenghi* couldn't walk through the southern, or more exclusive native quarter, without being insulted. Determined to investigate, I sallied forth one afternoon alone, entering the bazaar on the east side of the palace wall, where I had entered it a dozen times before.

The streets outside are sloppy with melting snow, and the roofed passages of the bazaar, being dry under-foot, are crowded with people to an unusual extent; albeit they are pretty well crowded at any time. Most of the dervishes in the city have been driven by the inclemency of the weather, to seek shelter in the bazaar; these, added to the no small number who

and muttering "huk yah huk!" each in his own peculiar way.

The *mollahs*, with their flowing robes, and huge white turbans, likewise form no inconsiderable proportion of the moving throng; they are, almost without exception, scrupulously neat and clean in appearance, and their priestly costume and Pharisaical deportment gives them a certain air of stateliness. They wear the placid expression of men so utterly puffed up with the notion of their own sanctity, that their self-consciousness verily seems to shine through their skins, and to impart to them a sleek, oily appearance. One finds himself involuntarily speculating on how they all manage to make a living; the *mollah* "toils not, neither does he spin," and almost every other person one meets is a *mollah*.

The bazaar is a common thoroughfare for anything and everything that can make its way through. Donkey-riders, horsemen,



THE OLD POMEGRANATE VENDER INTERESTS HIMSELF IN ME.

make the place their foraging ground, render them a greater nuisance than ever. They are encountered in such numbers, that no matter which way I turn, I am confronted by a rag-bedecked mendicant, with a wild, haggard countenance and grotesque costume, thrusting out his gourd alms-receiver,

and long strings of camels and pack-mules add their disturbing influence to the general confusion; and although hundreds of stalls are heaped up with every merchantable thing in the city, scores of donkeys laden with similar products are meandering about among the crowd, the

venders shouting their wares with lusty lungs. In many places the din is quite deafening, and the odors anything but agreeable to European nostrils; but the natives are not over fastidious. The steam issuing from the cook-shops, from coppers of soup, *pillau* and sheeps'-trotters, and the less objectionable odors from places where busy men are roasting bazaar-kabobs for hungry customers all day long, mingle with the aromatic contributions from the spice and tobacco shops wedged in between them. The sleek-looking spice merchant, squatting contentedly beside a pan of glowing embers, smoking *kalian* after *kalian* in dreamy contemplation of his assistant waiting on customers, and also occasionally waiting on him to the extent of replenishing the fire on the *kalian*, is undoubtedly the happiest of mortals. With a kabobs-shop on one hand, a sheeps'-trotter-shop on the other, and a bakery and a fruit-stand opposite, he indulges in tid-bits from either when he is hungry. With nothing to do but smoke *kalias* amid the fragrant aromas of his own spices, and keep a dreamy eye on what passes on around him, his Persian notion of a desirable life causes him to regard himself as blest beyond comparison with those whose avocations necessitate physical exertion. All the shops are open front places, like small fruit and cigar stands in an American city, the goods being arrayed on boards or shelving, sloping down to the front, or otherwise exposed to the best advantage, according to the nature of the wares; the shops have no windows, but are protected at night by wooden shutters.

The piping notes of the flute, or the sing-song voice of the troubadour or storyteller is heard behind the screened entrance of the *tchai-khans*, and now and then one happens across groups of angry men quarreling violently over some trifling difference in a bargain; noise and confusion everywhere reign supreme. Here the road is blocked up by a crowd of idlers watching a trio of *lutis*, or buffoons, jerking a careless and indifferent-looking baboon about with a chain to make him dance; and a little farther along is another crowd surveying some more *lutis* with a small brown bear. Both the baboon and the bear look better fed than their owners, the contributions of the onlookers consisting chiefly of eatables, bestowed upon the animals for the purpose of seeing them feed.

Half a mile, or thereabouts, from the entrance, an inferior quarter of the bazaar is reached; the crowds are less dense, the

noise is not near so deafening, and the character of the shops undergoes a change for the worse. A good many of the shops are untenanted, and a good many others are occupied by artisans manufacturing the ruder articles of commerce, such as horse-shoes, pack-saddles, and the trappings of camels. Such articles as *kalias*, *chebouks* and other pipes, *geivehs*, slippers and leather shoes, hats, jewelry, etc., are generally manufactured on the premises in the better portions of the bazaar, where they are sold. Perched in among the rude cells of industry are cook-shops and tea-drinking establishments of an inferior grade; and the occupants of these places eye me curiously, and call each other's attention to the unusual circumstance of a *Ferenghi* passing through their quarter. After half a mile of this, my progress is abruptly terminated by a high mud wall, with a narrow passage leading to the right. I am now at the southern extremity of the bazaar, and turn to retrace my footsteps.

So far I have encountered no particular disposition to insult anybody; only a little additional rudeness and simple inquisitiveness, such as might very naturally have been expected. But ere I have retraced my way three hundred yards, I meet a couple of rowdyish young men of the *charvadar* class: no sooner have I passed them than one of them wantonly delivers himself of the promised insult—a peculiar noise with the mouth; they then both start off at a run as though expecting to be pursued and punished. As I turn partially round to look, an old pomegranate vender stops his donkey, and with a broad grin of amusement motions for me to give chase. When nearing the more respectable quarter again, I stroll up one of the numerous ramifications leading toward what looks like a particularly rough and dingy quarter. Before going many steps I am halted by a friendly-faced sugar merchant, with "*Sahib*" and sundry significant shakes of the head, signifying, if he were me, he wouldn't go up there. And thus it is in Teheran bazaars; where a *Ferenghi* will get insulted once, he will find a dozen ready to interpose with friendly officiousness between him and anything likely to lead to unpleasant consequences. On the whole, a European fares better than a Persian in his national costume would in an Occidental city, in spite of the difference between our excellent police regulations and next to no regulations at all; he fares better than a Chinaman does in New York.

The Teheran bazaar, though nothing to compare to the world-famous bazaar at Stamboul, is wonderfully extensive. I was under the impression that I had been pretty much all through it at different times ; but a few days after my visit to the "slummy" quarter, I followed a party of corpse-bearers down a passage-way hitherto unexplored, to try and be present at a Persian funeral, and they led the way past at least a mile of shops I had never yet seen. I followed the corpse-bearers through the dark passages and narrow alley-ways of the poorer native quarter, and in spite of the lowering brows of the followers, penetrated

discordant blasts from ancient Persian trumpets, and belaboring hemispherical kettle-drums. These musicians are dressed in fantastic scarlet uniforms, not unlike the costume of a fifteenth century jester, and every evening at sundown they repair to these *bala-khanas*, and for the space of an hour dispense the most unearthly music imaginable. The trumpets are sounding-tubes of brass about five feet long, which respond to the efforts of a strong-winded person, with a diabolical basso-profundo shriek that puts a Newfoundland fog-horn entirely in the shade. When a dozen of these instruments are in full blast, without



AYOUB KHAN ON A CHESTNUT STALLION ; HIS ATTENDANT ON AN IRON GRAY.

even into the house where they wash the corpses before burial ; but here the officiating *mollahs* scowled with such unmistakable displeasure, and refused to proceed in my presence, so that I was forced to beat a retreat. The poorer native quarter of Teheran is a shapeless jumble of mud dwellings, and ruins of the same ; the streets are narrow passages describing all manner of crooks and angles in and out among them.

As I emerge from the vaulted bazaar the sun is almost setting, and the musicians in the *bala-khanas* of the palace gates are ushering in the close of another day with

any attempt at harmony, it seems to shed a depressing shadow of barbarism over the whole city. This sunset music is, I think, a relic of old times, and it jars on the nerves like the despairing howl of ancient Persia, protesting against the innovation from the pomp and din and glamour of her old pagan glories, to the present miserable era of *mollah* rule and feeble dependence for national existence on the forbearance or jealousy of other nations. Beneath the musicians' gate, and I emerge into a small square which is half taken up by a square tank of water ; near the tank is a large

bronze cannon. It is a huge, unwieldy piece, and a muzzle-loader, utterly useless to such people as the Persians, except for ornament, or perhaps to help impress the masses with an idea of the Shah's unapproachable greatness.

It is the special hour of prayer, and in every direction may be observed men, halting in whatever they may be doing, and kneeling down on some outer garment taken off for the purpose, repeatedly touch their foreheads to the ground, bending in the direction of Mecca. Passing beneath the second musicians' gate, I reach the artillery square just in time to see a company of army buglers formed in line at one end, and a company of musketeers at the other. As these more modern trumpeters proceed to toot, the company of musketeers opposite present arms, and then the music of the new buglers, and the hoarse, fog-horn-like blasts of the fantastic tooters on the *bala-khanas* dies away together in a concerted effort that would do credit to a troop of wild elephants.

When the noisy trumpeting ceases, the ordinary noises round about seem like solemn silence in comparison, and above this comparative silence can be heard the voices of men here and there over the city, calling out "Al-lah-il-All-ah; Ali Ak-bar!" (God is greatest; there is no god but one God! etc.) with stentorian voices. The men are perched on the roofs of the mosques, and on noblemen's walls and houses; the Shah has a strong-voiced "caller" that can be heard above all the others.

The sun has just set; I can see the snowy cone of Mount Demavend, peeping as it were over the high barrack walls; it has just taken on a distinctive roseate tint, as it oftentimes does at sunset; the reason whereof becomes at once apparent upon turning toward the west, for the whole western sky is aglow with a gorgeous sunset—a sunset that paints the horizon a blood-red, and spreads a warm, rich glow over half the heavens.

The moon will be full to-night, and a far lovelier picture even than the glorious sunset and the rose-tinted mountain, awaits anyone curious enough to come out-doors and look. The Persian moonlight seems capable of surrounding the most commonplace objects with a halo of beauty, and of blending things that are nothing in themselves, into scenes of such transcendental loveliness that the mere casual contemplation of them sends a thrill of pleasure coursing through the system. There is no

city of the same size (180,000) in America, but can boast of buildings infinitely superior to anything in Teheran; what trees there are in and about the city are nothing compared to what we are used to having about us; and although the gates with their short minars and their gaudy facings are certainly unique, they suffer greatly from a close investigation. Nevertheless, persons happening for the first time in the vicinity of one of these gates on a calm moonlight night, and perchance descriing "fair luna" through one of the arches or between the minars, will most likely find themselves transfixed with astonishment at the marvelous beauty of the scene presented. By repairing to the artillery square, or to the short street between the square and the palace front, on a moonlight night, one can experience a new sense of nature's loveliness: the soft, chastening light of the Persian moon converts the gaudy gates, the dead mud walls, the spragging trees and the background of snowy mountains nine miles away, into a picture that will photograph itself on one's memory forever.

On the way home I meet one of the lady missionaries—which reminds me that I ought to mention something about the peculiar position of a *Feregnhi* lady in these Mohammedan countries, where it is considered highly improper for a woman to expose her face in public. The Persian lady on the streets is enveloped in a shroud-like garment that transforms her into a shapeless and ungraceful-looking bundle of dark-blue cotton stuff. This garment covers head and everything except the face; over the face is worn a white veil of ordinary sheeting, and opposite the eyes is inserted an oblong peep-hole of open needlework, resembling a piece of perforated card-board. Not even a glimpse of the eye is visible, unless the lady happens to be handsome and coquettishly inclined; she will then manage to grant you a momentary peep at her face; but a wise and discreet Persian lady wouldn't let you see her face on the street—no, not for worlds and worlds!

The European lady with her uncovered face is a conundrum and an object of intense curiosity, even in Teheran at the present day; and in provincial cities, the wife of the lone consul or telegraph employé finds it highly convenient to adopt the native costume, face-covering included, when venturing abroad. Here, in the capital, the wives and daughters of foreign ministers, European officers and telegraphists,

have made uncovered female faces tolerably familiar to the natives ; but they cannot quite understand but that there is something highly indecorous about it, and the more unenlightened Persians doubtless regard them as quite bold and forward creatures. Armenian women conceal their faces almost as completely as do the Persian, when they walk abroad ; by so doing they avoid unpleasant criticism, and the rude, inquisitive gaze of the Persian men. Although the Persian readily recognizes the fact that a *Sahib's* wife or sister must be a superior person to an Armenian female, she is as much an object of interest to him when she appears with her face uncovered on the street, as his own wives in their highly sensational indoor costumes would be to some of us. In order to establish herself in the estimation of the average Persian, as all that a woman ought to be, the European lady would have to conceal her face and cover her shapely, tight-fitting dress with an inelegant, loose mantle, whenever she ventured outside her own doors.

With something of a *penchant* for undertaking things never before accomplished, I proposed one morning to take a walk around the ramparts that encompass the Persian capital. The question arose as to the distance. Ali Akbar, the head *farrash*, said it was six *fars-akhs* (about twenty-four miles); Meshedi Abdul said it was more. From the well-known Persian characteristic of exaggerating things, we concluded from this that perhaps it might be fifteen miles ; and on this basis Mr. Meyrick, of the Indo-European Telegraph staff, agreed to bear me company. The ramparts consist of the earth excavated from a ditch some forty feet wide by twenty deep, banked up on the inner side of the ditch ; and on top of this bank it is our purpose to encompass the city.

Eight o'clock on the appointed morning finds us on the ramparts at the Gulaek Gate, on the north side of the city. A cold breeze is blowing off the snowy mountains to the north-east, and we decide to commence our novel walk toward the west. Following the zigzag configuration of the ramparts, we find it at first somewhat rough and stony to the feet ; on our right we look down into the broad ditch, and beyond, over the sloping plain, our eyes follow the long, even rows of *Kanaat* mounds stretching away to the rolling foot-hills ; towering skyward in the background, but eight miles away, are the snowy masses of the Elburz

Range. Forty miles away, at our back, the conical peak of Demavend peeps, white, spectral, and cold, above a bank of snow-clouds that are piled motionless against its giant sides, as though walling it completely off from the lower world. On our left lies the city, a curious conglomeration of dead mud-walls, flat-roofed houses, and poplar-peopled gardens. A thin haze of smoke hovers immediately above the streets, through which are visible the minarets and domes of the mosques, the square, illumined towers of the Shah's *anderoon*, the monster skeleton dome of the canvas theatre, beneath which the Shah gives once a year the royal *tazzia* (representation of the tragedy of "Hussein and Hass-an"), and the tall chimney of the arsenal, from which a column of black smoke is issuing. Away in the distance, far beyond the confines of the city, to the southward, glittering like a mirror in the morning sun, is seen the dome of the great mosque at Shahabdullahzeen, said to be roofed with plates of pure gold !

As we pass by we can see inside the walls of the English Legation grounds ; a magnificent garden of shady avenues, asphalt walks, and dark green banks of English ivy that trail over the ground and climb half way up the trunks of the trees. A square-turreted clock-tower and a building that resembles some old ancestral manor, imparts to "the finest piece of property of Teheran" a home-like appearance : the representative of Her Majesty's Government, separated from the outer world by a twenty-foot brick wall, might well imagine himself within an hour's ride of London.

Beyond the third gate, the character of the soil changes from the stone-strewn gravel of the northern side, to red stoneless earth, and both inside and outside the ramparts fields of winter wheat and hardy vegetables form a refreshing relief from the barren character of the surface generally. The Ispahan gate, on the southern side, appears the busiest and most important entrance to the city ; by this gate enter the caravans from Bushire, bringing English goods, from Bagdad, Ispahan, Yezd, and all the cities of the southern provinces. Numbers of caravans are camped in the vicinity of the gate, completing their arrangements for entering the city or departing for some distant commercial center ; many of the waiting camels are kneeling beneath their heavy loads and quietly feeding. They are kneeling in small, compact circles, a dozen camels in a

circle, with their heads facing inward. In the center is placed a pile of chopped straw; as each camel ducks his head and takes a mouthful, and then elevates his head again, whilst munching it with great gusto, wearing meanwhile an expression of intense satisfaction mingled with timidity, as though he thinks the enjoyment too good to last long, they all look as cozy and fussy as a gathering of Puritanical granddames drinking tea and gossiping over the latest news. Within a mile of the Ispahan gate are two other gates, and between them is an area devoted entirely to the brick-making industry. Here, among the clay-pits and abandoned kilns, we obtain a momentary glimpse of a jackal, drinking from a ditch; he slinks off out of sight among the caves and ruins, as though conscious of acting an ungenerous part in seeking his living in a city already full of gaunt, half-starved pariah dogs, who pass their lives in wandering listlessly and hungrily about for stray morsels of offal. Several of these pariah dogs have been so unfortunate as to get down into the rampart ditch; we can see the places where they have repeatedly made frantic rushes for liberty up the almost perpendicular escarp, only to fall helplessly back to the bottom of their roofless dungeon, where they will gradually starve to death. The natives down in this part of the city greet us with curious looks; they are wondering at the sight of two *Ferenghis* promenading the ramparts, far away from the European quarter; we can hear them making remarks to that effect, and calling each other's attention. The sun gets warm, although it is January, as we pass the Doshan Tepe and the Meshed gates; remarking as we go past that the Shah's summer palace on the hill to the east compares favorably in whiteness with the snow on the neighboring mountains. As we again reach the Gulaek gate and descend from the ramparts at the place we started, the clock in the English Legation tower strikes twelve.

"How many miles do you call it?" asks my companion.

"Just about twelve miles," I reply; "what do you make it?"

"That's about it," he agrees; "twelve miles round, and eleven gates. We have walked or climbed over the archway of eight of the gates; and at the other three we had to climb off the ramparts and on again."

As far as can be learned, this is the first time any *Ferenghi* has walked clean around

the ramparts of Teheran. It is nothing worth boasting about; only a little tramp of a dozen miles, and there is little of anything new to be seen. All around the outside is the level plain, verdureless, except an occasional cultivated field, and the orchards of the tributary villages scattered here and there.

In certain quarters of Teheran one happens across a few remaining families of *guebres*, or fire-worshippers; remnant representatives of the ancient Parsee religion, whose devotees bestowed their strange devotional offerings upon the fires whose devouring flames they constantly fed, and never allowed to be extinguished. These people are interesting as having kept their heads above the overwhelming flood of Mohammedanism that swept over their country, and clung to their ancient belief through thick and thin—or, at all events, to have steadfastly refused to embrace any other. No visible evidence of their religion remains in Persia at the present day, except their "towers of silence" and the ruins of their old fire-temples. These latter were built chiefly of soft adobe bricks, and after the lapse of centuries, are nothing more than shapeless reminders of the past. A few miles south-east of Teheran, in a desolate, unfrequented spot, is the *guebre* "tower of silence," where they dispose of their dead. On top of the tower is a kind of balcony with an open grated floor; on this the naked corpses are placed until the carrion crows and the vultures pick the skeleton perfectly clean; the dry bones are then cast into a common receptacle in the tower. The *guebre* communities of Persia are too impecunious or too indifferent to keep up the ever-burning fires nowadays; the fires of Zoroaster, which in olden and more prosperous times were fed with fuel night and day, are now extinguished forever, and the scattering survivors of this ancient form of worship form a unique item in the sum total of the population of Persia.

The headquarters—if they can be said to have any headquarters—of the Persian *guebres* are at Yezd, a city that is but little known to Europeans, and which is all but isolated from the remainder of the country by the great central desert. One great result of this geographical isolation is to be observed to-day, in the fact that the *guebres* of Yezd held their own against the unsparing sword of Islam better than they did in more accessible quarters; consequently they are found in greater numbers

there now than in other Persian cities. Curiously enough, the chief occupation—one might say the sole occupation—of the *guebres* throughout Persia, is taking care of the suburban gardens and premises of wealthy people. For this purpose *guebre* families are in such demand, that if they were sufficiently numerous to go around, there would be scarcely a piece of valuable garden property in all Persia without a family of *guebres* in charge of it. They are far more honest and trustworthy than the Persians, who, as Shiite Mohammedans, consider themselves the holiest people on earth; or the Armenians, who hug the flattering unction of being Christians and not Mohammedans to their souls, and expect all christendom to regard them benignly on that account. It is doubtless owing to this invaluable trait of their character, that the *guebres* have naturally drifted to their level of guardians over the private property of their wealthy neighbors.

The costume of the *guebre* female consists of Turkish trousers with very loose, baggy legs, the material of which is usually calico print, and a mantle of similar material is wrapped about the head and body. Unlike her Mohammedan neighbor, she makes no pretense of concealing her features; her face is usually a picture of pleasantness and good-nature rather than strikingly handsome or passively beautiful, as is the face of the Persian or Armenian belle. The costume of the men differs but little from the ordinary costume of the lower-class Persians. Like all the people in these Mohammedan countries, who realize the weakness of their position as a small body among a fanatical population, the Teheran *guebres* have long been accustomed to consider themselves as under the protecting shadow of the English Legation; whenever they meet a "*sahib*" on the street they seem to expect a nod of recognition.

Among the people who awaken special interest in Europeans here, may be mentioned Ayoob Khan, the ex-Ameer of Afghanistan and his little retinue of attendants, who may be seen on the streets almost any day. Ayoob Khan is in exile here at Teheran in accordance with some mutual arrangement between the English and Persian governments. On almost any afternoon about four o'clock, he may be met with riding a fine, large chestnut stallion, accompanied by another Afghan on an

iron gray. I have never seen them riding faster than a walk, and they are almost always accompanied by four foot-runners, also Afghans, two of whom walk behind their chieftain and two before. These runners carry stout staves with which to warn off mendicants, and with a view to making it uncomfortable for any irrepressible Persian rowdy who should offer any insults. Both Ayoob Khan and his attendants retain their national costume, the main distinguishing features being a huge turban with about two feet of the broad band left dangling down behind; besides this, they wear white cotton pantalettes even in mid-winter. They wear European shoes and overcoats, as though they had profited by their intercourse with Anglo-Indians to the extent of at least shoes and coat. The foot-runners have their legs below the knee bound tightly with strips of dark felt. Judging from outward appearances, Ayoob Khan wears his exile lightly, for his rotund countenance looks pleasant always, and I have never yet met him when he was not chatting gayly with his companion. Small parties of Afghans and Beloochees turn up occasionally in Teheran; but with the solitary exception of Ayoob Khan, I have never seen a smile on an Afghan or Belooch face, which is, one would think, a pretty fair index of their general character as a people. When I happened across any of them whilst riding the bicycle, they have stopped to stare; but it was with the stolid gaze of uncivilization—the stolid gaze of the untutored Indian of the West.

Of the interesting scenes and characters to be seen every day on the streets of Teheran, their name is legion. The peregrinating *tchai* venders, who, with their little cabinet of tea and sugar in one hand, and *samovar* with live charcoals in the other, wander about the city picking up stray customers, for whom they are prepared to make a glass of hot tea at one minute's notice. The scores of weird-looking mendicants and dervishes with their highly fantastic costumes, assailing you with "huk, yah huk!" the barbers shaving the heads of their customers on the public streets—shaving their pates clean, save a little tuft to enable Mohammed to pull them up to Paradise; and many others whose description and enumeration scarcely come within the compass of this narrative in its present form, but which may properly be incorporated in a future publication.



## THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE SURPRISE.<sup>1</sup>

(Being the Diary of a Trip Around the World by a College Boy.)

### X.

*April 19, 1876.* — Was taken to visit the Yokohama Roman Catholic mission to-day by two devoted disciples of that church. It is only four years ago that notices were up in the public places forbidding anyone from practising the abominations of the hated Christians, and now I am visiting this Christian mission as one of the sights of the place.

The building is barrack-like in its simplicity, with stuccoed walls. The reception room into which we were ushered is in keeping with the severity of the exterior, its only adornment being a few pictures of sacred subjects.

The mother superior, a gaunt, hollow-eyed, tall lady, soon entered, accompanied by a younger sister, of pleasing manners and fresh complexion. The elderly party had too much of the professional proselytizer about her to impress me favorably; but Sister Gregory took my soul's cure in hand, in a manner most agreeable.

Sister Gregory showed me what she called a splinter of the true cross, told me that its presence was the source of blessing, and that I must kiss it. I answered that I took no stock in any such feeling—but she insisted that it would do me good, and that for her sake I should kiss the timber. Of course there was no answer to this, so I kissed the alleged piece of the cross, and not only that, but a lot of bones of alleged Japanese martyrs said to have died for the faith some 300 years ago.

Sister Gregory would convert anyone, if she could have him long enough to herself. The lady superior might, however, object to any such arrangement.

In one corner of the room I noticed a gaudy wax doll, intended to represent our Saviour in his youth. It no doubt appeals strongly to the imagination of some of the natives.

She told me that all the enlightened people the world over, and particularly in America, were going over to the Roman church; that the English church was as good as Catholic, and that I should lose no time in saving my soul, before it was too late.

She assured me that as soon as the English could secure the pardon of the Pope, for their horrid behavior in the past, they would go back in a body. "How stupid it is for people to try and save themselves by going with heretics. There is only one true church, and that was handed over to St. Peter, as the first Pope at Rome." "But," said I, "plenty of learned men say that St. Peter was never in Rome." Her answer was a crusher, and left no room for argument. "Why that is nothing but falsehood, for St. Peter was nineteen years Vicar of God in Rome, and died there."

Then she continued. "See what miracles and saints and relics we have! No church can show so many. The Germans have no saints, and have never produced any martyrs. Could you want any better evidence of their hopeless spiritual condition?" And so she went on, reviewing the world, and showing at every turn that no religious belief had any argument to back it save one, her own.

We went to see the fifty little orphans who receive shelter here, and found them busy at all kinds of needlework, which is sold for the benefit of the sisterhood.

*April 21. — Tokio.* — Left the Seyoken hotel at half-past seven, took a *jinriksha* and was soon at the house of a great local educational light, by name Mitzukuri. I had been invited to go with him to have some royal duck hunting, with the Prince of Skezi, who is better known here as Kuroda. He is deposed at present, like many another grandee of the country, and lives in magnificent style, European at that. I was told that his income amounted to \$2,000,000 a year, out of which he had, of course, to maintain his retinue of fighting men. His photograph is in all the shop-windows, along with those of the principal rulers, and I judge, therefore, that he must be a pretty important man, aside from what I am told.

After a long *jinriksha* ride with Mitzukuri over no end of quaint bridges, through narrow and crowded thoroughfares, where I expected every minute to see some one run over, we drove up to the hunting lodge

<sup>1</sup> This Diary was commenced in May, 1886.

of the prince. This lodge stands in a charming park of such dimensions that I could not know but that we were far in the country, instead of in the heart of a crowded city. The principal room of the lodge had low benches running around the walls, on which the domestics crouched watching a huge kettle that hung from the middle of the ceiling, over a charcoal fire. In a side room to which we were ushered, was a European table and four chairs.

Kuroda soon made his appearance, followed by a Satsuma retainer, who carried a savage looking hawk perched on his hand. My conversation with Kuroda was carried on by means of an interpreter, and therefore limited.

Kuroda looks every inch the gentleman that he is, a gray-haired, stern-featured, courteous man of about sixty years.

He had sent scouts out to learn the whereabouts of the game, and received their information by means of lines connecting from the lodge to different stations in the park. The savage hawk rested upon the buckskin-covered hand of his keeper without any hood, but I was told that he would behave himself, and not make a shot at my eyes, under any circumstances.

The signal came from the scouts, and off we went. The keeper led with his hawk, and then followed in single file Kuroda, Mitzukuri, myself, and an attendant, who carried a huge net. Kuroda and Mitzukuri both carried implements akin to crabbing nets, whose use I learned subsequently. We reached a beautiful little lake surrounded by a dense grove of willow and bamboo. Quaint dwarf trees, cascades and grottoes, were seen here and there. At different points were little inlets from the lake that twisted in such a way, that any birds that went to the end of any of them, could not be seen from the main sheet of water. Each of these sinuous bays was so densely closed in by shrubbery, that we were able to approach the extremities without running the risk of frightening any ducks, that might at the time be feeding there. To make our approach doubly secure, a little sentry-box had been placed at the extremities of each of these little inlets, with no opening toward the water save a little slit, through which the water might be commanded without alarming the game.

The object, it seemed, was to decoy ducks into the pocket by means of food

placed there, and then, when they were well out of sight of their friends, to put the hawk at them, and make a bag without scaring the whole flock.

We each took a peep through the orifice, and each in turn admired a beautiful mandarin duck, feeding away in unconscious



A NATIVE SKETCH.

proximity to his assassins. We crept around until we had placed ourselves between him and the lake. A servant then started him; he flew up and headed away from us—that is, away from the pond. Kuroda and Mitzukuri make passes at him with their nets, but miss. Off he goes, apparently for good, when whizz! the hawk is let slip and gives chase. One rise, one poise, one swoop—that is all. The poor fellow is caught by the hawk's sharp beak right at the root of his wing, and borne to the ground as though a mass of lead. The hawk behaves like a well-trained beast; holds his prey without mutilating it until relieved by the keeper. He then gets a bit of the flesh as his reward; the reel of silk is wound up once more, the hawk takes his place on the buckskin protector of his keeper, and we go for another try.<sup>1</sup>

This time Kuroda bags one with his net, presents it to me with appropriate native preface, and we stroll to the main house for refreshments.

Here is a three-storied European palace, in the midst of the Tycoon's capital. Masterpieces of French art adorn the walls, while the furniture appears to have come all from the capital of France. He took particular pleasure in showing me a collection of modern small arms he was making, and showed high admiration at my ability to handle them with ease.

<sup>1</sup> Hawking is spoken of as a popular pastime in Japan, as far back at least as 600 years before Christ, according to Colonel Radcliffe, the author of "Falconidae in India."

He took me over his garden and showed me how superior to the gardens of the rest of the world were those of his country. I saw hanging-gardens by the dozen. He had one representing a full-rigged junk—sails, rudder and all—made by growing

by throwing a wad of chewed-up paper at his image. If the paper was stuck fast, well and good. If, however, it fell, the omen was bad indeed. There were no end of other gods there; but with two wild ducks under my arm, I had little relish for



APPROACH TO THE TEMPLE OF ASAKUSA.

plants trained with most unaccountable skill. He showed me a cherry-tree grafted on to a pine-stump, and other marvels that my ignorance of botany kept me from appreciating. He has been experimenting in American plants, and feels proud of the results achieved. He had a zoological collection on his place, as well as his hunting preserves. By the way, he said that he had sometimes as many as 4,000 wild ducks on his lake at one time. Returning to his house, he showed me a life-sized hawk cut out of stone, every feather and subdivision of feather chiseled with painful accuracy. It seemed to me as fine a sample of work as could be done by our most skilled engravers. He showed me the first portrait of Washington I had seen in Japan.

On the way home from our sporty forenoon we stopped at a famous temple to see a famous god who took especial care of sportsmen, guided their aim when alive, and their souls when dead. Each worshiper was expected to test his favor with the god

any other, particularly as those ducks were presented to me by so eminent a sportsman as Prince Kuroda.

En route we passed the spot where, in 1860, the Japanese regent was murdered by a band of patriots; the five reasons which they gave for the act are characteristic of the country. One of them reads as follows:

"The regent had been frightened by the empty threats of the foreign barbarians into concluding treaties with them." The United States were therefore indirectly the cause of this man's death, for these treaties were forced upon the Japanese by our armed forces, under Commodore Perry.

I stopped at the Ministerium for Kusaka, but on attempting to enter the courtyard, was peremptorily stopped by the sentry, to whom I gave my card. Kusaka subsequently told me that "bad men" sometimes forced their way in and cut people to pieces before the guard could be summoned.

Kusaka soon made his appearance, looking more stern than I had ever seen him

before. The guard saluted him with military honors, which he acknowledged by raising his hat. We walked off together, and as soon as he was around the corner his features relaxed, and we commenced an agreeable chat. The feeling against foreigners is so strong that I fancy all people in official station deem it good policy to show as little partiality for them as possible.

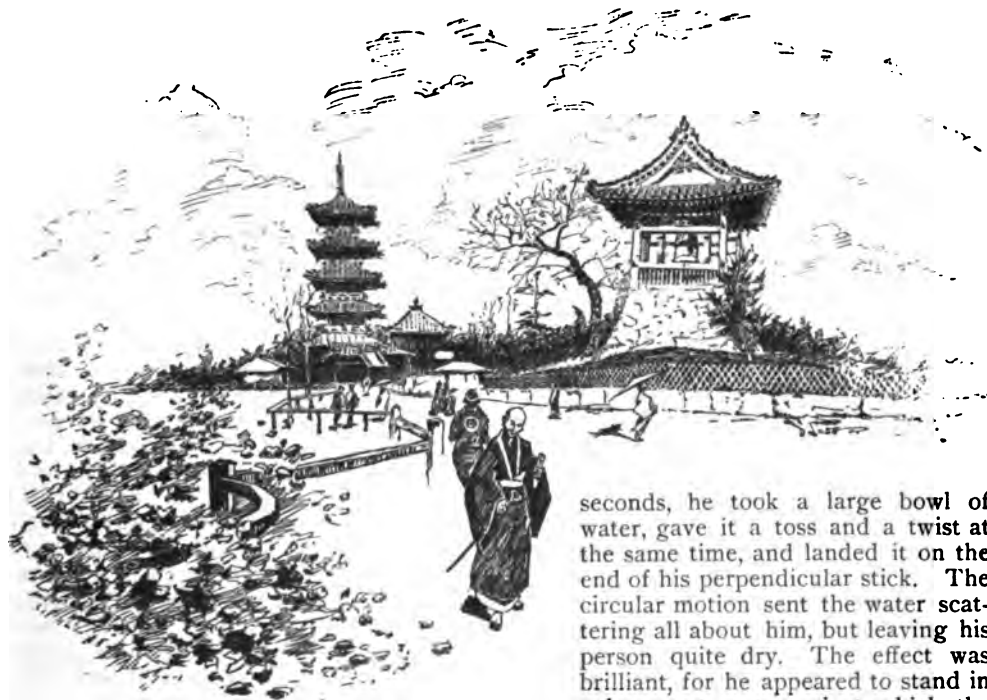
Passing the department of justice we stopped to leave cards on one of the ministers of the judicial department, who was absent. We saw, however, one of the supreme court judges, who spoke German fluently, having spent three years in Berlin. He gave me to understand that, though they had not trial by jury, yet on the whole their methods of trial differed but slightly from ours.

But all this while the two princely ducks were dangling from my shoulders! so we hurried away as soon as possible, took a luxurious "house-boat," and started away under bridges past quaint storehouses, until we came to the outskirts of the town, and the beautiful resort called Mukojima.

for our meal. We handed over our two ducks, which they cleaned and picked outside, but cut up and cooked in our presence. Most of the pleasure of my meals was to watch the graceful movements of the girls as they prattled with one another and asked if you liked this, that, or the other. They have most ladylike manners, and without understanding what they say, I listen to them with never-ending pleasure.

Toward the end of the meal some jugglers sent up to know whether it was our pleasure that they perform. We sent down an assent, whereupon a hideous succession of sounds commenced, produced by three native musicians, who in this way undertook to encourage a fourth native to go through a series of jugglery truly wonderful to me, but to Kusaka a very commonplace affair. The instruments were a brass gong, a shrill flute, and a drum.

Among the many clever things done by these strolling players was this: holding between his teeth a short bamboo strip, the leader balanced on this a long one perpendicularly. After holding it there some



IN THE PARK OF ASAKUSA.

We stopped at a tea-house, where, with much scraping and expression of welcome, we were shown to a chamber opening on to a balcony. Soon graceful tea-girls came flitting in and out busy with preparation

seconds, he took a large bowl of water, gave it a toss and a twist at the same time, and landed it on the end of his perpendicular stick. The circular motion sent the water scattering all about him, but leaving his person quite dry. The effect was brilliant, for he appeared to stand in a huge cataract, against which the sun played with lively effect.

When he had finished this performance for our benefit, he performed a simpler one for the "groundlings." This consisted in filling his mouth with the water that remained, and spitting it freely into the face

of one of his companions. This appeared to be a very clever bit of work, for the audience laughed immoderately. The part had probably been well rehearsed beforehand, and of course well paid for. I wonder how many American actors could be secured, even in hard times, to take the part of the irrigated one.

*Tokio, April 22.* — Kusaka, Yamagawa, and Shiba had set this day apart for the theater, so at nine o'clock we started out together from my hotel to the most famous one in the capital. Kusaka tells me that I can get a better idea of the manners of the country from a good play than in any other way, and that this particular play is especially good for this purpose.

My friends were in native garb, and I had to so far accommodate myself to their ways as to purchase a pair of native stockings with cloven hoof, and then put on a straw sandal. We were made aware of the theater's nearness by noticing an increase in the number of paper lanterns and gorgeous hangings. Kusaka took us into a tea-house that evidently belonged to the theater, for we waited here until a messenger came in to tell us that our boxes were in order for us. He then escorted us across the road, where, leaving our sandals at the door, we entered the theater.

Up one flight of stairs we come to the box circle, and on the opening of a small door we find ourselves in the full blaze of the audience and the stage. Not a sound is heard except what comes from the stage. There is no whispering or moving about with noisy feet. There is not a pair of shoes in the whole audience of 1,500, and should anyone make a noise he would be summarily ejected by a stern sergeant-at-arms, who stalks about for this purpose.

Our box, a literal box, is open at the top; there are four sides to it, just high enough for us to look over when we are squatting down. The floor is covered with a mat, and on top of that, as special luxury, a red woolen blanket, evidently an importation.

The great auditorium is thick with tobacco smoke, through which can be seen the forms of waiters, in stocking feet, moving from box to box, balancing themselves skillfully on top of the walls separating these boxes, and bearing refreshments to the occupants. They utter not a sound, move swiftly with their large trays of refreshment, and keep the audience from starving during the play, without in the least disturbing the performance.

Our play is a historic one; the costuming surpasses anything I ever dreamt of in that line; the acting is perfect in its way, and on the whole I was immensely impressed by it. Many of the audience cried during parts of the performance, but then they had the advantage of me in knowing what it was all about. Kusaka, however, told me the story as it went on, and I managed to keep a fair run of the events.

The play is laid about 300 years ago, and the hero, King *Singen*, is in the midst of a war to the last with a royal contemporary. A retainer comes in to inform him that his enemy is short of rice and also of swords, suggesting at the same time that now was the time to cut off his supplies and starve him into submission. Rather a judicious suggestion, we should say. But the Japanese king scouts the idea.

He loudly proclaims that he is not fighting the people, but an unjust king; and therefore orders that large quantities of rice and swords be sent them with his best compliments.

This idiotic bit of philanthropy is hailed with delight by the audience, and Kusaka turns to me and asks: "Was that not noble?" I answered that it certainly was, but added that I did not think it a species of nobility that would win much praise outside of Japan.

After this scene the whole stage revolves like a railway turntable. The actors go about in tableaux, making room for those of the next scene. It is a very expeditious way of bringing on the next scene, though rather comical according to our ideas of stage conventionalities.

Scene II. A rural landscape.—The principal indications of this condition of things consists in a series of clothes-lines strung across the stage, from which, at intervals, are suspended bunches of evergreen. I am told that this is the conventional representation of a dense forest. Two equally conventional crows are bobbing up and down from the ceiling, whence they hang by a silken cord. I recognize them as crows from the sound that is made at the time, and I am told that their presence indicates the hour of sunrise. Soon a gong is heard, which, I am told, means that it is six o'clock! At this signal a beautiful maiden appears and recites an obviously plaintive story. Three native banjos, called *sam-sims*, accompany her with monotonous sing-song movements, to which she sways her head and body. The historic villain next appears to the same rhythmic music, and

proceeds to offer her insulting speech. He has hardly got his wicked words out before she lets drive her little hand at him, never losing the rhythmic motion, whereupon he promptly turns a neat and premeditated hand-spring backward, and lands flat on his

connects her skiff to the main-land, and the obliging man-waves drag her in a series of jerks and thumps across the stage.

The turntable once more revolves, and we have an aged warrior soliloquizing to the samsim accompaniment, whether he had

定  
 きまゝにん形高下  
 賢く御制様なり若石審  
 ざるもの有之其筋の経所  
 中云へし事なり下  
 事  
 寛文四年三月 太政官  
 右 作 出 越 堅 二 相 寄  
 之 也  
 静岡藩蔵

**JAPANESE EDICT AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.**

[Translation.]

*The evil Christian Sect is hereby strictly prohibited, and if a person is suspected, let it be made known to the authorities and a reward will be given.*

**State Seal.**

This edict was not taken down from its conspicuous position in Tokio until 1873. The copy reproduced here was made for me by Mr. Hatakeyama, Vice-Minister of Education, a fellow-passenger from Yokohama to San Francisco, in May, 1876. The original is in the possession of Prof. E. W. Clark.

**back. The audience sees nothing funny in this.**

The villain, however, soon recovers from his staggerer, and runs around and around after the maiden, always with due regard to the samsims. She now jumps into a boat that stands conspicuously upon the stage, and three men dressed in green and white shake the boat up and down while the maiden holds on to the side to preserve herself from being spilled into what is meant to represent a raging sea. The green and white men are painted to represent waves, and the energy with which they shake the boat is an indication of the fury of the waves. Again the audience sees nothing ridiculous. After a few seconds of this raging, the villain makes a desperate effort to reach her, whereupon she draws a sword, severs the rope that

better commit hari-kari or not. There are five suicides of this nature in the course of this play. In this instance his wife and children are invited to look on while he deliberately strips to the waist, as he squats upon the floor. While making his various preparations to dispatch himself happily, he gives his last instructions, which naturally call forth copious tears.

After this he runs the blade of his sword along the edge of his tongue, then points it at his stomach, drives it home, and works it from side to side until he is satisfied as to the character of his work. Meanwhile his acting is perfect in its expression of pain. Masses of blood rush out on the floor—it is silk floss, in fact, but a capital substitute for the genuine article. When he has pretty effectively spoiled his stomach—his “stage” stomach—he

takes the sword in his two hands, holds it for a moment across the back of his neck, gives one pass with it, and finishes the scene. More red silk and more tears end it.

The scenes of battle and blood are evidently the popular ones, to judge alone by the frequency of their introduction, and the applause they receive. This applause sounds more like the snarling of a cat than anything else I am familiar with, but nevertheless, appears to answer its purpose quite as well as our clapping of hands.

The battle scenes, of course, necessitated the shedding of a vast amount of silk yarn. Arms and legs, not to speak of heads, were scattered over the stage, all intended to show how real the fight was. Cavalry is represented by one man climbing on to the heads of two others, whose four legs show beneath some "horsy" looking garments hung over them. The rider holds a horse's head before him which wags rhythmically with the *samsim* music. The cavalry combats were particularly interesting, for I could not help speculating as to when the horses would come down in a confused heap. Every time a cavalryman killed a foot soldier, the latter, previous to giving in, turned an elaborate hand-spring backward.

All the fighting and dying was done with due regard to Japanese stage unities. The swords of duellers crossed each other to *samsim* music, so did the motions of the wrestlers adapt themselves to the same time. The back somersault always indicates the one who is vanquished.

So many deaths took place in the course of the play that I began to wonder how room would be found for the living. This point was satisfactorily settled, however—at least as far as the audience was concerned. Heavily draped figures stole on to the stage at intervals, holding in their hands a sort of screen like a black flag. This screen would be placed between a dead warrior and the audience, while the said dead warrior would be seized by the legs and dragged off the stage by one or more of these convenient mutes. All this was, of course, intended to be strictly secret to the audience, and consequently created no merriment whatever. These mutes play an important part in the stage business; for, besides removing all superfluous stage furniture as fast as it becomes useless, they follow actors about and arrange their skirts for them when they take a seat, or adopt a good pose. They will also place a seat under a grandee in order

to make him appear taller than the others when he is in a squatting position.

The stage scenery and stage "business" in its make-believe character, is so transparently unreal that it reminded me of the sort of "make-believe" children indulge in when playing dolls and that sort of thing.

For instance, when it was necessary to represent that an expedition had reached a brook, some mutes entered with a strip of green and white carpet which they stretched down the middle of the stage in the most matter-of-fact way. This, to all concerned, became a *de facto* brook. The players waded over it in the most laborious manner imaginable; some stooped down to drink from it, in order to emphasize its stage qualities.

Our play lasted from eight in the morning until sundown, but we only watched it from half-past nine until half-past four—seven hours. I must confess that I was less fatigued by this session than by many a shorter one at home, although in this case we went out and had dinner during one of the intermissions.

After the performance my Japanese friends came to dine with me at the hotel, after which I was taken to a session of a learned society. I was assured that this was a very important institution, comprising most of the distinguished names in the government. The meeting-rooms are on the main avenue of the city, and in a house built in the European fashion. It is needless to say that from the Japanese standpoint this was as well as a club-house in New York occupying A. T. Stewart's marble palace, might be.

Upstairs I was shown into a large room devoid of all furniture save a few kitchen chairs and a coarse pine table. Two smelly kerosene lamps shed a sickly light over the hideous waste of walls. I was presented to each philosopher as he entered, and was told that each one, pretty much, had done something important—had at least traveled or studied abroad. When there were about a dozen assembled, Kusaka took the chair, and opened the meeting by reading a paper which I took to be a report of last meeting's proceedings. As speaker after speaker rose after him in debate, I gathered that the subject under discussion was largely the result of recent study among foreigners, for every now and then I heard the names of Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, and the rest of the advanced thinkers. This meeting, to my mind, was



a good illustration of the movement that is now afflicting Japan. All the progressive spirits wish to ape the foreign mode of thought and dress, just as every American idiot wishes to be mistaken for a Cockney. Here were a number of intelligent students and public men who had deliberately renounced the comfortable and highly picturesque furniture of the native house to spread themselves in a barrack of a room that would be unworthy of a New Jersey seaside hotel. The soft light of their native tapers was superseded by the vulgar glare of cheap kerosene lamps ; their artistic mats, screens, panels and lacker ornaments were set aside for a few articles

that would, with us, just do for a servant's hall. They marred the dignity of their silk folding robes by wearing with them something incongruous—say a black silk hat, or a pair of cheap elastic shoes, or a crash towel around the neck, or, worse than all, a pair of cotton drawers. This sort of imitation is shocking ; but unless I admire it in those I meet, I give displeasure. Several to whom I expressed my regret that they were giving up their native garments, looked chagrined at my remarks. I suppose that nine out of ten of our Fifth Avenue Anglo-maniacs would feel equally cast down if an English gentleman should tell them that their dress was a thin disguise.

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### TRACKS.

Over fields of pathless snow,  
Youth and maiden tramping go,  
Snow-shoes leaving tracks behind ;  
Trace them with me, reader kind.

Close together first they run,  
Where the tramp has just begun ;  
Then asunder, widely spread :  
Something angry has been said.

Long they run, thus far apart,  
Tracks betray a heavy heart ;  
And we wonder, as we see,  
Will they always sundered be ?

See ! Where beams of Luna fair,  
Through the crisp Canadian air,  
Strike the snow with jewels spangled,  
Snow-shoe tracks are sadly tangled.

*Wad.*

## A WEST POINT ROMANCE.

BY LIEUT. H. R. LEMLY, THIRD ARTILLERY, U. S. A.

"BROWNIE! Here's a telegram from Jack. He says he has missed the 6:30 train, and shall not arrive until morning."

"Oh! How stupid! Missed the train, indeed!"

"Why, yes—so he says. But what difference will a dozen hours less of Jack Williamson—handsome cavalryman that he is—make to you?"

"Not any difference, Will, except that one doesn't like to be disappointed, even by a handsome cavalryman. I suppose he isn't accustomed to railway travel?"

"No. They haven't many railroads in Arizona, I believe."

"It's a pity he couldn't have come on horseback! I declare, I've no patience with a man—a soldier at that—who *can* miss a train. But why doesn't he take the 'Pacific Express'?"

"Simply because it's a *through* train and doesn't stop at Garrisons."

"Yes, but it *does* stop at Peekskill. See! the Railway Guide says so: 'Leave—New York—9 P. M. Arrive—Peekskill—10:22 P. M.'"

"Well, what of that?"

"Only this—we can meet him with the *Oceania*. Now don't spoil my plan—there's a dear brother! I know what you are going to say: 'Patrick's not here;'—but that makes no difference. We'll do without a fireman. You can stoke and I'll steer. It will be awfully jolly. Dear, dear Will, won't you?"

Bishopstaff had never looked into such lovely, pleading eyes before, although they were his sister's; and man-like, he at once submitted. In a few minutes he had written and sent the following despatch:

WEST POINT, N. Y., November 1, 188—.

Lieutenant J. Williamson,

Hoffman House, New York City:

If you can leave on 9 P. M. train, will meet you at Peekskill with steam launch. Answer.

BISHOPSTAFF.

And before the final preparations for their departure were completed, and when Brownie was entering a state of nervous expectancy little in common with her usually calm demeanor, the reply was wired:

"O. K. Shall arrive at Peekskill 10:22 P. M.—JACK."

While brother and sister are steaming rapidly down the broad bosom of the Hudson, let us indulge in a brief retrospect with regard to the principal actors in this, not wholly imaginary story.

Three years before, Williamson and Bishopstaff had graduated at West Point. Room-mates from the day of their entrance at the Academy until their departure, they became warmly attached to each other, although hailing from distinct and widely separated sections of the country but a few years before engaged in bitter and prolonged strife. Earnest, thoughtful, studious, they were always among the most distinguished *five* of the class that are annually reported to the War Department; but being without friends at court or relying wholly upon the justice which is supposed to characterize the administration of military affairs, they were relegated to the "line" instead of the "staff." The dashing cavalry, with its Indian scouting and campaigning, was the second choice of both, and thither went Jack Williamson; but Bishopstaff, having a widowed mother and young sister dependent upon him for moral, if not material support, chose and was assigned to the more phlegmatic artillery. At the latter's home in the far South, Williamson was invited to spend the last month of his graduating furlough; and it was there that he first met Frances Bishopstaff. Scarce seventeen years of age, with a wealth of brown hair from under which peered great, lustrous, brown eyes, and a complexion that had been sun-kissed into a bloom not unlike the upper side of a ripe peach, it is no wonder her stiff ancestral name was altered into the diminutive of "Brownie." And thus Jack soon learned to call her.

Brownie had never known so splendid a fellow as this tall, erect, soldierly young Northerner; and before the month elapsed she had confessed to herself that it was not alone his life, but hers as well, he would be risking among those dreadful Indians. Jack, upon the other hand, half regretted his choice of the "yellow" over the "scarlet;" and when he learned that Bishopstaff's mother and sister would accompany him in garrison, he made a mental reservation to exchange from the cavalry to the artillery, on the first opportunity. Unlike the conventional "West-Pointer," however, he was not "a lady's man;" and while at the Academy, had belonged to that circle of *quasi*-misogynists, largely in the minority, who neither dance nor flirt and are known as "The Bachelors." Was it this fact, or the thought of his meagre pay and smaller

quarters, together with the wild western life before him, which kept him silent, I know not; but certain it is that Jack departed for Arizona without having spoken a word of love to Brownie, although he had exhausted a whole vocabulary in looks and sighs. Poor Brownie! She had completely lost her heart and was quite ready to admit it — if asked. Under the southern sun girls are women at seventeen, while boys are still boys at twenty-one in a higher latitude.

Three years passed away very quickly, but not without leaving their scars. Mrs. Bishopstaff died a few months after her son reported for duty with his battery, and Brownie, promoted thus abruptly to the charge of her brother's modest *ménage*, had been compelled to learn practically the few delights and many hardships of army housekeeping. During the preceding summer Bishopstaff had been ordered to West Point, where, attracted by the noble expanse of the Hudson and for the double purpose of pleasure and convenience, he had purchased the small steam launch in which we left him with Brownie, *en route* to meet Jack Williamson, who was coming east upon his first leave of absence after having had an Apache bullet extracted from his arm.

Many times had the brother and sister ploughed the current of this majestic river in the *Oceania*, accompanied by one or more of their friends; and both were fearless sailors. The night, however, which had promised a bright and enduring moon, grew gradually dark and tempestuous. The Peekskill lights glimmered indistinctly a good half-mile away, when suddenly the bow of the frail little craft struck violently upon a rock, until now unseen; there was a crash of timber, a rush of water which spluttered and seethed, and in another moment the fire in the box went out. Hastily clasping Brownie in his arms, Bishopstaff staggered forward, climbed over the rail, and wading, knee-deep, finally emerged in safety upon the summit of the boulder which had caused this catastrophe. Once here, little else could be done. Their clothing had been thoroughly wet, the night was raw, and the wind momentarily increasing. No lantern had been carried and not even a match could be found, or the boat would have furnished material for a fire. In a little while both were shivering with cold. At first Bishopstaff hallooed lustily, but no one answered, although once he distinguished the sound of a passing

schooner, hoisting sail. In the meantime the "Pacific Express" reached Peekskill, stopped a moment, and then sped rapidly away, puffing and screaming, up the river bank. Again Bishopstaff hallooed. Presently he bethought himself of the launch whistle, and waded to the boat; but after a few trials he found the process of the condensation of the steam so far advanced that this method of attracting attention soon became manifestly ineffectual. Had he been alone, the prospect of dancing all night upon this dreary rock, in order to keep from freezing, might have had its ludicrous aspect even to the dancer himself, but accompanied by his sister, it was very different. Indeed, there was but one thing to do. The mainland was scarcely more than three hundred yards distant, and although a strong current was setting down the river, he knew that the diagonal would bring him to the vicinity of the town. From his earliest youth he had been accustomed to swim, and he felt sure he could reach the bank in safety. The difficulty lay in persuading Brownie to let him try; but convinced that there was no other means of obtaining succor and that they should perish of cold if compelled to pass the night here, she finally assented to his plan.

Divesting himself of his outer garments and covering her shoulders with his overcoat, Bishopstaff kissed her, bade her cheer up until his return and plunged boldly into the river. At first he experienced great physical relief. The temperature of the water was higher than that of the air, and the vigorous strokes of the swimmer sent the blood tingling through his veins. But this sensation was of short duration. Gradually he became chilled, and exhaustion rapidly followed. More dead than alive he finally reached the bank a few yards below the dock and, with great difficulty, made his way to the only lighted house in the vicinity, which fortunately proved to be an inn. Here restoratives were immediately applied, while a messenger was dispatched for the nearest boatmen, although Bishopstaff, in his eagerness to return for Brownie, could ill brook these necessary delays. At last all was ready, and enveloped in the ill-fitting but warm clothes of the fat landlord, the brother impatiently set out, in a stanch boat pulled by two stout oarsmen, for the scene of the late disaster; but arriving there, to his great dismay, he found that Brownie had disappeared! It was still very dark and not a sign of a sail was

seen or heard upon the river. The conclusion was irresistible; but who shall portray the anguish of his heart as the conviction forced itself upon him, that his lovely sister, benumbed by the cold or perhaps fainting with fear and exposure, had fallen into the treacherous stream and drowned? Sorrowfully he returned to Peekskill, having in tow the *Oceania*, which the boatmen had mechanically repaired while he was shouting to, and searching for, Brownie.

Meanwhile, what had become of Jack Williamson? Upon arriving at the station, he was, of course, somewhat surprised at not finding his friends awaiting him; but he at once set out for the dock, where he was likewise unsuccessful. During these three years of separation he and Brownie had constantly corresponded, and often he was upon the point of frankly avowing the great and consuming love he felt for her; but the thought of his wanderings and the "one room and a kitchen" or wall tent which constituted his quarters, by regulations, according as he was in garrison or camp, had continued to restrain him. As he nervously paced the dock at this moment, no feeling of alarm occurred to him; but he was all impatience to greet the beautiful girl he had so long yet silently worshiped, and to see the changes which womanhood had wrought upon her. Suddenly he heard a faint and oft-repeated whistle—the well known signal of distress upon the water; and instantly he recalled the fact that Bishopstaff was to have come for him in a steam-launch. No one was near, and the little town seemed wrapped in profound slumber; but following the direction of the sound, he passed rapidly up the river bank and soon emerged upon the railroad track. He had reached a point at some distance above the village and apparently opposite the whistle, which now changed to an occasional halloo (faintly borne to him upon the wind although his answering call was doubtless stifled by the same cause), when fortunately he stumbled upon a flagman's station and house. Its occupant was quietly slumbering between trains, but was aroused by the now thoroughly alarmed young officer; and under their joint efforts, the boat, with which every home on the Hudson is provided, was soon launched. The shouts now ceased entirely, but Jack and the flagman pulled in the direction from which they had seemed to proceed, and where, he was told by the latter, there was an ugly boulder in the river. In a few minutes they

could discern a black mass in the surrounding darkness, and as they cautiously approached the spot, the launch and the bare rock came successively into view. Lantern in hand, Williamson sprang upon the ledge, where he now observed, for the first time, the crouching figure of a woman, who arose with difficulty as he advanced. Instinctively he cried:

"Brownie!"

"Jack!" she responded tremblingly.

And then he drew her, wet and shivering, to him and covered her cold lips with warm and passionate kisses. She, poor child, as soon as she could disengage herself, murmured something about her absent brother and the river, and then swooned away. Williamson gently placed her in the little boat, while his companion made a hurried yet complete survey of the rock and launch, but not a trace of Bishopstaff could be discovered, except, indeed, his abandoned clothes. Sadly, and with many misgivings as to the fate of the brother and the condition of the sister, the little boat was rowed to the shore, where the still speechless and almost insensible girl was transferred to the care of the flagman's wife, by whose kindly ministrations she was sufficiently revived, before morning, to give a coherent account of the night's adventure. Her missing brother was now her only thought, and at the first gray streaks of dawn, Jack and the flagman pulled again for the rock, before reaching which, however, they discovered the absence of the launch. As they had left it firmly aground and the tide had been ebbing ever since, this fact was inexplicable, and an examination of the spot furnished no clue to its or to Bishopstaff's whereabouts. Mystified yet hopeful, they entered the boat and turned its bow toward the village dock, where, and before he had himself been recognized, Jack saw his friend dejectedly gazing out upon the water. A cheer startled him and secured his recognition; but, poor fellow, in his anxiety, he could only articulate a single word—"Brownie?"

"Safe! old boy."

"And you——"

"Have come to ask your blessing."

And he obtained it. The *Oceania*, which had been hauled upon the bank for repairs preparatory to an extended search of the river, carried them all to West Point that afternoon; and three months later, when Jack returned to Arizona, he bought tickets for *two*.

## A BOUT WITH THE GLOVES.<sup>1</sup>

BY CHARLES E. CLAY,

Author of "BERMUDA YACHTS AND DINGHIES," "MAYFLOWER-GALATEA RACES OF 1886,"  
"A DAY'S FISHING IN BERMUDA," etc., etc.

### II.

Having, then, by the course of training and exercise prescribed in the opening chapter, prepared yourself to undergo the violent exertion that boxing, but more especially *learning* to box, entails, you will be naturally eager to commence the exhilarating enjoyment of the sport. But, before "facing your man," there are several little points that it is always well to bear in mind, and by the observance of which you will materially strengthen your probabilities of success.

In every case, therefore, where it is by any means feasible, let your lessons with the teacher, or your practice bouts with friends, be taken in the open air, rather than in the close confinement of a covered building. You cannot have a finer arena than a nice, springy, level plot of close green turf; but if you are obliged to box in a hall, or in your own room, see that all the windows and doors are wide open, and that there is plenty of ventilation, and a free circulation of fresh air. This fact is more particularly necessary if you spar at night, by gaslight, for burning lights consume a great deal of the life-giving oxygen in the atmosphere, and the process of combustion generates a continued supply of that most noxious of all gases, the deadly carbonic acid. To breathe this gas even in the smallest quantities when the body is not undergoing any exertion, and when, therefore, the poison can only enter through the lungs, is depressing; but when inhaled more copiously by rapid panting and also absorbed by the pores of the skin, opened by exercise, like so many thousands of tiny mouths, to take it in, carbonic acid is seriously detrimental to the free action of the heart and lungs, and quickly produces a feeling of suffocation, headache and nausea.

Don't box in your shirt sleeves, or any such loose garment; and don't wear braces or like support for your trousers. Don a close-fitting, elastic jersey, cut very short

in the sleeves, or, better still, with no sleeves at all, so that the arm and shoulder can play perfectly free and untrammelled. Always be careful and wear boots that are a firm, strong support to the ankles. If you are sparring on the greensward, a light pair of high-laced, or elastic-side walking-boots are the proper thing, but they should have at least four good spikes securely fastened to the sole of the boot, and also two or three in the heel, as, without these supports, you are apt to slip and slide about when attempting to move suddenly and rapidly. The length of the spikes should be a little less than half the size of those used for running, and somewhat thicker. When on boards, lighter boots, with canvas uppers, are used, but the soles are of rubber. But discard the low-cut shoe. The head should never be covered indoors or out; not even by the flimsiest of caps.

### THE RING AND GROUND.

It is generally customary to spar in a twenty-four-foot rectangular space, technically termed "the ring," on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, that it never is circular. Sometimes, from want of space, or by previous arrangement, a smaller ring of only eighteen feet is the allotted ground; and I have known instances of the ring being only twelve feet square, but this is really too small for the essentials of learning to spar, and leads to a great deal of "hammer-and-tongs" hitting, hugging, and "in-fighting" which ought to be avoided. Of course, in boxing for pleasure, we need not be governed by any prescribed limits; only, to dance round a ten acre lot for fear of coming to close quarters is not what is generally understood by boxing; but just bear in mind that nine times out of ten when you get mixed up in a row or street fight, and your knowledge of how to handle your fists comes into play, you will find yourself jammed into a tight place,

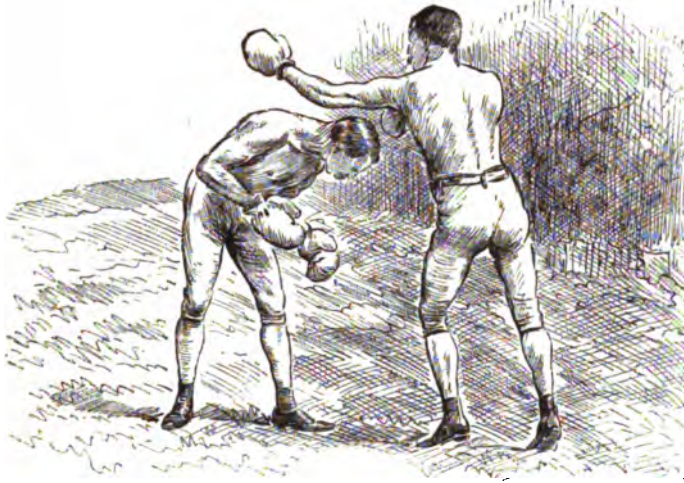
The illustrations to this article are from a succession of instantaneous photographs, made by Falk, of Broadway. The attitudes may be relied upon as scientifically correct, for they are outlines of none other than those two arch exponents of the manly art, Mr. William Edwards and Arthur Chambers. This series closes in the next number, after which time Falk will have the photographs on sale.

<sup>1</sup> The first article of this series commenced in January, 1887.

and, more likely than not, have no room to spar round and round your man ; so my advice to you is, learn to move smartly about in as small a space as possible ; and then just think what a saving of wind and legs and energy it is !

#### THE RING.

As you enter "the ring" it is a good old English custom to go up and shake your



THE DUCK.

adversary heartily with the gloved hand, and I think that is a capital way even for friends, or pupil and teacher, to open the bout. But as you do so keep your eyes open, and on your man ; take in his height ; judge the length of his arm, run him all over and see if he looks in as good condition as you are ; for on these impressions will your tactics mainly depend. If your opponent be heavier or taller than yourself, you will naturally say, "I must be wary not to let him get at too close quarters with me often." If he seems a trifle stout or in bad condition, you will mentally observe, "I'll rush you round a bit, my fine fellow ; you shall have plenty of exercise before I've done with you." Immediately after you have relinquished your opponent's hand, step briskly back a couple of paces and throw yourself at once into your posture of defense.

#### ADVANCING AND BREAKING GROUND.

Now I want every one who intends to profit by these simple lessons, to pay particular heed to what is said about being able to get about smartly on one's legs, for no amount of skill and activity with the hands will counteract the grievous fault of

being slow in moving your feet. Of the two things I think it is less of a disadvantage to be slow with the hands than slow on the feet. In the one case you may not be able to punish your man as quickly or as often as he may perhaps deserve, but on the other hand, slow feet will infallibly let you in for many a heavy blow that activity of movement would enable you to escape.

Don't, therefore, stand with your legs stretched widely apart ; it is bound to make you unsteady, slow and awkward, besides taking considerably from your height, of which you ought to make the most. If, again, you stand with your feet too close together, you are very apt to hitch one in the other and so stumble and give your adversary a chance that he will be only too ready to seize. How often have I heard men say when looking on at an amateur performance with the gloves : "By Jove ! that fellow's feet are always getting in his

way," or, "the only trouble with him is, he can't get out of the way of his own feet." Don't hazard any such occasion for remark in your case. Plant the left foot firmly and squarely on the ground and let the heel be from twelve to sixteen inches in front of, and at right angles to, your right foot. A line drawn along the center of the left foot should cut another along the right about the hollow of the foot and nearly at right angles.

In advancing never put the right foot before the left, as in walking, but let the right follow the left and fall just about on the place where the left was raised from. That is to say, in progression and retrogression your legs should always be about as far apart as they usually are when standing on guard. In the technical language of the ring, the motion of retreat is known as "breaking ground," and should always be performed by first moving the right foot backward and then drawing the left foot back to the place originally occupied by the right. To "break ground," therefore, is to retire ; so if you "break ground" to the right, it means that you are working backward but at the same time moving toward your right, and consequently

passing more to your adversary's left. In "breaking ground" to the left, the right foot is moved backward and to the left, followed by the left foot working always in front but toward the left.

BOTH ON GUARD.

On coming into sparring distance of your adversary you will find that you are close enough when your left fist, held as previously explained, is about level with his wrist. Your left toe will be fifteen to eighteen inches from his left. In sparring for an opening to hit, be very quick, easy and free in all your movements. Don't make play with the hands alone, but let the feet and body follow in unison with the movement of the hands. When you make up your mind to hit, do so clean and straight from the shoulder, and with lightning rapidity, advancing the left foot as you deliver the blow, and adding the whole weight of your body in the lunge forward. The greatest care should always be taken not to hit out fiercely when out of distance, which you should always calculate most accurately, for there is nothing that jars the muscles of the arm as striking out and only "beating the air," and finding no material resistance. Not but what many of your blows will be avoided by ducking or "side-slipping," but this you will be more or less prepared for, but what you must guard against is, hitting out and *overreaching*. As a rule, don't deal any blows by swinging the arms like a windmill. I know you will often hear so-called experts talk loudly about how cleverly so-and-so "swings his right." This is all very well, and there are instances when, as a proficient, you will readily learn to "swing," and with crushing effect, but be satisfied at first to spar straight from the shoulder, whether hitting with the right or the left.

SPARRING ROUND. FEINTING AND DRAWING.

In sparring round your man keep the left foot and hand well in front of you, and

after delivering a blow take ground to the right, for by so doing you are working away from his punishing arm, the right. But should you hit and dodge to the left, you will find he will be "propping" you heavily with his right in a way that will soon teach you better.

A feint is a ruse by which you divert your opponent's attention from the real object of your attack by pretending to deal a blow which you do not fully carry out. Thus, if your real intention be to strike a body-blow with your right, hit out smartly but lightly with your left, he will as quickly raise his right arm to catch your blow, when you will in a flash dash in your right heavily on the pit of the stomach, at the same time keeping an eye on what he is about with his own right. I ought, by the way, to have said that in guarding all blows endeavor to catch them on the muscles of the back or front of the forearm, and glance the blow off with a slanting arm; and do not, if you can help it, allow the fist to fall on the bone, for a downright hard blow on the bone may break it. This very accident happened in one of the early rounds of the immortal set-to between Sayers and Heenan, when the little Englishman fought



THE DUCK AND BODY-BLOW.

for over an hour with his right arm disabled by a blow from his gigantic antagonist.

By "drawing" is meant that opportunity you purposely give your adversary by laying yourself open to a certain blow which you feel sure he is bound to try and get in, in order that you may while avoiding it, deal another, which he will then give you the chance to do. To do this cleverly and



with effect requires a cool head, keen judgment, and an immense amount of practice, and, to the uninitiated, is more often attended with disastrous results rather than with success. Yet it looks so pretty and so easy, and gains you such "gallery"

your cheek shall receive the blow rather than his glove should encounter your eyes, nose or mouth.

#### DUCKING.

As a great many of the blows aimed at the head may be successfully avoided by a slight but timely movement of that most important member, and at the same time leave both your hands free for attack, or to defend some other part that is assailed at the same moment, it is most necessary to acquire at an early period of your lessons, the useful art of "ducking."

There are three distinct movements of the head known as "ducking:"

1. To the right, when the head is thrown quickly on to the right shoulder, allowing a blow aimed at it to pass by your left ear.

2. To the left, which permits the blow to glance over the right ear.

3. When the head is lowered and thrown forward, so as to allow the blow to pass harmlessly over it.

To perform this delicate maneuver adroitly, everything must depend upon the accuracy with which it is timed, for if you incline your head to the right or left a moment too soon, your adversary has time, so to alter the direction of the blow, that it falls upon the unprotected neck, which is a most severe shock, and one that you will not care to have repeated.

Be very careful also while ducking to keep your eyes on your man all the time, and more particularly when you are ducking forward; and while in this position remember not to raise the head again before you "break ground" out of his reach. Don't forget, too, that while the primary effect of the "duck" is to enable you to avoid your opponent's blow, it should always afford you the opportunity of delivering one yourself. Never duck, therefore, without hitting a blow at the same time. If you are fighting a man considerably taller than yourself, you will find it a capital chance to get in some telling body-blows. These body-blows always have the effect of making a man careful how he lunges out from the shoulder and



THE CROSS-COUNTER.

when it comes off, that it is too often made use of. So my advice to the beginner would be, don't try it on till you've become an old hand at the gloves, and not even then unless you are sure you know a good deal more than the man you are boxing with.

#### THE DOUBLE LEAD AND STOP.

This is really about the first evolution that you ought to master, as among the ordinary run of boxing men it is the usual way of opening. It is thus performed: Lead off with the left at the head at precisely the same moment your adversary leads his left at your head, at the same time throwing up your right or guard arm to catch the blow. In putting up the right arm be careful not to obstruct your own line of sight, for you should never for an instant lose his eye. Try and catch the blow on the fleshy part of the arm by the elbow, and watch him over your wrist.

#### THE STRAIGHT OR SIMPLE COUNTER

Takes place when both men lead off at the head at the same time, and do not attempt to guard the blow with the right arms, so that each blow takes effect on the face. In making this blow swing your body in with the fist and turn your head slightly over the right shoulder, so that

leaves his ribs uncovered. When you duck to the right hit with the left hand at head or body. If you duck to the left you will probably get a chance to cross-counter with your right at either face or chest.

#### GUARDS.

Very much depends upon your knowing how to ward off, or at least to mitigate the full force of such blows as you cannot easily duck from, and also blows on the body, which, if not properly guarded, would soon knock all the breath out of you, no matter how well you may be trained, or however good condition you may be in. I will, therefore, now proceed to enumerate most of the essential guards, and explain how each is generally performed.

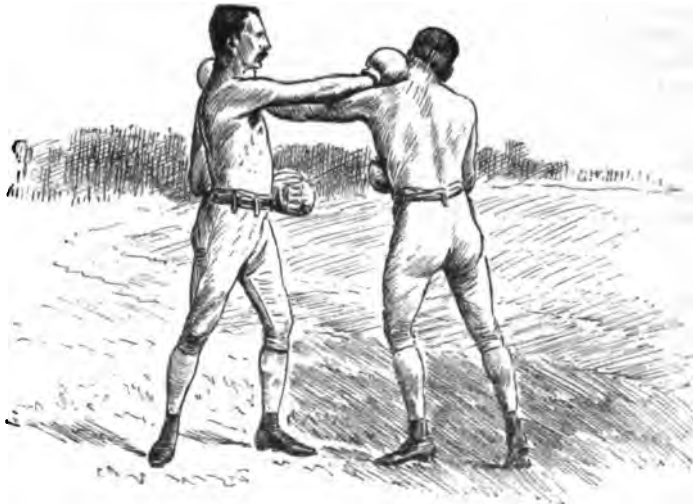
As there are in reality but four distinct blows made use of in boxing, namely :

1. Left hand at the head ;
2. Left hand body-blow ;
3. Right hand at the head ;
4. Right hand body-blow ;

so there must also be four recognized guards for these blows. And I may as well explain here the difference between a "stop" and guarding. By the latter term is meant receiving your adversary's blow on the right or left arm as the emergency demands ; but a "stop," technically speaking, is planting some sudden blow which prevents the hit intended by your opponent from reaching its destination. For example, at the instant you see your antagonist intends to deliver a body-blow with his left which would necessitate your dropping your right arm across "the mark" to catch it, you anticipate his blow by dashing your left full into his face and catching him on the forehead before he can get his head down, which would naturally be his position when he comes in to deliver the blow. Your right arm remains, of course, in its natural position. I have already explained the method of guarding the left-hand head-blow, so let us proceed to the left-hand blow at the body. You must bear in mind that a blow delivered by your

opponent's left hand at your body will fall on your left chest or side, therefore it will be your *left* hand that must be used as a guard in this instance. Put up your right arm immediately and at the same time drop your left arm across the "mark," keeping the elbow well into the side, and the whole of the fore-arm braced firmly against the ribs, because if the left arm be out a little distance from the side, and be driven by your adversary's blow hard against your body, the sudden jar is very apt to knock a good bit of wind out of you. As you receive the blow "break ground" a little in case he should follow the blow up with a rush.

And here let me give you a most important piece of advice. Never rush at a man furiously or blindly with your head down because you think he is shirking you, and you are in a hurry to go in and finish him up. In the first place you can't see what you are about, and you get within his reach, giving him an opportunity of letting you have his right and left, or, as we used to be taught to call it, "the postman's rap," several times before you can recover yourself and get out of the way. In the second, it brings about a great deal of "in-fighting," which, though you have often to resort to if caught in a rough-and-tumble scrimmage, is not considered quite the thing when gentlemen are sparring for



THE CROSS-COUNTER.

fun and pleasure. Therefore I say, avoid frantic rushing, but follow up an advantage quickly yet deliberately.

The usual guard for a right-hand blow at the head is thus effected : Raise the

left elbow sharply, pointing it somewhat in the direction of the coming blow, at the same time drop the left fist in toward the body, the palm being slightly turned from you. Lean forward and catch the blow close by the elbow, on the forearm, and retire slightly directly you feel the full brunt

immediately drawing the foot back upon planting the blow. When you are at "out-sparring" this blow tells splendidly, and if you are quick and active on your legs, you can, if you are smart enough, keep tap, tap, tapping a duffer or slow-coach without his ever being able to get at you to return the compliment. The same blow can be struck by guarding the head instead of ducking, and at the same time hitting out as directed.



THE HEAD-SLIP AND BODY-BLOW.

of it, watching your man the while over the lowered wrist.

The guard for the right-hand body-blow is, to drop the left hand almost to its full length, so that your fist falls on to the inner side of the left thigh, and the same moment, raising the shoulder smartly up toward the chin and rounding it and the whole upper arm forward on to the chest, and *slightly* turning the left side of the body. Brace all the muscles by tightly clinching the fist, and keep the whole arm firmly pressed against the side. This position, properly taken, should shield the heart and the whole of the left side of the body.

#### COUNTERING

Is a term which, in sparring, has reference to delivering a blow to your adversary at the precise moment he hits you, or you avoid his lead by ducking, or otherwise. There are two kinds of counters; the simple or straight counter, and the cross-counter. The latter being, when cleverly administered, perhaps the most deadly and effective blow that can be struck in boxing. A left-hand counter is delivered by ducking to the *right*, so as to allow your opponent's left-hand lead at the head to pass over your left shoulder, and stepping in a good pace with left foot and letting drive your left full in his face,

#### RIGHT-HAND CROSS-COUNTER

Is delivered by stepping in ten to fifteen inches as your opponent leads off at the head, and while "getting in" ducking smartly to the *left*; turn your body toward your man so as to bring the right arm well up and shoot it out over his outstretched left. Your blow will naturally take rather an upward tendency, and should be aimed at the angle of the jaw or the chin, and your fist will perform a quarter circle to the left, and should reach the face with its palm turned to the ground. To perform this rightly requires the utmost nicety and accuracy in timing yourself, and then hand, eye, foot and body must work in perfect unison, and all move with the rapidity of lightning. To master it, time, skill and constant, unremitting practice are required, but to attain it scientifically put forth your very best endeavors, for not a blow or guard in boxing will repay you more than the cross-counter, which may well be called the sheet-anchor of the science.

#### BODY-BLOWS—RIGHT AND LEFT.

Although the main point of attack must always be the face and head of your opponent, yet you should never neglect an opportunity to get in frequent and heavy blows about the chest and pit of the stomach, for these hits, when sent home, are sure to tell in the long run, and often are more efficacious in breaking up your antagonist's wind than the severer punishment you inflict on his upper story.

The openings you will be offered for hitting at the body will generally be when your adversary is leading off at your own

head with either the right or left hand. When he does so, instead of ducking or guarding and returning the counter at the head, a retaliation on your part he will more than likely expect, and be, therefore, prepared for, you will return on the body. But let me caution you first always to see that you have plenty of room behind you for retreat before you step in to deliver a body-blow, which will necessitate your going in much closer to your man than when you are making play at his face. The blow should be aimed as much as possible at the opening of the ribs, for that is the most vulnerable part of the lower target. If you intend, then, having a "go" at the body, it is often good to feint a lead-off at the head, as this will cause him to throw up his right arm to guard; as he does so step in very quickly about a couple of feet with the left foot, and the same moment letting drive your left with all your might at the uncovered "mark," and ducking well to the right, so that if your opponent "counters" with his left, you'll be out of his reach. Spring back immediately you have ducked to the counter. The principal thing you have to guard against in attempting this blow, is that your adversary anticipates it and strikes you full in the face with the left before you have time to get your head down.

In delivering a right-hand body-blow you will have to be a good deal closer in to your man than is the case when hitting with the left, so you will not need to take so long a stride when striking. The blow is generally aimed at the heart, and is much the same as the one just described, only be sure you duck to the *left* instead of to the right. Hence, from the above we formulate a very simple rule, and one that can be easily kept in the head: Lead with left, duck to right; lead with right, duck to left.

#### UPPER CUTS; RIGHT AND LEFT.

These most unpleasant surprises are generally given when your opponent, in his endeavor to get in a body-blow, lunges forward, and in consequence has his head

thrown well in front of the body, and his forehead bent toward the ground. Whenever you see your adversary's head down, no matter what his reason for it may be, be ready with an "upper cut." The blow is given thus: Drop your left fist somewhat and draw the whole arm as far back as you can, then swing it up like lightning, so as to go between your opponent's hands, and land under his chin or on his mouth, or, if you are a little too far off for that, to lift him on the nose or forehead. This blow cannot be given from the shoulder direct, and you must help it by swinging your body upward, as it were. If a clever man is in front of you beware how you attempt the "upper cut" because he throws his head forward, for it is one of the most ingenious methods of "drawing" you to try it, so that by ducking right he can get in a heavy left-hand body-blow. You must, therefore, learn to discriminate very carefully between a *bona fide* over-reach, causing the head to lurch forward, and the artful "draw."

#### THE SIDE-SLIP.

There is no maneuver in the whole art of boxing that is so timely and useful as the one known as "side-slipping." It is generally



THE HEAD-SLIP AND BODY-BLOW.

resorted to in avoiding your antagonist's most furious rushes, especially if he is a good deal heavier man than you are, and comes in at you constantly to force you to "in-fighting." To be able to perform it at a moment's notice you must be particularly quick on your feet, and have your legs completely under the most perfect control.

It will be the means of getting you out of many a tight fix when driven too near the edge of the ropes or into a corner, and if you can perform it spontaneously, will

him, and have turned in time to see the back of his shoulder. But in doing this keep the head well turned to the left, and never have your eyes off him for a single moment. Nothing but constant practice will enable you to time the side-jump accurately, and a flash of hesitation while in the execution of it will be awfully fatal.

#### "IN-FIGHTING."

It only remains for me to say a word or two relative to "in-fighting," which perhaps ought not to be included in a description of sparring pure and simple; but as it often happens that two friends, evenly matched, get warmed up to the work, and when at close

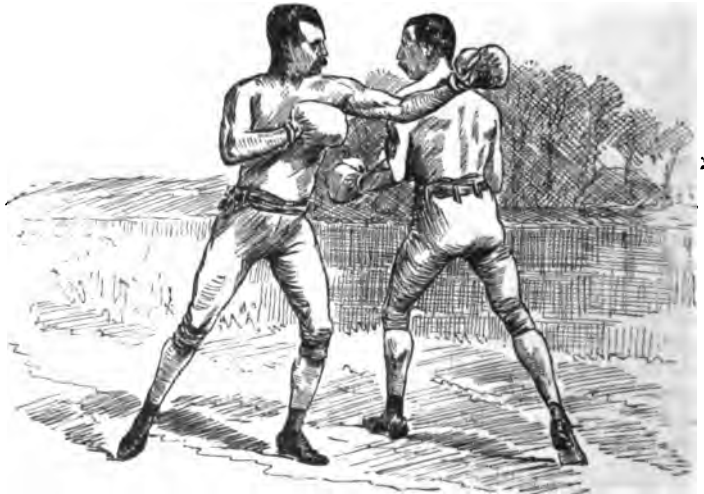
save you much exertion and help you to keep your wind, as, after performing it successfully, you can generally catch a moment's respite before your man faces you again after dashing past you. You will also find that it often happens that the impetus of his rush which you elude by "side-slipping" will make him stagger forward, perhaps ever so slightly, but during that precious moment you can swing in a heavy blow with the left or right, which will complete his total overthrow.

Lose no opportunity of practising it, both when exercising in your room, and when taking a turn with the gloves. This is the way in which it is done: Make a pretense of standing up to your man and feint to strike at him either on the chest or arm, but do not "break ground," and as he takes his next step in, duck smartly to the right, make a rapid movement, half step, half jump, half run, passing nimbly under his left arm, and face him instantly by turning sharply to your left. If done rapidly you should be by

quarters will go it hammer and tongs for a couple of seconds, without very great harm coming of it, I may as well show that there is a method even in this set-to when no guarding, feinting, or ducking can be done, and when everything depends on the rapidity and precision with which the arms are used. It generally takes place in a corner of the ring, or at the edge of one of the sides, and results



THE SIDE-SLIP.



THE SIDE-SLIP.

from the fact that the man who is forcing his antagonist back has been too close after him or too quick to allow him to get

away by "side-slipping," and intends to force "in-fighting." If, then, you are caught in this predicament (which, by the way, is just what happens in a general

heavy. Of course when "in-fighting" you will not choose to make play at the body rather than the head and face, but hit at the body rather than not hit at all.



THE UPPER CUT.

street row), stand up square, bringing up the right foot and right shoulder; let the heels be pretty even and about a foot apart; slightly bend both knees; drop your chin well down into your throat and lean forward. Keep your eyes open; no amount of blows must cause you to shut them in this extremity. If you do you are lost indeed. Strike out with right and left just as fast as you know how, but do not draw the fists farther back than the ribs, and swing the shoulder in with each blow. Make play at the face if you can, and keep the fists and arms close together, so that your opponent don't get a chance to get in between them. If you are so unfortunate as to let your adversary have the inner gauge of you and you can't get at his face, why then all you can do is to get in all your work on his body, and be sure to let the blows go home hard and

raise any disfiguring bump. The gloves you use should not weigh less than six to eight ounces, and be made of the very best soft white kid or chamois leather, fully and evenly stuffed, and should allow your fist to close easily, and when closed



THE UPPER CUT.

to completely envelop the whole hand; an elastic band should hold them firmly to the wrist.

[To be continued.]

AFTER THE LESSON.

Strip and have a good rub down with a rough towel while you are still all aglow with perspiration, until you cool off and are perfectly dry. If you have chanced to receive a blow that feels as if it will wear stiff, apply a little liniment, such as Pond's Extract, or give it a rubbing with arnica or Colgate vaseline. If your body is sound and healthy and in good hard training, the hardest blow with the gloves will not



## ONE HUNDRED BOOKS OF SPORT.

THE votes of our readers on the question: "What are the best one hundred books devoted to the field in which OUTING works?" have at last been registered. Most of the competitors showed knowledge of some one sport, but very few realized our anticipations. When we had rejected all the books inappropriate to OUTING, we found remaining a list which, pasted together, measured exactly twenty-one feet of manuscript, in a ribbon ten inches wide. We have selected from this list the one hundred books in regard to which the largest number of contestants agreed.

It is worth noticing that while nearly half the number of lists sent in came from Great Britain, these lists contained a fair share of American

works, showing wide reading and generous appreciation.

The prizes, consisting of the full set of eight bound volumes of OUTING, were mailed to the following winners on the day of decision. The names run in order of merit.

ALFRED H. WRIGHT, New York.

THOMAS WINDSOR, Manchester, England.

THOMAS BERRY, ex-Secretary of the Tay Corinthian Yacht Club, Dundee, Scotland.

ROBT. H. BERRY, Dundee, Scotland.

ROBERT MOHR, JR., New York.

JOHN H. WOODS, Jacksonville, Illinois.

A. W. BRONSON, New York.

Here are the one hundred OUTING BOOKS that have received the greatest number of votes:

| <i>Titles.</i>                                   |            | <i>Authors.</i>                          |
|--------------------------------------------------|------------|------------------------------------------|
| The Witchery of Archery . . . . .                | ARCHERY.   | Maurice Thompson.                        |
| The Book of Archery . . . . .                    |            | G. A. Hansard.                           |
| The Art of Batting and Base-hitting . . . . .    | BASE-BALL. | Henry Chadwick.                          |
| The Art of Pitching and Fielding . . . . .       |            | do.                                      |
| The Bather's Manual . . . . .                    | BATHING.   | Wm. Wilson.                              |
| The Swimming Instructor . . . . .                |            | do.                                      |
| Quoits and Bowling . . . . .                     | BOWLING.   | Published by Routledge.                  |
| Self-Defence; or, The Art of Boxing . . . . .    | BOXING.    | Ned. Donelly.                            |
| Camp-Life in the Woods . . . . .                 | CAMP-LIFE. | W. H. Gibson.                            |
| Camps in the Rockies . . . . .                   |            | W. A. B. Grohman.                        |
| The Canoe Aurora's Cruise . . . . .              | CANOE.     | Dr. Ch. A. Neide.                        |
| Voyage of the Paper Canoe . . . . .              |            | N. H. Bishop.                            |
| Canoe and Boat Building . . . . .                |            | W. P. Stephens.                          |
| Canoe Handling . . . . .                         |            | C. B. Vaux.                              |
| Cruises in Small Yachts and Big Canoes . . . . . |            | H. F. Speed.                             |
| The Voyage Alone in the Yawl Rob Roy . . . . .   |            | J. MacGregor.                            |
| Rob Roy in the Baltic . . . . .                  |            | do.                                      |
| 1,000 Miles in a Rob Roy Canoe . . . . .         |            | do.                                      |
| Cruise of the Rob Roy . . . . .                  |            | do.                                      |
| Watery Wanderings . . . . .                      |            | T. H. Holding.                           |
| Canoe and Camera . . . . .                       |            | Thomas Sedgwick Steele.                  |
| Paddle and Portage . . . . .                     |            | do.                                      |
| Canoe and Flying Proa . . . . .                  |            | W. L. Alden.                             |
| Canoeing in Kanuckia . . . . .                   |            | Chas. Ledyard Norton and John Habberton. |
| An Inland Voyage . . . . .                       |            | R. L. Stevenson.                         |
| Canoe Traveling . . . . .                        |            | W. Baden-Powell.                         |
| Cricket . . . . .                                | CRICKET.   | F. Wood.                                 |
| The English Game of Cricket . . . . .            |            | Chas. Box.                               |
| The Hand-book of Croquet . . . . .               | CROQUET.   | Rev. J. G. Wood.                         |



| <i>Titles.</i>                                    |               | <i>Authors.</i>                 |
|---------------------------------------------------|---------------|---------------------------------|
| The History of Curling . . . . .                  | CURLING.      | George McNoe.                   |
| The Illustrated Book of the Dog . . . . .         | DOG.          | Vero Shaw.                      |
| Modern Fencing . . . . .                          | FENCING.      | Griffiths.                      |
| Fishing . . . . .                                 | FISHING.      | H. Cholmondeley Pennell.        |
| Fishing with the Fly . . . . .                    |               | C. F. Orvis and A. N. Cheney.   |
| The American Angler's Book . . . . .              |               | Thaddeus Norris.                |
| Fishing in American Waters . . . . .              |               | G. C. Scott.                    |
| Complete Angler . . . . .                         |               | Izaak Walton.                   |
| Fish and Fishing . . . . .                        |               | Frank Forester.                 |
| I Go a-Fishing . . . . .                          |               | Irenæus Prime.                  |
| The American Salmon Fisherman . . . . .           |               | H. P. Wells.                    |
| Fly Fishing in the Maine Lakes . . . . .          |               | Ch. W. Stevens.                 |
| Foot-ball . . . . .                               | FOOT-BALL.    | Ch. W. Alcock.                  |
| How to Coach a Foot-ball Team . . . . .           |               | Walter C. Camp.                 |
| The Golfers' Manual . . . . .                     | GOLF.         | By "A Keen Hand."               |
| How to Get Strong . . . . .                       | GYMNASTICS.   | Wm. Blaikie.                    |
| Training . . . . .                                |               | Archibald Maclaren.             |
| Hunting . . . . .                                 | HORSE.        | Duke of Beaufort.               |
| Racing and Steeplechasing . . . . .               |               | Earl of Suffolk.                |
| Riding Recollections . . . . .                    |               | Whyte Melville.                 |
| A Ride to Khiva . . . . .                         |               | Fred. Burnaby.                  |
| Patroclus and Penelope . . . . .                  |               | T. A. Dodge.                    |
| On Horseback in the School, etc. . . . .          |               | E. L. Anderson.                 |
| The Trotting Horse of America . . . . .           |               | Hiram Woodruff.                 |
| The Book of the Horse . . . . .                   |               | Samuel Sidney.                  |
| Lacrosse . . . . .                                | LACROSSE.     | W. G. Beers.                    |
| Mountaineering in the Sierras . . . . .           | PEDESTRIAN.   | C. King.                        |
| Scrambles Among the Alps . . . . .                |               | E. Whimper.                     |
| Views Afoot . . . . .                             |               | Bayard Taylor.                  |
| Photography for Amateurs . . . . .                | PHOTOGRAPHY.  | I. C. Hepworth.                 |
| Oars and Sculls, and How to Use Them . . . . .    | ROWING.       | W. B. Woodgate.                 |
| Shooting . . . . .                                | SHOOTING.     | Lord Walsingham.                |
| Adventures in the Great Hunting Grounds . . . . . |               | Victor Meunier.                 |
| American Game in its Seasons . . . . .            |               | Frank Forester.                 |
| American Sportsman . . . . .                      |               | Lewis.                          |
| Hunting Trips of a Ranchman . . . . .             |               | Theodore Roosevelt.             |
| Wild Sports of the World . . . . .                |               | James Greenwood.                |
| Nimrod of the North . . . . .                     |               | Fredk. Schwatka.                |
| Sporting Adventures in the Far West . . . . .     |               | J. M. Murphy.                   |
| Sport with Gun and Rod . . . . .                  |               | A. M. Mayer.                    |
| The Still Hunter . . . . .                        |               | T. S. Van Dyke.                 |
| How to Hunt and Trap . . . . .                    |               | J. H. Batty.                    |
| Adventures in the Wilderness . . . . .            |               | W. H. H. Murray.                |
| The Annals of Tennis . . . . .                    | TENNIS.       | Julian Marshall.                |
| Lawn Tennis as a Game of Skill . . . . .          |               | Peile and Sears.                |
| A Bicycle Tour in England and Wales . . . . .     | WHEEL.        | A. D. Chandler and J. C. Sharp. |
| Nauticus on his Hobby-Horse . . . . .             |               | "Nauticus."                     |
| Health upon Wheels . . . . .                      |               | W. Gordon Stables, M.D.         |
| A Canterbury Pilgrimage . . . . .                 |               | J. and E. Pennell.              |
| Wheels and Whims . . . . .                        |               | Conant Foster.                  |
| The Art of Skating . . . . .                      | WINTER SPORT. | G. Anderson.                    |
| A System of Figure Skating . . . . .              |               | Vanderwell and Witham.          |
| The Record of Snow-shoeing . . . . .              |               | H. M. Becket.                   |
| The Hand-book of Winter Sport . . . . .           |               | Harry Palmer.                   |

| Titles.                                                 | YACHT. | Authors.               |
|---------------------------------------------------------|--------|------------------------|
| The Sailing Boat . . . . .                              |        | H. C. Folkard.         |
| The Yachtsman's Handy Book . . . . .                    |        | W. H. Rosser.          |
| The Sailor's Hand-book . . . . .                        |        | Capt. G. D. Bedford.   |
| Practical Boat Sailing . . . . .                        |        | Douglas Frazer.        |
| Practical Boat Building . . . . .                       |        | A. Nieson and D. Kemp. |
| Amateur Sailing in Open and Half-decked Boats . . . . . |        | T. E. Biddle.          |
| Yacht and Boat Sailing . . . . .                        |        | Dixon Kemp.            |
| The Corinthian Yachtsman . . . . .                      |        | T. E. Biddle.          |
| The Yacht Sailor . . . . .                              |        | Vanderdecken.          |
| Four Months in a Sneak-Box . . . . .                    |        | N. H. Bishop.          |
| The America's Cup . . . . .                             |        | R. F. Coffin.          |
| Two Years before the Mast . . . . .                     |        | R. H. Dana.            |
| The Boat Sailor's Manual . . . . .                      |        | E. F. Qualtrough.      |
| MISCELLANEOUS.                                          |        |                        |
| Robinson Crusoe . . . . .                               |        | Daniel Defoe.          |
| Walden . . . . .                                        |        | H. D. Thoreau.         |
| Wake Robin . . . . .                                    |        | John Burroughs.        |

### ROUND THE WORLD IN THE "OUTING."<sup>1</sup>

#### OFF ANASTASIA ISLAND,

FLORIDA, January 7, 1887.

*Outing* made her maiden plunge into the Atlantic from the bar of the St. John's River, on the morning of December 26, 1886, and having fine weather, I determined to make the run direct to Nassau (Bahama), but after making about 100 miles, I found that I required considerably more ballast, and accordingly bore away for the bar at St. Augustine, Fla., which was reached at 10 A.M., Monday, December 27. A heavy surf was breaking entirely across the inlet, and the breeze dying out, I came to an anchor near the outer sea buoy. The charts and coast pilot claiming the bar to be impassable for strangers without a pilot, and failing to find an opening, I set my pilot signal, but was unable to secure any response until darkness shut us out from the land. The barometer was dropping very rapidly and the weather bore a very threatening appearance, I therefore concluded to try my rocket signals, and sent a fiery messenger into the heavens every half hour until midnight, when a heavy squall swooped down upon me and played havoc with my coffee-pot, which was full, steaming hot, and waiting for me. As the squall struck, *Outing* rolled down to leeward, over goes my stove, carrying coffee with it. Tobacco box follows in its wake, and my cabin floor is flooded with a heterogeneous mass, in which coffee-grounds, tobacco, oil and water were the principal ingredients. As soon as the squall had passed, I went below, just in time to find my oil-stove taking fire. A moment later, and the horror of a ship on fire at sea would have been before me. Quickly grasping the now blazing stove, I ran to the side and plunged it beneath the surface. The fire had not communicated with any other article in my heretofore neat little cabin. As soon as possible I cleared the wreckage, and again my *house* was in order, but alas! my stomach was loudly calling for that which I could not give it—food. All during the long middle watch *Outing* rolled and pitched in a sea that would have sent many a larger craft

to Davy Jones's locker. At six o'clock Tuesday morning, no pilot having made an appearance, and the indications being strongly for a norther, I determined to see if "Yankee inquisitiveness" would not serve as well as a pilot, and got under way with a stiff breeze from the northwest. Running in to within a few yards of the outer line of surf, I ran down the entire line, searching for an opening, and, finding none, I ran back again. This time I found a narrow opening where no surf was breaking, and, although at variance with the chart, I concluded it was the channel, and used the seaman's monitor—the lead—to verify my conclusion, and stood boldly in for the lighthouse on Anastasia Island. In a few moments I was under the lee of the island, and during the next two hours I amused myself in trying to lay a north-west course with a north-west wind, in a channel not over three lengths in width. This course had to be made for a distance of two miles, but, like some of our politicians, "I got there just the same," and in a few moments I was bowling down Matanzas River to an anchorage off the St. Augustine Yacht Club-house. As the white sloop rounded the point and flew down the course before the wind, she almost buried herself in foam. As I rounded to and dropped my anchor, a rousing cheer was sent up from the throats of the thousands of spectators who lined the sea-wall and hotel verandas, many of whom had recognized *Outing* as she lay at anchor outside the preceding day.

A cordial greeting and an almost unending handshaking followed. Great admiration was expressed at the beautiful model and appearance of the *Outing*.

The St. Augustine Yacht Club immediately tendered *Outing* the privileges of their magnificent club-house, library and rooms.

On Thursday Lieutenant Henn and wife, of the *Galatea*, paid *Outing* a visit, and expressed in the highest terms their pleasant surprise and admiration of *Outing*, and the hopes of a successful completion of the longest voyage ever undertaken in a small craft. *F. A. Cloudman.*

<sup>1</sup> The above letter was received while *OUTING* was on the press, and too late for insertion anywhere else. We shall soon commence the publication of a series of illustrated articles, describing the yacht *Outing's* voyage around the world by way of the West Indies and Panama.



## OUT-DOOR CLUBS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

OUTING has spared no pains nor expense in endeavoring to put itself on friendly terms of acquaintance with every club or organization throughout the length and breadth of the land, that assembles for the purpose of supporting and enjoying some branch of healthy and manly out-door recreation and sport. It feels it a solemn duty, as the highest authority on all matters appertaining to the scientific development and encouragement of physical culture and amusement, to call upon all those interested in the furtherance and completion of the noble work it has undertaken, to aid and enlarge its sphere of labor and usefulness by sending to its office such information as will tend to make its pages full, entire and trustworthy. To its able staff of specialists in every department of games and pastimes can safely be intrusted any controversy, debatable point, or knotty technical difficulty arising in any field of recreation, feeling confident that the ruling

of OUTING may be relied on as final and authoritative.

OUTING presents the widest field for the interchange of the friendly relations that ought to exist between clubs devoted to the same sport; and in order that every Spoke of the Wheel of Sport should fit into the Hub, and be bound firmly together by the bright tires of its literature, it is very much to be desired that club presidents, secretaries, or other persons in authority, should send the latest information relative to the working of his club and be incorporated in OUTING's List.

\*In order that the list which we now append may be further enlarged, we enumerate the different sports we cover: Archery, Athletics, Base-Ball, Bicycling, Boating, Canoeing, Coaching, Cricket, Croquet, Curling, Fishing, Ice-Yachting, Lacrosse, Lawn Tennis, Polo, Racquet, Rifle, Rod and Gun, Rowing, Snow-Shoeing, Swimming, Tobogganing, Yachting.

### ARCHERY CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                             | <i>City and State.</i>                  | <i>Address.</i>                 |
|------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Alleghany . . . . .                      | Pittsburg, Penn. . . . .                | J. W. Elliott.                  |
| Baltimore . . . . .                      | Baltimore, Md. . . . .                  | J. W. Willson.                  |
| Brooklyn . . . . .                       | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .                 | Geo. G. Steele.                 |
| Buffalo . . . . .                        | Buffalo, N. Y. . . . .                  | Frank Sidway.                   |
| Chicago . . . . .                        | Chicago, Ill. . . . .                   | John Wilkinson.                 |
| Eastern Archery Association . . . . .    | New York . . . . .                      | J. N. Elliot, 160 West 14th St. |
| Fairmount . . . . .                      | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .              | W. S. Gwynn.                    |
| Highland . . . . .                       | Wyoming, Ohio . . . . .                 | W. A. Clark.                    |
| Highland Park . . . . .                  | Highland Park, Ill. . . . .             | C. Granville Hammond.           |
| Merry Bowmen . . . . .                   | Eaton, Ohio . . . . .                   | Chas. H. Moore.                 |
| Mt. Auburn . . . . .                     | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .              | Will Allen.                     |
| National Archery Association . . . . .   | Washington, D. C. . . . .               | L. W. Maxson.                   |
| New York . . . . .                       | New York . . . . .                      | J. N. Elliot.                   |
| North Side . . . . .                     | Chicago, Ill. . . . .                   | H. S. Taylor.                   |
| Ohio State Archery Association . . . . . | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .              | W. S. Gwynn.                    |
| Pamrapo . . . . .                        | Bayonne, N. J. . . . .                  |                                 |
| Potomac . . . . .                        | Washington, D. C. . . . .               | L. W. Maxson.                   |
| Richmond County . . . . .                | West New Brighton, S. I., N. Y. . . . . | G. R. MacIlvaine.               |
| Robin Hood . . . . .                     | Dayton, Ohio . . . . .                  | Albert Kern.                    |
| Robin Hood . . . . .                     | Dayton, Kentucky . . . . .              | H. W. Longley.                  |
| Walnut Hill . . . . .                    | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .              | Chas. J. Strong.                |
| Westwood . . . . .                       | Westwood, Ohio . . . . .                | Howard Miller.                  |

## ATHLETIC CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                        | <i>City and State.</i>     | <i>Address.</i>                     |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Brooklyn                            | Brooklyn, N. Y.            | DeKalb and Classon Aves.            |
| Cleveland                           | Cleveland, Ohio            | Standard Oil Co.                    |
| Crescent                            | Brooklyn, N. Y.            | F. Vernon.                          |
| Dover                               | Dover, N. J.               | F. H. Tippet.                       |
| Elizabeth                           | Elizabeth, N. J.           |                                     |
| Empire                              | New York                   |                                     |
| Harlem                              | New York                   | J. B. Arnold.                       |
| Hoboken Gymnastic Society           | Hoboken, N. J.             | 174 Park Ave.                       |
| Jersey City                         | Jersey City, N. J.         | Clinton and Crescent Aves.          |
| Los Angeles                         | Los Angeles, Cal.          |                                     |
| Manhattan                           | New York                   | 8th Ave. and 86th St.               |
| Middlesex Gymnasium                 | Marlboro. Mass.            | P. O. Box 575.                      |
| Minneapolis                         | Minneapolis, Minn.         |                                     |
| Missouri Amateur                    | St. Louis, Mo.             | P. O. Box 363.                      |
| Montreal A. A. Association          | Montreal, P. Q.            |                                     |
| Nassau                              | Brooklyn, N. Y.            | 387 Third St.                       |
| New Haven                           | New Haven, Conn.           | C. E. Hall, P. O. Box 1262.         |
| New York                            | New York                   | 104 West 55th St.                   |
| Olympic                             | New York                   | P. O. Box 2872.                     |
| Orange                              | Orange, N. J.              | Brick Church, N. J.                 |
| Orion A. Association                | Jersey City, N. J.         | Newark Ave.                         |
| Palma                               | Jersey City, N. J.         | Bright St. and Jersey Ave.          |
| Pastime                             | New York                   | 66th St. and East River.            |
| Pullman                             | Pullman, Ill.              | E. C. Tourtelotte.                  |
| Roseville Cycling & Athletic Assoc. | Roseville, N. J.           |                                     |
| Schuylkill Navy                     | Philadelphia, Pa.          | P. O. Box 733.                      |
| Scottish-American                   | Jersey City, N. J.         | 435 Grove St.                       |
| Star                                | Long Island City, N. Y.    |                                     |
| Staten Island                       | New Brighton, S. I., N. Y. | P. O. Box 55.                       |
| Technology                          | Boston, Mass.              |                                     |
| Tioga Athletic Association          | Philadelphia, Pa.          | 2231 Nicetown Lane.                 |
| West Side                           | New York                   | 55th St., between 8th and 9th Aves. |
| Woodstock A. Association            | Woodstock, Ont.            | D. A. White.                        |
| Wynnewood                           | Wynnewood, Pa.             | G. H. Focht.                        |
| Yale University                     | New Haven, Conn.           | J. G. Allen.                        |

## BASE-BALL CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                | <i>City and State.</i>   | <i>Address.</i>                           |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Amherst College             | Amherst, Mass.           | A. P. Alvord.                             |
| Argyle                      | New York                 |                                           |
| Beacon                      | Boston, Mass.            | E. A. Post.                               |
| Bedford                     | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | G. V. Dick, 391 Nostrand Ave.             |
| Bergen Point                | Bergen Point, N. J.      | J. W. Goddard.                            |
| Brooklyn                    | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | Fifth Ave. and Fourth St.                 |
| Brooklyn Athletic           | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | Mr. Paliabue, DeKalb and Classon Aves.    |
| Brown University            | Providence, R. I.        | Chas. D. Cooke.                           |
| Commercial                  | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | J. Mannery, 47 Dey St., N. Y.             |
| Cornell University          | Ithaca, N. Y.            | F. M. Towley.                             |
| Dartmouth College           | Hanover, N. H.           | John P. Tucker.                           |
| Dover                       | Dover, N. J.             | F. H. Tippet.                             |
| Elite                       | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | T. J. Kelly.                              |
| Franklin                    | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | F. E. Wilcox, 60 Broadway.                |
| Harvard University          | Cambridge, Mass.         |                                           |
| Heyward                     | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | J. S. Brown, Broadway, opp. P. O.         |
| Hobart College              | Geneva, N. Y.            | Howard C. Fulton.                         |
| Lafayette                   | Brooklyn, N. Y.          |                                           |
| Lea                         | Harlem, N. Y.            |                                           |
| Metropolitan                | New York                 | W. W. Watrous.                            |
| Nassau                      | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | C. H. Ebbetts, 44 Broadway, N. Y.         |
| Nassau Athletic             | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | W. C. France.                             |
| New York                    | New York                 | John B. Day, 121 Maiden Lane.             |
| Orange                      | Orange, N. J.            | Edgar Williams.                           |
| Polytechnic                 | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.    |
| Princeton Browns            | Princeton, N. J.         | J. Snook.                                 |
| Princeton                   | Princeton, N. J.         |                                           |
| Riverton                    | Philadelphia, Pa.        | C. L. Flanigan.                           |
| Roseville                   | Roseville, N. J.         | C. D. Taylor, Newark, N. J.               |
| Rutherford                  | Rutherford, N. J.        | J. E. Dupuy.                              |
| Seton Hall College          | South Orange, N. J.      | J. H. McHale.                             |
| Star                        | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | H. Anacke, 104 Broadway.                  |
| Star                        | Long Island City, N. Y.  | W. L. Woddill, P. O. Box 1285.            |
| Staten Island               | West New Brighton, N. Y. | E. H. Outerbridge, 308 Produce Ex., City. |
| Staten Island Athletic Club | Livingston, S. I., N. Y. | W. C. Davis, 44 Broadway, N. Y.           |
| Syracuse University         | Syracuse, N. Y.          |                                           |
| Vernon                      | Brooklyn, N. Y.          | Seabury & Johnson, Platt St., N. Y.       |
| Watessing                   | Watessing, N. J.         | F. N. Unangst.                            |
| Williams College            | Williamstown, Mass.      |                                           |
| Yale University             | New Haven, Conn.         | James Archibald, Jr., 228 Durfee Hall.    |
| Young America               | Philadelphia, Pa.        | G. D. Morrell, 524 Walnut St.             |

BICYCLE CLUBS.<sup>1</sup>

| <i>Name.</i>                      | <i>City and State.</i>             | <i>Address.</i>             |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Adrian . . . . .                  | Adrian, Mich. . . . .              | 54 W. Maumee St.            |
| Akron . . . . .                   | Akron, Ohio . . . . .              | Main St.                    |
| Albany . . . . .                  | Albany, N. Y. . . . .              | 241 Lark St.                |
| Alpha . . . . .                   | Bethlehem, Pa. . . . .             | P. O. Box 446.              |
| Ariel . . . . .                   | Ariel, N. Y. . . . .               | 335 Main St.                |
| Ashland . . . . .                 | Ashland, Mass. . . . .             | Greenwood's Block.          |
| Auburn . . . . .                  | Auburn, Ind. . . . .               | B. C. Robbins.              |
| Aurora . . . . .                  | Aurora, Ill. . . . .               | City Hall.                  |
| Avondale . . . . .                | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .         | C. Tudor Estabrook.         |
| Bay City . . . . .                | Bay City, Mich. . . . .            | Centre and Washington Avea. |
| Bedford . . . . .                 | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .            | 1216 Bedford Ave.           |
| Bellerophon . . . . .             | Westfield, N. J. . . . .           | Frank S. Miller.            |
| Berkshire Co. Wheelmen . . . . .  | Pittsfield, Mass. . . . .          |                             |
| Binghamton . . . . .              | Binghamton, N. Y. . . . .          | W. F. Sherwood.             |
| Blossburg Cyclers . . . . .       | Blossburg, Pa. . . . .             | No. 1 Caldwell Block.       |
| Boscobel . . . . .                | Lynn, Mass. . . . .                |                             |
| Boston . . . . .                  | Boston, Mass. . . . .              | St. James St.               |
| Brantford . . . . .               | Brantford, Ont. . . . .            |                             |
| Brighton . . . . .                | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .         | 70 McLean Ave.              |
| Bristol . . . . .                 | Warren, R. I. . . . .              | A. B. Staples.              |
| Bruce County Wheelmen . . . . .   | Elgin, Ont. . . . .                |                             |
| Brunswick . . . . .               | New Brunswick, N. J. . . . .       | Masonic Hall.               |
| Buckeye . . . . .                 | Columbus, Ohio . . . . .           | East Gay St.                |
| Buffalo . . . . .                 | Buffalo, N. Y. . . . .             | C. H. Adams.                |
| Cambridge . . . . .               | Cambridge, Mass. . . . .           | Amee Bros.                  |
| Camden Wheelmen . . . . .         | Camden, N. J. . . . .              | 415 North 5th St.           |
| Canamo . . . . .                  | Manchester, Mass. . . . .          | A. L. Churchill.            |
| Capital City . . . . .            | Sacramento, Cal. . . . .           | C. H. Oatman.               |
| Capitol . . . . .                 | Washington, D. C. . . . .          | 409 Fifteenth St.           |
| Charlotte . . . . .               | Charlotte, N. C. . . . .           | P. O. Box 154.              |
| Cheyenne . . . . .                | Cheyenne, Wyo. . . . .             | Fred. W. Ransom.            |
| Chicago . . . . .                 | Chicago, Ill. . . . .              | 189 Michigan Ave.           |
| Cincinnati Wanderers . . . . .    | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .         | J. K. Scudder.              |
| Citizens . . . . .                | New York . . . . .                 | 78 West 60th St.            |
| City . . . . .                    | Brockton, Mass. . . . .            | P. O. Box 655.              |
| Clarion . . . . .                 | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .          | Main St.                    |
| Clarksville . . . . .             | Clarksville, Mo. . . . .           | S. A. Clippard.             |
| Cleveland . . . . .               | Cleveland, Ohio . . . . .          | C. H. Potter.               |
| Cleveland Tricycle Club . . . . . | Cleveland, Ohio . . . . .          | 147 Ontario St.             |
| Clinton . . . . .                 | Clinton, Mass. . . . .             | P. O. Box 705.              |
| Clyde Cyclers . . . . .           | Clyde, N. Y. . . . .               | E. Stiles.                  |
| Coldwater . . . . .               | Coldwater, Mich. . . . .           | P. O. Box 127.              |
| College Hill . . . . .            | College Hill, Ohio . . . . .       | W. H. Aiken.                |
| Colorado . . . . .                | Denver, Col. . . . .               | Opera House Block.          |
| Columbia Wheelmen . . . . .       | Stockport, Col. Co., N. Y. . . . . | Joshua Reynolds.            |
| Concord . . . . .                 | Concord, N. H. . . . .             | Main and School Sts.        |
| Connecticut . . . . .             | Hartford, Conn. . . . .            | P. O. Box 42.               |
| Cornwall . . . . .                | Cornwall, Ont. . . . .             | W. J. Wallace.              |
| Cyclists' Touring Club . . . . .  | Cleveland, Ohio . . . . .          | C. H. Potter.               |
| Dallas Wheel . . . . .            | Dallas, Texas . . . . .            | J. W. Cochran.              |
| Danbury Wheel . . . . .           | Danbury, Conn. . . . .             | J. S. Bristol.              |
| Danvers . . . . .                 | Danvers, Mass. . . . .             | Ropes Block, Maple St.      |
| Dayton . . . . .                  | Dayton, Ohio . . . . .             | Charles Moore.              |
| Dearborn Cycling . . . . .        | Chicago, Ill. . . . .              | H. F. Fuller.               |
| Detroit . . . . .                 | Detroit, Mich. . . . .             | A. F. Peck.                 |
| District Wheelmen . . . . .       | Washington, D. C. . . . .          | T. Howard.                  |
| Dorchester . . . . .              | Dorchester, Mass. . . . .          | Washington and River Sts.   |
| East Saginaw . . . . .            | East Saginaw, Mich. . . . .        | 620 Genesee Ave.            |
| Elgin . . . . .                   | Elgin, Ill. . . . .                | Wm. Wetzel.                 |
| Elizabeth . . . . .               | Elizabeth, N. J. . . . .           | G. C. Pennell.              |
| Elm City . . . . .                | New Haven, Conn. . . . .           |                             |
| Elmira . . . . .                  | Elmira, N. Y. . . . .              | Masonic Temple.             |
| Elyria . . . . .                  | Elyria, Ohio . . . . .             | J. T. Vincent.              |
| Emporium . . . . .                | Emporium, Pa. . . . .              | Geo. Metzger, Jr.           |
| Englewood Wheelmen . . . . .      | Englewood, N. J. . . . .           | Morgan Shepard.             |
| Æolus . . . . .                   | Chicago, Ill. . . . .              | 650 Washington Building.    |
| Eugene City . . . . .             | Eugene City, Oregon. . . . .       |                             |
| Evening Star Wheelmen . . . . .   | Columbus, Ohio . . . . .           | E. C. Brown.                |
| Forest City . . . . .             | London, Ont. . . . .               | W. Kingsley Evans.          |
| Fort Schuyler Wheelmen . . . . .  | Fort Schuyler, N. Y. . . . .       | A. G. Wood.                 |
| Fort Wayne . . . . .              | Fort Wayne, Ind. . . . .           | John Hanna.                 |
| Garrettsville . . . . .           | Garrettsville, Ohio . . . . .      | C. C. Horton.               |
| Genesee . . . . .                 | Rochester, N. Y. . . . .           | Gordon S. Montgomery.       |
| Germantown . . . . .              | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .          | 2314 Fairmount Ave.         |
| Greenfield . . . . .              | Greenfield, Mass. . . . .          | Main St.                    |

<sup>1</sup> In the first column, when only the single name is used, the reader will supply the separating "sub-head" and the word "Club," thus: "Akron" means "Akron Bicycle Club." In the third column we have endeavored to give the situation of the Club Room, but if this is not known, we have supplied the Secretary's Name or the P. O. Address.

## BICYCLE CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Names.</i>                     | <i>City and State.</i>       | <i>Address.</i>                |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Hagerstown . . . . .              | Hagerstown, Md. . . . .      | W. Washington St.              |
| Hamilton . . . . .                | Hamilton, Ont. . . . .       | 9 King St. East.               |
| Harlem Wheelmen . . . . .         | Harlem, N. Y. . . . .        | F. A. Ryer.                    |
| Hartford . . . . .                | Hartford, Conn. . . . .      |                                |
| Haverford College . . . . .       | Haverford, Pa. . . . .       |                                |
| Helena . . . . .                  | Helena, Mont. Ter. . . . .   | N. Holter.                     |
| Hermes . . . . .                  | Chicago, Ill. . . . .        | F. J. Tourtellotte.            |
| Hudson . . . . .                  | Hudson, N. Y. . . . .        | Farmers' National Bank.        |
| Hudson Co. Wheelmen . . . . .     | Jersey City, N. J. . . . .   | 119 Storm Ave.                 |
| Ideal . . . . .                   | Little Rock, Ark. . . . .    |                                |
| Ilderan . . . . .                 | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .      | H. C. Mattler.                 |
| Indianapolis . . . . .            | Indianapolis, Ind. . . . .   | 98 E. New York St.             |
| Iowa Falls . . . . .              | Iowa Falls, Iowa . . . . .   | Bert. McGowan.                 |
| Ixion . . . . .                   | New York . . . . .           | Lea Moses, 351 West 99th St.   |
| Jackson . . . . .                 | Jackson, Mich. . . . .       | M. J. Moore.                   |
| Jamestown . . . . .               | Jamestown, N. Y. . . . .     | Edwin R. Dempsey.              |
| Junior Wheelmen . . . . .         | Washington, D. C. . . . .    | 1000 H St.                     |
| Junior Wheelmen . . . . .         | Baltimore, Md. . . . .       | W. C. Crawford.                |
| Kansas City Wheelmen . . . . .    | Kansas City, Mo. . . . .     |                                |
| Kenton . . . . .                  | Covington, Ky. . . . .       | Thomas Wilson.                 |
| Keystone . . . . .                | Pittsburg, Pa. . . . .       | Box 1554.                      |
| Kings Co. Wheelmen . . . . .      | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .      |                                |
| Knockabout . . . . .              | South Gardner, Mass. . . . . | W. H. Putnam.                  |
| Laramie . . . . .                 | Laramie, Wyo. Ter. . . . .   | C. S. Greenbaum.               |
| Leominster . . . . .              | Leominster, Mass. . . . .    | Allen's Block.                 |
| Listowel . . . . .                | Listowel, Ont. . . . .       | J. E. Brook.                   |
| Lock City . . . . .               | Lock City, N. Y. . . . .     | Main St.                       |
| Long Island Wheelmen . . . . .    | Long Island, N. Y. . . . .   | 14 Warren St., N. Y. City.     |
| Los Angeles Wheelmen . . . . .    | Los Angeles, Cal. . . . .    | R. C. Woodworth.               |
| Louisville . . . . .              | Louisville, Ky. . . . .      | Harry Esterle.                 |
| Lowell . . . . .                  | Lowell, Mass. . . . .        |                                |
| Macon . . . . .                   | Macon, Georgia . . . . .     | Cotton Ave.                    |
| Marblehead . . . . .              | Marblehead, Mass. . . . .    | School and Pleasant Sts.       |
| Massillon . . . . .               | Massillon, Ohio . . . . .    | Edwin L. Arnold.               |
| Maryland . . . . .                | Baltimore, Md. . . . .       |                                |
| Massachusetts . . . . .           | Boston, Mass. . . . .        | 154 Newbury St.                |
| Mauch Chunk . . . . .             | Mauch Chunk, Pa. . . . .     | Broadway, opp. American Hotel. |
| Maverich . . . . .                | E. Boston, Mass. . . . .     | Maverich Square.               |
| Medina County . . . . .           | Medina, Ohio. . . . .        | C. L. Greisinger.              |
| Memphis . . . . .                 | Memphis, Tenn. . . . .       | Main St.                       |
| Mercury . . . . .                 | Minneapolis, Minn. . . . .   | H. M. Brownell.                |
| Meriden . . . . .                 | Meriden, Conn. . . . .       | Palace Block.                  |
| Middletown . . . . .              | Middletown, N. Y. . . . .    | North St., near P. O.          |
| Milville . . . . .                | Milville, N. J. . . . .      | John N. Seeve.                 |
| Milwaukee . . . . .               | Milwaukee, Wis. . . . .      | H. P. Andrae.                  |
| Missouri . . . . .                | St. Louis, Mo. . . . .       | Cardinal Ave.                  |
| Mitchell . . . . .                | Mitchell, Ont. . . . .       | J. M. Ford.                    |
| Monmouth Wheelmen . . . . .       | Monmouth, N. J. . . . .      | G. O. Waterman.                |
| Montclair Wheelmen . . . . .      | Montclair, N. J. . . . .     | Fullerton Ave.                 |
| Montreal . . . . .                | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .      | 1421 St. Catherine St.         |
| Montrose . . . . .                | Montrose, Pa. . . . .        | W. C. Cuizer.                  |
| Mountain Wheel . . . . .          | Phillipsburg, Pa. . . . .    | T. J. Lee.                     |
| Mount Vernon . . . . .            | Mt. Vernon, Ohio . . . . .   |                                |
| Napanee . . . . .                 | Napanee, Ont. . . . .        | W. J. Trimble.                 |
| Nashville . . . . .               | Nashville, Tenn. . . . .     | J. P. Osbourne.                |
| Nebraska Wheelmen . . . . .       | Omaha, Neb. . . . .          | B. F. Fell.                    |
| New Britain . . . . .             | New Britain, Conn. . . . .   | 163 Main St.                   |
| Newburg Wheelmen . . . . .        | Newburg, N. Y. . . . .       | L. W. Y. McCoskery.            |
| Newbury . . . . .                 | Newbury, Mass. . . . .       | P. O. Box 770.                 |
| New Castle . . . . .              | New Castle, Pa. . . . .      | P. O. Box 94.                  |
| New Haven . . . . .               | New Haven, Conn. . . . .     | H. W. Redfield.                |
| New Jersey Wheelmen . . . . .     | Newark, N. J. . . . .        | Oration Hall.                  |
| New Orleans . . . . .             | New Orleans, La. . . . .     | 180 St. Charles St.            |
| New York . . . . .                | New York . . . . .           | 302 West 58th St.              |
| Niagara Falls . . . . .           | Niagara Falls, N. Y. . . . . | Suspension Bridge.             |
| Noblesville . . . . .             | Noblesville, Ind. . . . .    | Elbert Shirts.                 |
| Nonantum . . . . .                | Newtonville, Mass. . . . .   | Washington and Walnut Sts.     |
| Northampton . . . . .             | Northampton, Mass. . . . .   | P. O. Box 1201.                |
| Oakland . . . . .                 | Oakland, Cal. . . . .        | R. H. Magitt.                  |
| Olean . . . . .                   | Olean, N. Y. . . . .         | Exchange Bank Building.        |
| Omaha . . . . .                   | Omaha, Neb. . . . .          | Geo. E. Kay.                   |
| Oregon . . . . .                  | Portland, Ore. . . . .       | 229 Ninth St.                  |
| Ottawa . . . . .                  | Ottawa, Can. . . . .         | W. G. Hurdman.                 |
| Ottumwa . . . . .                 | Ottumwa, Iowa . . . . .      | 312 E. Main St.                |
| Owl . . . . .                     | Bordentown, N. J. . . . .    | 8 Church St.                   |
| Owl Cycling . . . . .             | Chicago, Ill. . . . .        | 3701 Ellis Ave.                |
| Paris . . . . .                   | Paris, Ont. . . . .          | W. Walton, Jr.                 |
| Park City Wheelmen . . . . .      | Ashland, Ky. . . . .         | Union Depot.                   |
| Passaic County Wheelmen . . . . . | Passaic, N. J. . . . .       | Bloomfield Ave.                |

BICYCLE CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                       | <i>City and State.</i>              | <i>Address.</i>               |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Pawtucket . . . . .                | Pawtucket, R. I. . . . .            | Broad St.                     |
| Pegasus . . . . .                  | New York . . . . .                  | 201 West 57th St.             |
| Pennsylvania . . . . .             | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 1232 N. 41st St.              |
| Pequonnock . . . . .               | Bridgeport, Conn. . . . .           | P. O. Box 1906.               |
| Perth Amboy . . . . .              | Perth Amboy, N. J. . . . .          | F. W. Ketchil.                |
| Philadelphia . . . . .             | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 1232 N. 41st St.              |
| Pittston . . . . .                 | Pittston, Pa. . . . .               | Broad St.                     |
| Plainfield . . . . .               | Plainfield, N. J. . . . .           | P. O. Box 1257.               |
| Plum Creek . . . . .               | Plum Creek, Neb. . . . .            | H. O. Smith.                  |
| Pottstown . . . . .                | Pottstown, Pa. . . . .              | 209 High St.                  |
| Reading . . . . .                  | Reading, Pa. . . . .                | 541 Penn St.                  |
| Richmond County Wheelmen . . . . . | West Brighton, S. I., N. Y. . . . . | J. H. Cole.                   |
| Rochester . . . . .                | Rochester, N. Y. . . . .            | 68 West Ave.                  |
| Rockingham . . . . .               | Portsmouth, N. H. . . . .           | P. O. Box 1491.               |
| Rockville . . . . .                | Rockville, Conn. . . . .            | P. O. Box 96.                 |
| Rome . . . . .                     | Rome, N. Y. . . . .                 | Washington and Dominick Sts.  |
| Rutherford . . . . .               | Rutherford, N. J. . . . .           | P. O. Box 81.                 |
| Rutland . . . . .                  | Rutland, Vt. . . . .                | 384 Centre St.                |
| Sacramento . . . . .               | Sacramento, Cal. . . . .            | 1015 Fourth St.               |
| San Francisco . . . . .            | San Francisco, Cal. . . . .         | 1428 Market St.               |
| Salt Lake . . . . .                | Salt Lake City, Utah . . . . .      | 246 S. Second South St.       |
| Schenectady . . . . .              | Schenectady, N. Y. . . . .          | P. O. Box 386.                |
| Scranton . . . . .                 | Scranton, Pa. . . . .               | 121 Wyoming Ave.              |
| Seaside . . . . .                  | Norfolk, Va. . . . .                | 197 Main St.                  |
| Sharon . . . . .                   | Sharon, Pa. . . . .                 | D. P. Porter.                 |
| Simcoe . . . . .                   | Simcoe, Ont. . . . .                | Sycamore St.                  |
| Somerville . . . . .               | Somerville, Mass. . . . .           | P. O. Box 1019.               |
| Springfield . . . . .              | Springfield, Mass. . . . .          | Atlantic Square.              |
| Stamford . . . . .                 | Stamford, Conn. . . . .             | North Main St.                |
| Star . . . . .                     | Harrisonburg, Va. . . . .           | 235 Viaduct.                  |
| Star . . . . .                     | Cleveland, Ohio . . . . .           |                               |
| State Capitol . . . . .            | Concord, N. H. . . . .              |                               |
| St. Cloud . . . . .                | St. Cloud, Minn. . . . .            | 27 Washington Ave.            |
| St. Louis Ramblers . . . . .       | St. Louis, Mo. . . . .              | Lindell Gordon.               |
| St. Mary's . . . . .               | St. Mary's, Ont. . . . .            |                               |
| Stratford . . . . .                | Stratford, Ont. . . . .             | W. Lawrence.                  |
| Suffolk . . . . .                  | Boston, Mass. . . . .               | 39 M St.                      |
| Syracuse Cycling . . . . .         | Syracuse, N. Y. . . . .             | P. O. Box 25.                 |
| Taunton . . . . .                  | Taunton, Mass. . . . .              | 3 Summer St.                  |
| Technology . . . . .               | Boston, Mass. . . . .               | 187 Boylston St.              |
| Tecumseh . . . . .                 | Tecumseh, Mich. . . . .             | P. Fitzsimmons, P. O. Box 69. |
| Thorndike . . . . .                | Beverley, Mass. . . . .             | Commercial Block, Cabot St.   |
| Tioga . . . . .                    | Tioga, Pa. . . . .                  | J. Howe Adams.                |
| Toledo Cycling . . . . .           | Toledo, Ohio . . . . .              | Hotel Madison.                |
| Toronto . . . . .                  | Toronto, Ont. . . . .               | 5 Wilton Ave.                 |
| Tremont . . . . .                  | Tremont, Ohio . . . . .             | J. T. Miller.                 |
| Trenton . . . . .                  | Trenton, N. J. . . . .              | S. P. Camp.                   |
| Trojan Wheelmen . . . . .          | Troy, N. Y. . . . .                 | R. C. Marshall.               |
| Troy . . . . .                     | Troy, N. Y. . . . .                 | Federal St.                   |
| Tuscarawas . . . . .               | Tuscarawas, Ohio . . . . .          | F. H. Waldron.                |
| Unadilla Valley . . . . .          | West Winfield, N. Y. . . . .        | Leonardville, N. Y.           |
| Union County Wheelmen . . . . .    | Westfield, N. J. . . . .            | Arthur N. Pierson.            |
| University . . . . .               | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 3216 Baring St.               |
| Valley City . . . . .              | Sidney, Ohio . . . . .              | E. P. Robinson.               |
| Vermont . . . . .                  | Brattleboro, Vt. . . . .            | Leslie Scott.                 |
| Vesper Wheelmen . . . . .          | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | W. H. T. Reeves.              |
| Victor . . . . .                   | Greenville, Pa. . . . .             | C. M. Brown.                  |
| Waiontha . . . . .                 | Richfield Springs, N. Y. . . . .    | Lake St.                      |
| Wakefield . . . . .                | Wakefield, Mass. . . . .            | P. O. Box 464.                |
| Wallingford . . . . .              | Wallingford, Conn. . . . .          | John A. Martin.               |
| Waltham . . . . .                  | Waltham, Mass. . . . .              | P. O. Box 165.                |
| Wanderers . . . . .                | Toronto, Ont. . . . .               | 7 Yonge St. Arcade.           |
| Wappingers . . . . .               | Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. . . . .    | Harry H. Brown.               |
| Washington . . . . .               | Washington, D. C. . . . .           | 1023 Twelfth St.              |
| Waterbury . . . . .                | Waterbury, Conn. . . . .            | Chas. R. Upson.               |
| Wayside Wheelmen . . . . .         | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .             |                               |
| Weedspport . . . . .               | Weedspport, N. Y. . . . .           | Bryant Block.                 |
| Westfield Wheelmen . . . . .       | Westfield, Mass. . . . .            | R. L. Scott.                  |
| Weston Wheelmen . . . . .          | Weston, Ohio . . . . .              |                               |
| Wheeling Wheelmen . . . . .        | Wheeling, West Va. . . . .          | A. A. Wheat.                  |
| Wilkes-Barre . . . . .             | Wilkes-Barre, Pa. . . . .           | 51 West Market St.            |
| Williamsport . . . . .             | Williamsport, Pa. . . . .           | Ira A. Dayton.                |
| Wilmington . . . . .               | Wilmington, Del. . . . .            | C. W. Todd.                   |
| Woodstock . . . . .                | Woodstock, Ont. . . . .             | J. G. Rarn.                   |
| Woodstown . . . . .                | Woodstown, N. J. . . . .            | Will. L. Taylor.              |
| Worcester . . . . .                | Worcester, Mass. . . . .            | F. W. Blacker.                |
| Yale . . . . .                     | New Haven, Conn. . . . .            | 204 Durfee Hall.              |
| Y. M. C. A. . . . .                | Newburyport, Mass. . . . .          | Pleasant St.                  |
| York County Wheelmen . . . . .     | Biddeford, Me. . . . .              | J. E. Etchells.               |
| Youngstown . . . . .               | Youngstown, Ohio . . . . .          | A. J. Nicholas.               |



## BOAT AND ROWING CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>               | <i>City and State.</i>     | <i>Address.</i>                     |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Alayon . . . . .           | Brooklyn, N. Y.            |                                     |
| Annawan . . . . .          | Fall River, Mass.          | G. T. Wiley.                        |
| Argonaut . . . . .         | Toronto, Ont.              |                                     |
| Ariel . . . . .            | Brooklyn, N. Y.            | 41 Clifton Place.                   |
| Ariel . . . . .            | Woodside, N. Y.            | Theo. R. Armour.                    |
| Bayside . . . . .          | Toronto, Ont.              |                                     |
| Canadian Asso. Am. Oarsmen | Toronto, Ont.              | W. A. Littlejohn, Asst. City Clerk. |
| Chatham . . . . .          | Chatham, Ont.              |                                     |
| Clifton . . . . .          | Clifton, S. I., N. Y.      | G. A. Post.                         |
| Columbia . . . . .         | Washington, D. C.          | Howell Bartle.                      |
| Don Amateur . . . . .      | Toronto, Ont.              |                                     |
| Eureka . . . . .           | Newark, N. J.              |                                     |
| Farragut . . . . .         | Chicago, Ill.              |                                     |
| Grand Trunk . . . . .      | Montreal, P. Q.            |                                     |
| Harrisburg . . . . .       | Harrisburg, Pa.            | O. M. Copelin.                      |
| Lachine . . . . .          | Montreal, P. Q.            |                                     |
| Leander . . . . .          | Hamilton, Ont.             |                                     |
| Lurline . . . . .          | Minneapolis, Minn.         |                                     |
| Manayunk . . . . .         | Manayunk, Pa.              | P. W. Maxwell.                      |
| Narragansett . . . . .     | Providence, R. I.          | Geo. H. Shepley.                    |
| Nautilus . . . . .         | Hamilton, Ont.             |                                     |
| Nereus . . . . .           | Flushing, L. I.            | Lemuel E. Quigg.                    |
| Omaha Rowing Association   | Omaha, Neb.                | Crescent Lake.                      |
| Ottawa . . . . .           | Ottawa, Ill.               | Rector C. Hitt.                     |
| Ottawa . . . . .           | Ottawa, Ont.               |                                     |
| Pennsylvania . . . . .     | Philadelphia               | G. H. Kerr.                         |
| Ravenswood . . . . .       | Long Island City, N. Y.    | J. F. Powen, 140 E. Third St.       |
| Schuylkill Navy . . . . .  | Philadelphia, Pa.          | P. O. Box 733.                      |
| Seawanhaka . . . . .       | Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.     | Foot of S. 10th St.                 |
| St. Anne's . . . . .       | Montreal, P. Q.            |                                     |
| Staten Island . . . . .    | Tomkinsville, S. I., N. Y. | J. E. Bonner.                       |
| St. Lambert . . . . .      | Montreal, P. Q.            |                                     |
| Toronto . . . . .          | Toronto, Ont.              |                                     |
| Union . . . . .            | New York                   |                                     |
| Valois . . . . .           | Montreal, P. Q.            |                                     |
| Varuna . . . . .           | Brooklyn, N. Y.            | 531 Fulton St.                      |
| Victoria . . . . .         | Montreal, P. Q.            |                                     |
| Winnipeg . . . . .         | Winnipeg, Man.             |                                     |

## CANOE CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                  | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>                 |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| A. C. A. . . . .              | Schuylerville, N. Y.   | Dr. Chas. A. Neide.             |
| Alleghany . . . . .           | Alleghany, Pa.         | Pittsburg, Pa.                  |
| Amsterdam . . . . .           | Amsterdam, N. Y.       | Chas. H. Warring.               |
| Battle Creek . . . . .        | Battle Creek, Mich.    | F. Houghtaling, 182 W. Main St. |
| Bay City . . . . .            | Bay City, Mich.        | C. J. Bousfield.                |
| Bayonne . . . . .             | Bayonne, N. J.         | R. Vervan Vienot.               |
| Berkeley . . . . .            | Middletown, Conn.      | W. H. Larone.                   |
| Bobcaygeon . . . . .          | Bobcaygeon, Ont.       |                                 |
| Brockville . . . . .          | Brockville, Ont.       | J. H. Bagg.                     |
| Brooklyn . . . . .            | Brooklyn, N. Y.        | M. V. Brokaw.                   |
| Buffalo . . . . .             | Buffalo, N. Y.         | Henry L. Campbell.              |
| Cambridge . . . . .           | Cambridge, Mass.       | Rupert M. Gay.                  |
| Canoe and Boating Association | Newburg, N. Y.         | H. A. Harrison.                 |
| Chicago . . . . .             | Chicago, Ill.          | J. H. Ware.                     |
| Cincinnati . . . . .          | Cincinnati, Ohio       | Geo. B. Ellard.                 |
| Circleville . . . . .         | Circleville, Ohio      |                                 |
| Cleveland . . . . .           | Cleveland, Ohio        | G. W. Gardner.                  |
| Connecticut . . . . .         | Hartford, Conn.        |                                 |
| Crescent . . . . .            | Trenton, N. J.         | Frank W. Sigler.                |
| Crescent . . . . .            | Mauch Chunk, Pa.       | A. H. Luckenback.               |
| Cygnat . . . . .              | Manchester, N. Y.      |                                 |
| Dayton . . . . .              | Dayton, Ohio           | Frank Fox.                      |
| Deseronto . . . . .           | Deseronto, Ont.        | E. Clement French.              |
| Essex . . . . .               | Newark, N. J.          | Geo. O. Totten, Jr.             |
| Evanston . . . . .            | Evanston, Ill.         |                                 |
| Florida . . . . .             | Jacksonville, Fla.     | B. H. Barnett.                  |
| Fulton . . . . .              | Fulton, N. Y.          | F. D. Van Wagenen.              |
| Galt . . . . .                | Galt, Ont.             | J. E. Warnock.                  |
| Hamilton . . . . .            | Hamilton, Ont.         |                                 |
| Harrisburgh . . . . .         | Harrisburgh, Pa.       | W. G. Spicer.                   |
| Hartford . . . . .            | Hartford, Conn.        | Jno. D. Parker, 291 Main St.    |
| Harvard University . . . . .  | Cambridge, Mass.       | A. S. Webster.                  |
| Hawkeye . . . . .             | Dubuque, Ia.           | W. P. Couch.                    |
| Hub . . . . .                 | Boston, Mass.          | G. E. Dutton.                   |
| Ianthe . . . . .              | Newark, N. J.          | H. S. Farmer.                   |
| Ianthe . . . . .              | Arlington, N. J.       | C. V. Schuyler.                 |

CANOE CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                     | <i>City and State.</i>                       | <i>Address.</i>                       |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Irrawadi . . . . .               | Davenport, Ia. . . . .                       | Ed. S. Hammatt.                       |
| Jabberwock . . . . .             | Springfield, Ohio . . . . .                  | Geo. A. Warder.                       |
| Jackson . . . . .                | Jackson, Mich. . . . .                       | Andrew J. Gould.                      |
| Kenwood . . . . .                | Kenwood, Ill. . . . .                        |                                       |
| Knickerbocker . . . . .          | 152d St. & Hudson River, N. Y. City. . . . . | Ed. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green.        |
| Lake George . . . . .            | Lake George, N. Y. . . . .                   | Chas. F. Earle, Syracuse.             |
| Lake St. Louis . . . . .         | Lachine, P. Q. . . . .                       | Geo. Auldjo.                          |
| Lawrence . . . . .               | Lawrence, Mass. . . . .                      | John R. Robertson.                    |
| Lindsay . . . . .                | Lindsay, Ont. . . . .                        | Mr. Porteous.                         |
| Machimoodus . . . . .            | Modus, Conn. . . . .                         |                                       |
| Minnetonka . . . . .             | Minneapolis, Minn. . . . .                   | A. B. Taylor.                         |
| Miami . . . . .                  | Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .                   | Albert Erkenbrecher.                  |
| Mohawk . . . . .                 | Troy, N. Y. . . . .                          | O. Puyano.                            |
| Mohican . . . . .                | Albany, N. Y. . . . .                        | B. Fernow.                            |
| Muskata . . . . .                | Bergen Point, N. J. . . . .                  | J. A. Cone.                           |
| Mystic . . . . .                 | Winchester, Conn. . . . .                    |                                       |
| Mystic . . . . .                 | Winchester, Mass. . . . .                    |                                       |
| Newark . . . . .                 | Newark, Ohio . . . . .                       | W. A. Sprague.                        |
| New Bedford . . . . .            | New Bedford, Mass. . . . .                   | Geo. Rugg.                            |
| Newton . . . . .                 | Newton, Mass. . . . .                        | G. G. Brown.                          |
| New York . . . . .               | Tompkinsville, S. I., N. Y. . . . .          | C. J. Stevens, 7 Bowling Green, City. |
| Northampton . . . . .            | Northampton, Mass. . . . .                   | C. B. Swift.                          |
| Oakland . . . . .                | Oakland, Cal. . . . .                        | W. W. Blow.                           |
| Oshkosh . . . . .                | Oshkosh, Wis. . . . .                        | F. H. Gary.                           |
| Oswego . . . . .                 | Oswego, N. Y. . . . .                        | J. B. McMurrick.                      |
| Ottawa . . . . .                 | Ottawa, Ont. . . . .                         | F. H. Gisborne.                       |
| Papoos . . . . .                 | Chicago, Ill. . . . .                        | Wm. Sage.                             |
| Paterson . . . . .               | Paterson, N. J. . . . .                      | Chas. K. Berdan.                      |
| Pequot . . . . .                 | Southport, Conn. . . . .                     | F. P. Lewis, Box 14, New Haven, Conn. |
| Perth Amboy . . . . .            | Perth Amboy, N. J. . . . .                   |                                       |
| Peterborough . . . . .           | Peterborough, Ont. . . . .                   | T. D. Collin.                         |
| Philadelphia . . . . .           | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .                    | Thompson S. Westcott.                 |
| Pittsburg . . . . .              | Pittsburg, Pa. . . . .                       | Reade W. Baily.                       |
| Polliwog . . . . .               | Bethlehem, Pa. . . . .                       |                                       |
| Portland . . . . .               | Portland, Ore. . . . .                       |                                       |
| Potomac . . . . .                | Washington, D. C. . . . .                    | Pickering Dodge.                      |
| Potowonok . . . . .              | Fort Madison, Ia. . . . .                    | W. H. Atlee.                          |
| Quaker City . . . . .            | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .                    | A. A. Jackson, 138 N. Sixth St.       |
| Quinsigamond . . . . .           | Worcester, Mass. . . . .                     | J. M. Barker.                         |
| Rob Roy . . . . .                | Indianapolis, Ind. . . . .                   |                                       |
| Rochester . . . . .              | Rochester, N. Y. . . . .                     | Geo. H. Harris.                       |
| Rome . . . . .                   | Rome, N. Y. . . . .                          | J. S. Wardwell.                       |
| Rondout . . . . .                | Rondout, N. Y. . . . .                       | F. B. Hibbard.                        |
| Royal . . . . .                  | Halifax, N. S. . . . .                       | H. V. Kent.                           |
| Royal Military College . . . . . | Kingston, Ont. . . . .                       | Maj. F. S. Fairtlough.                |
| Ruchawak . . . . .               | Dayton, Ohio . . . . .                       |                                       |
| Rutherford . . . . .             | Rutherford, N. J. . . . .                    |                                       |
| Sagamore . . . . .               | Lynn, Mass. . . . .                          | Ernest Bellatty.                      |
| Sandusky . . . . .               | Sandusky, Ohio . . . . .                     | Miles Johnson, 212 Columbus Ave.      |
| Shattemuc . . . . .              | Sing Sing, N. Y. . . . .                     | J. H. Carpenter.                      |
| Sherbrook . . . . .              | Quebec, P. Q. . . . .                        | Gustavus Lucke.                       |
| South Boston . . . . .           | South Boston, Mass. . . . .                  | James Craddock.                       |
| Springfield . . . . .            | Springfield, Mass. . . . .                   | F. L. Safford.                        |
| Stillwater . . . . .             | Stillwater, Ohio . . . . .                   |                                       |
| St. Lawrence . . . . .           | Canton, N. Y. . . . .                        | Ledyard P. Hale.                      |
| Tippecanoe . . . . .             | Chicago, Ill. . . . .                        |                                       |
| Toledo . . . . .                 | Toledo, Ohio . . . . .                       |                                       |
| Toronto . . . . .                | Toronto, Ont. . . . .                        | W. G. McKendric.                      |
| Ubique . . . . .                 | Ubique, Ia. . . . .                          | W. M. Lowery.                         |
| Union . . . . .                  | Boston, Mass. . . . .                        |                                       |
| Vesper . . . . .                 | Lowell, Mass. . . . .                        | R. F. Hemminway.                      |
| Waltham . . . . .                | Waltham, Mass. . . . .                       |                                       |
| Warren . . . . .                 | Warren, Pa. . . . .                          | Willis Cowen.                         |
| Washington . . . . .             | Washington, D. C. . . . .                    | Henry H. Soule.                       |
| Watertown . . . . .              | Watertown, N. Y. . . . .                     | C. H. Remington.                      |
| Whitby . . . . .                 | Whitby, Ont. . . . .                         | G. E. E. Gibbard.                     |
| Whitehall . . . . .              | Whitehall, N. Y. . . . .                     | Wm. W. Cooke.                         |
| Winooski . . . . .               | Dixon, Ill. . . . .                          | L. J. Pollock.                        |
| Yonkers . . . . .                | Yonkers, N. Y. . . . .                       | L. Simpson.                           |
| Younondio . . . . .              | Rochester, N. Y. . . . .                     | A. G. Warren.                         |

CRICKET CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>     | <i>City and State.</i>       | <i>Address.</i> |
|------------------|------------------------------|-----------------|
| Albany . . . . . | Albany, N. Y. . . . .        | J. B. Marsh.    |
| Albion . . . . . | Highlandville, Mass. . . . . | J. Jessop.      |
| Albion . . . . . | Albion, Ill. . . . .         | Geo. Young.     |
| Ashton . . . . . | Ashton, R. I. . . . .        | T. Manly.       |
| Alma . . . . .   | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .      | Prospect Park.  |

## CRICKET CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                         | <i>City and State.</i>              | <i>Address.</i>               |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Baltimore . . . . .                  | Baltimore, Md. . . . .              | 261 N. Calvert St.            |
| Belmont . . . . .                    | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 56th St. and Springfield Ave. |
| Berkeley . . . . .                   | Berkeley, R. I. . . . .             | Alfred Coupe.                 |
| Boston . . . . .                     | Boston, Mass. . . . .               | Tennis Court—Buckingham St.   |
| Brockton . . . . .                   | Brockton, Mass. . . . .             | F. Smallwood.                 |
| Buffalo . . . . .                    | Buffalo, N. Y. . . . .              | A. G. Fortier.                |
| Chester City . . . . .               | Chester, Pa. . . . .                | Jas. A. Campbell.             |
| Chicago . . . . .                    | Chicago, Ill. . . . .               | 128 La Salle St.              |
| Delaware . . . . .                   | Wilmington, Del. . . . .            | 347 Market St.                |
| Fall River . . . . .                 | Fall River, Mass. . . . .           | W. Burgess.                   |
| Franklin . . . . .                   | Shelburne Falls, Mass. . . . .      | Geo. Hinde.                   |
| Germantown . . . . .                 | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 243 South Fourth St.          |
| Harvard University . . . . .         | Cambridge, Mass. . . . .            | 17 Kirkland St.               |
| Haverford College . . . . .          | Haverford College, Pa. . . . .      | H. W. Stokes.                 |
| International . . . . .              | Lowell, Mass. . . . .               | 148 Colburn St.               |
| International Tile . . . . .         | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .             | 92 Third St.                  |
| King's County . . . . .              | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .             | Prospect Park.                |
| Lawrence . . . . .                   | Lawrence, Mass. . . . .             | C. Wild.                      |
| Longwood . . . . .                   | Boston, Mass. . . . .               | 280 Dartmouth St.             |
| Manhattan . . . . .                  | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .             | Henry Martin.                 |
| Merion . . . . .                     | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 217 South Third St.           |
| Montreal . . . . .                   | Montreal, Can. . . . .              | C. W. Dean.                   |
| Mystic . . . . .                     | Medford, Mass. . . . .              | H. F. Perkins.                |
| Newport . . . . .                    | Newport, R. I. . . . .              | P. O. Box 313.                |
| New York . . . . .                   | New York, N. Y. . . . .             | 564 Broadway.                 |
| North End . . . . .                  | Fall River, Mass. . . . .           | Weetamore Mill.               |
| Oxford . . . . .                     | Frankford, Pa. . . . .              | 108 W. Orthodox St.           |
| Peninsular . . . . .                 | Detroit, Mich. . . . .              | 42 Woodbridge St. E.          |
| Philadelphia . . . . .               | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 120 South Sixth St.           |
| Pittsburg . . . . .                  | Pittsburg, Pa. . . . .              | 60 Fourth Ave.                |
| Portsmouth . . . . .                 | Portsmouth, N. H. . . . .           | P. O. Box 1271.               |
| Providence . . . . .                 | Olneyville, R. I. . . . .           | P. O. Box 444.                |
| Quaker City . . . . .                | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 5 South Front St.             |
| Quincy . . . . .                     | Quincy, Mass. . . . .               | P. O. Box 560.                |
| Riverside . . . . .                  | New York City . . . . .             | Central Park.                 |
| Roxbury . . . . .                    | Roxbury, Mass. . . . .              | 136 Mt. Vernon St.            |
| Staten Island . . . . .              | Livingston, S. I., N. Y. . . . .    | N. S. Walker, Jr.             |
| St. George's . . . . .               | Jersey City, N. J. . . . .          | Walter Trimble.               |
| St. John . . . . .                   | St. John, N. B. . . . .             | P. O. Box 557.                |
| St. Paul's School . . . . .          | Concord, N. H. . . . .              | F. G. Braithwaite.            |
| Thornton . . . . .                   | Thornton, R. I. . . . .             | J. W. Cooper.                 |
| University of Pennsylvania . . . . . | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 1426 Walnut St.               |
| Waltham . . . . .                    | Waltham, Mass. . . . .              | Watch Factory.                |
| Wanskuck . . . . .                   | Wanskuck, R. I. . . . .             | J. Stokes.                    |
| West Brighton . . . . .              | West Brighton, S. I., N. Y. . . . . | J. Hyde.                      |
| Young America . . . . .              | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .           | 206 South Fifth St.           |

## CURLING CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                | <i>City and State.</i>            | <i>Address.</i>    |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| Albany . . . . .            | Albany, N. Y. . . . .             | 3 Kirk Place.      |
| Ancaster . . . . .          | Carlisle, Can. . . . .            | J. A. Moffat.      |
| Ancaster Thistle . . . . .  | Ancaster, Ont. . . . .            | B. W. Donnelly.    |
| Argyle . . . . .            | P. Albert, N. W. T., Can. . . . . | T. E. Parker.      |
| Aylmer . . . . .            | Aylmer, N. W. T., Can. . . . .    | T. G. McIntyre.    |
| Ayr Union . . . . .         | Ayr, Ont. . . . .                 | J. S. Black.       |
| Barrie . . . . .            | Barrie, Ont. . . . .              | J. McL. Stevenson. |
| Belleville . . . . .        | Belleville, Ont. . . . .          | W. H. Biggar.      |
| Berlin . . . . .            | Berlin, Ont. . . . .              | G. M. Wedd.        |
| Bowmanville . . . . .       | Bowmanville, Ont. . . . .         | M. McTavish.       |
| Bradford . . . . .          | Bradford, Ont. . . . .            | H. S. Broughton.   |
| Brampton . . . . .          | Brampton, Ont. . . . .            | F. W. Main.        |
| Brantford . . . . .         | Brantford, Ont. . . . .           | R. A. Watt.        |
| Bright . . . . .            | Bright, Ont. . . . .              | Edw. Wilson.       |
| Brockville . . . . .        | Brockville, Ont. . . . .          | R. Junkin.         |
| Brussels . . . . .          | Brussels, Ont. . . . .            | F. S. Scott.       |
| Campbellford . . . . .      | Campbellford, Ont. . . . .        | G. G. Eakins.      |
| Chatham . . . . .           | Chatham, Ont. . . . .             | T. Wong.           |
| Churchill . . . . .         | Churchill, Ont. . . . .           | D. W. Lenox.       |
| Clarksburg Beaver . . . . . | Clarksburg, Ont. . . . .          | Chas. Pye.         |
| Cobourg Waverly . . . . .   | Cobourg, Ont. . . . .             | A. R. Hargraft.    |
| Collingwood . . . . .       | Collingwood, Ont. . . . .         | D. G. Cooper.      |
| Dundas . . . . .            | Dundas, Ont. . . . .              | Chas. Wilson.      |
| Elmvale . . . . .           | Elmvale, Ont. . . . .             | Jas. Paterson.     |
| Elora . . . . .             | Elora, Ont. . . . .               | J. K. McLean.      |
| Fergus . . . . .            | Fergus, Ont. . . . .              | T. J. Hamilton.    |
| Forest . . . . .            | Forest, Ont. . . . .              | W. D. Griggs.      |
| Galt . . . . .              | Galt, Ont. . . . .                | R. Veitch.         |
| Galt Granite . . . . .      | Galt, Ont. . . . .                | John Perry.        |

CURLING CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                  | <i>City and State.</i>  | <i>Address.</i>    |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|
| Georgetown                    | Georgetown, Ont.        | L. Grant.          |
| Goderich                      | Goderich, Ont.          | C. H. Humber.      |
| Governor-General's            | Ottawa, Ont.            | Rideau Hall.       |
| Guelph                        | Guelph, Ont.            | Geo. Murton.       |
| Hamilton Caledonian           | Hamilton, Ont.          | A. Rutherford.     |
| Hamilton Thistle              | Hamilton, Ont.          | G. H. Gillespie.   |
| Harriston Mutual              | Harriston, Ont.         | H. Laidlaw.        |
| Ingersoll                     | Ingersoll, Ont.         | J. W. Holmes.      |
| Keene                         | Keene, Ont.             | W. C. McCrae.      |
| Kincardine                    | Kincardine, Ont.        | J. H. Scott.       |
| Lakefield                     | Lakefield, Ont.         | T. Bird.           |
| Lindsay                       | Lindsay, Ont.           | F. H. Dobbin.      |
| Listowell                     | Listowel, Ont.          | Wm. J. Climic, Jr. |
| London                        | London, Ont.            | J. Puddicombe.     |
| Forest City                   | London, Ont.            | Lt.-Col. Dawson.   |
| Markham                       | Markham, Ont.           | W. H. Hall.        |
| Meaford                       | Meaford, Ont.           | J. S. Wilson.      |
| Midland                       | Midland, Ont.           | F. R. Weston.      |
| Milton                        | Milton, Ont.            | D. Dewar.          |
| Mt. Forest                    | Mt. Forest, Ont.        | F. McCulloch.      |
| Niagara                       | Niagara, Ont.           | Capt. Wilkinson.   |
| Ogdensburg Burns              | Ogdensburg, Ont.        | D. C. Griffith.    |
| Orillia                       | Orillia, Ont.           | A. B. Perry.       |
| Oshawa                        | Oshawa, Ont.            | J. F. Tamblyn.     |
| Ottawa                        | Ottawa, Ont.            |                    |
| Owen Sound                    | Owen Sound, Ont.        | Geo. Inglis.       |
| Paris                         | Paris, Ont.             | D. Brown.          |
| Peterboro'                    | Peterboro', Ont.        | C. McGill.         |
| Quebec                        | Quebec, P. Q.           |                    |
| Petrolea                      | Petrolea, Ont.          | E. A. Archer.      |
| Point Edward                  | Point Edward, Ont.      | Geo. Shaw.         |
| Port Hope                     | Port Hope, Ont.         | J. P. Clemes.      |
| Preston Speed                 | Preston, Ont.           | W. Wispel.         |
| Royal Caledonians of Scotland | Montreal, P. Q.         |                    |
| St. Catharines                | St. Catharines, Ont.    | H. D. King.        |
| St. Mary's                    | St. Mary's, Ont.        | J. M. Levan.       |
| St. Thomas                    | St. Thomas, Ont.        | J. McAdam.         |
| Sarnia                        | Sarnia, Can.            | Jas. F. McKenzie.  |
| Saskatchewan                  | P. Albert, N. W. T.     | T. J. Agnew.       |
| Scarboro'                     | Malvern, Ont.           | D. Brown.          |
| Scarboro' Heather             | Agincourt, Ont.         | Jno. C. Clark.     |
| Scarboro' Maple Leaf          | Ellesmere, Ont.         | Wm. Young, Jr.     |
| Seaforth                      | Seaforth, Ont.          | M. R. Counter.     |
| Shelburne                     | Shelburne, Ont.         | Robt. Murray       |
| Simcoe                        | Simcoe, Ont.            | J. C. Boyd.        |
| Stouffville                   | Stouffville, Ont.       | J. McLean.         |
| Thamesville                   | Thamesville, Ont.       | R. Ferguson.       |
| Thornbury                     | Thornbury, Ont.         | T. H. Dyre.        |
| Thorold Lorne                 | Thorold, Ont.           | Harry Halliday.    |
| Toronto                       | Toronto, Ont.           | David Walker.      |
| Toronto Caledonia             | Toronto, Ont.           | W. D. McIntosh.    |
| Toronto Granite               | Toronto, Ont.           | Jas. Hedley.       |
| Toronto Moss Park             | Toronto, Ont.           | Robt. Malcolm.     |
| Utica                         | Utica, N. Y.            | 45 Park Place.     |
| Walkerton                     | Walkerton, Ont.         | W. A. Green.       |
| Waterloo                      | Waterloo, Ont.          | F. Haight.         |
| West Flamboro'                | Bullock's Corners, Ont. | W. F. Morden, Jr.  |
| Whitby                        | Whitby, Ont.            | W. R. Howse.       |
| Warton                        | Warton, Ont.            | J. McCarthy.       |
| Wingham                       | Wingham, Ont.           | E. L. Dickenson.   |
| Woodbridge                    | Woodbridge, Ont.        | M. S. Buckholder.  |
| Wroxeter                      | Wroxeter, Ont.          | J. Cowan.          |

FOOT-BALL CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>             | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>             |
|--------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| American                 | Pittsburg, Pa.         | John Moorhead.              |
| Amherst                  | Amherst, Mass.         |                             |
| Andover                  | Andover, Mass.         |                             |
| Bishop's College         | Lenoxville, Ont.       |                             |
| Brooklyn Hill            | Brooklyn, L. I.        | 319 Carlton Ave.            |
| Buckville                | Buckville, Ont.        |                             |
| Cheshire Academy         | Cheshire, Conn.        |                             |
| College City of New York | New York               |                             |
| Collingwood              | Collingwood, Ont.      | W. R. Allin.                |
| Columbia College         | New York               |                             |
| Crescent                 | New York               | Wm. H. Ford, 55 Liberty St. |
| Dartmouth                | Hanover, N. H.         |                             |
| Eclipse                  | Meriden, Conn.         |                             |

## OUTING FOR FEBRUARY.

## FOOT-BALL CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                     | <i>City and State.</i>   | <i>Address.</i>      |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------|
| English                          | Pittsburg, Pa.           | O. D. Thompson.      |
| Exeter                           | Exeter, N. H.            |                      |
| Hamilton                         | Hamilton, Ont.           |                      |
| Hartford High School             | Hartford, Conn.          |                      |
| Harvard University               | Cambridge, Mass.         |                      |
| Hillhouse High School            | New Haven, Conn.         |                      |
| Hopkins' Grammar School          | New Haven, Conn.         |                      |
| Institute of Technology          | Boston, Mass.            |                      |
| Johns Hopkins'                   | Baltimore, Md.           |                      |
| Kingston                         | Kingston, Ont.           |                      |
| Lehigh University                | Bethlehem, Pa.           | F. S. Smith.         |
| London                           | London, Ont.             |                      |
| McGill University                | Montreal, P. Q.          |                      |
| Montreal                         | Montreal, P. Q.          | R. Stirling.         |
| Norwich Academy                  | Norwich, Conn.           |                      |
| Ontario Rugby Union              | Toronto, Ont.            | University College.  |
| Ottawa                           | Ottawa, Ont.             |                      |
| Ottawa College                   | Ottawa, Ont.             |                      |
| Peterboro'                       | Peterboro', Ont.         |                      |
| Port Hope                        | Port Hope, Ont.          |                      |
| Princeton University             | Princeton, N. J.         | F. R. Savage.        |
| Queen's University               | Kingston, Ont.           |                      |
| Riverside Foot-ball and Athletic | Riverside, New York City | F. R. Savage.        |
| Roxbury School                   | Roxbury, Mass.           |                      |
| Royal Military College           | Kingston, Ont.           |                      |
| Rutgers' College                 | New Brunswick, N. J.     |                      |
| Stevens' Institute               | Hoboken, N. J.           |                      |
| St. George                       | Quebec, P. Q.            |                      |
| Strathroy                        | Strathroy, Ont.          |                      |
| The American Foot-ball Union     | New York,                | 23 Dey St.           |
| Toronto                          | Toronto, Ont.            |                      |
| Toronto University               | Toronto, Ont.            | D. Ferguson.         |
| Trinity College                  | Toronto, Ont.            |                      |
| University of Michigan           | Ann Arbor, Mich.         |                      |
| University of Pennsylvania       | Philadelphia, Pa.        |                      |
| Upper Canada College             | Toronto, Ont.            |                      |
| Wanderers                        | Halifax, N. S.           |                      |
| Wesleyan College                 | Middletown, Conn.        |                      |
| Williams' College                | Williamstown, Mass.      |                      |
| Yale University                  | New Haven, Conn.         | Robt. Nelson Corwin. |

## HOMING PIGEON CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>    | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i> |
|-----------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| Baltimore       | Baltimore, Md.         | C. W. H. Burns. |
| Geo. V. Cresson | Philadelphia, Pa.      | H. Dienelt.     |
| Hudson          | New York City          |                 |
| Keystone        | Philadelphia, Pa.      | H. Dienelt.     |

## ICE-YACHTING CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>     | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>  |
|------------------|------------------------|------------------|
| Burlington       | Burlington, N. J.      |                  |
| Carthage         | Carthage, N. Y.        |                  |
| Hudson River     | Hyde Park, N. Y.       | E. P. Rogers.    |
| New Hamburg      | New Hamburg, N. Y.     | Irving Grinnell. |
| North Shrewsbury | Red Bank, N. J.        | Jas. B. Weaver.  |
| Orange           | Newburg, N. Y.         |                  |
| Poughkeepsie     | Poughkeepsie, N. Y.    | Thos. H. Ransom. |
| South Shrewsbury | Red Bank, N. J.        |                  |
| Toronto          | Toronto, Ont.          |                  |

## LACROSSE CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i> | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>  |
|--------------|------------------------|------------------|
| Acme         | Toronto Ont.           |                  |
| Albion       | Toronto, Ont.          | P. McMichael.    |
| Assiniboine  | Winnipeg, Man.         |                  |
| Athletic     | St. Catharines, Ont.   | H. O'Loughlin.   |
| Aultsville   | Aultsville, Ont.       | C. S. Ault.      |
| Badger       | Milwaukee, Wis.        | E. W. Gilman.    |
| Beaver       | Paris, Ont.            | C. W. Finlayson. |
| Beaver       | Woodstock, Ont.        | John A. McKay.   |
| Boston       | Boston, Mass.          | W. B. Ross.      |
| Brant        | Paris, Ont.            | E. B. Brownlow.  |
| Brantford    | Brantford, Ont.        | D. S. Hager.     |
| Brooklyn     | Brooklyn, N. Y.        | C. H. Roberts.   |
| Brockville   | Brockville, Ont.       | J. C. Smart.     |
| Buffalo      | Buffalo, N. Y.         | Geo. A. Burnett. |

LACROSSE CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                              | <i>City and State.</i>      | <i>Address.</i>   |
|-------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Calumet . . . . .                         | Chicago, Ill.               | Bert Crane.       |
| Cambridge . . . . .                       | Cambridge, Mass.            | E. N. Manning.    |
| Camden . . . . .                          | Camden, N. J.               | 6th and Penn Sta. |
| Cannington . . . . .                      | Cannington, Ont.            | E. A. Carswell.   |
| Capital . . . . .                         | Ottawa, Ont.                | R. Brewer.        |
| Cardinal . . . . .                        | Cardinal, Ont.              | J. C. Stoneman.   |
| Cornwall . . . . .                        | Cornwall, Ont.              |                   |
| Chatham . . . . .                         | Chatham, Ont.               |                   |
| Checker . . . . .                         | Beaverton, Ont.             | W. J. Curran.     |
| Chimo . . . . .                           | Minnedosa, Man.             | G. W. Beynon.     |
| Comet . . . . .                           | Brantford, Ont.             | W. H. McHaffie.   |
| Cornell University . . . . .              | Ithaca, N. Y.               | W. F. D. Crane.   |
| Detroit . . . . .                         | Detroit, Mich.              | W. Wall.          |
| Dorchester Lacrosse Association . . . . . | Boston, Mass.               | E. H. Allen.      |
| Dorchester . . . . .                      | Dorchester, Mass.           |                   |
| Dominion Bridge . . . . .                 | Lachine, P. Q.              | A. Gagne.         |
| Druid . . . . .                           | Baltimore, Md.              | Frank Frich, Jr.  |
| Dufferin . . . . .                        | Orangeville, Ont.           | H. Gillespie.     |
| Edmonton . . . . .                        | Edmonton, N. W. T.          | W. J. Jobbottson. |
| Elora . . . . .                           | Elora, Ont.                 | A. J. McDonald.   |
| Eureka . . . . .                          | St. Mary's, Ont.            | H. O. Wright.     |
| Excelsior . . . . .                       | Brampton, Ont.              | J. G. Roberts.    |
| Excelsior . . . . .                       | Lancaster, P. Q.            | A. D. Cameron.    |
| Galt . . . . .                            | Galt, Ont.                  |                   |
| Gananoque . . . . .                       | Gananoque, Ont.             |                   |
| Garry . . . . .                           | Winnipeg, Man.              | E. O. Hawksett    |
| Glengarian . . . . .                      | Alexandria, Ont.            | C. J. Stillwell.  |
| Grand Rapids . . . . .                    | Grand Rapids, Mich.         | P. F. Storrs.     |
| Hamilton . . . . .                        | Hamilton, Ont.              |                   |
| Harvard University . . . . .              | Cambridge, Mass.            | A. A. Gardner.    |
| Huntingdon . . . . .                      | Baltimore, Md.              |                   |
| Huntingdon . . . . .                      | Huntingdon, P. Q.           |                   |
| Independent . . . . .                     | Boston, Mass.               | T. P. Harkin.     |
| Independent . . . . .                     | Bowmanville, Ont.           |                   |
| Independent . . . . .                     | Toronto, Ont.               | J. Murphy.        |
| Independent . . . . .                     | Windsor, Ont.               | E. Hanrohan.      |
| Junior Bedford . . . . .                  | Brooklyn, N. Y.             | H. Hoon.          |
| Junior Brockville . . . . .               | Brockville, Ont.            | A. N. Shannon.    |
| Junior Druid . . . . .                    | Baltimore, Md.              | Frank Frich, Jr.  |
| Junior Cornwall . . . . .                 | Cornwall, Ont.              | W. Ross.          |
| Junior National . . . . .                 | Brooklyn, N. Y.             | J. D. Carpenter.  |
| Junior New York . . . . .                 | New York                    | L. M. Marson.     |
| Junior Ontario . . . . .                  | Toronto, Ont.               | F. W. Rose.       |
| Junior Polytechnic . . . . .              | Brooklyn, N. Y.             | L. Peroego.       |
| Junior Shamrock . . . . .                 | Montreal, P. Q.             | M. G. Noonan.     |
| Junior South Boston . . . . .             | South Boston, Mass.         |                   |
| Junior Ticonderoga . . . . .              | West Brighton, S. I., N. Y. | T. Braniff.       |
| Kingston . . . . .                        | Kingston, Ont.              | C. N. Greasa.     |
| La Canadienne . . . . .                   | Montreal, P. Q.             | W. Pillotte.      |
| Lachine . . . . .                         | Lachine, P. Q.              | J. A. Brisebois.  |
| Lacrosse . . . . .                        | Lacrosse, Wis.              |                   |
| Lawrenceville . . . . .                   | Lawrenceville, N. J.        | Geo. Acheson.     |
| Lehigh University . . . . .               | Lehigh, Pa.                 | A. K. Reese.      |
| London . . . . .                          | London, Ont.                |                   |
| Lorne . . . . .                           | Mount Forest, Ont.          | T. Sheppard.      |
| Louisville . . . . .                      | Louisville, Ky.             |                   |
| Maple Leaf . . . . .                      | Camden, N. J.               | T. Spear.         |
| Maple Leaf . . . . .                      | Kingston, Ont.              |                   |
| Maple Leaf . . . . .                      | Parkdale, Ont.              |                   |
| Metropolitan . . . . .                    | Ottawa, Ont.                |                   |
| Milwaukee . . . . .                       | Milwaukee, Wis.             | Wm. Young, Jr.    |
| Montreal . . . . .                        | Montreal, P. Q.             | N. J. Fraser.     |
| Montreal Junior . . . . .                 | Montreal, P. Q.             | E. C. Eaton.      |
| New York . . . . .                        | New York                    | T. M. Marson.     |
| N. Y. University . . . . .                | New York                    | Chas. H. Roberts. |
| Niagara Falls . . . . .                   | Niagara Falls, Ont.         |                   |
| Northampton . . . . .                     | Northampton, Mass.          | E. P. Feiker.     |
| Olympian . . . . .                        | Williamstown, Ont.          | Jas. Cattanaach.  |
| Ontario . . . . .                         | Toronto, Ont.               | E. H. Gerry.      |
| Orillia . . . . .                         | Orillia, Ont.               |                   |
| Ottawa . . . . .                          | Ottawa, Ont.                | H. Morrison.      |
| Ottawa College . . . . .                  | Ottawa, Ont.                | M. F. Fallon.     |
| Oxford . . . . .                          | Woodstock, Ont.             | A. H. Crooks.     |
| Patterson . . . . .                       | Patterson, Ont.             |                   |
| Pembroke . . . . .                        | Pembroke, Ont.              |                   |
| Peterboro' . . . . .                      | Peterboro', Ont.            |                   |
| Prescott . . . . .                        | Prescott, Ont.              | D. G. White.      |
| Princeton University . . . . .            | Princeton, N. J.            |                   |
| Renfrew . . . . .                         | Renfrew, Ont.               | E. McKay.         |
| Ripon . . . . .                           | Ripon, Wis.                 | E. J. Burnside.   |

## LACROSSE CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                    | <i>City and State.</i>  | <i>Address.</i>  |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|------------------|
| Rochester . . . . .             | Rochester, N. Y.        | J. J. Rafferty.  |
| Sedgwick Institute . . . . .    | Great Barrington, Mass. |                  |
| Shamrock . . . . .              | Montreal, P. Q.         | J. A. Cloran.    |
| Shamrock . . . . .              | Ottawa, Ont.            | Jas. White.      |
| Sherbrooke . . . . .            | Sherbrooke, P. Q.       | T. J. Griffith.  |
| Somerville . . . . .            | Somerville, Mass.       | Wm. A. Davis.    |
| South Boston . . . . .          | South Boston, Mass.     | T. H. Cooper.    |
| Star . . . . .                  | Bright, Ont.            | John Kerr.       |
| Stevens' Institute . . . . .    | Hoboken, N. J.          | W. C. Post.      |
| Stillwater . . . . .            | Stillwater, N. Y.       | W. B. Grosemer.  |
| St. Jean Baptiste . . . . .     | Lachine, P. Q.          | O. Larivee.      |
| St. Paul . . . . .              | St. Paul, Minn.         | R. Martin.       |
| Thistle . . . . .               | Fergus, Ont.            | D. J. Slater.    |
| Thistle . . . . .               | Quebec, P. Q.           |                  |
| Town and Country Club . . . . . | Irvington, N. Y.        | A. J. Manning.   |
| Uxbridge . . . . .              | Uxbridge, P. Q.         |                  |
| Victoria . . . . .              | Meaford, Ont.           | H. H. Thompson.  |
| Victoria . . . . .              | Valleyfield, P. Q.      |                  |
| Webster . . . . .               | Webster, Ont.           | L. Lemaire.      |
| Weymouth . . . . .              | Weymouth, Mass.         |                  |
| White Star . . . . .            | Quebec, P. Q.           | A. J. Messervey. |
| Wisconsin . . . . .             | Milwaukee, Wis.         | P. O. Box 35.    |
| Woodstock . . . . .             | Woodstock, Ont.         | John H. McKay.   |
| Yale University . . . . .       | New Haven, Conn.        |                  |
| Young Canadian . . . . .        | Richmond Hill, Ont.     | A. Coulter.      |
| Young Shamrock . . . . .        | Montreal, P. Q.         | T. J. Curran.    |
| Wunria . . . . .                | Wunria, Minn.           | J. D. Miller.    |

## LAWN TENNIS CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                | <i>City and State.</i>      | <i>Address.</i>                                  |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| Albany . . . . .            | Albany, N. Y.               | 50 Willett St.                                   |
| Belmont . . . . .           | Philadelphia, Pa.           | 219 Chestnut St.                                 |
| Bergen Point . . . . .      | Bergen Point, N. J.         | R. H. Russell.                                   |
| Buffalo . . . . .           | Buffalo, N. Y.              | John Otto, Jr.                                   |
| Cheyenne . . . . .          | Cheyenne, Wyo. Ter.         | J. T. Ployart.                                   |
| Country Club . . . . .      | Westchester, N. Y.          | William Kent, 59 Liberty St., N. Y. City.        |
| Danbury . . . . .           | Danbury, Conn.              | G. Whittlesey.                                   |
| Delaware . . . . .          | Wilmington, Del.            | 915 Market St.                                   |
| East Orange . . . . .       | Orange, N. J.               | Robert Slimmon, 59 Barclay St., N. Y. City.      |
| Elmwood . . . . .           | Providence, R. I.           | W. H. Wing, 10 South Water St.                   |
| Far-and-Near . . . . .      | Hastings, N. Y.             | Henry E. Coe, Potter Building, N. Y. City.       |
| Franklin . . . . .          | New York                    | H. G. Prount, 18 Chambers St., N. Y. City.       |
| Germantown . . . . .        | Philadelphia, Pa.           | 243 South Fourth St.                             |
| Hackensack . . . . .        | Hackensack, N. J.           | R. S. Jacobson.                                  |
| Harvard . . . . .           | Cambridge, Mass.            | D. K. Snow, 24 Little's Block.                   |
| Kenwood . . . . .           | Chicago, Ill.               | 78 Michigan Ave.                                 |
| Knickerbocker . . . . .     | St. Louis, Mo.              | Turner Building.                                 |
| Lehigh University . . . . . | Bethlehem, Pa.              | Kenneth Frazier.                                 |
| Longwood . . . . .          | Boston, Mass.               | 280 Dartmouth St.                                |
| Merion . . . . .            | Philadelphia, Pa.           | 217 South Third St.                              |
| Milwaukee . . . . .         | Milwaukee, Wis.             | Thos. R. Mercein.                                |
| Minneapolis . . . . .       | Minneapolis, Minn.          |                                                  |
| Montclair . . . . .         | Montclair, N. J.            | J. D. Freeman.                                   |
| Montreal . . . . .          | Montreal, P. Q.             |                                                  |
| Morristown . . . . .        | Morristown, N. J.           | Henry C. Pitney.                                 |
| Nahant . . . . .            | Nahant, Mass.               | G. B. Inches, 40 Beacon St., Boston.             |
| Newark . . . . .            | Newark, N. J.               | 117 Clinton Ave.                                 |
| New Haven . . . . .         | New Haven, Conn.            | 136 Farnham College.                             |
| Newport . . . . .           | Newport, R. I.              | W. Watts Sherman, 272 Madison Ave., N. Y.        |
| New York . . . . .          | Manhattanville, N. Y. City. | Chas. Brock.                                     |
| North Shore . . . . .       | New Brighton, S. I., N. Y.  | W. G. Wilcox.                                    |
| Orange . . . . .            | Orange, N. J.               | A. B. Starey, 331 Pearl St., N. Y.               |
| Philadelphia . . . . .      | Philadelphia, Pa.           | 120 South Sixth St.                              |
| Pioneer . . . . .           | New York City, N. Y.        | J. H. Johnson, 8 Fifth Ave., N. Y.               |
| Plainfield . . . . .        | Plainfield, N. J.           | Wm. D. Murray.                                   |
| Portland . . . . .          | Portland, Me.               | Arthur S. Gilson.                                |
| Powelson . . . . .          | Newburgh, N. Y.             | Gardiner van Nostrand.                           |
| Princeton . . . . .         | Princeton, N. J.            | T. N. McCarter.                                  |
| Providence . . . . .        | Providence, R. I.           | Wm. Gammell, Jr.                                 |
| Rochester . . . . .         | Rochester, N. Y.            | P. O. Box 204.                                   |
| Roseville . . . . .         | Roseville, N. J.            | C. Weston Bailey.                                |
| Scarlet Ribbon . . . . .    | Chicago, Ill.               | 2960 Groveland Ave.                              |
| Scarsdale . . . . .         | Scarsdale, N. Y.            | James Bleeker, Jr., 136 E. 49th St., N. Y. City. |
| Seabright . . . . .         | Seabright, N. J.            | Wm. Shippin, Jr.                                 |
| Short Hills . . . . .       | Short Hills, N. J.          | Devereux Toler.                                  |
| Staten Island . . . . .     | Livingston, S. I., N. Y.    | N. S. Walker, Jr.                                |
| St. George's . . . . .      | Hoboken, N. J.              | Walter Trimble, 61 Broadway, N. Y.               |
| St. Paul . . . . .          | St. Paul, Minn.             | Frank Skipwith.                                  |



LAWN TENNIS CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                | <i>City and State.</i>     | <i>Address.</i>   |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Trinity College . . . . .   | Hartford, Conn. . . . .    | 16 Seabury Hall.  |
| Washington . . . . .        | Washington, D. C. . . . .  | 1512 H St.        |
| Waterbury . . . . .         | Waterbury, Conn. . . . .   | John P. Kellogg.  |
| Westchester . . . . .       | Westchester, N. Y. . . . . | A. W. Harrington. |
| West End . . . . .          | Boston, Mass. . . . .      | 27 Newbury St.    |
| West End Tennis and Archery | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .    | J. Powell.        |
| Yale University . . . . .   | New Haven, Conn. . . . .   | C. H. Ludington.  |
| Young America . . . . .     | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .  | A. J. Dixon.      |

RACQUET CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>       | <i>City and State.</i>  | <i>Address.</i>       |
|--------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| Montreal . . . . . | Montreal, P. Q. . . . . | Racquet Court.        |
| New York . . . . . | New York City . . . . . | 26th St. and 6th Ave. |
| Quebec . . . . .   | Quebec, P. Q. . . . .   | Racquet Court.        |

RIDING CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>              | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>  |
|---------------------------|------------------------|------------------|
| The Riding Club . . . . . | New York . . . . .     | 11 East 58th St. |

ROD AND GUN CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                        | <i>City and State.</i>           | <i>Address.</i>         |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Alexandria . . . . .                | Alexandria, La. . . . .          | J. R. Thornton.         |
| Amateur Rifle . . . . .             | New York . . . . .               | W. Wheeler de Forest.   |
| Amesbury Rifle . . . . .            | Amesbury, Mass. . . . .          |                         |
| Amity Gun . . . . .                 | Sacramento, Cal. . . . .         | H. Kimbrough.           |
| Arlington Heights Rifle . . . . .   | Arlington Heights, Mass. . . . . | Clarence T. Parsons.    |
| Ashburnham Rifle . . . . .          | Ashburnham, Mass. . . . .        | F. H. Parker.           |
| Baldwinsville Rifle . . . . .       | Baldwinsville, N. Y. . . . .     | S. C. Suydam.           |
| Bellevue Rifle . . . . .            | Bellevue, Ohio . . . . .         | Albert Shipman.         |
| Berdan Rifle Corps . . . . .        | Milton, Mass. . . . .            | M. A. King.             |
| Bismarck Rifle and Gun . . . . .    | Bismarck, Dak. . . . .           | Harry Weatherby.        |
| Blue Island Gun . . . . .           | Blue Island, Ill. . . . .        | Charles Ingleheart.     |
| Boston Gun . . . . .                | Boston, Mass. . . . .            |                         |
| Boston Press Rifle Association      | Boston, Mass. . . . .            | Wm. H. Hathaway.        |
| Brattleboro Rifle . . . . .         | Brattleboro, Vt. . . . .         | Chas. L. Cobb.          |
| Bridgeport Rifle . . . . .          | Bridgeport, Conn. . . . .        | R. S. Bassett.          |
| Brooklyn Gun . . . . .              | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .          | Chas. H. Mason.         |
| Brookville Rifle . . . . .          | Brookville, Pa. . . . .          |                         |
| California Rifle Association        | San Francisco, Cal. . . . .      | Maj. Ed. G. Sproul.     |
| California Schuetzen . . . . .      | San Francisco, Cal. . . . .      | Wm. Hatje.              |
| Canton Rifle . . . . .              | Collinsville, Conn. . . . .      | S. J. Lyon.             |
| Canton Rifle . . . . .              | Canton, Pa. . . . .              | C. E. Bullock.          |
| Capital City Gun . . . . .          | Washington, D. C. . . . .        | J. E. Hosford.          |
| Capital City Gun . . . . .          | Springfield, Ill. . . . .        | Frank Hudson.           |
| Chautauqua Sportsmen's Association  | Jamestown, N. Y. . . . .         | A. F. Ward, M. D.       |
| Chicago Rifle . . . . .             | Chicago, Ill. . . . .            | 76 & 78 West Monroe St. |
| Cincinnati Rifle Association        | Cincinnati, Ohio. . . . .        | Daniel Brown.           |
| Cleveland Gun . . . . .             | Cleveland, Ohio. . . . .         |                         |
| Coal Creek Rifle . . . . .          | Coal Creek, Col. . . . .         | Wm. H. Welch.           |
| Cocheco Rifle and Gun . . . . .     | Dover, N. H. . . . .             | G. H. Wentworth.        |
| Coney Island . . . . .              | Coney Island, N. Y. . . . .      |                         |
| Covington Schuetzen Verein          | Covington, Ky. . . . .           |                         |
| Cuyahoga Rifle . . . . .            | Cleveland, Ohio. . . . .         | Union Depot.            |
| Denver Rifle . . . . .              | Denver, Col. . . . .             | P. O. Box 2855.         |
| Des Moines . . . . .                | Des Moines, Iowa . . . . .       |                         |
| East Saginaw Valley Shooting        | East Saginaw, Mich. . . . .      | C. C. Koeppen.          |
| East Tennessee Rifle Association    | Knoxville, Tenn. . . . .         | Chas. C. Hibbard.       |
| Elgin National Rifle . . . . .      | Elgin, Ill. . . . .              | H. A. Wyman.            |
| Empire Rifle . . . . .              | New York . . . . .               | C. F. Williams.         |
| Essex Rifle and Gun . . . . .       | Newark, N. J. . . . .            | 326 Bank St.            |
| Eureka Gun . . . . .                | Norristown, Pa. . . . .          | R. Sheets, Box 329.     |
| Fairmont Gun . . . . .              | Fairmont, Minn. . . . .          | C. A. Pearson.          |
| Fitchburg Rifle and Gun . . . . .   | Fitchburg, Mass. . . . .         | 14 Elm St.              |
| Forester Gun . . . . .              | Davenport, Iowa . . . . .        | J. W. Howard.           |
| Franklin Rifle . . . . .            | Hartford, Conn. . . . .          | Otto Klett.             |
| C. W. Freeman Gun . . . . .         | Chelsea, Mass. . . . .           | R. H. Hodgkins.         |
| Frelinghuysen Rifle . . . . .       | Br'dway & 22d St., N. Y. C'y     | A. C. Neumann.          |
| Gardner Rifle . . . . .             | West Gardner, Mass. . . . .      | P. O. Box 103.          |
| Germania Rifle . . . . .            | Boston, Mass. . . . .            | Carl H. Heintzmann.     |
| Thos. L. Gokcher Gun . . . . .      | Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .        |                         |
| Greenville Off-Hand Rifle . . . . . | Greenville, Ohio . . . . .       | Frank Culberson.        |

## ROD AND GUN CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>                        | <i>City and State.</i>  | <i>Address.</i>                    |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Hammondsport Rifle                  | Rheims, N. Y.           | A. E. Branenlich.                  |
| Hartwell Rifle                      | Hartwell, Ohio          | F. W. Stevenson.                   |
| Haverhill Rifle                     | Haverhill, Mass.        | J. P. M. Green.                    |
| Hepburn Rifle                       | Indianapolis, Ind.      |                                    |
| Hillside Rifle                      | Waltham, Mass.          | Wm. H. Stone.                      |
| Houlton Rifle                       | Houlton, Me.            | L. O. Ludwig.                      |
| Hudson Rod and Gun                  | Hudson, Wis.            | Jas. P. Balsom.                    |
| Irish Rifle                         | New Haven, Conn.        | P. O'Connor.                       |
| Kansas City                         | Kansas City, Mo.        | Geo. C. Sharp.                     |
| Kent County Sportsmen's Club        | Grand Rapids, Mich.     | N. Fred. Avery.                    |
| Lake View Rifle                     | Chicago, Ill.           | Peter C. Bradley.                  |
| Lawrence Rifle                      | Lawrence, Mass.         | Jas. E. Shepard.                   |
| Leominster Rifle                    | Leominster, Mass.       | Chas. A. Joslin.                   |
| Lockey Rifle                        | Leominster, Mass.       | Chas. A. Joslin.                   |
| Long Island Sportsmen's Association | Long Island, N. Y.      | Henry Thorpe, 98 Nassau St., City. |
| Los Angeles Rifle                   | Los Angeles, Cal.       |                                    |
| Malone Rifle                        | Malone, N. Y.           | Geo. H. Kellas.                    |
| Manchester Rifle                    | Manchester, N. H.       | E. J. Knowlton.                    |
| Massachusetts Rifle Association     | Boston, Mass.           | 40 Water St.                       |
| Maynard Rifle                       | Chicopee Falls, Mass.   | W. S. Page.                        |
| Merrimac Rifle                      | Merrimac, Mass.         | F. Judkins.                        |
| Minneapolis Gun Club                | Minneapolis, Minn.      |                                    |
| Minneapolis Rifle                   | Minneapolis, Minn.      | A. F. Elliott.                     |
| Money Creek Rifle                   | Money Creek, Minn.      | E. W. Berry.                       |
| Movan Rifle                         | Movantown, Kan.         | C. J. Norton.                      |
| National Rifle                      | New York.               | Jno. S. Shepherd.                  |
| National Rifle                      | Bellow's Falls, Vt.     | W. S. Brockway.                    |
| Newark Shooting Society             | Newark, N. J.           | 276 Hunterdon St.                  |
| New Bedford Shooting Association    | New Bedford, Mass.      | Geo. W. Parker.                    |
| New Haven Gun                       | New Haven, Conn.        | 164 Crown St.                      |
| New Richmond Gun                    | New Richmond, Ohio      | Eugene Eyl.                        |
| New York Rifle                      | New York                | Creedmoor, L. I.                   |
| Nimrod Gun                          | Newark, N. J.           | 46 Bloomfield Ave.                 |
| North End Rifle                     | Schoenec, Pa.           | Schoenec P. O.                     |
| Peekskill Rifle Club                | Peekskill, N. Y.        | O. J. Loder.                       |
| Prairie Gun                         | Clark's, Neb.           | Fred. G. Clark.                    |
| Price Hill Gun                      | Cincinnati, Ohio        |                                    |
| Roseville Rifle Association         | Newark, N. J.           | H. Leibe.                          |
| Saratoga Rifle Club                 | Saratoga Springs, N. Y. | Wm. H. Gibbs.                      |
| Savannah Rifle Association          | Savannah, Ga.           | Jno. M. Bryan.                     |
| South End Gun                       | Worcester, Mass.        |                                    |
| Southern Ulster Gun                 | Malden, N. Y.           |                                    |
| Sportsmen's Club                    | Pleasanton, Cal.        | Myran Whidden.                     |
| Springfield                         | Springfield, Mass.      | T. T. Cartwright.                  |
| Springfield Schuetzen Verein        | Springfield, Mass.      | T. C. Cartwright, 36 Oak St.       |
| Star                                | Ottawa, Ill.            | N. J. Graham.                      |
| Stoneham Sportsmen's Club           | Stoneham, Mass.         | H. B. Brett.                       |
| Tappan Zee Rifle Association        | Nyack, N. Y.            | Geo. Gates.                        |
| The Fish and Game Protection Club   | Quebec, P. Q.           | Jno. Nelson, Jr.                   |
| Third Division Rifle Association    | Albany, N. Y.           | Col. Wm. E. Fitch.                 |
| Toledo Schuetzen Verein             | Toledo, Ohio.           |                                    |
| Topeka Rifle                        | Topeka, Kan.            | F. H. Martin.                      |
| Wapello Rifle                       | Wapello, Iowa           | G. W. Hayden.                      |
| Warsaw Gun Association              | Warsaw, Ind.            | F. A. Place.                       |
| Washington Heights Gun              | New York                | J. R. Terhune, Station M.          |
| Waterbury Rifle Association         | Waterbury, Conn.        | E. T. Bland.                       |
| Wellington Gun                      | Wellington, Mass.       | 29 North Market St.                |
| West Philadelphia Rifle and Gun     | Philadelphia, Pa.       | J. L. Weatherly, 28 South 6th St.  |
| Wildfowlers' Gun                    | Hamilton, Ont.          | Jas. G. Davis, Jr.                 |
| Wilton Gun                          | Wilton, N. H.           | A. J. Smith.                       |
| Winona Sportsmen's                  | Winona, Minn.           | Chas. Anding.                      |
| Worcester Rifle                     | Worcester, Mass.        | P. O. Box 777.                     |

## SNOW-SHOE CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>         | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i> |
|----------------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| Alpha                | New Carlisle, P. Q.    |                 |
| Alpine               | Montreal, P. Q.        |                 |
| Amateurs de Raquette | Quebec, P. Q.          |                 |
| Argyle               | Montreal, P. Q.        | W. Cuthbert.    |
| Athletic             | Montreal, P. Q.        |                 |
| Aurora               | Quebec, P. Q.          |                 |
| Beauharnois          | Beauharnois, P. Q.     |                 |
| Bishop's College     | Lenoxville, P. Q.      |                 |
| Brockville           | Brockville, P. Q.      |                 |
| Custom House         | Montreal, P. Q.        |                 |
| Emerald              | Montreal, P. Q.        | W. J. Bartley.  |
| Frontenac            | Ottawa, Ont.           | E. E. Lemieux.  |

SNOW-SHOE CLUBS—CONTINUED.

| <i>Name.</i>              | <i>City and State.</i>                | <i>Address.</i>                        |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Jacques Cartier . . . . . | St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. . . . .          |                                        |
| Lachine . . . . .         | Lachine, P. Q. . . . .                |                                        |
| Levis . . . . .           | Levis, P. Q. . . . .                  |                                        |
| Le Canadien . . . . .     | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               | C. O. Lapierre.                        |
| Le Canadien . . . . .     | Quebec, P. Q. . . . .                 |                                        |
| Le Trappeur . . . . .     | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               | A. Noll.                               |
| Le Trappeur . . . . .     | St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. . . . .          |                                        |
| Maple Leaf . . . . .      | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               |                                        |
| Metropolitan . . . . .    | Ottawa, Ont. . . . .                  | Douglas Stewart.                       |
| Montreal . . . . .        | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               | R. Binmore.                            |
| Orangeville . . . . .     | Orangeville, Ont. . . . .             |                                        |
| Oritani . . . . .         | New York . . . . .                    | Wakeman Holberton, 18 Vesey St., City. |
| Prince of Wales . . . . . | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               |                                        |
| Red Cap . . . . .         | Halifax, N. S. . . . .                | Wm. Lithgow.                           |
| Rifle . . . . .           | Ottawa, Ont. . . . .                  |                                        |
| Saratoga . . . . .        | Saratoga, N. Y. . . . .               | J. Lester.                             |
| St. Charles . . . . .     | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               | E. Law.                                |
| St. George . . . . .      | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               | W. L. Mathews.                         |
| St. George . . . . .      | Port Arthur, Ont. . . . .             | C. W. Jarvis.                          |
| St. George . . . . .      | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .               | H. C. Shepard.                         |
| St. George . . . . .      | Winnipeg, Man. . . . .                | A. Holloway.                           |
| St. George . . . . .      | Brandon, Man. . . . .                 |                                        |
| St. George . . . . .      | Souris, Prince Edward Island. . . . . |                                        |
| St. Hyacinthe . . . . .   | St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. . . . .          |                                        |
| Sherbrooke . . . . .      | Sherbrooke, P. Q. . . . .             |                                        |
| Toronto . . . . .         | Toronto, Ont. . . . .                 | J. McLaren.                            |
| Tuque Bleue . . . . .     | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               |                                        |
| Tuque Rouge . . . . .     | Sherbrooke, P. Q. . . . .             |                                        |
| Vandolia . . . . .        | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               |                                        |
| Valleyfield . . . . .     | Valleyfield, P. Q. . . . .            |                                        |
| Victoria . . . . .        | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               |                                        |
| Victoria . . . . .        | Valleyfield, P. Q. . . . .            |                                        |
| Waverley . . . . .        | Quebec, P. Q. . . . .                 |                                        |
| Waserville . . . . .      | Waserville, P. Q. . . . .             |                                        |
| West Farnham . . . . .    | West Farnham, P. Q. . . . .           |                                        |
| Winnipeg . . . . .        | Winnipeg, Man. . . . .                | W. P. Fish.                            |
| Wolsley . . . . .         | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .               |                                        |

TOBOGGAN CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                       | <i>City and State.</i>          | <i>Address.</i>              |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Albany . . . . .                   | Albany, N. Y. . . . .           | Ridgefield Athletic Grounds. |
| Aneonta . . . . .                  | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .         |                              |
| Aurora . . . . .                   | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .         | O. D. Ward.                  |
| Brookline . . . . .                | Brookline, Mass. . . . .        | William R. Cabot.            |
| Brooklyn Bridge Coasting . . . . . | Brooklyn, L. I. . . . .         | 289 Washington Ave.          |
| Burlington Coasting . . . . .      | Burlington, Vt. . . . .         | P. O. Box 38.                |
| Country Club . . . . .             | Pelham, N. Y. . . . .           |                              |
| Crescent . . . . .                 | Rock Island, P. Q. . . . .      |                              |
| Englewood . . . . .                | Englewood, N. J. . . . .        |                              |
| Essex County . . . . .             | Orange, N. J. . . . .           | H. W. Tillinghast.           |
| Hamilton . . . . .                 | Hamilton, Can. . . . .          |                              |
| Haverhill . . . . .                | Haverhill, Mass. . . . .        | R. C. Chase.                 |
| Lansdowne . . . . .                | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .         | A. R. Grafton.               |
| Makwa . . . . .                    | Minneapolis Minn. . . . .       |                              |
| Minnehaha . . . . .                | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .         | H. D. Williams.              |
| Montreal . . . . .                 | Montreal, Ont. . . . .          | C. R. Christie.              |
| Netaska . . . . .                  | Stillwater, Minn. . . . .       |                              |
| Northwestern . . . . .             | Minneapolis, Minn. . . . .      |                              |
| Ottawa . . . . .                   | Ottawa, Ill. . . . .            | Thos. Richardson.            |
| Park . . . . .                     | Montreal, P. Q. . . . .         |                              |
| Pastime . . . . .                  | Toronto, Ont. . . . .           |                              |
| Pioneer Press . . . . .            | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .         | A. B. Driscoll.              |
| Plattsburgh . . . . .              | Plattsburgh, N. Y. . . . .      | W. H. Farrell.               |
| Rosedaie . . . . .                 | Toronto, Ont. . . . .           | A. E. Roe.                   |
| Royal Roule . . . . .              | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .         |                              |
| Saratoga . . . . .                 | Saratoga Springs, N. Y. . . . . | A. R. McNair.                |
| Sherbrooke . . . . .               | Sherbrooke, P. Q. . . . .       |                              |
| St. Lambert . . . . .              | St. Lambert, P. Q. . . . .      |                              |
| Tippecanoe . . . . .               | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .         | A. Droke.                    |
| Tuque Bleue . . . . .              | Toronto, Ont. . . . .           |                              |
| Utica . . . . .                    | Utica, N. Y. . . . .            |                              |
| Wa-ba-see . . . . .                | St. Paul, Minn. . . . .         |                              |
| Williams College . . . . .         | Williamstown, Mass. . . . .     | Irving Baldwin.              |
| Yamaska . . . . .                  | Abbotsford, Ont. . . . .        |                              |
| Zanglade . . . . .                 | Worcester, Mass. . . . .        |                              |

## YACHT CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                   | <i>City and State.</i>              | <i>Address.</i>                           |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Albany                         | Albany, N. Y.                       | P. O. Box 364.                            |
| American                       | Newburyport, Mass.                  | Wm. J. Cressay.                           |
| American                       | New York, N. Y.                     | 574 Fifth Ave.                            |
| Americus                       | New York, N. Y.                     | 80th St., E. R.                           |
| Atlantic                       | Bay Ridge, New York Harbor.         | Brooklyn, N. Y. Box 47.                   |
| Bar Harbor                     | Bar Harbor, Me.                     | Arthur Ryerson.                           |
| Bay of Quinte                  | Belleville, Ont.                    | F. S. Campbell.                           |
| Beverly                        | Boston, Mass.                       | P. O. Box 2013.                           |
| Bohemian                       | San Francisco, Cal.                 |                                           |
| Boston                         | Boston, Mass.                       | Thos. Dean.                               |
| Brooklyn                       | Locust Grove, Graves'd Bay,         | L. I. Wm. M. Morehouse.                   |
| Buffalo                        | Buffalo, N. Y.                      | 82 Pearl St.                              |
| Bunker Hill                    | Boston, Mass.                       | B. F. Underhill, Jr.                      |
| Cape Ann                       | Gloucester, Mass.                   | P. A. Dochert.                            |
| Carolina                       | Wilmington, N. C.                   | Pembroke Jones, Com.                      |
| Carolina                       | Charleston, S. C.                   | W. W. Shackelford, Jr.                    |
| Chesapeake Bay                 | Easton, Md.                         | J. G. Morris.                             |
| Chicago                        | Chicago, Ill.                       | 90 Dearborn St.                           |
| Cleveland Yachting Association | Cleveland, Ohio                     | J. George Downey, 88 Euclid Ave.          |
| Columbia                       | New York                            | Foot 86th St., N. R.                      |
| Corinthian                     | Marblehead, Mass.                   | Everett Paine.                            |
| Dorchester                     | Dorchester, Mass.                   | H. B. Callender.                          |
| Eastern                        | Marblehead Neck, Boston Bay, Mass.  | Edward Burgess, 22 Congress St.           |
| East River                     | Astoria, N. Y.                      | Henry T. Lewis.                           |
| Eclipse                        | Harlem, N. Y.                       | W. H. Houghton.                           |
| Florida                        | Jacksonville, Fla.                  | Samuel A. Swan.                           |
| Great Head                     | Winthrop, Mass.                     | L. K. Billing, Tewksbury St.              |
| Greenwich                      | Greenwich, N. Y.                    | Arthur Rendle.                            |
| Harlem                         | Oak Pt., E. 124th St., N. Y.        | City. W. J. Parker.                       |
| Haverhill                      | Haverhill, Mass.                    | 46 Phoenix Row.                           |
| Hudson River                   | New York, N. R., N. Y.              | Foot of West 74th St., N. R.              |
| Hull                           | Hull, Mass.                         | P. O. Box 52.                             |
| Isle of Hope                   | Savannah, Ga.                       | Bay St.                                   |
| Jeffries Club                  | Jeffries Pt., Boston Harbor, Mass.  | G. F. Edgett.                             |
| Jersey City                    | Jersey City, N. J.                  | C. C. Pierce.                             |
| Kingston                       | Kingston, Ont.                      | A. Strachan.                              |
| Knickerbocker                  | Port Morris, N. Y.                  | Alfred Varian.                            |
| Land and Water Club            | Cryder's Pt., nr. Whitestone, N. Y. | Frank Worth White.                        |
| Larchmont                      | Larchmont, N. Y.                    | Larchmont Manor.                          |
| Lynn                           | Lynn, Mass.                         | W. B. Newhall.                            |
| Manhattan                      | 80th St., E. R., N. Y. City,        | N. Y. James R. Thomas.                    |
| Michigan                       | Detroit, Mich.                      | Arthur F. Albersson.                      |
| Milwaukee                      | Milwaukee, Wis.                     | W. Wiborg.                                |
| Mobile                         | Mobile, Ala.                        | J. M. Hudson, P. O. Box 932.              |
| Narragansett                   | Providence, R. I.                   | Geo. Lewis Gower.                         |
| Neptune                        | Navesink Highlands, N. J.           | Geo. B. Deane, Jr.                        |
| Newark                         | Newark, N. J.                       | Chas. H. Mayhew.                          |
| New Bedford                    | New Bedford, Mass.                  | Jno. A. Barrows.                          |
| New Haven                      | New Haven, Conn.                    | P. O. Box 1266.                           |
| New Jersey                     | Hoboken, N. J.                      | 235 Garden St.                            |
| New Rochelle                   | New Rochelle, N. Y.                 | P. O. Box 243.                            |
| New York                       | New York Harbor, N. Y.              | John S. Dickerson, 67 Madison Ave., City. |
| Oconomowoc                     | Oconomowoc Lake, Wis.               |                                           |
| Oswego                         | Oswego, N. Y.                       | A. W. Radcliffe.                          |
| Pacific                        | Old Saucelito, San Francisco        | Bay, Cal. W. R. Melville.                 |
| Pelham                         | Barton-on-the-Sound, N. Y.          | F. H. Ballard.                            |
| Pentucket                      | Bradford, Mass.                     | John Goodell.                             |
| Phoenix                        | Chicago, Ill.                       | J. J. Wilson.                             |
| Portland                       | Portland, Me.                       | Geo. Doane Rand.                          |
| Quaker City                    | Camden, N. J.                       | W. S. Hoffmann.                           |
| Quincy                         | Quincy, Mass.                       | H. M. Faxon.                              |
| Raritan                        | Perth Amboy, N. J.                  | Oliver W. Ramsay.                         |
| Royal Bermuda                  | Hamilton, Bermuda                   | Reginald Gray.                            |
| Royal Canadian                 | Toronto, Ont.                       | H. J. Grassett.                           |
| Royal Nova Scotia              | Halifax, N. S.                      | P. O. Box 520.                            |
| Salem Bay                      | Salem, Mass.                        | 226 Essex St.                             |
| Sandy Bay                      | Rockport, Mass.                     | G. T. Morgeson.                           |
| San Francisco                  | San Francisco, Cal.                 | Charles Yale.                             |
| Savannah                       | Thunderbolt, Savannah, Ga.          | P. O. Box 106.                            |
| Seawanhaka-Corinthian          | Tomkinsville, S. I., N. Y.          | Leon F. D'Oremieulx.                      |
| South Boston                   | South Boston, Mass.                 | J. C. Merry.                              |
| St. Augustine                  | St. Augustine, Fla.                 | R. F. Armstrong.                          |
| The Longueuil                  | Montreal, P. Q.                     |                                           |
| The Southern                   | Lake Ponchartrain, La.              | H. P. Hopkins.                            |
| Toledo                         | Toledo, Ohio                        | F. B. Fry.                                |
| Toronto                        | Toronto, Ont.                       |                                           |
| Williamsburgh                  | Greenpoint, L. I., N. Y.            | P. O. Box 3.                              |
| Yale                           | New Haven, Conn.                    | Geo. E. Haven, Jr.                        |
| Yonkers                        | Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.            | P. O. Box 720.                            |



### WINTER SPORT.

FEW, if any, open-air sports have had such a rapid development as tobogganing, here and in Canada. The Montreal Toboggan Club, organized in the winter of 1880-1, was the pioneer club of the sport, though crust tobogganing antedates this some years. The Tuque Bleue, Park, and Lansdowne clubs, of Montreal, followed in the season of 1882-3. This same winter the Hamilton, Ontario, club was organized. Since then the amusement has developed throughout Canada, especially about Montreal.

In the United States the Saratoga Toboggan Club, with its date of November, 1884, was the first in the field. Last winter the slides erected at St. Paul, Minn.; Albany, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; Orange, N. J., and at several other, minor places, fairly inaugurated the sport in this country, and served to bring tobogganing into public notice, and make known the meaning of the word "toboggan," hitherto found neither in dictionary nor encyclopædia.

The present season already reveals the increasing popularity of the pastime in the numerous new slides constructed in the northern and western States. Several of these slides are for the use of the general public. This last step will tend much toward perpetuating and popularizing the sport.

The Saratoga club has set a good example in publishing its rules pertaining to the use of the slide. As they embody the experiences of the oldest American club as to the safe use of a slide, and that a swift one, it may perhaps serve as a valuable guide to new organizations to give a few of the important ones:

A toboggan must not be made of metal; it must not be wider than twenty-two inches, and not over eight feet in length; the bottom board cannot be thicker than half an inch; it can have no runners, except two or three, of wood or metal; if of wood, strips cannot be over two inches nor less than one inch wide, and not more than half an inch thick; if of iron or steel, the strips must be *one inch wide by three-sixteenths of an inch thick, edges rounded, securely fastened, the iron or steel of the best quality*. Steel-shod toboggans allowed only when complying strictly with the limits as given.

No bells allowed on toboggans except inside the hood—riveted there.

No toboggan having the slats or bottom boards fastened by screws entered from the bottom allowed on the slide.

Three persons only to ride on one toboggan at a time—this includes the steerer.

No riding *head first* allowed except when steering.

It has been commented upon that runner-shod toboggans are not, strictly speaking, toboggans, but a type of a sled. Practically, this cannot be denied; but, on the other hand, many of the Indian toboggans, and so termed, both in the Hudson Bay region and in Eastern Canada, are made with broad runners fashioned from a spruce or hickory tree, and the bottom of the toboggan is some six or seven inches above these runners. This would seem to bring the runner-shod toboggan within the category.

The secret of the popularity of tobogganing. It must be, that the coasting characteristics of all children are not outgrown, but only dormant, by necessity, in adults. And this scientific sliding down hill, as tobogganing has been termed, permits these traits to crop forth again and be indulged without loss of dignity. However, from whatever source sprung, the favor is merited.

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### CAMP COOKING.

A correspondent, whose modesty will not permit the publication of his name, writes us as follows from Fort Maginnis, Montana, under date of December 19, 1886:

DEAR "OUTING."—Can't you give us some papers on camp cookery? But please bar the formula, "to a pint of sweet milk add three eggs," etc. Also, the man whose lazy wife tells him that he is a cook, and the minister whose uncle is a farmer and pitches a tripod for the kettle, and when the tripod burns off, isn't near enough to hear the remarks made. As the man was blessed who invented sleep, what was the name of the wretch who first made sodden biscuit—in other words, how do you make "corn pone?" What is a good lunch for three men who come in at 3 p.m., just expiring with hunger, when the last of the canned goods was eaten day before yesterday? Who makes a sleeping bag that isn't an artesian well on a rainy night? Who can pitch a tent and say, when the wind blows a 40-mile gait at 1 a.m.,

"Let her howl, our stakes are set!" Suppose there is a hunting dog in the party that won't hunt, that breaks, that is gun-shy, that sulks, how would you keep him out of the cooked provisions?—Suppose he cost an even hundred dollars, how would you? When you have eaten fried fish until you can't pull your undershirt off, how would you cook them for a change? Who makes a camp cook-stove that could be used in a tent, that can be used with fuel other than anthracite coal or gas, and that costs less than \$12.00 and weighs less than 40 lbs.? Who can build a fireplace in a hunting lodge that won't smoke out the inhabitants?

This is not for publication, but I wish you would make a few cautious inquiries, and publish the result for the benefit of all.

### FISHING.

WE have taken occasion to remark before and we repeat it now, though we seem to hear in advance faint tinklings from the festive chestnut, Florida is the paradise of anglers. "Ring out wild bells!" We give some extracts from a letter from Mr. Ralph M. Munroe, who has spent many winters at Cocoanut Grove, and is an authority on Florida fishes. "My experience in fishing in these waters has been mostly with the trolling and hand line. The ordinary tin bluefish squid catches nearly everything, from fifty pounds' amber jacks to one pound mackerel. Kingfish are here from November till May in immense quantities, weighing from fifty pounds downward. Two of us trolling with one line apiece, caught in two hours, 132 of these fish, weighing 1,600 pounds. . . . I do not see why they cannot be utilized; when properly salted and smoked, they are fully equal to any cured fish in the market. . . . Sometimes the upper part of the bay is alive with tarpon, but they migrate so suddenly that they are not to be depended on."

The amber jack mentioned in Mr. Munroe's letter, is the *Seriola Carolinensis*, sometimes called the amber fish or jack fish. The kingfish is the *Scomberomorus caballa*, differing entirely from the kingfish or barb, of the North, which rarely exceeds two pounds in weight, and in the South is called a "whiting."

THE records made by Mr. W. H. Wood and Capt. Wm. A. Dunning, last year, on the largest of all our game fishes, the tarpon, sometimes called the "silver king," will probably incite many to follow in their footsteps. Mr. Wood caught six tarpon, one measuring six feet five inches and weighing 140 pounds, probably the largest fish ever caught on rod and reel. Captain Dunning's record exceeds Mr. Wood's in number though not in size. We think, however, that our Northern anglers, when they read this under fierce wintry blasts, will admit that fishing under semi-tropical skies and catching eight tarpon ranging from 85 to 125 pounds, is royal sport indeed. These are the whales, but Southern waters are peculiarly rich in varieties of fishes which take the fly. We recommend every one who goes South to take an equipment of fly rods and tackle, as it will amply repay

him in the sport that he can have with minor fishes. The writer has taken on one river in Florida twelve different kinds of fish, on the fly alone, and this in a river where sheephead and other bait fishes were more plentiful than sunfish in a New England mill-pond.

### THOMAS STEVENS.

WHILE our correspondent was at the daily risk of his life plodding on with his wheel through the heart of China, certain newspapers, and, we say it with shame, certain papers devoted to cycling, chose to hint that the trip of Thomas Stevens was not genuine. He reached San Francisco after a nearly three years' absence, on January 7, 1887. Perhaps our kindly contemporaries will now inform us that this is some counterfeit Thomas Stevens, and not our correspondent.

### A CANOE PRIZE.

A PRIZE, representing a money value of \$25, will be given on December 24, 1887, to the canoeist who shall, before December 1, hand in the best account of a *bona fide* cruise made during the year in Canadian or American waters. The MSS. should not exceed six pages of the magazine, and should contain valuable information relative to distances, state of navigation, means of subsistence, and everything in short that can be of value to a brother canoeist seeking to follow his lead.

The commodore of the New York Canoe Club will appoint the judge, and MSS. intended for competition should be addressed *OUTING Prize Competition, care Chas. J. Stevens, Secretary New York Canoe Club, 7 Bowling Green, New York City*. The author's real name should be enclosed in a separate envelope, not to be opened until the winner is declared. The winning MSS. shall be the property of OUTING.

### IZAAK WALTON.

OUTING will forward to Mr. R. B. Marston, who represents the English committee, any money intended as a subscription to the Izaak Walton Monument about to be placed in a niche of the new grand screen of Winchester Cathedral. So far we have \$10 to acknowledge, and are wondering why our anglers do not take more practical interest in the good work.

### OUTING AND THE POST-OFFICE.

WE have heard many complaints of late regarding the failure of OUTING to reach the parties addressed, although the magazine was properly delivered to the Post-office authorities in New York. An Australian subscriber, writing from Sydney, says: "Possibly OUTING has miscarried, for only this month a bag of papers from London intended for India and Ceylon was brought to Sydney, instead of the proper one, which no doubt has gone to India. But OUTING is not the only American paper that I have lost in the same way, for two or three other papers also have not yet reached me."

Can the Postmaster-General assist us in a matter of this kind?



FRENCH wheelmen have, in the "Almanach Illustré de la Vélocipédie, 1887," published by that enterprising paper, the *Revue du Sport Vélocipédique*, an amusing collection of cycling literature. The best illustrations are the three appropriated from OUTING, for which no credit is given. OUTING, however, is never so happy as when advancing the interests of healthy outdoor sport; and though it would have been agreeable to us had this particular publication stated to its readers to whom they were indebted for the three pictures of Thomas Stevens they published, still we can but pardon the oversight, in view of the pleasure which we are sure these cuts have given. The *Wassersport*, of Berlin, could furnish the text for a similar sermon.

*Ahoi* is the leading periodical of Germany devoted to marine pastimes. It has hitherto been published monthly; but beginning with January, it is weekly, and enlarges its field so as to include rowing, canoeing, swimming, and skating. Every American yacht club should subscribe to it immediately. Address: A. Braun & Co., publishers, Zimmerstrasse 40, Berlin, S. W., Germany.

John Addison Porter graduated at Yale in 1878, covered with the honors which his fluent pen had earned. His contributions to the *Yale Courant* established his reputation as a writer of uncommon promise, and the stamp set upon his work by that arbiter of academic taste, has been recognized and gladly acknowledged by those who have followed his work. His last contribution to literature is entitled "Sketches of Yale Life," published by Arlington Publishing Co., Washington, D. C. It should cheer the moods of Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia.

"Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States," edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton, has reached its fifth volume, the most interesting of all, for it deals with those we know personally. Miss Gilder, the accomplished editor of the *Critic*, treats in this volume of her friend Mme. Modjeska, whom we cannot but think the greatest living actress. Mary Anderson, Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Lester Wallack, and a dozen more great names of to-day, make up the book. The five handy volumes of this work are essential to every club book-shelf. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

The canoeist who has not read "Canoeing in Kanuckia," by Chas. Ledyard Norton and John Habberton, has foregone a rare treat. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and costs 50 cents, in the paper-bound "Travelers' Series."

"Liste des Yachts Français, Belges, Espagnols, Italiens, Portugais, etc." Published at the office of *Le Yacht*, 50 Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris. This little work is in its fifth year, and does for France what "Lloyd's Register" does for England. We cannot too highly praise it.

The United States Mutual Accident Association publish a periodical resembling *Life* in size, and containing illustrations and reading matter of the most entertaining kind. The whole edition, we understand, is presented to the public—a most imperial gift, it must be admitted.

Oscar Fay Adams has done a service to the lovers of poetry, in editing a series of little volumes for D. Lothrop & Company, of Boston, called "Through the Year with the Poets," of which the last volume, November, is before us. The little volume is particularly valuable by reason of a complete index, giving the names of the authors and the first lines, besides biographical notices, and the whereabouts of their other works.

"Faed," the Nestor of British Cycling Literature, has written a pamphlet called "Two Trips to the Emerald Isle," illustrated by George Moore, and published in London by Iliffe & Son, 98 Fleet Street. The names of publisher, artist and author are dear to wheelmen, and many an American, looking to a trip abroad, will buy it with pleasure.

Lieutenant Lemly, U. S. A., has done a service to athletes of Spanish speech, by publishing in their language a treatise on gymnastics, entitled "Ejercicios Gimnásticos." The author is best known by his contributions to our knowledge of the South American republics, having held high official posts in South America for many years.

"Peter Penniless, Gamekeeper and Gentleman," is the title of a book suitable to give a boy as a birthday present. It deals with the gamekeeper's life, the habits of beast and birds, and the sport connected with their destruction—the whole fully illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., of London, are the publishers.





THERE are in the State of Colorado about 5,063 miles of water that is adapted to trout, nearly all of which either has trout in it now, or has had until recently. This water is distributed as follows:

|                                  |             |
|----------------------------------|-------------|
| Platte and tributaries . . . . . | 888 miles   |
| North Park . . . . .             | 257 miles   |
| Green and tributaries . . . . .  | 456 miles   |
| Grand and tributaries . . . . .  | 1,056 miles |
| San Juan . . . . .               | 444 miles   |
| Rio Grande . . . . .             | 624 miles   |
| Arkansas . . . . .               | 744 miles   |

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MANY of us are thinking of Florida about this time. Don't go by rail, is our advice. The way is dusty, the food along the road is vile, and the expense is stiff. The best means of reaching St. Augustine, Jacksonville or Tampa is to take steamer from Boston or New York to Savannah, a matter of fifty-five hours, connecting there by rail. The line of steamers that run on this route are really first-class, the table is excellent, and the employes of the company attentive, civil, and do all in their power to make passengers comfortable during the trip. Canoeists and sportsmen will find the company very obliging in the matter of providing careful transport for their boats.

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EDITOR OUTING,—Upon page 265 of OUTING for December, I note the distressingly funny recipe for cooking carp. I am not certain whether your readers generally care anything about carp, but if they do, I desire to inform them that the improved American food carp, properly raised, is, with the exception of the salmon family, the peer of any other fish in table qualities. Those who have tested them with a contrary result, have either tested impure types of the fish or else have eaten them out of season (quite likely both), or they may have been taken direct from a filthy pond, allowed to smother and die a lingering death, and then cooked and eaten in that condition. There are 35,000 to 40,000 persons now engaged in carp culture in this country, and it is not probable that one in a hundred are well posted in regard to their proper cultivation; consequently erroneous ideas prevail and gain credence. I repeat, next to the salmon family, the improved food carp is the best fresh water table fish known, when properly treated.

Very truly yours,

MILTON P. PEIRCE,  
Editor *Journal of Fish Culture*, etc.,  
Philadelphia, Penn.

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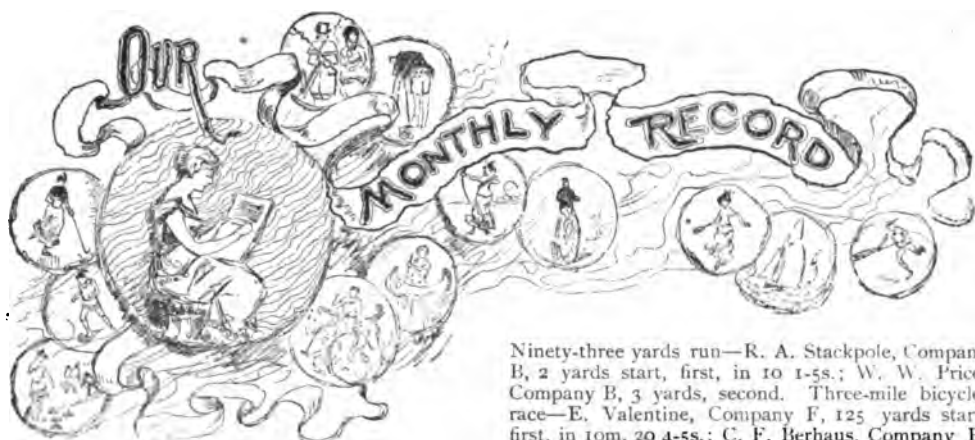
A TRIP of uncommon variety and pleasure could be made by putting yourself, bicycle and canoe on a steamer sailing from New York to Barbadoes or Demerara, and making, if possible, the round trip of the West Indies. You need not be more than six weeks on the journey, nor spend more than \$200. As a wheelman, you would find at every stop of the steamer, delightful roads, picturesque scenery and superb climate. If you are not so fortunate as to ride a wheel, drop your canoe over the side as the steamer slows up, and explore the shores during the time that she is unloading and taking in cargo. If you find the place particularly pleasant, put your trunk ashore and wait for the next steamer. The reason that we hear so little of travel in this neighborhood is that we imagine that some degree of discomfort or hardship is to be encountered. Let me tell all such that their fears are groundless. They will find more comfort on the steamers and on shore than they could get on any trip in this country; and their whole journey will probably offer fewer disagreeable features than the ordinary run to Florida in a Pullman car.

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FALL RIVER LINE steamers to Boston have discontinued Sunday trips for the winter months, but run week days, as usual. The musical feature, peculiar to this line, is continued. Instrumental concerts are given on board the steamers every afternoon and evening.

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WHEN Central Park is overcrowded a place that generally affords good skating is Little Ferry, seven miles from New York, by either the New York, Susquehanna and Western R.R., from foot of Cortland street, or New York, West Shore and Buffalo R.R., from foot Forty-second street. The ice is immediately adjoining the station. An advantage of this place is that a business man can leave his office in time for the 3.30 P.M. train for down town and return by the Forty-second street ferry in time for a six o'clock dinner, if necessary. The skating editor of OUTING has had many a good spin in this way.



THIS department of OUTING is specially devoted to brief paragraphs of the doings of members of organized clubs, engaged in the reputable sports of the period; and also to the recording of the occurrence of the most prominent sporting events of each month of the current season. On the ball fields it will embrace *Cricket, Base-Ball, Lacrosse, Foot-Ball* and *Lawn Tennis*. On the bays and rivers, *Yachting, Rowing* and *Canoeing*. In the woods and streams, *Hunting, Shooting* and *Fishing*. On the lawns, *Archery, Lawn Tennis* and *Croquet*. Together with *Ice Boating, Skating, Tobogganing, Snow-Shoeing, Coasting*, and winter sports generally; as also the in-door games of *Billiards, Chess, Whist, Draughts*, etc.

Secretaries of clubs will oblige by sending in the names of their presidents and secretaries, with the address of the latter, together with the general result of their most noteworthy contests of the month, addressed, "Editor of OUTING," 140 Nassau street, New York.

RECORD CLOSED JANUARY 1.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All communications intended for the Editorial Department should be addressed to "The Editor," and not to any person by name. Advertisements, orders, etc., should be kept distinct, and addressed to the publisher. Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents will not receive attention.*

## ATHLETICS.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT N. G. S. N. Y., held their annual handicap games in the Armory, on Saturday, December 4. The following is the programme of events with winners:

Quarter-mile run—C. Custer, Company I, 20 yards start, first, in 56 1-5s.; F. H. Craig, Company H, second. One-mile bicycle race—E. Valentine, Company F, 40 yards start, first, in 3m. 9 2-5s.; A. B. Rich, Company A, scratch, second. Seventy-five yards run—F. G. Roumage, Company B, first, in 8 3-5s.; J. I. Smith, Company I, second. Sack-race, fifty yards—R. A. Stackpole, Company B, first; F. D. Ludlow, Company B, second. One-furlong run—H. C. Lima, Company D, 6 yards start, first, in 27 1-5s.; L. E. Vanier, Company A, second. Potato-race, ten potatoes, two yards apart—A. F. Stone, Company A, first, in 54s.; F. D. Ludlow, Company B, second. One-thousand-yards run—F. Vores, Company E, 23 yards start, first, in 2m. 35s.; E. A. Ware, Company B, second. Half-mile walk—G. C. Whaley, Company E, first, in 4m. 35s.; J. Weatherspoon, Company A, second.

Ninety-three yards run—R. A. Stackpole, Company B, 2 yards start, first, in 10 1-5s.; W. W. Price, Company B, 3 yards, second. Three-mile bicycle-race—E. Valentine, Company F, 125 yards start, first, in 10m. 20 4-5s.; C. F. Berhaus, Company B, 200 yards, second. Putting the shot—C. A. J. Queckberner, Company A, scratch, first, 40 feet 3 inches; R. H. Goffe, Jr., Company C, allowed 5 feet 10 inches, second, 33 feet 8 inches, actual distance cleared. Wheelbarrow-race—F. H. Crary, Company H, 6s. start, first, in 51 3-5s.; F. O'Byrne, Company A, 5s., second. One-mile run—H. W. Janssen, Company A, scratch, first, in 5m. 16 1-5s.; O. Montgomery, Company I, 55 yards, second. Hurdle-race, 220 yards—C. F. Bostwick, Company B, scratch, first, in 32s.; R. A. Stackpole, Company B, second. Three legged race—F. S. Roumage and F. G. Roumage, Company B, scratch, and A. F. Stone and C. G. Watts, Company A, 4 yards start, run a dead heat in 25 1-5s. Half-mile run—S. H. Rich, Company A, first, in 2m. 21 1-5s.; W. H. Van Kleeck, Company H, second. Roller-skating race, 880 yards—C. G. Watts, Company A, scratch, first, in 1m. 59 1-5s.; G. W. Romaine, Company I, 20 yards start, second. Obstacle-race—R. A. Stackpole, Company B, first, in 1m. 50s.; C. Montrose, Company A, second. Tug-of-war, College teams—First pull: Columbia beat College of the City of New York, by five inches. Second and final pull—Harvard, E. A. Pease, F. Remington, Percy Chase and J. H. B. Easton (anchor) beat Columbia, E. Hopke, C. Pier, E. Harris and H. P. Bellinger, by six feet four inches.

THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB held their annual meeting at 524 Fifth avenue, December 13, the following ticket being elected for 1887: President, Geo. W. Carr; first vice, C. F. Trotter; second, W. J. Swan; third, G. A. Avery; secretary, C. C. Hughes; treasurer, Walton Storm; captain, S. J. Cornell; first lieutenant, G. M. L. Sacks; second, G. F. Knubel; trustees—J. Magee, L. A. Stuart, J. Byrne, Col. J. W. Britt and R. J. Schaeffer.

THE PACIFIC COAST AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION held their second annual meeting Thanksgiving Day on the old Olympic grounds, Oakland. The first event was a three-mile walk. It was won by H. Coffin, with S. C. Hunter a very close second. Time, 27m. 1 3-5s. The 100-yard race was won by J. W. Flynn. Time, 10 2-5s.; W. J. Kenealy second. The running high jump was won by F. Becker; he cleared 5 feet 2 inches; M. Iohede second. The 880-yards race was easily won by W. A. Scott; A. W. Thompson, second.

Time, 2m. 12s. M. Loheide won the putting of the 16-pound shot. The distance covered was 28 feet 9½ inches. A. M. Squire second. The running long jump was won by R. B. Jones. He cleared 18 feet 10 inches. R. Gibson second.

THE NASSAU ATHLETIC CLUB, of New York, has elected the following officers for the year 1887: President, George W. Roderick; first vice-president, George W. Blair; second vice-president, L. V. Strong; treasurer, Otto Pelz; recording secretary, Charles F. Oldenburg; corresponding secretary, William C. Turney; financial secretary, Charles H. Ebbets; assistant financial secretary, James U. Turney; captain, S. E. Corbett; first lieutenant, W. J. Dore; sergeant-at-arms, John D. Lloyd. Board of Trustees—C. H. Hagan, T. L. Woodruff, Foster L. Backus, E. K. Rogers, Joseph Moore, E. G. Hankins, W. K. Wardner, George Bastedo and T. M. Painter.

THE PACIFIC COAST AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION held their annual meeting Thanksgiving day. The three-mile walk, H. Coffin, Olympic Club, 1; A. B. Tennant, Merion Club, 2; E. Cron, Eintracht Club, 3. Time, 27m. 1s.

One-hundred yard race—J. W. Flynn, Merion Club, 1; W. J. Kenealy, Albion Club, 2; E. G. Rudolph, Olympic Club, 3. Time, 10m. 30s.

Running high-jump—F. Becker, Eintracht Club, 5 feet, 2 inches, 1; M. Loheide, Eintracht Club, 5 feet, 1½ inches, 2; W. Morgan, Albion Club, 3.

Half-mile Race—W. A. Scott, Olympic Club, 1; A. W. Thompson, Albion Club, 2; J. A. Code, Olympic Club, 3. Time, 2m. 12s.

Putting the 16-pound shot—W. Loheide, Eintracht Club, 28 feet, 9 inches, 1; A. M. Squire, Merion Club, 28 feet, 8 inches, 2; W. Morgan, Albion Club, 28 feet, 7 inches, 3.

Running long-jump—R. B. Jones, Merion Club, 18 feet, 10 inches, 1; R. Gibson, Merion Club, 18 feet, 3 inches, 2; W. Morgan, Albion Club, 27 feet, 7 inches, 3.

One-mile Race—W. A. Scott, Olympic Club, 1; Frank Cooley, Albion Club, 2; T. H. Reynolds, Olympic Club, 3. Time, 5m. 16¾s.

#### BOWLING.

THE ROSEVILLE (N. J.) ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION gathered fifteen teams of five men each, belonging to different clubs, to contend for the elegant silk banner offered December 18. Scores: New York Athletic Club, 845; Elizabeth Athletic Club team No. 1, 803; No. 2 team, 774; Brevoort Club, Brooklyn, 687; Cosmopolitan, Newark, 720; Coal Bank, Hoboken, 695; Brunswick, New York, 618; Newark, 718; Bay Ridge, Long Island, 651; Carteret, Orange, 734, and Jerseys, New York, 606. The Roseville Athletic Association teams scored as follows: Swift Bowling Circle No. 1 made 680, No. 2 marked 593, No. 3 made 738. Mutual No. 1 scored 643, and No. 2, 676.

#### CANOEING.

CRESCENT C. C. (MAUCH CHUNK, PA.) held their annual meeting December 26, 1886. Officers elected for 1887: Com., U. S. G. Tobias; vice-Com., Howard W. Schultz; mate, Henry A. Schultz; purser, Geo. W. Hull.

NEW YORK C. C. held their annual meeting December 20, 1886. Officers elected for 1887: Com., C. K. Munroe; vice-Com., R. B. Burchard; secretary, C. J. Stephens, 7 Bowling Green, New York City.

BATTLE CREEK C. C. (MICH.) held their annual meeting November 13, 1886. Officers elected: Com., George Wells; secretary, Arthur Vesey.

#### AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING in New York, November 13, 1886. Robert J. Wilkin, Brooklyn, N. Y., elected commodore; Dr. Chas. A. Neidi, secretary and treasurer, remains in office. The executive committee is composed of the officers of the divisions. Bow Arrow Point on Hero Island, Lake Champlain, N. Y., was decided on for a site for the 1887 meet, August 12 to 26 and the dates named. Division officers as follows:

##### CENTRAL DIVISION.

*Vice-commodore*—R. W. Gibson, Albany, N. Y.

*Rear-commodore*—B. W. Richards, Brockville, Ont., Can.

*Purser*—E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York City.

*Executive Committee*—J. W. Higgins, Oswego, N. Y.; C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; George W. Gardner of Cleveland, Ohio; Colin Frazer, Toronto, Can.; Wm. Whitlock, New York City; S. G. Fairtlough, Kingston, Ont., Can.

*Regatta Committee*—C. B. Vaux, 34 Cortlandt Street, New York City, chairman; F. F. Andrews, Rochester, N. Y., and W. G. McKendrick, Toronto, Ont., Can.

##### EASTERN DIVISION.

*Vice-commodore*—Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.

*Rear-commodore*—E. H. Barney, Springfield, Mass.

*Purser*—W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn.

*Executive Committee*—Geo. L. Parmele.

*Regatta Committee*—F. A. Nickerson, L. Q. Jones, C. Murphy.

Messrs. Gibson and Hubbard were appointed a committee to locate the camp. Messrs. McMurrick and Nickerson were appointed a committee on transportation for the meet. Commodore Witkin appointed a regatta committee, December 1. Henry Stanton, 15 Broad Street, New York, chairman. Messrs. Rogers (of Petersburg, Can.), and Barney (of Springfield, Mass.) also on the committee.

SHATTEMUC C. C. (SING SING, N. Y.) held their annual meeting. Officers elected December 6: captain, D. W. Ross; mate, F. E. Passamore; purser, F. I. Pettingill.

#### CRICKET.

THE GERMANTOWN CRICKET CLUB'S ANNUAL MEETING has resulted in the unanimous re-election of these officers: President, Thomas McKean; vice-president, Samuel Welsh, Jr.; secretary, Frederick M. Bissell; treasurer, Alexander W. Wister; directors, W. C. Morgan, Jr., Jones Wister, William Breckie, Jr., Samuel Welsh, 3d, and L. W. Wister, with the officers first named. The club's first eleven won the Halifax Challenge or champion cup in 1886, and two of its members carried off the batting and bowling trophies, George S. Patterson in the first case and William J. Dubring in the second.

THE MERION CRICKET CLUB, December 3, elected the following officers for this year: President, William W. Montgomery; vice-president, Edmund H. Methelling; secretary, Edward S. Sayers; treasurer, William R. Philler, and board of directors, the president, the secretary, the treasurer ex-officio, Sutherland Law, Richard H. Reilly, George Stanley Philler, Thomas Robins, Jr., Albert

Wilson, Charles Williams, Murray Rush and William E. Bates.

CURLING.

THE FIRST CURLING of the season took place at Van Courtlandt Lake, near Yonkers, and a two-rink-a-side game was played, with this result : Thos. Nicholas, St. Andrews, skip, 26; David Foulis, Caledonians, skip, 9; total, 35. Samuel McIntyre, Moshalers, skip, 9; A. Pratt, Moshalers, skip, 6; total, 15.

THE CHICAGO CURLING CLUB has elected officers as follows: Alex White, president; Robert Duncan, vice-president; James Duncan, secretary.

THE INGERSOLL CURLING AND SKATING CLUB is officered as follows: President, R. Vance; vice-president and treasurer, C. C. L. Wilson.

LENOXVILLE CURLING CLUB: President, Colonel Kippen; vice-president, Rev. A. C. Scarth; secretary-treasurer, George R. White.

THE PEMBROKE CURLING CLUB has elected the following officers: Robert Russell, president; H. Jamison, first vice-president; James Stewart, second vice-president; S. Stutton, jr., secretary-treasurer. Committee—George Pirie, J. D. Kennedy, Dr. Kenning and T. R. Horn.

THE THISTLE CLUB, of Hamilton, Ont., opened its season on Christmas day with a six-rink match between the president and vice-president, the former winning by 136 to 98, as follows:

| PRESIDENT.      |                              |        | VICE-PRESIDENT.         |        |        |
|-----------------|------------------------------|--------|-------------------------|--------|--------|
| Rinks.          | Ships.                       | Score. | Rinks.                  | Ships. | Score. |
| No. 1 . . . . . | J. Harvey . . . . . 21       |        | J. Kerrier . . . . .    | 15     |        |
| No. 2 . . . . . | J. Simpson . . . . . 13      |        | H. Fairgrieve . . . . . | 19     |        |
| No. 3 . . . . . | R. L. Gunn . . . . . 28      |        | F. Mallock . . . . .    | 22     |        |
| No. 4 . . . . . | G. H. Gillespie . . . . . 21 |        | M. Leggat . . . . .     | 12     |        |
| No. 5 . . . . . | S. Balfour . . . . . 25      |        | W. Vallance . . . . .   | 16     |        |
| No. 6 . . . . . | J. Crerar . . . . . 28       |        | G. Elmsley . . . . .    | 14     |        |

LINDSAY *v.* PETERBOROUGH, Ont. A curling match was played between the above named clubs on December 16, resulting in a victory for Lindsay by 10 shots.

| LINDSAY.                          |             | PETERBORO'.                      |  |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|----------------------------------|--|
|                                   | Rink No. 1. |                                  |  |
| J. M. Knolson,                    |             | J. McLellan,                     |  |
| Wm. McLennan,                     |             | J. Pentland,                     |  |
| R. McDowell,                      |             | T. P. Attrill,                   |  |
| J. D. Flavelle, skip . . . . . 26 |             | S. Ray, skip . . . . . 15        |  |
|                                   | Rink No. 2. |                                  |  |
| J. Cooper,                        |             | S. Clegg,                        |  |
| C. Cornell,                       |             | J. Stranger,                     |  |
| S. A. McMurtry,                   |             | C. McGill,                       |  |
| W. Needles, skip . . . . . 21     |             | T. Rutherford, skip . . . . . 22 |  |
| Total . . . . . 47                |             | Total . . . . . 37               |  |

THE GRAND NATIONAL ASSOCIATION held a special meeting December 16, in New York City, delegates being present as follows: J. B. Gillie, Caledonia Club, New York City; A. McIntosh, New York Club, New York City; T. Nicholson, Caledonia Club, Buffalo, N. Y.; J. Stevens, Jersey City (N. J.) Club, J. L. McEwen, Burns Club, Cleveland, O.; J. Currie, Milwaukee (Wis.) Club; R. Currie, St. Andrew's Club, New York City; J. Kellock, Yonkers (N. Y.) Club, J. Watt, Thistle Club, New York City; D. Foulis, Four Brothers Club, Canada; J. F. Conley, Empire City Club, New York City; J. Shorrocks, Thistle Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. C. Anderson, Manhattan Club, New York City; J. McLaren, Newark (N. J.) Club; W. Kellock, Utica (N. Y.) Club; G. Grieve, American Club, New York City; S. McIntyre, Mosholu Club, New York City; J. McCredie, Albany (N. Y.) Club.

CYCLING.

WHEELMEN applying for membership to the L. A. W. will be required to transmit \$2 henceforth. This

is in accordance with the changes in the Constitution and By-Laws made at the February meeting of the Board last year and by the mail vote of the general membership, announced April 30th last. This sum is made up of \$1 for the initiation fee and \$1 for the annual dues, and the ticket issued in return therefor will entitle members to membership until December 31, 1887.

THE KANSAS CITY WHEELMEN elected these officers for 1887: President, J. A. DeTar; secretary, William Exley; treasurer, A. M. Windolph; captain, G. L. Henderson; first lieutenant, Henry Ashcroft; second lieutenant, R. B. Hall; color bearer, J. M. Wilfley.

THE UNION COUNTY WHEELMEN held a meeting at Westfield, N. J., December 6, and elected the following officers. President, Dr. A. Kinch, Jr., Westfield; secretary, Arthur N. Pierson, Westfield; treasurer, Albert Farrington, Elizabeth; captain, Frank S. Miller, Westfield; first lieutenant, T. H. Burnet, Elizabeth; second lieutenant, J. Z. Hetfield, Westfield; color bearer, J. A. Brunner, Westfield; and a racing committee composed of Messrs. Miller, Burnet, and Hetfield.

THE EAST HARTFORD (CT.) WHEEL CLUB elected these officers for 1887: President, J. D. Candee; vice-president, H. H. Smith; secretary, J. J. Grace; financial secretary, William H. Rhodes; treasurer, L. A. Tracy; captain, William Harding; first lieutenant, E. A. DeBlois; second lieutenant, H. H. Chapman.

THE ILDERAN BICYCLE CLUB elected the following officers for 1887: President, H. Greenman; vice-president, E. A. Wagenfeuhr; secretary, R. L. Calkins; treasurer, W. F. Miller; captain, W. J. Savage; first lieutenant, H. H. Farr; second lieutenant, E. E. Hall; right guide, E. Hornbostel, Jr.; left guide, F. C. Farnsworth; bugler, Percy Seixas; color bearer, F. Hawkins; club reporter, J. W. Schaefer; room and amusement committee, W. F. Miller, chairman.

THE GENESEE BICYCLE CLUB, of Rochester, N. Y., on December 22 elected the following officers: President, Abner B. Rapalje; vice-president, Chas. J. Connolly; secretary, Chas. J. Lund; treasurer, W. W. Kenfield.

THE PLAINFIELD BICYCLE CLUB has quite a record to show on the close of the season of 1886. Mr. F. L. C. Martin won the Cooley medal for the greatest distance during the twelve months ending 31st October, with the remarkable record of 5,516 miles, and also the prize for the most miles in twenty-four hours, with a record of 202. Mr. C. W. Sanford won the first prize for the six months' record, with 4,023 miles, and was also second in the twenty-four hour contest, with 190 miles. Mr. W. H. Milliken's record of 3,150 miles in six months, took the second prize.

THE CALUMET CYCLING CLUB, of Brooklyn, L. I. The officers are: Robert Mabie, president; Walter Bonner, vice-president; J. W. B. Quail, secretary; Irving G. Davis, treasurer; N. L. Willis, captain.

THE NEW BROOKLINE (MASS.) CYCLE CLUB has the following executive officers: G. M. Stearns, president; H. A. Cushman, vice-president; F. M. Seamans, secretary; F. A. Singleton, treasurer. W. K. Corey, Esq., is road captain.

THE MANCHESTER (N. H.) BICYCLE CLUB held an election with this result: President, Frank O. Moulton; secretary, Herbert S. Fish; treasurer, Clarence E. Temple; captain, H. M. Bennett; first

lieutenant, John Newton; second lieutenant, Daniel Price.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BICYCLE CLUB, of Philadelphia, have elected these officers: President, Isaac Ellwell; vice-president, C. D. Williams; secretary, Lee McKinstry; treasurer, Eugene M. Aaron.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN CYCLISTS' UNION at Adelaide held the following novel contest. It occurred in the final heat of the Walker Whisky Handicap and the bicycle obstacle race. The conditions of the obstacle race were: first lap—to ride round, lift machines over five hurdles, mounting machines after getting hurdles, except the last one, when you run to the centre of the oval, lie on your back and eat a roll. Second lap—crawl through the bags under tarpaulin and through casks, run 100 yards with bicycle, mount and finish lap in the saddle, dismounting opposite pavilion. Third lap—Run to centre of oval, put on coat and bell-topper and ride to scoring board at the south end, then across the oval and over the water-jump, round the flag, on to the track, and finish. Enormous crowds witnessed this event, and the obstacle amateur champion for 1886 is the hero of the hour in Adelaide cycling circles.

THE BICYCLE CONTEST forty-eight hours (eight hours daily), opened at the Exposition Building, Omaha, Neb., December 6, with the following starters: J. S. Prince, A. Schock, F. Dingley, Shaw E. N. Bullock, and T. Hardwick. Prince is said to have ridden his first 100 miles in 5h. 58m. 7s. (a statement that is open to doubt), and he won the race, with an announced score of 767 miles 9 laps; Dingley, second, 765 miles; Shock, third, 756 miles; Hardwick, fourth, 746 miles; Bullock, fifth, 672 miles.

THE ONE-HUNDRED MILE EXHIBITION RACE, between W. J. Morgan and W. M. Woodside, took place at the Washington Rink, Minneapolis, Minn., December 9. Morgan finished first by about twenty feet in 6h. 6m. 26s., but Referee Mannix declared it "no race."

THE BUFFALO (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB elected officers for this year as follows: President, C. P. Churchill; vice-president, Geo. Dakin; secretary, A. C. Richardson; treasurer, J. B. Newman; captain, R. C. Chapin; attorney, A. C. Spann. The above-named club has rolled up a mileage of 48,936 miles for 1886. The greatest mileage of individuals was as follows: Dr. Appelby, 4,028; R. H. James, 3,906; C. P. Churchill, 2,839; R. C. Chapin, 2,200; C. G. Gething, 2,025; C. W. Adams, 2,001; F. M. Brinker, 2,000; J. H. Isham, 2,000. Twenty-five rode 1,000 miles or over. Century runs were made by C. W. Adams, J. A. Pferd, F. M. Brinker, C. P. Churchill, C. C. Gething, and R. W. Rummell.

THE SOMERVILLE CYCLE CLUB held its annual election of officers for the year 1887 on December 15. The election resulted as follows: President, J. B. Cann; vice-president, W. A. Davis; captain, W. R. Maxwell; treasurer, Ellsworth Fisk; secretary, George Shaw; corresponding secretary, Fred. Joyce.

MARION COUNTY (Mo.) WHEELMEN is the name of a new bicycle club organized by the cyclists of Hannibal (Mo.) and officered by President A. C. Miller; vice-president, J. C. Irwin; secretary and treasurer, C. H. Appler; captain, J. B. Merkle; first lieutenant, W. H. Hall.

THE HAGERSTOWN BICYCLE CLUB elected the following officers for 1887: Albert Heard, president; Geo. F. Updegraff, captain; Dr. V. T. Schlosser, sub-captain; Edwin J. McKee, secretary; Geo. E.

Stover, treasurer; Frank S. Heard, bugler; E. A. Wareham, M.D. surgeon; M. L. Keedy, Harry B. Irvin, W. S. Bomberger, A. E. Hoover, and W. M. Wolfe, directors.

THE ALLEGHANY (Pa.) CYCLERS are officered for 1887 as follows: G. W. Beane, M.D., president; W. C. Coffin, Jr., secretary-treasurer; W. G. McConnell, corresponding secretary; W. D. Banker, captain; Hugh Fleming, Jr., first lieutenant; J. F. Gray, second lieutenant; F. A. Minnemeyer, 56-wheel, and C. E. Minnemeyer, 56-wheel, color bearers; F. T. Hoover, guide; J. K. Ewing, bugler; Dr. G. W. Beane, surgeon.

THE N. C. U. RECORD COMMITTEE, after overhauling the records and rejecting many of the doubtfuls, have accepted the following: Bicycle, path—P. Furnivall, at Long Eaton, August 23, 1886:  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, 37 2-5;  $\frac{1}{2}$  1.16;  $\frac{3}{4}$ , 1.53 4-5; 1 mile, 2m. 32 2-5s. Tricycle, path—G. Gatehouse, at Long Eaton, August 23, 1886. 1 mile, 2m. 46 2-5s. Tandem, path: F. J. Osmond and S. E. Williams, at Crystal Palace, June 25, 1886. 2 miles, 5m. 47 2-5s. Tricycle, road—Sidney Lee, August 24, 1886: 50 miles, 3h. 9m. 15s.

THE UNION COUNTY WHEELMEN, of Westfield, N. J., held their annual meeting December 6, 1886, and the following officers were elected for 1887: President, Dr. Fred. A. Kinch, Jr.; secretary, Arthur N. Pierson; treasurer, Albert Farrington; captain, Frank S. Miller.

#### CYCLING.

A NEW RECORD FOR SIX DAYS' RACING.—The most successful six-day—142 hours—race ever held in this country, was that which was completed at Minneapolis last Sunday night. Albert Schock, of Chicago, proved the successful man, winning easily by 240 miles, and surpassing Waller's record of 1,404½ miles, made in 1882. The scores were as follows:

|                      | SCHOCK. | MORGAN. | ARMAINDO. |
|----------------------|---------|---------|-----------|
| First day . . . . .  | 345     | 317     | 231       |
| Second day . . . . . | 550     | 550     | 410       |
| Third day . . . . .  | 760     | 760     | 580       |
| Fourth day . . . . . | 975     | 975     | 750       |
| Fifth day . . . . .  | 1,200   | 1,125   | 915       |
| Sixth day . . . . .  | 1,405   | 1,165   | 1,050     |

#### DRIVING.

THE MONTREAL TANDEM CLUB elected the following officers for 1887: Mr. H. Allan, president. Committee—Messrs. A. Baumgarten, James O'Brien, Hugh Paton, H. A. Galarneau, R. B. Hart, C. F. Sise, J. A. Stephenson, W. Stevens. Scrutineers—Messrs. A. A. Allan and Colin Campbell.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Gentlemen's Driving Club of New York was held at No. 1476 Broadway, December 16, Mr. David Bonner presiding. The election of officers for 1887 resulted as follows: President, David Bonner; vice-president, J. B. Houston; treasurer, Alfred de Cordova; executive committee, Nathan Straus, A. B. Claffin, A. A. Bonner, Hugh J. Grant and J. H. Coster. The office of secretary was abolished. The treasurer's report showed that \$17,441 had been received during the year past, and \$15,564 expended in various ways. There were \$1,877 still in the treasury, of which \$1,000 was due for rent. Mr. Newbold Morris, owner of the park, gave notice that the rent for next year would be reduced \$1,000.

#### FENCING.

A NEW FENCING CLUB.—Some twenty pupils of Professor Rondell have organized themselves as the Knickerbocker Fencing Club of the City of New York. They have adopted a constitution and by-laws,

and elected the following officers: President, Eugene Van Schaick; vice-president, Dr. George G. Van Schaick; secretary, Andre Soubirous, and treasurer, Sidney Salomon. The club's new rooms are situated in the new building, corner of Twenty-fourth street and Sixth avenue. The fencing room is 24 by 46 feet.

### FOOT-BALL.

RIVERSIDE F. C. v. KEARNEY RANGERS, of Newark, at Staten Island, December 4. Association rules. Result, Rangers victorious by 3 games to 0.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE F. C. v. BEDFORD F. C. (Brooklyn), December 4, Intercollegiate rules. Result, Polytechnics won by 18 to 0.

DEAF MUTES KENDALL COLLEGE (Washington) v. NAVAL CADETS (Annapolis), December 4, Intercollegiate rules. Result, Kendall College victorious by 16 to 0.

O. N. T. F. C. (of Newark) v. TRENTON F. C., at Paterson, N. J.; Association rules. Result, O. N. T. victorious by 4 goals to 2.

THE FOOT-BALL MATCH between the 'Varsity and Torontos took place, Saturday, December 4, and resulted in a win for the former club by 3 goals to 1. The team and positions were as follows:

*Torontos*—Goal, Milne; Backs, Wood, Gordon; Half-backs, D. Anderson, Parks; Forwards right wing, McKinlay, G. Meldrum; Centre, Gibson, Winn; left wing, J. Meldrum, Elliot.

*'Varsity*—Goal, Garrett, Backs, Wright, Jackson; Half-backs, Malcolm, Sliter; Forwards, right wing, McLeay, Elliott; Centre, Crystal, Thomson; left wing, Senkler, Lampert.

RECORD OF 'VARSITY CLUB, TORONTO, CAN., FOR SEASON OF '86. FIRST ELEVEN.

| OPPOSING CLUB                                     | Goals Won. | Goals Lost. |
|---------------------------------------------------|------------|-------------|
| Normal School . . . . .                           | 3          | 1           |
| Knox College . . . . .                            | 5          | 0           |
| Toronto Medical School . . . . .                  | 5          | 1           |
| Victoria University, Cobourg . . . . .            | 3          | 1           |
| Ætnas, of Toronto . . . . .                       | 1          | 2           |
| Normal School . . . . .                           | 4          | 0           |
| Toronto Medical School . . . . .                  | 5          | 0           |
| Combined Teams from Trinity and Toronto . . . . . | 7          | 0           |
| Medical Schools . . . . .                         | 7          | 0           |
| Woodstock College . . . . .                       | 9          | 0           |
| Victorias of Toronto . . . . .                    | 0          | 0           |
| Torontos (late Victorias) . . . . .               | 3          | 1           |
| Matches won, 9; lost, 1; drawn, 1.                | 45         | 6           |
| Goals won, 45; lost, 6.                           |            |             |

THE EASTERN FOOT-BALL ASSOCIATION is offered as follows: President, G. C. Dempsey, Massachusetts Institute; vice-president, C. S. Houghton, Amherst; treasurer, B. F. Hart, Stevens' Institute; secretary, W. F. Morgan, Jr., Trinity. The association play intercollegiate rules.

A. F. HOLDEN, '88, has been chosen captain of the Harvard University F. C., and McCook holds the same rank at Princeton. This is the first time, we believe, that a captain has been chosen from any but the senior class. Mr. Beecher, '88, is to be captain of the Yale F. C.

WORLD'S CHAMPION PLACE-KICK RECORD.—William P. Chadwick, of Exeter, N. H., has broken the world's record for a place-kick at foot-ball, with run, sending the ball 200 feet and 8 inches. The best previous record was made by Young, at Glasgow, Scotland, July 2, 1881, of 187 feet, 10 inches, and the best American record of 177 feet, 6 inches at Ithaca, N. Y., May 13, 1882. Mr. Chadwick then beat both the English and American records for a drop-kick, the ball going 168 feet, 7 inches. This was never beaten, except in Australia, where the record of 172 feet, 10 inches was made.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE played their annual football match at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, London, Eng., December 13. Won by Cambridge by 3 tries to 0. The score now stands 6 to 5 in favor of Oxford, 4 of the contests being drawn.

THE O. N. T. CLUB and KEARNEY RANGERS played foot-ball at Newark, N. J., on Christmas, the former winning by 1 goal to 0. On the same day the second teams of the same clubs played a game, the O. N. T.'s being again successful; score, 2 goals to 0.

NAME OF TEAM—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.—Games played.—University of Pennsylvania v. Wesleyan, October 27, New York: 2 touchdowns and 1 goal from touchdown to nothing in former's favor; 14 to 0. Referee, Alfred Baker. Princeton v. University of Pennsylvania, November 6, Philadelphia: 28 to 6 in former's favor. Referee, Mr. James Scott. Yale v. University of Pennsylvania, November 13, New Haven: 73 to 0 in former's favor. Referee, Alexander Moffat. Harvard v. University of Pennsylvania, November 25, Philadelphia: 28 to 0 in former's favor. Referee, Alfred Baker.

Rushers: Miel, Dewey, Tunis, Alexander, Ralston, Beck and Church; quarter-back: Downs; half-back: Wright, Coates; back: Graham; substitutes: Salter, Sypher, Hamme, Hulme, Fell, Shell and Ross. Captain: Graham.

Falls of Schuylkill, 0, University of Pennsylvania, 62; Vineland College, 0, University of Pennsylvania, 96; Rutgers, 0, University of Pennsylvania, 65; Haverford, 4, University of Pennsylvania, 16; Lehigh, 4, University of Pennsylvania, 26; Lehigh, 28, University of Pennsylvania, 0; Lafayette, 12, University of Pennsylvania, 0; Lafayette, 10, University of Pennsylvania, 20; Princeton, 55, University of Pennsylvania, 9; Princeton, 30, University of Pennsylvania, 0.

NAME OF TEAM—Rutgers, New Brunswick, N. J.—Games played.—Rutgers v. Graduates, November 2, New Brunswick, N. J.: 110 to 0. Referee, Mr. Fielder. Rutgers v. Vineland, November 6, New Brunswick, N. J.: (35m. game) 58 to 0. Referee, Mr. Pattison. Rutgers v. Pennsylvania (University), November 10, Philadelphia: 0 to 65. Referee, Mr. Alexander. Rutgers v. Lafayette, October 16, Easton, Pa.: 2 to 24. Referee, Mr. Cummings. Rutgers v. Lafayette, November 17, New Brunswick, N. J.: 10 to 26. Referee, Mr. Pattison.

Rushers: C. G. Scudder, A. Wynkoop, A. Herman, H. Tait, A. Collier, H. Losee; quarter-back: B. J. Scudder; half-backs: J. De Witt, H. Smith; back: H. Elting; substitutes: W. Brodie, R. Smitz, G. Davis. Captain, Wynkoop.

NAME OF TEAM—Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, Ct.—Games played.—H. G. S. v. H. H. S. and E. C. I., November 20, Hamilton Park, H. G. S., 0, H. H. S. and E. C. I., 14. Referee, Mr. Curtis, '88. H. G. S. v. H. H. S., December 1, Hamilton Park, draw game: 0. Referee, Mr. Andrews. H. G. S. v. Picked Team, October 16, H. G. S. Lot, H. G. S., 36, Picked Team, 0: 36 to 0. Referee, Sherrerd, '88. H. G. S. 1st Eleven v. H. G. S. Second Eleven, November 3, H. G. S. Lot, First Eleven, 22, Second Eleven, 4: 22 to 4. Referee, Sherrerd, '88.

Rushers: Spruce, Ives, Cox, Holcomb, La Bar, Chaves, Trowbridge; quarter-back: Bartlett; half-backs: Mitchell, Watkinson; back: Tredwell;

substitutes: Wait, Schoonover, Deming, Dewell, Linquist. Captain, C. E. Cox.

NAME OF TEAM—Varsity Association, F. B. C., Toronto University.—Games played.—Varsity *v.* Normal School, October 8, Toronto University Lawn: Varsity, 3 goals; Normal School 1: 3 to 1. Varsity *v.* Knox College, 15, University Lawn; Varsity, 5 goals; Knox, 0: 5 to 0. Varsity *v.* Toronto School of Medicine, October 25, University Lawn; Varsity, 5 goals; Medicals, 1: 5 to 1. Varsity *v.* Victoria University, October 29, Coburg; Varsity, 3; Vic.'s, 1: 3 to 1. Varsity *v.* Normal School, November 3, University Lawn; Varsity, 4 goals; Normal School, 0: 4 to 0. Varsity *v.* Toronto School of Medicine, November 9, University Lawn; Varsity, 5 goals; Medicals, 0: 5 to 0.

Forwards: F. McLeay, J. Elliott, right-wing; goal-keeper: N. Garrett; centre: W. P. Thomson, R. J. Chrystal; half-backs: W. Malcolm, E. O. Sliter; left-wing: W. A. Lamport, E. Senkler; backs: J. T. Jackson, C. Wright; captain: R. J. Chrystal.

Varsity, Second Eleven of Toronto University, Second Eleven *v.* Aetnas, October 30, University Lawn; Second Eleven, 1 goal; Aetnas, 2: 1 to 2. Second Eleven *v.* Weston High School, November 3, University Lawn; Second Eleven, 1 goal; Weston H. S., 0. Second Eleven *v.* Trinity Medical School, November 5, University Lawn; Second Eleven, 1 goal; Trinity Medicals, 0. Second Eleven *v.* Toronto Collegiate Institute, November 8, University Lawn; Second Eleven, 4 goals; Toronto C. I., 0. Second Eleven *v.* Weston High School, November 13, Weston; Second Eleven, 1; Weston H. S., 2. Second Eleven *v.* Hamilton Collegiate Institute, November 18, Hamilton; Second Eleven, 3 goals; Hamilton C. I., 1. Second Eleven *v.* Bradford, F. B. C., November 27, Bradford; Second Eleven, 0; Bradford, 0.

Second Eleven team: goal-keeper, J. C. Stuart; backs: A. Bail, J. D. Edgar; half-backs: J. N. Dales, H. Senkler; forwards, H. LaFlamme, M. B. Aikens, right-wing; W. Prendergast, E. S. Hogarth, centre; R. J. Gibson (captain), J. S. Johnson, left wing.

Varsity *v.* Combined team from Toronto *v.* Trinity Medical Schools, November 16, University Lawn; Varsity, 7 goals; Medicals, 0: 7 goals to 0. Varsity *v.* Woodstock College, November 18, Woodstock; Varsity, 9 goals; Woodstock College, 0: 9 goals to 0. Varsity *v.* Toronto Foot-Ball Club, November 20, University Lawn; Varsity, 0 goals; Toronto F. B. C., 0 goals: 0 to 0, (cup-tie). Referee, A. Gault. Varsity *v.* Toronto Foot-Ball Club, December 4, University Lawn: Varsity, 3 goals; Toronto F. B. C., 1 goal: 3 to 1, (cup-tie). Referee, D. Forsyth (Berlin Rangers). Varsity *v.* Victoria University, December 16, University Lawn; Varsity, 3 goals; Victoria University, 1 goal. Referee, W. Wood, (Toronto F. B. C.) (Final match for Central Association championship trophy.)

First Eleven team: goal-keeper; N. Garrett; backs: C. Wright, J. T. Jackson; half-backs, E. O. Sliter, W. Malcolm; forwards: F. McLeay, J. Elliott, right wing; W. P. Thomson, R. J. Chrystal (captain) centre; W. A. Lamport, E. C. Senkler, left wing.

#### HARE AND HOUNDS.

THE WEST SIDE ATHLETIC CLUB gave the first of a series of its paper-chases and cross-country runs, Thanksgiving Day, at Fort Lee, N. J. The hares, Messrs. G. Lowden, J. J. McGinty and J. A. Eccleston, were sent off by J. J. Gallagher, starter, at

1.30 P. M., with Lowden as pace-maker. The pack, consisting of "Bob" Williams, the veteran all-round athlete of the Caledonian Club; T. J. Watt, E. C. Potter, T. F. J. Hannan, master; G. A. White, T. Owens, O. Schmall, C. Ward, C. F. Lardner, J. Ward and W. Hines started in pursuit ten minutes later.

THE EUREKA HARE AND HOUNDS CLUB elected the following officers: President, S. Brownell; vice-president, W. D. Crow; treasurer, T. Bamford; secretary, H. Wellington.

THE SPARTAN HARRIERS, on Christmas Day, ran the longest paper-chase recorded for the club. Course run over was about 15 miles. After a fierce struggle, L. R. Sharp won by a scant yard from J. H. Bell; E. Weinacht a close third, Chas. Renner fourth, T. Conway, fifth, and the rest in the following order: A. Braun, A. Kitchelt, E. F. Haubold, R. Haubold, John Hatton, John Knox, A. Jaeger, Wm. Elliott, A. Fleishman, M. Perez, L. Levacher, P. Steinhagen, L. A. Duhaime, Chas. Heinzman, C. A. Brandt, W. W. Doyle, Chas. Browne, H. Hanbold, W. McKenzie, E. J. Brady, P. N. Bird, S. B. Marks and John Eagan.

THE PROSPECT PARK HARRIERS had a run over about 7 miles of territory on Christmas Day. The hares, Messrs. Mellor, Nelson and Hayward started at 11.25 A. M., and were followed 8 minutes later by a score of hounds, whom they beat home by 19 minutes, having gained 11 minutes during the run. The first of the pack to arrive was Bates, Crabb coming second and Smith third.

#### ICE-YACHTING.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE ICE-YACHT CLUB held its annual meeting December 2, and elected the following officers for 1887: Commodore, Theodore V. Johnson; vice-commodore, William R. Innis; secretary and treasurer, Thomas H. Runsom; regatta committee, Theodore V. Johnson, Theodore Van Kleeck and William F. Booth.

A NEW ICE-YACHT.—Jacob Buckhout shipped from Poughkeepsie, December 3, to Tuxedo Lake, a new ice-yacht for Phillip Phoenix. Her centre-timber and runner-plank are of basswood, varnished; the box is of oak and mahogany; the spars of spruce; the standing rigging of three-eighths wire, and the running rigging of manilla bolt roping; the blocks and cleats are of fustic. All the iron-work is nickel-plated. The runner-shoes are of cast-iron, right angle edge. The runners are of oak, 5 feet, 2 inches in length, and the rudder is 3 feet in length. The dimensions of the yacht are as follows: centre-timber over all, 31 feet; center of runner-plank to rudder-head, 16 feet, 8 inches; beam (track between runners), 18 feet; main-boom, 25 feet, 6 inches; jib-boom, 10 feet, 3 inches; gaff, 11 feet; spar, 21 feet; hoist, 14 feet. Mainsail—on boom, 24 feet; on gaff, 10 feet; on leech, 27 feet. Jib—on foot, 9 feet, 6 inches; on hoist, 19 feet, 6 inches; on leech, 15 feet, 6 inches. Area of mainsail, 239 square feet; of jib, 76 square feet.

THE HUDSON RIVER ICE-YACHT CLUB met at Hyde Park, and elected the following officers for 1887: Commodore, J. A. Roosevelt; vice-commodore, J. C. Barron; secretary, E. P. Rogers; treasurer, A. Rogers; measurer, C. Van Loan; regatta committee, J. A. Roosevelt, H. Livingston, J. R. Roosevelt, N. G. Morse and N. N. H. Storms.

SHREWSBURY ICE-YACHT CLUB.—This club held its annual meeting for election of officers at Red Bank, December 8. The old officers were re-elected



as follows: Commodore, George H. Wild; vice-commodore, Samuel W. Morford; secretary and treasurer, James B. Weaver; regatta committee, T. F. Chadwick and O. Hesse. The Regatta committee was authorized to purchase for the club the two fast ice-boats, *Uncle Bob* and *Zero*.

# KENNEL.

THE SECOND ANNUAL DOG SHOW, held at Winsted, Conn., in connection with the Western Connecticut Poultry Association, took place on December 15, 16 and 17.

## AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs*: 1st, D. Strong's Don II.; 2d, G. L. Foskett & Co.'s Bessie. *Puppies*—1st, 2d and 3d, Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s Leon III., Guardian, and Boss, Jr.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH COATED.—1st, Chequasset Kennel's Lodi.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, E. D. Holt's Prince; 2d, D. E. Barber's Czar.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—John E. Thayer's Bran. Open: *Dogs*—1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Duncan and Thora.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. H. Seeley's Flash.

POINTERS.—*Dogs*—1st, A. Collins's Captain Fred; 2d, Maple Kennel's Fritz; 3d, J. W. Tantrum's Don. *Bitches*—1st, Dr. W. F. Spring's Model Doodle; 2d, Maple Kennels' Bird. *Puppies*—1st and 3d, Dr. W. F. Spring's Model Doodle and Captain Bogardus; 2d, V. A. Blakeslee's Duke.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs*—1st, E. E. Sackett's Dell; 2d, J. L. Dean's Nick; 3d, L. M. Camp's Don. *Bitches*—1st, H. J. Pierre's Flora. *Puppies*—1st, A. J. Lee's Don Belton; 2d, J. W. Tantrum's Dave Bondhu; 3d, F. F. Slade's Frank. High com., W. W. Buckingham's Nina.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—E. Maher's Royal Duke. *Dogs*—Prizes withheld. *Bitches*—1st, O. McArdle's Rhoda; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Rose; 3d, C. A. Ive's Fannie.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs*—1st, I. Ferguson's McDuff; 2d, P. C. Laselle's Grouse. *Bitches*—I. Ferguson's Adaline; 2d, withheld; 3d, D. Maxwell's Press. *Puppies*—1st, L. & J. Backer's Irish Laddie; 2d, R. H. Burr's Don III.; 3d, I. Ferguson's Adaline.

SPANIELS.—FIELD SPANIELS—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbott; 2d, A. C. Brown's Donuil Dhu. Very high com., W. A. Partridge's Rob.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—W. A. Partridge's Helen. Open: *Dogs*—1st, Mansfield and Hinckery's Nig. *Bitches*—1st and 2d, S. R. Hemingway's Roxy and Miss Nance.—OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, J. Mansfield's Floss; 2d, A. Scrivener's Rover. *Puppies*—1st, S. R. Hemingway's Roxy; 2d, E. Lustig's Major.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—J. E. Thayer's Belgrave Primrose. Open: *Dogs*—1st, W. T. McAlee's General Grant; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Raby Jack. Very high com., J. E. Thayer's Raby Tyrant II., C. I. Bailey's Mt. Toby Mixture. Com., C. I. Bailey's Miss Slick. *Puppies*—1st, C. I. Bailey's Mt. Toby Mixture; equal 2d, J. E. Thayer's Meersbrook Nan, and G. B. Inche's Muddler.

COLLIES.—*Dogs*—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Nullamore; 2d, W. J. Martin's Rex. *Bitches*—1st, A. R. Kyle's Mavis; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Spoiled Miss. *Puppies*—1st, A. R. Kyle's Glenlivat.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. Open: 1st, E. S. Porter's Caliban; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside. High com., C. D.

Cugle's Tosteg. *Bitches*—1st, J. E. Thayer's Josephine.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—F. F. Dole's Count. Open: *Dogs*—1st, W. W. Silvey's The Baron; 2d, F. F. Dole's Silver. *Bitches*—2d, G. H. Dawson's The Duchess. *Puppies*—2d, G. H. Dawson's The Duchess. High com., J. E. Maddrake's Blanche.

TERRIERS NOT OTHERWISE CLASSIFIED.—1st, W. W. Silvey's Rocks (Bedlington); 2d, H. P. Wetmore's Muff (Scotch).

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Chequasset Kennels' Young Toby. Open: *Dogs*—1st, Mrs. H. C. Burdick's Cricket; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Thunder. *Bitches*—J. H. Seeley's Susie.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, E. S. Andrews's Fly.

## SPECIALS.

Best sporting dog, Royal Duke; English setter dog, Don Belton; English setter bitch, Flora; Irish setter dog, McDuff; Irish setter bitch, Adaline; Irish setter puppy, Irish Laddie; black and tan setter, Royal Duke; pointer dog, Captain Fred; pointer puppy, Model Doodle; pointer bitch, Model Doodle; mastiff dog, Don II.; master bitch, Bessie; greyhound, Flash; Newfoundland, Prince; St. Bernard, Lodi; deerhound, Bran; cocker spaniel, Nig; bulldog, Robinson Crusoe; bull-terrier, Count; collie, Glenlivat; fox-terrier, Belgrave Primrose; pug, Young Toby.

## LACROSSE.

THE NEW ENGLAND LACROSSE ASSOCIATION met in Boston, December 4, and awarded the senior championship to the South Boston Club and the junior championship to the Waltham team.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LACROSSE ASSOCIATION have elected officers as follows: President, J. L. Sumner, '87; vice-president, L. McK. Garrison, '88, and secretary, T. D. Davidson, '88.

T. ROSS MACKENZIE, of the Toronto (Ont.) Lacrosse Club, holds the champion record for the longest throw, the distance being 140 yards 2 feet. This was beaten by W. B. Kenny, of the Melbourne University Lacrosse Club, by a throw of 148 yards 2 feet. The best record in Great Britain and Ireland is only 124 yards.

## POLO.

THE CONNECTICUT POLO LEAGUE was organized at Meriden, November 30. New Haven, Hartford, Bridgeport, Meriden and Danbury are represented. The officers of the League are: Charles A. Clough, of Hartford, president; W. M. Harris, of Bridgeport, vice-president; Walter M. Wellman, of New Haven, secretary, and F. E. Hands, treasurer.

## RIFLE.

THE NOVA SCOTIA RIFLE ASSOCIATION recently elected the following officers: President, Lieut.-Col. Mackintosh; first vice, Lieut.-Col. Mowbray; second, Lieut.-Col. Macdonald; treasurer, Lieut.-Col. MacKinley; secretary, Captain Weston. The inter-provincial match will be shot next year at Charlottetown, P. E. I.

AL. BUNDLE, E. Shott and E. Taylor shot at one hundred single American clay pigeons each, thrown from five traps, unknown angles, eighteen yards rise, National Association rules, at Cincinnati, O., December 13, with the following result: Bundle, 97; Shott, 95; Taylor, 86.

THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY SHOOTING CLUB met at Watertown, and distributed the prizes for

the series of matches which were concluded December '86, as follows. Match A, 1st, Mr. E. W. Grew, '89; 2d, Mr. F. S. Mead, '87, and Mr. C. Greene, '89; Match B, 1st, Mr. W. Austin, '87, and T. C. Van Storch, '87; 2d, Mr. F. S. Mead, '87. In the freshman match, Mr. P. Chase, '88, took first prize, and Messrs. C. B. Barnes, '90, and W. K. Post, '90, second.

THE BRATTLEBORO RIFLE CLUB elected on December 7, the following officers for the year 1887: President, W. H. Taft; vice-president, Thomas Hannon; secretary and treasurer, G. Baxter Reace.

#### ROWING.

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS, rowed for annually by students of Cambridge University, the prize carrying with the championship of the Cam, was recently won by J. C. Gardner, defeating W. E. Capron and J. P. Noble in the final heat.

THE MANHATTAN BOAT CLUB has elected the following officers: President, R. F. Lang; vice-president, T. Budinger; corresponding secretary, A. Raith; financial secretary, August Heimberg; treasurer, William Berger; captain, Richard Berger; lieutenant, H. Klee; trustees, J. Sauer and C. Pretorius.

THE GRAMERCY BOAT CLUB, of the Harlem River, N. Y., have elected the following officers for this year: President, Charles Earwicker; vice-president, C. B. Keyes; secretary, P. T. Dunham; corresponding secretary, T. F. Chevalier; treasurer, Fred. Fayns; captain, M. L. Sutton; lieutenant, T. J. Worman; board of trustees—commodore, George R. Hobby, chairman; H. C. Hynard, P. E. Dolan, T. A. Ingersoll, and Leffert Lefferts.

THE FRIENDSHIP BOAT CLUB has elected the following officers for this year: President, P. S. Biglin; vice-president, W. Dittman, Jr.; financial secretary, B. F. Meyer; recording secretary, Lewis Lucky; treasurer, Abraham Osborn; commodore, B. Meninger; captain, R. Evans; lieutenant, W. H. Brown; trustees, J. C. Helm, James Ryan, A. C. Fried, William Meyers, and W. T. Lotzson.

THE WYANOKE BOAT CLUB has elected the following officers: John Shannon, president; William E. Richards, vice-president; William C. Delger, financial secretary; John Kenny, recording secretary; William Sutthimer, corresponding secretary; George B. Weed, treasurer; Edward Shannon, captain; Alfred Romer, lieutenant, and Ed. E. Haskell, Charles Cullen, and A. J. Schloefel, trustees.

PASSAIC BOAT CLUB, of Newark, N. J., elected the following officers: President, J. Kendall Smith; secretary, A. H. Hassinger; treasurer, R. E. Nichols; captain, A. J. Stephens; lieutenant, E. E. Horsahel; delegates to the Passaic Rowing Association, J. Kendall Smith, A. J. Stephens, and E. E. Horsahel. T. W. Kennedy received a gold medal for the highest individual mileage during the season. He rowed 854 miles.

MYSTIC BOAT CLUB, NEWARK, N. J.—Their annual meeting was held December 7, the election resulting as follows: President, H. M. Darcy; secretary, S. Depue; captain, F. H. Glaze; lieutenant, D. Dodd, Jr.; board of trustees, the above-named officers, with F. E. Osborne, C. L. Winters, J. Brinley, P. V. A. Van Doran, and H. Duryee.

THE RAVENSWOOD BOAT CLUB, of Long Island City, N. Y., has elected the following officers for 1887: President, Robert J. Allen; vice-president, W. F. Hendrickson; corresponding secretary, John

F. Powers; financial secretary, H. Wiencke; treasurer, J. Creter; captain, E. H. Bushmann; lieutenant, Edward H. Bostwick; trustees, W. F. Hendrickson, C. J. Duffy and R. U. Lee; delegates, John F. Powers, W. F. Hendrickson and A. J. Buschmann.

#### SNOW-SHOEING.

IROQUOIS SNOW-SHOE CLUB, of Toronto, Ont., elected the following officers: President, Douglas Armour; vice-presidents, S. B. Sykes and James Scott; secretary-treasurer, A. S. G. Boulton.

GREENSHIELD'S SNOW-SHOE CLUB was organized in Montreal, P. Q., with officers as follows: President, J. Simmons; vice-president, E. Black; secretary-treasurer, J. Wilson.

THE ROYAL SCOTS SNOW-SHOE CLUB, of Montreal, has elected the following officers: Honorary president, Lieut.-Col. Caverhill; president, Capt. Gault; first vice-president, Sergt. W. J. Kearns; second vice-president, Private W. Kerr; secretary-treasurer, Private F. Rowe. Committee—F. Lydon, Col., Sergt. McGilton, Sergt. Black and Private McKenzie.

THE TRAMPS SNOW-SHOE CLUB, of Kingston, Ont.: President, W. J. Stethem; first vice-president, C. F. Ireland; second vice-president, H. Richardson; secretary-treasurer, John Renton. Committee—Messrs. Greet, Jones, McNee, Garle and Stewart.

THE BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO, SNOW-SHOE CLUB elected the following officers: President, W. A. Gilmore; vice-president, Wm. Thomson; secretary, Fred. Shepherd; Committee—A. S. Sault, W. T. McCullough, A. L. Murray, O. K. Fraser.

#### TOBOGGANING.

ESSEX COUNTY TOBOGGAN CLUB. The officers of the club for this year are: Oliver Summer Teall, president; Henry W. Tillinghast, secretary; James R. Pitcher, treasurer. Board of Governors—John Firth, Powers Farr, C. C. Crommelin, F. C. O'Reilly, Edward Ashley, and W. F. Kidder, of the Oranges; Dr. Valentine Mott, and William Lamarche, of New York, and Henry Durand, of New-ark.

THE KINGSTON TOBOGGAN CLUB, Rondout, N. Y., are officered as follows: President, S. D. Coykendall; vice-president, Judge A. B. Parker; secretary, C. F. Cantine, and treasurer, Captain A. E. Anderson.

RIVERDALE TOBOGGAN CLUB, Toronto, Can., is officered by President, William Anderson; vice-president, S. W. Ivory; secretary, C. H. Riggs; treasurer, A. C. Anderson.

LONDON (ONT.) TOBOGGAN CLUB. President, Colonel Walker; vice-president, George Gibbons; secretary-treasurer, George B. Beddome.

THE LANDSDOWNE TOBOGGAN CLUB, of Ottawa, has the following officers: patron, his Excellency Lord Lansdowne; hon. president, Sheriff Sweetland; president, Mayor McDougal; first vice-president, D. O'Connor; second vice-president, T. Birkett; treasurer, G. S. May; and secretary, R. Surtees, Jr.

THE TAM O'SHANTER TOBOGGAN CLUB, of Kingston, Ont., has elected the following officers: President, James Murray; first vice-president, J. L. Ronton; second vice-president, A. D. Middleton; secretary-treasurer, A. F. Newlands; committee of management—Nelson Raymond, C. Greaza, W. Allen, James McCammon, W. J. O'Shea, J. Campbell, and E. Crumley.

# YACHTING.

THE PELHAM AND NEW ROCHELLE clubs have amalgamated. The combined club retains the name and organization of the New Rochelle Yacht Club.

THE RESTLESS YACHT CLUB was organized in Newark, N. J., December, '86. Officers for 1887: President, E. M. Ulrich; secretary, E. C. Ulrich; treasurer, W. M. Hatfield; captain, T. Hatfield.

THE ONONDAGA YACHT CLUB, of Syracuse, N. Y., elected officers for this year as follows: Commodore, Chas. G. Masters, re-elected; vice-commodore, Claude R. Mott; captain, Charles D. Dibble; re-elected; secretary, Chas. F. O'Donnell; treasurer, Jacob W. Schneider; assistant-treasurer, Edward H. Mann; measurer, J. Stanton Collins.

THE AMERICAN YACHT CLUB met in New York, November 30, and awarded the prizes won in the annual regatta, held July last. Commodore Hoagland presided. The *Atalanta*, which made the fastest time on record over the course, 80 knots in 4h. 34m. 57s., an average of 17.4 knots an hour, actually won three cups, but being debarred by rule from taking more than one cup, Mr. Gould chose the Commodore's Cup. The *Yosemite* won the first class Emery Cup, Commodore J. C. Hoagland's *Lagonda*, the second class Emery Cup, and F. L. Osgood's *Nereid*, the third class Emery Cup. E. M. Field's *Inanda* won the Haswell Cup, and the Naptha Launch Cup was won by the launch of J. A. Bostwick's *Oriente*. The Bateman Challenge Cup for yachts' cutters was won by the *Inanda's* cutter.

THE ROCHESTER, N. Y., YACHT CLUB has been organized with fifty members and the following officers: Commodore, George H. Newell; vice-commodore, Matt Cartwright; captain, E. M. Walbridge; secretary, Charles A. Worts; treasurer, E. Ocumpaugh; fleet surgeon, Dr. W. S. Hall; measurer, J. J. Leary; directors, H. S. Tomer, W. N. Oothout, George P. Goulding and C. A. Phillips.

THE PROVIDENCE YACHT CLUB elected their new managing committee and officers for 1887 as follows: President, A. E. Flint; secretary, E. H. Wright; treasurer, R. H. Carver. The offices of Acting, Vice and Rear-Commodore are to remain open until the annual election in February. The Anderson and Flint Challenge Cups, now in possession of Past-Commodore Benjamin Davis, have been placed by him at the club's disposal.

THE BEVERLY YACHT CLUB held their annual meeting, December 10, and the following officers were elected: Commodore, Gordon Dexter, *Hoiden*; vice-commodore, Howard Stockton, *Mattie*; secretary and treasurer, W. Lloyd Jeffries; measurer, T. H. Cabot; regatta committee, George A. Goddard, *Fad*; A. H. Hardy, B. B. Crowninshield, *Witch*; John B. Paine, *Wraith*; W. Lloyd Jeffries.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[This department of OUTING is confined entirely to answers to correspondents seeking information on subjects appertaining to all sports which the magazine makes a specialty of. No replies will be made to questions having reference to any bets.]

W. Y. Elmendorf, Lake City, Colo.—Ques. Will a boat with one sail, sail faster with the wind on the beam, viz., at right angles to the keel, or with the wind dead aft, other conditions being equal in both cases? A discussion having arisen on this point, you were referred to as referee. Please answer in your

columns. Ans. She will sail faster with the wind abeam.

Is an engineer's license required for running a launch thirty-five feet long, with Shipman engine, as a pleasure boat? Ans. It is necessary for every engineer running steam vessels of all sorts and descriptions to have a license.

ONE MILE.—The fastest record of one-mile run was made by W. G. George, of England, in 1886; time, 4m. 12s.

HALF MILE.—Mr. F. Hewitt holds the fastest half-mile record of 1m. 53½s. This feat he accomplished in New Zealand in 1871.

HEEL-AND-TOE.—The fastest record for one-mile walk is credited to Mr. W. Perkins, who, in London, Eng., covered that distance in 6m. 23s. The second best time is held by F. P. Murray, whose record is 6m. 29 3/5s. He also holds the record of the fastest half-mile walk, in 3m. 2 2/5s. The second best half-mile was made by E. E. Merrill, in 3m. 4½s.

Amateur, Adrian, Mich.—Ques. 1. My boat is 19 feet 3 inches on the keel, 5½ feet beam, and 28 inches deep. The centreboard is of iron and weighs 200 pounds, and is placed about six inches forward of the centre of the boat (the board is three feet long), and there is a small keel on her. If I move the centreboard forward, say within eight inches or one foot of the mast, and put on a wooden keel with 300 pounds of lead run into it (keel to be four inches wide where it goes on to old keel, and eight inches deep), will it not help the sailing qualities of the boat a great deal? 2. In tacking, which end of the boat passes over the most surface, the bow or the stern? Ans. 1. No; we do not think it would. 2. The stern, of course; the stern simply acts as a pivot upon which the rest of the boat revolves.

Brooklyn.—The Constitution of the New York Canoe Club provides in Chapter IV. that: "All races of the Club shall be under the sailing rules of the American Canoe Association."

California.—There are at present about 100 members in the Citizens' Bicycle Club. It owns its own club house in 60th street, a few steps from Central Park.

L. N.—Yes, there is a precedent for excluding from your canoe club members of other clubs in the same city. The New York Canoe Club has the matter under consideration, and so has the Knickerbocker, both of New York. The Citizens' Bicycle Club does not allow an active member to join another cycling club in the city of New York.

Pedestrian.—The corresponding secretary of the Appalachian Club is Prof. Chas. E. Fay, Tuft's College, Boston. This is the leading pedestrian club of the country, and is a model which all others may study to advantage.

Winter.—The Hudson River Ice-Yacht Club has 28 boats on its list, all of them sloops, with two exceptions. The membership is 59, and the station, Hyde-Park-on-Hudson.

Angler.—1st. The pike is the "hecht" of Germany; the "brochet" of France; the "luccio" or "luzzo" of Italy, and the "gädda" of Sweden. Richardson states that it was called by the Cree Indians "ethinyoocannooshceoo." The common pickerel is called "jack" in the Southern States, and in England the "jack" is a small pike. 2d. *The American Angler*, 252 Broadway, is the best. The subscription price is \$3.00.

# AMUSEMENTS



A FANCY SKATE.



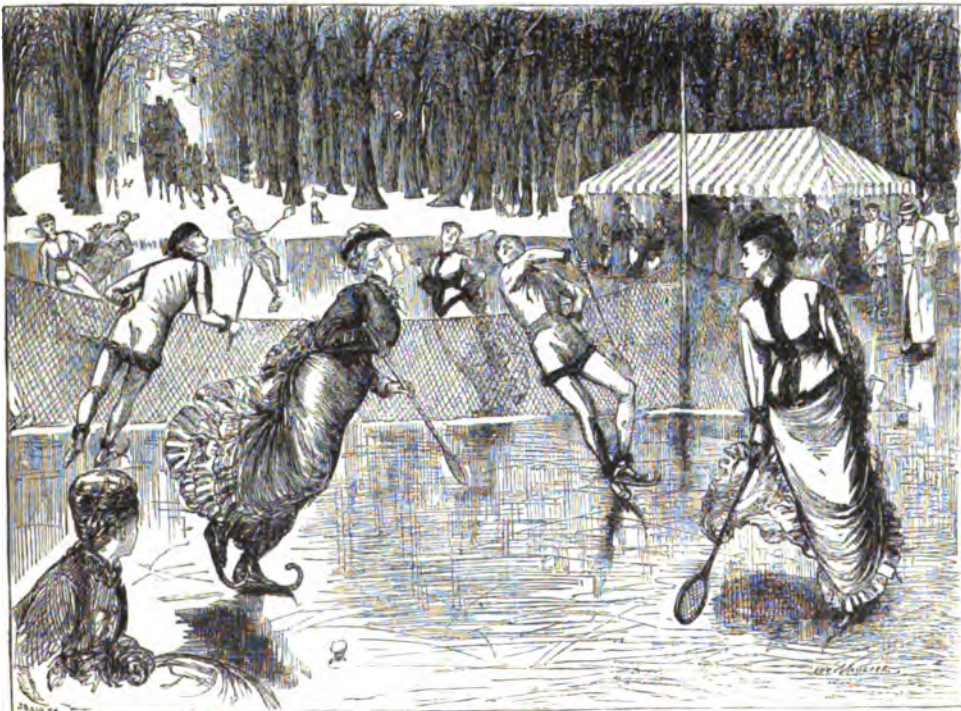
*Chorus:* "PUT ON YOUR SKATES, MISS?"

[Lucy Brabazon, who has the prettiest little tootsicums in the world, thinks it necessary to explain that the skates are not hers, but belong to her papa, for whom she is waiting (and who is a gentleman of colossal proportions).  
[With due sense of our debt to *Mr. Punch*, OUTING reproduces six cuts from the excellent pen of George du Maurier.]





YOUNG SMYTHE: "What, not skating, Mrs. Marrable?" MRS. MARRABLE (*a fascinating widow of over nine-and-forty, but who doesn't look it*): "No; I'm too old for that sort of thing." YOUNG SMYTHE: "Too old? What do you call 'too old,' Mrs. Marrable?" MRS. MARRABLE (*modestly*): "Don't you call twenty-eight too old, Mr. Smythe? I do!"



TENNIS IN WINTER.





NO DISTINCTION OF PERSONS ON THE ICE WHEN A FALL IS IMMINENT.



A VENIAL IMPOSTURE.

Sketch of a certain bold major, just home from India on sick leave, taking (as he declares) his first lesson in the art of skating. (We recollect the B. M. in days gone by. He was the champion of at least three different skating clubs.)

March, 1887

Price 25 cents



# Outing

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Monthly Magazine  
of Recreation

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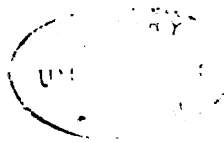
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THE DERMAL SOAP is unsurpassed by any of the so-called Skin Soaps in the purity of its ingredients, and the careful method of its preparation. It is the BEST for softening and whitening the skin.



The vegetable oils of which it is made yield a soap so mild and pure that it may be used by every one with advantage, and particularly those who are troubled with tenderness or irritability of the skin.



*OUTING FOR MARCH.*



GONE LAME ON THE MARCH.

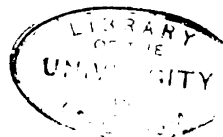
*An Episode of the Apache War in Arizona.*

# OUTING.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1887.

No. 6.



## AFTER GERONIMO<sup>1</sup>.

BY LIEUT. JOHN BIGELOW, JR., 10TH CAVALRY, U. S. A.

Author of "MARS LA TOUR AND GRAVELOTTE."

### XIII.

*Santa Rita Mountains, Arizona, May 23, 1886.*—We were up at daylight to make an early start in pursuit of the thieving Indians reported to us here. A few miles to the north lay the slopes, and ridges, and buttes of the southern extremity of the Santa Ritas, overlooked from the direction of Mount Wrightson, or "Old Baldy," by a succession of cones and peaks. Owing to the difficulty of trailing among the horse and cattle tracks about Tubac, we made straight for the mountains, where we knew the Indians had gone, and skirting the southwest point outside of its grand headland of bare rock, *picacho diablo*—devil's peak—took up the trail before we were well around on the west side. We followed it the rest of the day along the western foot-slope of the mountain. The march was an easier one than I had expected. There seems to have been no thought on the part of the Indians of availing themselves of the rough country near-by to put their pursuers at a disadvantage. From this, one of three things is to be supposed :

1. That for some reason, such as the difficulty just now of stealing stock, or the poorness of such as they might steal, they are uncommonly careful and considerate of what they have ; or,

2. That they want to be pursued in order to cause the withdrawal of certain troops from their present stations ; or,

3. That they are pressed for time. Thus they may be trying to make some squaw-camp, or ammunition cache, before the dark of the moon, which is now on the wane.

The three or four ranch-houses, or huts, that we passed were abandoned, and no

doubt had been before the Indians came, as we found no dead body at any of them. One of these had evidently been pillaged, its floors being strewn with broken trunks and chests, clothing, eating and cooking utensils, and some bedding and furniture. Toward evening we stopped at the Bulldozer mine, also abandoned. There being no place here to water, we moved on, after having the canteens filled, to a ranch close by, which our guide had reported to be occupied. There being nothing here for the horses to eat, we got a ranchman to guide us to grass about four miles farther, where we went into dry camp after dark.

*Gill's Ranch, A. T., May 24, 1886.*—At a quarter of six this morning we set out without breakfast for a ranch in Davis' cañon, at the northern end of the Santa Ritas, where we expected to get forage and eat breakfast. The persons in charge of it refused to sell any of their grain, on the ground that they needed it all for planting ; and they had no hay. So, having watered the horses, we pushed on to the nearest point at which the command could be subsisted, Pantano Station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, where we arrived at noon. Here we found K troop in camp under the command of Lieutenant Clarke. We have been on no trail to-day, but have kept in the general direction of the one that we followed yesterday. Before taking it up again the captain will await telegraphic instructions from General Miles.

Upon our arrival here, the horses had to go half a mile or more, to a muddy creek, for water, and on account of their weariness,

<sup>1</sup> This diary of a United States cavalry officer in pursuit of the hostile Apaches was commenced in March, 1886.



"WE FOUND A GROUP OF MEXICANS WITH THEIR HORSES SADDLED."

I had mine led instead of ridden, hard though it was on my men.

After a double meal of breakfast and dinner at the eating-house or hotel, the officers repaired to the station, where they had the satisfaction of visiting two of the passenger trains, and of reading several despatches from General Miles. One of these was the following :

WILLCOX, May 24.

*Captain Lebo, Pantano :*

Sergeant at Benson states Mexicans have Indians in rocky country two miles from Tres Alamos. Have your strongest mounts there as soon as possible.

MILES.

Troops D and K were selected for compliance with this instruction. Just before starting out with them the captain received the following supplementary despatch :

WILLCOX, A. T., May 24, 1886., }  
5:40 P. M. }

*Captain Lebo, Pantano :*

Davis' troop remain where it is. Use your command against these Indians and make every effort to capture. Get these Mexicans to go with you. They can have four dollars per day and two thousand dollars if they get Geronimo. Wilder's troop is here now.

MILES, Commanding.

We were on the march an hour before sunset, and about nine o'clock had made

our way northeastwardly up the foot-slope of the Rincons and around their southeastern extremity to Gill's ranch, where we are now camped.

*Lloyd's Ranch, May 25, 1886.*—The Mexicans at Gill's ranch told the captain last night that there was a trail of from fifteen to eighteen animals within a mile and a half of the house, and that they would go out in the morning and put him on it. This morning not one would do so, all having to go back to their families. Our guide soon ascertained, however, by examination of the ground, that there was no such trail as they had told of. About six o'clock we were on the way to the San Pedro River. The captain's object was partly to see what truth there was in a report of Indians in its vicinity, and partly to get a better camp than we had last night. We had already learned that the reported surrounding of Indians two miles from Tres Alamos was a falsehood. About midway to the river the captain was overtaken by a Mexican with the report that Indians were fighting with Mexicans at a certain point in the Rincon Mountains. While far from crediting the report he



turned the column about and proceeded toward the alleged scene of hostility. What became of the Mexican I do not know. I only know that he was not around when the captain found out at Page's ranch, a few miles from where he turned back, that the report was utterly false.

From Page's ranch our march was directed back upon Pantano, but we were not to get there to-day. Arriving at the ranch where we camped last night, we found a group of Mexicans, with their horses saddled, standing in front of the house, who told us excitedly that a man had been killed by Indians about nine o'clock this morning on the *camino real* (royal road), not more than four miles from

to us as a cool, sensible, and trustworthy man. The command "Attention," brought back the men that had gone to fill their canteens and straightened up those reclining in the shade of their horses. "Prepare to mount—mount! forward—march!" and we are off at a brisk trot, which soon breaks into a gallop. Arriving at the house referred to we find it deserted, but bearing unmistakable signs of having been visited by Indians. The guide and the Mexicans pushed obliquely up the mountain, the command moving meanwhile along its base to opposite the point on the road where the dead body lay. Here the command halted, while the captain went over and made sure of this sad matter, and wrote



"HE WAS DRAGGED SOME DISTANCE OFF THE ROAD."

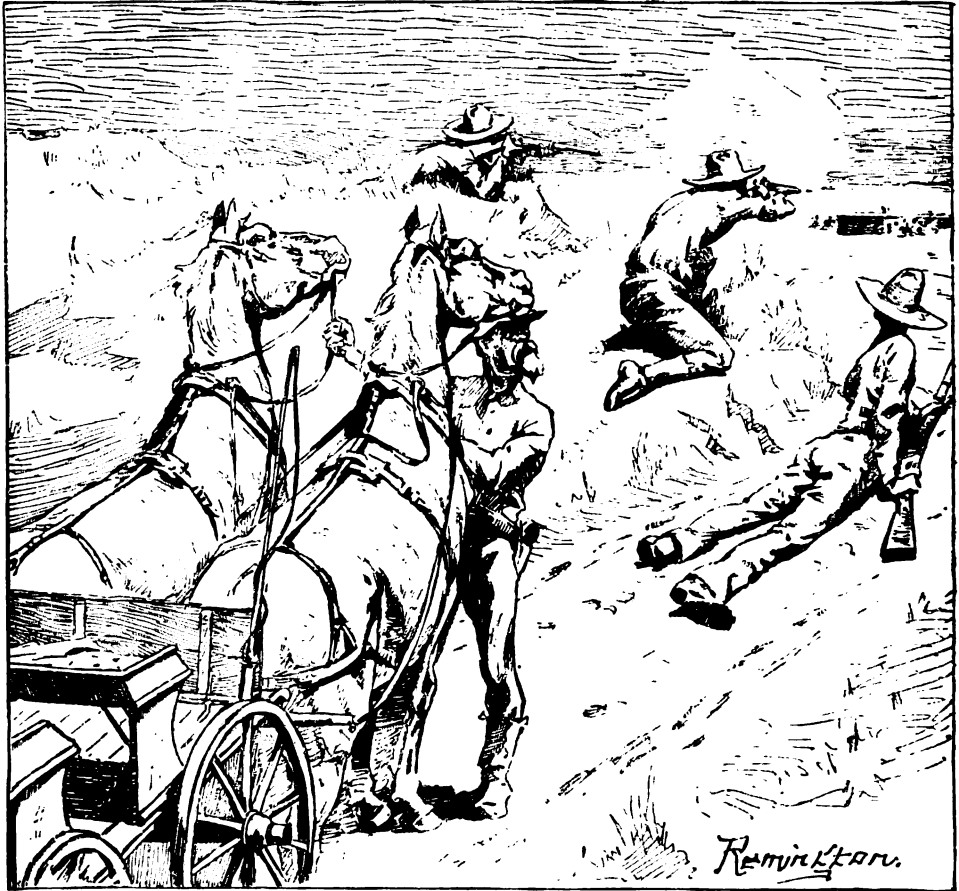
there in the direction of Pantano. Meanwhile our guide, whom the captain had sent to Pantano with a despatch, rode up from that direction and reported that there were Indians at a house a mile and a half from where we were. There was no cross-questioning of the guide, who was known

a despatch to General Miles. A party of citizens came meanwhile from Pantano and took the body away.

The man killed was an American by the name of Robert Lloyd, who was living temporarily for safety at Pantano. He was on a visit to his ranch to let the calves out

of his corral, and perhaps to attend to a few other matters, when his murderer, skulking behind a bush or rock by the side of the road, put a bullet through his back. From his blood-tracks it appears that he rode several hundred yards after

In the course of the afternoon a party of men came out from Benson in a buckboard for the dead body, and, finding that it had already been taken away, made us a short visit and went back. Shortly after their departure, a detachment of our men, coming



"THEY HAD EXCHANGED SHOTS WITH A PARTY OF FIVE INDIANS NEAR GILL'S RANCH."

being shot before he fell from his horse, and that he was then dragged some distance off the road before he was rifled and robbed by his captors, who took his horse, and gun, and ammunition.

While we have done no killing or capturing, we have accomplished something by to-day's operations in learning — first, that there is in these mountains a party of from fifteen to thirty Indians; second, that a Mexican report about Indians is not necessarily false.

We went into camp here to await instructions from General Miles, to whom the captain has recommended the employment of Indian scouts in the mountains.

in from Gill's ranch, reported that they had passed these men and been told by them that they had exchanged shots with a party of five Indians at the house this side of Gill's ranch—the one to which our guide had led us—and had taken a gun from them, showing a gun as the one they had taken. A party of citizens by whom we were subsequently visited, vouched for the veracity of the Benson men, and testified to the significant haste with which they had made for Gill's ranch. This other party has been out all day visiting probable objectives of Indian depredation, looking up trails and other signs for our information.



If there were more men in the Territory combining their fearlessness, energy, and knowledge of country, with their interest in the work of the soldiers, the campaign would be a considerably easier and shorter one than it promises to be.

These Rincon Mountains are a mass of rock fashioned by plutonic and atmospheric forces into every variety of shape and form—an imposing exhibition of blocks and boulders, bold bluffs and promontories, broad, slippery slopes, peaks, domes, and crests, and jagged and serrated ridges. In their dazzling, reflected sunlight, they are anything but an attractive prospect to a traveler. We are told that the summit is, in the main, even and level, grassy and well-timbered, and that near the highest point is a good-sized lake ; also, that there

hostiles through the range, while Captain Lebo endeavors to intercept them. Our command saddled up and marched by Gill's ranch around the east side of the range, entering farther into the foothills. An hour before sunset I was detached with my troop to a gap known by the Mexican name of *El Puerto*.<sup>1</sup> By dark I had my command in position, supper cooked, and fires out, and my men disposed with a view to forming an ambush. If the Indians are pressed to-day by Captain Lawton, they are likely to come through here some time between moonrise and sunrise. The captain has not troops enough to guard all the outlets of the range. He may, however, be able to watch them. On account of their women and children, the Indians are not apt to scatter, and thirty



"THEY WERE A MOTLEY, HARD-LOOKING SET."

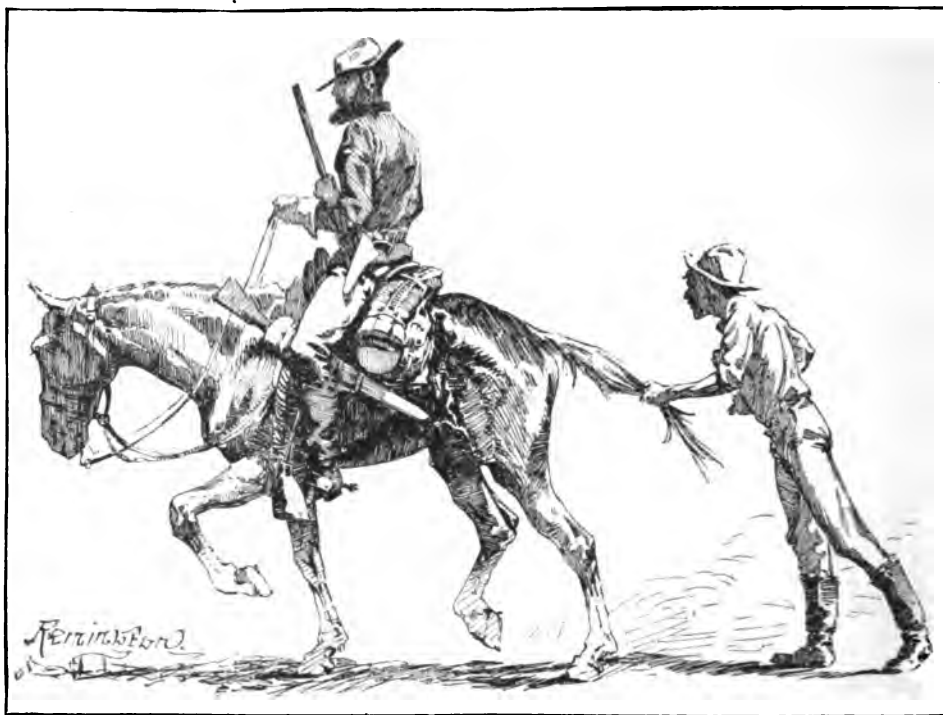
are few people well enough acquainted with the topography of the range to guide us through it.

*Rincon Mountains, May 26, 1886.*—Captain Lawton arrived at Lloyd's ranch with his command about noon, and after he and his officers had taken a little lunch with us, his Indian scouts were started up the mountain. Captain Lawton will drive the

of them together will make a pretty plain trail.

*Rincon Mountains, May 27, 1886.*—Learned from a despatch to Captain Lebo and conversation with citizens that the trail on which we put Captain Lawton has turned down the mountain southwestward, but that it is likely to turn up again upon

<sup>1</sup> A narrow road through a mountain.



"THIS PUTS ONE OF MY MEN ON FOOT."

passing a certain ranch or two, which the Indians have probably searched for cartridges and provisions.

About eight o'clock this morning, while I was superintending the work of digging for water for my stock, a report came from the picket that a party of horsemen was approaching our camp. The men responded with alacrity to my call for them to get their guns, but before they had all complied with it the sergeant of the guard called out: "Tell them they are soldiers." In the course of fifteen minutes they came into camp and turned out to be, not soldiers, but Mexican volunteers from Tres Alamos, a motley, hard-looking set. They were armed with government Springfield rifles, calibre 45 and 50. One of them carried an old rusty sabre fastened under his leg. After resting a while under our shade, they made off, with the purpose of rounding up fresh horses. If they were regulars, they would be lying in camp, waiting for their horses to rest.

About eleven o'clock an order came from the captain for me to rejoin him. I had to throw away a mess of beans that was being cooked for the men, the third that has been thus lost since we started from Calabasas. Our army should have a

field ration that can be eaten without being cooked, for not only is it often impracticable in the field to do any slow or lengthy cooking, but it is often necessary or advisable to dispense with fires altogether.

We made our way, by a rough trail, on which we had to dismount, from our camp down into the bottom of a cañon; and, having followed it some distance into the range, proceeded lengthwise to the latter, into Happy Valley, directing our march upon the one bright spot that I could see in it, a square patch of green, marking a ranch. While my horses were being well watered at the house, I was presented by Mr. Mathews, one of the owners, with a sack of *jerky*—jerked beef—which I gave to the men.

Mr. Mathews accompanied me from here, guiding me by a dry river-bed and winding, shadowy gullies and ravines, up the side of the mountain to the captain's camp.

*Rincon Mountains, May 28, 1886.*—Our fires were all out yesterday before dark, and were not started again before daylight this morning. Having breakfasted, we resumed our march up the mountain, and after a steep march of about a mile, followed by a steeper walk of about two miles, we

found ourselves on the top, at a large spring, surrounded by tall, fresh grass, and overshadowed by fine old pines. We were in condition to relish the water, which seemed to us almost ice cold, not having filled our canteens before starting, and the pine needles under foot making the walking especially difficult. The banks of the spring being too steep for the horses to drink from, we moved to a small creek a few miles off, on the other side of the summit, and there went into camp. While making this last stretch two of my horses

Their canned provisions having given out, the officers commence to-day subsisting on soldiers' rations. An American soldier is allowed for his daily food:  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of bacon or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of fresh beans; 1-8 lb. of flour or 1 lb. of hard bread; 0.15 lb. of beans or 0.10 lb. of rice, 0.10 lb. of coffee, 0.15 lb. of sugar, and a certain quantity of salt, pepper, vinegar, and yeast powder. He receives no liquor. With occasional exceptions, especially as regards bread and bacon — of which he has not always his full allowance — a soldier gets



WATERING AT TEVA'S RANCH.

gave out, and had to be abandoned. As I have but one spare horse, this puts one of my men on foot.

Our camp is as pleasing to the eye as it is restful to the body. From the ridge on which the officers have established themselves I look down upon the two rows of saddles of the two troops, each with its cook-fire at one end; and, beyond, the sparkling creek by which they are flanked, upon the steep backbone or watershed of the mountain. Retiring over a springy sward, a distance of a few yards, I overlook a broken timbered declivity, and, extending out from it a dry, dusty plain. In my front are the hazy Tucson Mountains, near the foot of which I descry the shimmering town of that name; on my right the glaring, frowning Catalinas, and on my left, separated by a valley, the purple Whetstones and Santa Ritas.

all he asks for of the nourishment provided for him. The rations are issued at intervals of about ten days to the company commander, who disposes of the savings for the benefit, as far as practicable, of all the men alike. They are ordinarily sold, and the proceeds expended for the improvement of the table fare or for means of amusement.

*Tanque Verde, May 29, 1886.* — While on a visit to the herd at break of day, I was informed by the sergeant of the guard that one of his sentinels had allowed several mules to get away during the night, without making proper effort to prevent it, and that he — the sergeant — had taken his belt from him and put him under charge of the guard. An investigation satisfied me that the delinquent deserved to be punished, and I accordingly had him make to-day's march on foot, leading his horse. Our

march did not prove much harder, however, on him than on the rest of us, as officers and men had to walk about three-fourths of it.

Coming down the northern point of the mountain and out westward into the plain, we transferred ourselves in a few hours from the temperate to the torrid zone. In the foot-slopes we passed through an ardent grove of giant cacti, called by Mexicans *Sahuaros*, some of them fifty feet high. Among these prickly horrors grew a variety of lesser ones, more or less closely related to them. On the edge of the plain we stopped at the adobe house of Terris' ranch, at whose duck-pond we watered the horses. Being unable to procure forage here, we pushed on to Tanque Verde, about two miles farther, over a road so dusty that I could not see the troop ahead of me, and, at times, could hardly catch breath.

We are camped on the road between two fences lining it; an *acequia* affording us a slender stream of muddy water, which does

for the horses. We get our drinking-water from a well.

My first sergeant has reported to me that he has not bacon to last after to-day, and that his flour will last only to include breakfast the day after to-morrow, whereas he should have rations to last six days after to-day. I have, consequently, placed him in arrest.

We have learned here through despatches from General Miles that a portion of the Indians that we have been after are down in the Santa Ritas, and that they have committed depredations west of Crittenden, killing a man two miles from Greaterville. The general wishes us to find the rest of them, and to catch these should they return here, as he thinks they are liable to do after procuring fresh mounts.

We have no grain, but plenty of good barley hay. The men have fresh meat, the captain having bought a beef for sixteen dollars and had it divided between the two troops. The officers had a spread this evening

of roast duck, bacon, greens, potatoes, onions, bread, and coffee.

*North of Pantano, May 30, 1886.*

— Before breakfast I walked, over fields and fences, to a farming Chinaman, and bought from him thirty-four pounds of flour for the troop. The wells at Tanque Verde afford the same clear, cool, soft water that we drank in the mountains; they are the secret, no doubt, of the successful farming done at Tanque Verde under irrigation.

If our command is to be in condition to follow a trail, it must rest now for several days. It is in need, too, of new accoutrements for the horses and clothing for the men.



"SURPRISED BY A PARTY OF MEXICANS."

Our column would be a curious sight for a European officer. Most of the men ride in their blue flannel shirts, their blouses strapped to their saddles; one big sergeant wears a bright red shirt, and looks not unlike a mounted fireman; some of the men

like the privates, and have no trumpets. The men's feet are some in shoes and some in boots. Each man wears a woven cartridge belt around his waist, holding from forty to forty-five cartridges, and carries about twenty additional cartridges in his



THE RACE.

take off their blue shirts and ride in their gray knit undershirts. There are all sorts of hats worn, of American and Mexican make, the most common being the ugly army campaign hat of gray felt. Some of the men wear over their blue army trousers, the brown canvas overalls, intended to be worn only on fatigue; some wear blue civilian overalls. There are few trousers not torn or badly worn, especially in the seat. Here is a man with a single spur; here one without any. The carbines are variously carried; some according to regulations, hung by a sling over the left shoulder, the muzzle steadied in a socket behind the right leg; some in a boot or holster under the leg; some strapped, muzzle downward, to the cantle or the pommel of the saddle; some loose in the hand in front of the body. I should state, however, that in K troop the carbines are all carried according to regulations. In my troop the non-commissioned officers are armed with a Colt's revolver in addition to the carbine. The trumpeters in both troops are armed

saddle pockets. This ammunition is all that we have.

Left Tanque Verde for Pantano this afternoon, and marched again among the *sahuaros* at the base of the Rincon Mountains. At Teya's ranch, where we watered the horses and filled the canteens, I was pointed out the cañon in the Rincons from which a child was stolen by Indians about a week ago. When its mother tried to save it, the Indians pelted her with stones, presumably for want of ammunition. The child subsequently got away while its captors were pillaging a ranch, being surprised by a party of Mexicans. There being no grass at Teya's, we went two miles beyond it to make our present dry camp.

*Pantano, Ariz., May 31, 1886.*—At break of day the cooks were waked, and at daylight the men were feeding and grooming, forage having just arrived in a wagon from Pantano. As soon as the horses had eaten—the horses are the primary consideration in a cavalry command—the mules were

ordered to be packed, and this being accomplished, the horses were saddled and the command mounted and started for breakfast. Stopping only at the Mountain Spring ranch to water, we arrived at this dreary place at half-past ten.

Two of the officers have got away for about three hours by taking the train to Benson. The men are mostly dozing in the shade of the station-house or enlivening the bar-room.

*Pantano, Arizona, June 1, 1886.*—I had the satisfaction this morning of seeing for the first time a *Gila monster*, an ugly reptile peculiar to Arizona, and, as its name implies, most common along the Gila River. It is a sort of cross between a lizard and an alligator, roughly striped black and white. The specimen that I saw, which was found in camp under a saddle, was about sixteen inches long. When prodded with a stick, it hissed and thrust out its heavy forked tongue, raising its head menacingly, but scarcely moving otherwise. Its bite is often fatal, the effect of it depending more or less upon the state of the animal's temper and the depth of the wound. One of our guides tells me that he has seen a chicken killed experimentally by the hissing of one in its face.

A freight train passing westward this morning left a party of Papago Indians here—men, women and children, with bag and baggage. I tried to talk with them but without success, as they understood neither Spanish nor English—at least, as I speak it. They were on their way from a hunt or an herb gathering in the country about Benson. These Papagos travel a good deal as dead-heads on the tops of freight-cars, between Tucson, which is near their reservation, and points east and west of there. They are a living refutation of the assertion that there is no good Indian but a dead Indian. Every fall they go out and gather acorns in the mountains about Tucson, and are feared by no one unless, as it sometimes happens, they are taken for Apaches.

This afternoon there was a scrub race of two hundred yards between a Mexican pony and an American. The crowd that gathered to see it—composed mainly of soldiers and Mexican and American ranchmen—is probably the largest that there ever was in Pantano. The Mexican horse was a supple, wiry animal, seemingly all nerve and sinew; the American was somewhat larger and comparatively heavy built. Both were ridden under a heavy Mexican

saddle. The Mexican was the better jockeyed and led almost from the start, coming in a good length ahead. The stakes were five dollars a side. This event was followed by a race between an officer's pony and an American citizen's. The former was ridden by a soldier, the latter by a Mexican boy; the representative of the army under a folded blanket, the citizen horse barebacked, with a surcingle strapped around the rider's bent knees, keeping them well up and fast to the horse's sides. Both riders were lightened by the removal of their boots. The army was beaten again, for the victory was to the citizen.

Received rations to-day to include the 19th of the month. I sold the candles, all but one pound, at the rate of ten cents a pound, thus raising \$1.50, which will just repay me for the flour that I bought at Tanque Verde. I also exchanged twenty-five pounds of bacon with a Mexican ranchman for fifty pounds of beef, making a quarter of a pound of beef on every ration of bacon, or eight and one-third pounds altogether. I can make one day's meat for my thirty-eight men (including myself), by thus bartering 142½ pounds of bacon.

*Pantano, Arizona, June 3, 1886.*—It has not been so hot here as I expected. The officers have their beds made down under a sort of arbor at the house of a railroad employé, where they spend most of the day reading and sleeping.

I have made out a list of the clothing and equipments required by my men, in order that when we go into a post, I may at once make requisition for them. It would be most unreasonable to expect of our troops, campaigning on the frontier, the trim appearance preserved by European troops on a campaign. Our marching is done mostly away from roads, and largely through woods and thickets, and among prickly shrubs; our enemy leads us ordinarily over the roughest country that he can find, such as to a European army, as equipped in Europe, would be utterly impracticable: our men when not on the march, lie in the open air, or in bivouac, while European troops, as a rule, are established in cantonments, or quartered in houses: ours do not pass daily through towns and villages under the friendly or hostile scrutiny of their populations, with incidental opportunities of refitting and repairing; and, finally, owing to the unsoldierliness of our garrison service on the

one hand, and the ingloriousness of Indian warfare on the other, our men have not the pride in their uniform of soldiers engaged in regular civilized war.

One rarely sees a frontiersman—be he ranchman, miner, guide or hunter—at his vocation in a suit of cloth, without its being protected by an outer suit of leather, buckskin, cotton or canvas. With slight modification our canvas fatigue dress would be a more suitable one for the field than is our regular uniform.

*Pantano, Arizona, June 4, 1886.*—The captain received this morning from the Acting Adjutant-General at Willcox, the following copy of a despatch from Fort Lowell:

"Signal fires have been seen in Rincon Mountains the last two nights. A party of eight Indians was seen in San Pedro Valley last night. To-day Mr. Davis was killed at three o'clock, four miles east of Vail's ranch. Lieutenant Weaver and fifteen scouts leave here to-night for the scene of killing. These Indians have evidently been in the Rincon Mountains for the last two weeks."

These signal fires are doubtless the burning woods that have been observable to us ever since we came here. I cannot believe in the Indians in the San Pedro valley, as long as I know nothing as to the persons reporting them. I do not question

the killing of Mr. Davis, but think it quite as probable the work of a Mexican or an American as of an Indian.

*Whetstone Mountains, June 5, 1886.*—About one o'clock this morning the captain was waked up by Mr. Mathews and informed that Indians had been at his ranch at six o'clock yesterday evening, and had taken from it seven or eight head of stock. Consequently, about an hour and a half after daylight, Lieutenant Clarke and myself set out with troops K and D respectively, he toward the west and I toward the east, to look up a trail and follow it.

I directed my march upon Mathews' ranch. Just beyond the Puerto, where I camped a few nights ago, I came upon three Americans that had followed the trail from the ranch, who, having put me on it, kept on following it ahead of me. It led down a cañon, and, turning out of it, circled the point of a spur on our right. A couple of citizens who there left me to go to Pantano, took a note from me to the captain, in which I reported that I was on a trail of from fifteen to twenty animals heading for the Whetstone Mountains. About an hour later I was joined by the two Mathews brothers.

[To be continued.]

## CYCLE REVOLUTION.

Table showing the number of revolutions of different sized wheels to a mile:

| SIZE OF WHEEL. | REVOLUTIONS PER MILE. | REVOLUTIONS.        | MILES. |
|----------------|-----------------------|---------------------|--------|
| 36 . . . . .   | 560.00 . . . . .      | 11,200.00 . . . . . | 20     |
| 38 . . . . .   | 530.52 . . . . .      | 11,140.92 . . . . . | 21     |
| 40 . . . . .   | 504.00 . . . . .      | 11,088.00 . . . . . | 22     |
| 42 . . . . .   | 480.00 . . . . .      | 11,040.00 . . . . . | 23     |
| 44 . . . . .   | 458.18 . . . . .      | 11,454.50 . . . . . | 25     |
| 46 . . . . .   | 438.25 . . . . .      | 11,394.50 . . . . . | 26     |
| 48 . . . . .   | 420.00 . . . . .      | 11,340.00 . . . . . | 27     |
| 50 . . . . .   | 403.20 . . . . .      | 11,289.60 . . . . . | 28     |
| 52 . . . . .   | 387.69 . . . . .      | 11,243.01 . . . . . | 29     |
| 54 . . . . .   | 373.33 . . . . .      | 11,199.90 . . . . . | 30     |
| 56 . . . . .   | 360.00 . . . . .      | 11,160.00 . . . . . | 31     |
| 58 . . . . .   | 347.68 . . . . .      | 11,125.76 . . . . . | 32     |
| 60 . . . . .   | 336.00 . . . . .      | 11,088.00 . . . . . | 33     |

To find the circumference of a wheel multiply the diameter by 3.1416, or  $3\frac{1}{7}$ . To find the number of revolutions a wheel makes in a mile divide 443,520 by the circumference in inches multiplied by 7.



# AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.<sup>1</sup>

BY THOMAS STEVENS.

[*Our Special Correspondent.*]

## XVIII.

### THE START FROM TEHERAN.

THE season of 1885-6 has been an exceptionally mild winter in the Persian capital. Up to Christmas the weather was clear and bracing, sufficiently cool to be comfortable in the daytime, and with crisp, frosty weather at night. The first snow of the season commenced falling while a portion of the English colony were enjoying a characteristic Christmas dinner of roast-beef and plum-pudding, at the house of the superintendent of the Indo-European Telegraph Station, and during January and February, snow-storms, cold and drizzling rains alternated with brief periods of clearer weather. When the sun shines forth from a cloudless sky in Teheran, its rays are sometimes uncomfortably warm, even in midwinter; a foot of snow may have clothed the city and the surrounding plain in a soft, white mantle during the night, but asserting his supremacy on the following morning he will unveil the gray nakedness of the stony plain again, and drive the steadily retreating snow-line back, back over the undulating foothills, and some little distance up the rugged slopes of the Elburz range, hard by, ere he retires from view in the evening, rotund and fiery, like a victorious warrior drunk with success. This irregular snow-line has been steadily losing ground, and retreating higher and higher up the mountain slopes during the latter half of February, and when March is ushered in with clear sunny weather, and the mud begins drying up, and the various indications of spring begin to put in their appearance, friends residing here who have been mentioning April 15 as the date I should be justified in thinking the unsettled weather at an end and pulling out eastward again, agree in response to my anxious enquiries, that it is an open spell of weather before the regular spring rains, that may possibly last until I reach Meshed.

During the winter I have examined, as far as circumstances have permitted, the merits and demerits of the different routes to the Pacific Coast, and have decided upon

going through Turkestan and Southern Siberia to the Amoor Valley, and thence either follow down the valley to Vladivostok or strike across Chinese Tartary to Peking; the latter route by preference if upon reaching Irkutsk I find it to be practicable, if not practicable, then the Amoor Valley route from necessity. This route, I argue to myself, will not only take me through some of the most interesting country in Asia, but will probably be a more straight-away continuous land journey than any other route. The distance from Teheran to Vladivostok is some six thousand miles, and, well aware that six thousand miles with a bicycle over Asiatic roads is a task of no little magnitude, I at once determine upon taking advantage of the fair March weather to accomplish at least the first six hundred miles of the journey between Teheran and Meshed, one of the holy cities of Persia.

The bicycle is in good trim, my own health is splendid, my experience of nearly eight thousand miles of straightaway wheeling over the roads of three continents ought to count for something, and it is with every confidence of accomplishing my undertaking without serious misadventure that I set about making my final preparations to start. The British Chargé d'Affaires gives me a letter to General Melnikoff, the Russian minister at the Shah's court, explaining the nature and object of my journey, and asking him to render me whatever assistance he can to get through, for most of the proposed route lies through Russian territory. Among my Teheran friends is Mr. M——, a lively, dapper little telegraphist, who knows three or four different languages, and who never seems happier than when called upon to act the part of interpreter for friends about him.

Among other distinguishing qualities, Mr. M—— shines in Teheran society as the only Briton with sufficient courage to wear a chimney-pot hat. Although the writer has seen the shining "stove-pipe" of the unsuspecting tenderfoot from the Eastern States made short work of in a

<sup>1</sup> The first article of this series appeared in *OUTING* for April, 1885.

far western town, and the occurrence seemed scarcely to be out of place there, I little expected to find popular sentiment running in the same warlike groove, and asserting itself in the same destructive manner in the little English community at Teheran. Such however is the grim fact, and I have ventured to think that after this there is no disputing the common destiny of us Anglo-Saxons, whatever clime, country or government may at present claim us as its own. Having seen this unfortunate head-gear of our venerable and venerated forefathers shot as full of holes as a colander in the West, I come to the East only to find it subjected to similar indignities here; for I happened to be present at the wanton destruction of Mr. M——'s second or third importation from England, saw it taken ruthlessly from his jealous custody, thrust through and through with a sword-stick, and then made to play the unhappy and undignified part of a foot-ball so

long as there was anything left to kick at. More than our common language, methinks—more than common customs and traditions—more than all those characteristic traits that distinguish us in common, and at the same time also distinguishes us from all other peoples—more than anything else, does this mutual spirit of destructiveness called into play by the sight of a stove-pipe hat, prove the existence of a strong, resistless undercurrent of sympathy that is carrying the most distant outposts of Anglo-Saxony merrily down the stream of time together, to some particular end; perchance a glorious end, perchance an ignominious end, but certainly to an end that will not wear a stove-pipe hat.

Mr. M——'s linguistic accomplishments includes a fair knowledge of Russian, and

he readily accompanies me to the Russian Legation to interpret. The Russian Legation is situated down in the old Oriental quarter (birds of a feather, etc.) of the city, and, for us at least, necessitated the employment of a guide to find it. On the way down, Mr. M——, who prides himself on a knowledge of Russian character, impresses upon me that General Melnikoff is sure to be a nice pleasant sort of a gentleman; "all the better class Russians are delightfully jolly and agreeable, much more agree-



THE BRITISH ANTI-IMPORTATION SOCIETY OF TEHERAN.

able to have any dealings with than the same class of people of any other country," he says, and with these favorable comments we reach the Legation and send up my letter. After waiting what we both consider an unnecessarily long time in the vestibule, a full-faced, sensual-looking, or in other words well-to-do Persian-looking individual, in the full costume of a Persian nobleman, comes out, bearing my letter unopened in his hand, and bestowing upon us a barely perceptible nod, walks straight on past, jumps into a carriage at the door, and is driven off.

Mr. M—— looks nonplussed at me, and I suppose I look equally nonplussed at him; anyhow he proceeds to relieve his feelings in language anything but complimentary to the Russian Minister. He's the — well, I've met scores of Russians, but — h'm,

queer? I never saw a Russian act half as queer as this before, never!"

"Small prospect of getting any assistance from this quarter," I suggest.

"Seems deucedly like it" assents Mr. M—. "I said just now, that being a

plain large squares of looking-glass, but mirrored surfaces of all shapes and sizes pitched at every conceivable angle, in forming niches, panels and geometrical designs, yet each separate piece plays well its part in working out the harmonious and



WE ARE LEFT STANDING.

Russian, he was sure to be courteous and agreeable, if nothing else; but it seems as if there are exceptions to this rule as well as to others;" and talking together, we try to find consolation in the thought that he may be merely eccentric, and turn out a very good sort of fellow after all. While thus commenting, a liveried servant presents himself and motions for us to follow him in the wake of the departing carriage. Following his guidance a short distance through the streets, he leads us into the courtyard of a splendid Persian mansion, delivers us into the charge of another liveried servant, who conducts us up a broad flight of marble stairs, at the top of which he delivers us into the hands of yet a third liveried flunky, who now escorts us into the most gorgeously mirrored room it has ever been my fortune to see. The apartment is perfectly dazzling in its glittering splendor; the floor is of highly polished marble, the walls consist of mirror-work entirely, as also does the lofty domed ceiling; not

decidedly pretty effect of the whole. All the furniture the large apartment boasts is a crimson and gold divan or two, a few strips of rich carpet and an ebony-stand table inlaid with mother-of-pearl; but suspended from the ceiling are several magnificent cut-glass chandeliers. At night, when these Persian mirrored rooms are lit up, they present a scene of barbaric splendor well calculated to delight the eye of the sumptuous Oriental; every tiny square of glass reflects a point of light, and every larger one reproduces a chandelier; for every lamp he lights the Persian voluptuary finds himself surrounded by a thousand.

Seated on a divan toward one end of this splendid room, with an open box of cigarettes before him, is the man who a few minutes ago passed us by on the other side and drove off in his carriage. Offering us cigarettes, he bids us be seated, and then in very fair English (for he has once been Persian Minister to England) introduces himself as "Nassir-i-Molk," the Shah's



minister for foreign affairs; the same gentleman, it will be remembered, to whom I was introduced on the morning of my appearance before the Shah. I readily recognize him now, and he recognizes me, and asks me when I am going to leave Teheran; but in the gloomy vestibule of the other palace, my own memory of his face and figure was certainly at fault. It turns out, after all, that the wretch whom we paid to guide us to the Russian Legation, in his ignorance guided us into the Persian foreign office. "I knew—yes, dash it all! I knew he wasn't the Russian Minister, the moment I saw him," says Mr. M—— as we take our departure from the glittering room. This confidence in his knowledge of Russian character, which a moment ago had dropped down to zero, revives wonderfully

a gentleman possessing the bland and engaging qualities of a good diplomatist in a most eminent degree.

"Which is Mr. Stevens?" he exclaims with something akin to enthusiasm, as he advances almost to the door to meet us, his face fairly beaming with pleasure; and grasping me warmly by the hand he proceeds to express his great satisfaction at meeting a person who has made so wonderful a journey, etc., etc., and etc. Never did Mr. Pickwick beam more pleasantly at the deaf gentleman, or regard more benignantly Master Humphrey's clock, than the Russian Minister regards the form and features of one whom, he says, he feels honored to meet. For several minutes we discuss through the medium of Mr. M——, my journey from San Francisco to Teheran,



"WHICH IS MR. STEVENS?" HE EXCLAIMS, WITH SOMETHING AKIN TO ENTHUSIASM."

upon discovering our ludicrous mistake, and, small as he is, it is all I can do to keep up with him as we follow the guide Nassir-i-Molk has kindly sent to show us to the Russian Legation. A few minutes' walk brings us to our destination, where we find, in the person of General Melnikoff,

and its proposed continuation to the Pacific; and during the greater part of the interview, General Melnikoff holds me quite affectionately by the hand. "Wonderful!" he says, "wonderful!! nobody ever made half such a remarkable journey; my whole heart will go with you until your

journey is completed." Mr. M—— looks on and interprets between us, with a fixed and confident didn't-I-tell-you-so smile, that forms a side study of no mean quality. "There will be no trouble about getting permission to go through Turkestan?" I

the Russian Minister's ready assurances of assistance.

Searching through the bazaar, I succeed, after some little trouble, in finding and purchasing a beltful of Russian gold, sufficient to carry me clear through to



LEAVING THE CAPITAL OF PERSIA.

feel constrained to enquire; for such excessive displays of affection and bonhomie on the Russian diplomat's part, could scarce fail to arouse suspicions. "Oh dear, no!" he replies. "Oh dear, no! I will telegraph to General Komaroff, at Askabad, to remove all obstacles, so that nothing shall interfere with your progress." (Perhaps General Melnikoff was honest in his intentions and my suspicions unfounded; perhaps Komaroff refused to comply with General Melnikoff's request—who knows?) Having received this positive assurance, we take our leave, Mr. M—— reminding me gleefully of what he had said about the Russians being the most agreeable people on earth, and the few remaining clouds of doubt about getting the road through Turkestan happily dissipated by

Japan; and on the morning of March 10, I bid farewell to the Persian capital, well satisfied at the outlook ahead. While packing up my traps on the evening before starting, it begins raining for the first time in ten days; but it clears off again before midnight, and the morning opens bright and promising as ever. Six members of the telegraph staff have determined to accompany me out to Katoum-abad, the first *chapar-station*<sup>1</sup> on the Meshed pilgrim road, a distance of seven farsakhs. "Hodge-podge," the cook, and Meshedi Ali, the *gholam*, was sent ahead yesterday with plenty of substantial refreshments, and sundry mysterious black bottles—for it is the intention of the party to remain at Katoum-abad over-night, and give me a

<sup>1</sup> Post station for change of horses.

proper send-off from that point to-morrow morning.

Some little delay is occasioned by a difficulty in meeting the fastidious tastes of some of the party as regards saddle-horses; but there is no particular hurry, and ten o'clock finds me bowling briskly through the suburbs toward the Doshan Tepe gate, with four Englishmen, an Irishman and a Welchman cantering merrily along on horseback behind. "*Khuda rah pak Kumad!*" (May God sweep your road!) Ali Akbar had exclaimed as I mounted at the door, and as we pass through the city gate, the old sentinel, when told that I am at last starting on the promised journey to Meshed on the *asp-i-awhan*, supplements this with "*Padaram daromad!*" (My father has come out!) a Persian metaphorical exclamation, signifying, that such wonderful news has had the effect of calling his father from the grave. The weather has changed again since early morning; it is evidently in a very fitful and unsettled mood; the gray clouds are twirling in confusion about the white summit of Demavend as we emerge on the level plain outside the ramparts, and fleecy fugitives are scudding southward in wild haste. Imperfect but ridable donkey trails follow the dry moat around to the Meshed road, which takes a straight course southeastward from the city and is seen in the distance ahead, leading over a sloping pass, a depression in the Doshan Tepe spur of the Elburz range. The road near the city is now in better condition for wheeling than at any other time of the year; the daily swarms of pack animals bringing produce into Teheran, have trodden it smooth and hard during the ten days' continuous fine weather, while it hasn't been dry sufficiently long to develop into dust, as it does later in the season. Our road is level and good for something over a farsakh, after which comes the rising ground leading gently upward to the pass. It is a sufficiently gradual slope to be ridable for some little distance, when it becomes too rocky and steep, and I have to dismount and trundle to the summit. The summit of the pass is only about nine miles from the city walls, and we pause a minute to investigate a bottle of home-made wine from the private cellar of Mr. North, one of our party, and to allow me to take a farewell glance at Teheran, and the many familiar objects round about, ere riding down the eastern slope and out of sight.

Teheran is in semi-obscurity beneath

the same hazy veil observed when first approaching it from the west, and which always seems to hover over it. This haziness is not sufficiently pronounced to hide any conspicuous building, and each familiar object in the city is plainly visible from the commanding summit of the pass. The different gates of the city, each with its little cluster of bright tiled minars, trace at a glance the size and contour of the outer ditch and wall; the large framework of the pavilion beneath which the Shah gives his annual *tazzia* (representation of the religious tragedy of Hussein and Hassan), denuded of its canvas covering, suggests from this distance the naked ribs of some monster skeleton. The square towers of the royal anderoon—which the Shah professes to believe is the tallest dwelling-house in the world—loom conspicuously skyward above the mass of indefinable mud buildings and walls that characterize the habitations of humbler folk—humbler, but perhaps happier on the whole than the fair occupants of that seven-storied gilded prison. Hundreds of women—wives, concubines, slaves and domestics—are understood to be dwelling within these palace walls in charge of sable eunuchs, and the fate of any female whose bump of discretion in an evil moment fails her, is to be hurled headlong from the summit of one of the anderoon towers—such, at least, is the popular belief in Teheran; it may or may not be an exaggeration. Some even assert that the Shah's chief object in building the anderoon so high was, to have the certainty of this awful doom ever present before its numerous inmates, the more easily to keep them in a submissive frame of mind. Off to the right, below our position, is the Doshan Tepe palace, a memorable spot for me, where I had the satisfaction of first introducing bicycle riding to the notice of the Persian monarch. Off to the left, the Parsee "tower of silence" is observed perched among the lonely gray hills far from human habitation or any traversed road; on a grating fixed in the top of this tower, the Gueber population of Teheran deposit their dead, in order that the carrion crows and the vultures may pick the carcass clean before they deposit the whitened bones in the body of the tower.

Having duly investigated the bottle of wine and noticed these few familiar objects, we all remount and begin the descent. It is a gentle declivity from top to bottom, and ridable the whole distance,



save where an occasional washout or other small obstacle compels a dismount. The wind is likewise favorable, and from the top of the pass the bicycle out-distances the horseman, except two who are riding exceptionally good nags, and make a special effort to keep up; and at two o'clock we arrive at Katoum-abad. Katoum-abad consists of a small mud village and a half ruined brick caravansary; in one of the rooms of the latter we find "Hodge-podge" and Meshedi Ali with an abundance of roast chickens, cold mutton, eggs, and the before mentioned mysterious black bottles. The few Persian travelers in the caravansary, and the villagers come flocking around as usual to worry me

to do ample justice to the provisions at hand, and after satisfying the pressing needs of hunger, we drink several appropriate toasts from the contents of the mysterious black bottles—toasts for the success of my journey, to OUTING, and to the bicycle that has stood by me so well thus far on my journey, and promises to stand by me equally as well for the future.

About four o'clock, two of the company who have been thoughtful enough to bring shot-guns along, sally forth in quest of ducks. They come plodding wearily back again shortly after dark, without any game, but with deep designs on the credulity of the non-sporting members of the company. In reply to the general and stereotyped



"AS I WHEEL AWAY THEY SEND UP THREE RINGING CHEERS AND A 'TIGER.'"

about riding the bicycle, but the servants drive them away in short order. "We want to see the Sahib ride the *asp-i-awhan*" they explain, no doubt thinking their request most natural and reasonable. "The Sahib won't let you see it, nor ride on it this evening," reply the servants; and, given to understand that we won't put up with their importunities, they worry us no more. "Oh, that I could get rid of them thus readily always!" I mentally exclaim; for I feel instinctively that the farther east I get, the more wretchedly worrying and inquisitive I shall find the people. We arrive hungry and thirsty, and in condition

query "Shoot anything?" one of the erring pair replied, "Yes, we shot several canvas-backs, but lost them in the reeds; didn't we old un?" "Yes, five," promptly asserts "old un," a truthful young man of about three-and-twenty summers. After this, the silence for the space of a minute was so profound that we could hear each other think, until one of the company acting as spokesman for the silent reflections of the others, enquires "Anybody know of any reeds about Katoum-abad?" Some one was about to reply, but sportsman No. 1 dexterously waives further examination by heaping imprecations on the unkempt head



of the dervish, who at this opportune moment commences a sing-song monotone, in a most soul-harrowing key, outside our *menzil* doorway.

A slight drizzling rain is falling when the early riser of the company wakes up and peeps out at daybreak next morning, but it soon ceases, and by seven o'clock the ground is quite dry. The road for a mile or so is too lumpy to admit of mounting, as is frequently the case near a village, and my six companions accompany me to rideable ground. As I mount and wheel away they wave hats and send up three ringing cheers and a "tiger," hurrahs that roll across the gray Persian plain to the echoing hills, the strangest sound, perhaps, these grim old hills have ever echoed; certainly they never before echoed an English cheer. And now, as my friends of the telegraph staff turn about and wend their way back to Teheran, is as good a time as any to mention briefly the manner in which these genial lightning-jerkers assisted to render my five months' sojourn in the Persian capital agreeable. But a few short hours after my arrival in Teheran, I was sought out by Messrs. Meyrick and North, who no sooner learned of my intention to winter here, than they extended a cordial invitation to join them in their already established bachelor's quarters, where four disconsolate halves of humanity were already messing harmoniously together. With them I took up my quarters, and under the liberal and wholesome gastronomic arrangements of the establishment, soon acquired my usual semi-*embonpoint* condition, and recovered from that gaunt, hungry appearance that the hardships and scant fare of the journey from Constantinople had imparted. The house belonged to Mr. North, and he managed to give me a little room to myself for literary work, and, under the influence of a steady stream of letters and papers from friends and well-wishers in England and America, that snug little apartment with a round, moon-like hole in the thick mud wall for a window, soon acquired that denlike aspect that seems inseparable from the occupation of distributing ink. Three native servants cooked for us, waited on us, turned up missing when wanted for anything particular, cheated us and each

other, swore eternal honesty and fidelity, called us infidel dogs and *pedar sags* behind our backs, quarreled daily among themselves over their *modokah* (legitimate pickings and stealings—ten per cent on everything passing through their hands) and meekly bore with any abuse bestowed gratuitously upon them, for an aggregate of one hundred and thirty *kerans* a month—and, of course, their *modokah*. Some enterprising members of the colony had formed themselves into a club and imported a billiard table from England; this also was installed in Mr. North's house, and it furnished the means for many an hour of pleasant diversion. Like all Persian houses, the house was built around a square courtyard; Mr. North had also a pair of small white bulldogs, named respectively "Crib" and "Swindle." The last named animal furnished us with quite an exciting episode one February evening. He had been acting rather strangely for two or three days; we thought that one of the servants had been giving him a dose of *bhang* in revenge for having worried his kitten, and that he would soon recover; but on this particular day, when out for a run with his owner, his strange behavior took the form of leaping impulsively at Mr. North, and with seemingly wild frolic, seizing and shaking his garments. When Mr. North returned home he took the precautionary measure of chaining



THOMAS STEVENS' LITERARY DEN IN THE PERSIAN CAPITAL.

him up in the yard. Shortly afterward, I came in from my customary evening walk, and, all unconscious of the change in his behavior, went up to him; with a half

playful, half savage spring he seized the leg of my trousers, and with an evidently uncontrollable impulse, shook a piece clean out of it. He became gradually worse as the evening wore away, the wild expression of his eyes developed in an alarming



"HE SEIZED THE LEG OF MY TROUSERS."

manner; he would try to get at anybody who showed themselves, and he made night hideous with the fearful barking howl of a mad dog. Poor Swindle had gone mad; and I had had a narrow escape from being bitten. We lassoed him from opposite directions and dragged him outside and shot him. Swindle was a plucky little dog and so was Cribb; one day they chased a vagrant cat up on to the roof; driven to desperation, the cat made a wild leap down into the courtyard, a distance of perhaps twenty feet; without a moment's hesitation, both dogs sprung bodily after her, recking little of the distance to the ground and the possibility of broken bones.

Sometimes the colony drives dull care and *ennui* away by indulging in private theatricals; this winter they organized an amateur company, called themselves the "Teheran Bulbuls" and with burnt-corked faces and grotesque attire they rehearsed and perfected themselves in "Uncle Ebenezer's Visit to New York," which, together with sundry duets, solos, choruses, etc., they proposed to give an entertainment for the benefit of the poor of the city. When the Shah returned from Europe he was moved by what he had seen there, to build

a small theatre: the theatre was built but nothing is ever done with it. The Teheran Bulbuls applied for its use to give their entertainment in, and the Shah was pleased to grant their request. The mollahs raised objections; said it would have a tendency

to corrupt the morals of the Persians. Once, twice, the entertainment was postponed; but the Shah finally overruled the bigoted priests' objections, and "Uncle Ebenezer's Visit to New York" was played twice in the Shah's little gilded theatre a few days after I left, with great success; the first night, before the Shah and his nobles, and the foreign ambassadors, and the second night before more common folk. The two postponements and my early departure, prevented me from being on hand as prompter. The winter before, these dusky-faced "bulbuls" had performed before a Teheran audience, and one who was a member at that time, tells

an amusing story of the individual who acted as prompter on that occasion. One of the performers appeared on the stage sufficiently charged with stage-fright to cause him to entirely forget his piece. Expecting every moment to get the cue from the prompter's box, what was his horror to hear, after waiting what probably seemed to him about an hour, instead of the cue, in a hoarse whisper that could be distinctly heard all over the room, the comforting remark, "I say, Charlie, I've lost the blooming place!"

The American missionaries have a small chapel in Teheran, and on Sunday morning we sometimes used to go; the little congregation gathered there was composed of strange elements collected together from far off places. From Colonel F——, the grizzled military adventurer, now in the Shah's service, and who was also with Maximilian in Mexico, to the young American lady who is said to have turned missionary and came broken-hearted to the distant East, because her lover had died a few days before they were to be married, they are an audience of people each with a more or less adventurous history. It is perfectly natural that it should be so; it is the irrepressible spirit of adventure that is

either directly or indirectly responsible for their presence here.

Half an hour after the echoes of the three cheers and the "tiger" had died away, finds me wet-footed and engaged in fording a series of aggravating little streams, that obstructs my path so frequently, that to stop and shed one's foot-gear for each, soon becomes an intolerable nuisance. I should think I can claim, without exaggeration, to crossing fifty of these streams inside of ten miles. A good-sized stream emerges from the Elburz foothills: after reaching the plain it follows no regular channel, but spreads out like an opened fan into a gradually widening area of small streams that play their part in irrigating a few scattering fields and gardens, and are then lost in the sands of the desert to the south. Situated where it can derive the most benefit from these streams, is the village of Sherifabad, and beyond Sherifabad, stretches a verdureless waste to Aivani-Kaif. On this desert I sit down for a few minutes on one of those little mounds of rocks piled up at intervals to mark the road when the trail is buried beneath the winter snows, a green-turbaned descendant of the Prophet, bestriding a bay horse, comes from the opposite direction, stops,

squats down closer to the bicycle, and commences a searching investigation of its several parts. "Where are you going?" he finally asks. "Meshed." "Where have you come from?" "Teheran." With that he hands me another handful of figs, remounts his horse and rides away without another word. Inquisitiveness is seen, almost bristling from the loose sleeves and flowing folds of his sky-blue gown, but his overwhelming sense of his own holiness forbids him holding anything like a lengthy intercourse with an unhallowed Ferenghi, and much as he would like to know everything about the bicycle, he goes away without asking a single question about it.

Shortly after parting company with the sanctimonious seyud, I encounter a prosperous-looking party of dervishes. Some of them are mounted on excellent donkeys, and for dervishes they look exceptionally flourishing and well-to-do. As I ride slowly past they accost me with their customary "huk yah huk," and promise to pray Allah for a safe journey to wherever I am going, if I will favor them with the necessary backsheesh to command their good offices.

There are some stretches of very good road across this desert, and I reach Aivan-



A ROADSIDE LUNCH IN PERSIA.

dismounts, squats down on his hams close by and proceeds to regale himself with bread and figs, meanwhile casting inquisitive glances at the bicycle. Presently he advances closer, gives me a handful of figs,

i-Kaif near noon. There has been no drinkable water for a long distance, and being thirsty, my first inquiry is for tea. "There is a tchai-khan at the umbar (water cistern) yonder," I am told, and

straightway proceed to the place pointed out ; but "tchai-khan neis" is the reply upon enquiring at the umbar. In this manner am I promptly initiated into one peculiarity of the people along this portion of the Meshed pilgrim road, a peculiarity that distinguishes them from the ordinary Persian as fully as the shaking of their heads for an affirmative reply does the people of the Maritza Valley from other people of the Balkan peninsular. They will frequently ask you if you want a certain article, simply for the purpose of telling you they haven't got it. Whether this queer inconsistency comes of simon-pure inquisitiveness to hear what one will say in reply, or whether they derive a certain amount of inquisitorial pleasure from raising a person's expectations one moment so as to witness their disappointment the next, is a question I prefer to leave to others, but more than once am I brought into contact with this peculiarity during the few brief hours I stay at Aivan-i-Kaif. It is not improbable that these people are merely carrying their ideas of politeness to the insane length of holding out the promise of what they think or ascertain one wants, knowing at the same time their inability to supply it.

It is threatening rain as I pick my way through a mile or so of mud ruins, tumble-down walls and crooked paths leading from the umbar to the house of the Persian telegraph-jee, who has been requested from Teheran to put me up, and in view of the threatening aspect of the weather, I conclude to remain till morning. The English Government has taken charge of the Teheran and Meshed Telegraph Line during the delimitation of the Afghan and Turkestan boundary, and besides guaranteeing the native telegraph-jees their regular salary—which is not always forthcoming from the Persian Government—they pay them something extra. In consequence of this, the telegraph-jees are at present very favorably disposed toward Englishmen, and Mirza Hassan readily tenders me the hospitality of the little mud-office where he amuses himself daily, clicking the keys of his instrument, smoking *kalian*s, drinking tea and entertaining his guests. Mr. McIntire and Mr. Stagno are somewhere between here and Meshed, inspecting and repairing the line for the English Government, for they received it from the Persians in a wretched, tumble-down condition, and Mr. Gray, telegraphist for the Afghan boundary commission, is stationed temporarily

at Meshed, so that, thanks to the boundary troubles, I am pretty certain of meeting three Europeans on the first six hundred miles of my journey. Mirza Hassan is hospitable and well-meaning, but like most Persians, he is slow about everything but asking questions. Being a telegraph-jee, he is, of course, a comparatively enlightened mortal, and among other things he is acquainted with the average Englishman's partiality for beer. One of the first questions he asks is whether I want any beer. It strikes me at once as a rather strange question to be asked in a Persian village, but thinking he might perchance have had a bottle or two left here by one of the above-mentioned telegraph inspectors, I signify my willingness to sample a little. True to the peculiar inconsistency of his fellows, he replies : "*Ob-i-jow neis*" (beer, no). If he hasn't *ob-i-jow*, however, he has tea, and in about an hour after my arrival, he produces the *samovar*, a bowl of sugar and the tiny glasses in which tea is always served in Persia.

Visitors begin dropping in as usual, and before long hundreds of villagers are swarming about the telegraph-khana anxious to see me ride. It is coming on to rain, but in order to rid the telegraph office of the crowd, I take the bicycle out. Willing men carry both myself and the bicycle across a stream that runs through the village to smooth ground on the opposite side, where I ride back and forth several times, to the wild and boisterous delight of the entire population.

In this manner I succeed in ridding the telegraph office of the crowd ; but there is no getting rid of the visitors. Everybody in the place who thinks himself a little better than the ragamuffin ryots, comes and squats on his hams in the little hut-like office, sips the telegraph-jees sweetened tea, smokes his *kalian*s and spends the afternoon in staring wonderingly at myself and the bicycle. Having picked up a little Persian during the winter, I am able to talk with them and understand them rather better than last season, and Persian-like they ply me mercilessly with questions. Often when someone asks a question of me, Mirza Hassan, as becomes a telegraph-jee and a person of profound erudition, thoughtfully saves me the trouble of replying, by undertaking to furnish the desired information himself. One old mollah wants to know how many farsakhs it is from Aivan-i-Kaif to Yenghi Donia (New World—America) : ere I can frame a suitable

reply Mirza Hassan forestalls my intentions, by answering in a decisive tone of voice, that admits of no appeal, "*Khylié!*" *Khylié* is a handy word that the Persians always fall back on when their knowledge of great numbers or long distances is vague and shadowy; it is an indefinite term equivalent to our word "many." Mirza Hassan don't know whether America is two hundred farsakhs away or two thousand, but he knows it to be "*khylié farsakhs*," and that is perfectly satisfactory to himself, and the white-turbaned questioner is perfectly satisfied with "*khylié*" for an answer.

A person from the New World is naturally a *rara avis* with the simple villagers of Aivan-i-Kaif, and their inquisitiveness concerning Yenghi Donia and Yenghi Donians fairly runs riot, and shapes itself into all manner of questions. They want to know whether the people smoke kalians and ride horses—real horses, not *asps-i-awhan*—in Yenghi Donia, and whether the Valiat smoked the kalian with me at Hadji Agha. Mirza Hassan explains about the kalian and horses; he enlightens his wondering auditor to the extent that Yenghi Donians smoke narghelis and chibourks instead of kalians, and he contemptuously pooh-poohs the idea of them keeping riding horses when they are clever enough to make iron horses that require nothing to eat or drink and no rest. About the question of the Heir Apparent smoking the kalian with me, he betrays as lively an interest as anybody in the room, but he maintains a discreet silence until I answer in the negative, when he surveys his guests with the air of one who pities their ignorance, and says "*Kalian neis*." A lusty-lunged youngster of about three summers has been interrupting the genial flow of conversation by making "*Rome howl*" in an adjoining room, and Mirza Hassan fetches him in and consoles him with sundry lumps of sugar. The advent of the limpid-eyed toddler leads the thoughts and questions of the company into more domestic channels. After exhaustive questioning about my own affairs, Mirza Hassan, with more than praiseworthy frankness and becoming gravity, informs me that, besides the embryo telegraph-gee and sugar consumer in the room, he is the happy

father of "*yek nim*" (one and a half others). I cast my eye around the room at this extraordinary announcement, expecting to find the company indulging in appreciative smiles; but every person in the room is as sober as a judge; plainly I am the only person present who regards the announcement as anything uncommon.

After an ample supper of mutton pillau, Mirza Hassan proceeds to say his prayers, borrowing my compass to get the proper bearings for Mecca, which I have explained to him during the afternoon. With no little dismay he discovers that, according to my explanations, he has for years been bobbing his head daily several degrees east of the holy city, and, like a sensible fellow and a person who has become convinced of the infallibility of telegraph instruments, compasses and kindred aids to the accomplishment of human ends, he now rectifies the mistake. Everybody along his route uses a praying-stone, a small cake of stone or hardened clay, containing an inscription from the Koran. These praying-stones are obtained from the sacred soil of Meshed, Koom or Kerbela, and are placed in position on the ground in front of the kneeling devotee during his devotions, so that, instead of touching his forehead to the carpet or the common ground of his native village, he can bring it in contact with the hallowed soil of one of these holy cities. Distance lends enchantment to a holy place and adds to the efficacy of a prayer-stone in the eyes of its owner, and they are valued highly or lightly, according to the distance and the consequent holiness of the city they are brought from. For example, a Meshedi values a prayer-stone from Kerbela, and a Kerbeli values one from Meshed, neither of them having much faith in the efficacy of one from their own city; familiarity with sacred things breeds doubts and indifference. The prayer-stone is reverently touched to lips, cheeks and forehead at the finish of prayers, and then carefully wrapped up and stowed away until praying time comes round again. To a skeptical and perhaps irreverent observer, these praying-stones would seem to bear about the same relation to a pilgrimage to Meshed or Kerbela as a package of prepared sea-salt does to a season at the seaside.

[To be continued.]

## WELCOME TO THOMAS STEVENS.

BY C. E. CUSHING.

## I.

To the East! to the East! with constant aim,  
Over oceans, through deserts, onward he came  
With soul determined to do or die,  
With heart undaunted and steadfast eye  
Forever fixed on the distant goal,  
To the East! the East! and Home!

## II.

To the East! to the East! over mountain heights,  
Through burning days and glooming nights  
He ever came on his flying wheel—  
Grimly treading his lone, long reel—  
With eyes still fixed on the distant goal,  
To the East! the East! and Home!

## III.

To the East! to the East! through strange wild lands,  
Where live fierce men with blood-stained hands,  
Where wander stealthy beasts of prey,  
Where dangers threaten and perils play,  
His eyes were fixed on the distant goal,  
To the East! the East! and Home!

## IV.

To the East! to the East! through the jaws of Death,  
Scorched by the heat of Death's hot breath,  
He rode unswervingly along  
With brave heart singing his constant song;  
While his eyes were fixed on the distant goal:  
To the East! the East! and Home!

## V.

To the East! to the East! he comes at last,  
All hardships ended, all perils past:  
He joys with the joy of a work well done;  
He delights in the honor he has won:  
At last he has reached his constant goal,  
In the East! the East! and Home!

## VI.

To the East! to the East! we welcome thee!  
In the East! in the East! all honor be  
To the steadfast heart and courageous soul,  
To the man! who has come unharmed and whole  
To his distant ever-receding goal  
In the East! the East! and Home!

## A NIGHT WITH THE SCOTCH HERRING FISHERS.

As an enthusiastic Corinthian, fond of knocking about the water in any sort of craft, I was advised, while touring through Scotland recently, to try a novelty in the form of a trip with a herring fleet, which go out nightly, in the season, from many of the towns and villages along the coast of that romantic and picturesque country. Upon thinking over and discussing the matter with the gentleman who suggested it to me, who, by the way, had experienced such a trip, he assured me that as variety was the spice of life, I could enjoy a great deal of the said spice at a very small outlay; "but," added he, "I will be frank with you, and promise that the spice in this case has nothing to do with allspice, but more with the odor of the herring, and I sometimes fancy I can detect the smell of that estimable fish from my hands yet (sniffing them), though it is a full month since I was out with the boats." I assured him I was not at all dainty, and as I had about a month more to pass in the country, I presumed the smell of herrings would not attract universal attention. "Well, no," he laughingly replied, "it will not, and if you are as fond of roughing it as you say you are, I don't doubt but that the novelty of the thing will have its attractions for you."

Consequently I then and there decided I would try the experiment, and my friend promised that he would get me a berth as passenger on the identical boat he had been out in, as he knew the skipper well.

At this time I was staying at this gentleman's house in the town of Campbeltown, a seaport in Argyleshire, on the Firth of Clyde, about ten miles from the Mull of Kintyre (that high promontory which is the last portion of Scotland visible to the eyes of Atlantic travelers who make Glasgow their starting point), a town that is renowned all over the world for that excellent distillation known as Campbeltown whisky. It is evident to the unprejudiced that the good people who compose its inhabitants look with some distrust on the churches in their midst, as they calculate that it takes three distilleries to keep watch over one church, there being twenty-one of the former to seven of the latter; the principal shipping import being barley from Russia to feed these whisky factories. Yet it is a fact that unless you are an old

rounder, and know just where to go for it, the whisky sold in the public houses in town is probably the worst to be had in the country. This does not seem to have any effect on its consumption, however, and I may mention that among the lower classes, whisky, herrings and oat meal constitute their bill of fare year in and year out, with the exception of New Year's day, on which date blood puddings and plum duff is, I am told, the proper caper. Apropos of this, I was much amused, one day, on questioning one of the gamins fishing off the end of one of the wharves (or "quays," as they are there called) what he had for breakfast that day. He stared at me for fully thirty seconds, as if wondering at my ignorance before giving vent to the flow of his rhetoric in the monosyllable "Parritch!" (*i. e.* porridge, or oat meal boiled). "And what for dinner?" I continued. Another look more intense if possible than the former, and "Parritch!" again crossed his lips. I was now fully interested and determined to enrich my notes with his complete "Bill of Lading" for the day by finding out what his supper consisted of. A look of contempt, mingled with pity, overspread his sun-browned face, followed my question, and, gathering himself for a final effort, answered scornfully, "Parritch, o' course—div' ye think it's N'er day?" (New Year's day). In spite of the decidedly monotonous *ménu*, they are a strong, hardy race, and my friend assured me that the men will get soaked to the skin externally by rain, and internally by whisky, half a dozen times a day without ever thinking of changing their clothes, and never know what a cold is.

As the herring fleet does not leave for the fishing-grounds till late in the afternoon, I left my friend to take a stroll through the town, he promising in the meanwhile to arrange with the skipper of the *Catherine and Agnes* about my going out with him. So making an appointment to meet him at 3 P. M. at his house, I wandered off, as I delight to do in a strange place, through the narrow streets of the town. What struck me most were the plentiful signs everywhere the eye rested of the two principal businesses of the place—whisky-distilling and fishing.

The quays were piled up with whisky-barrels and herring boxes, some of each



full, waiting to be shipped to Glasgow and Greenock, and some empty, returning only to be refilled and sent back, and so on, *da capo*. In the streets drays were conveying barrels to and from the quays, and on the shore were fishing-boats, mostly turned upside down, while nets suspended from high screens made of poles like our shad-poles, were drying in the sun. Here a group of fishermen might be seen mending nets, there another tanning an outstretched sail, while a third were idly talking about the number of "crans" the last catch amounted to, and discussing the weather *à la* polite society. Once did I see a happy group consisting of a fisherman's wife and her children, the mother knitting some heavy worsted stockings, evidently for the bread-winner of the family, and the "bairns" playing round her knee while sitting at the door of their home, constructed like Mr. Peggotty's, of a boat turned upside down. I asked permission to examine the structure, and was kindly invited to step inside, when I was more than surprised at the cleanliness and comfort exhibited. A partition, built "amidships," divided the house into a "but and a ben," as two-roomed houses are there named, one serving as kitchen, dining and general sitting-room, while the other was used as a bed-room. Along the walls of the former was arranged the family "delf," mostly of the blue willow pattern, while some cheap but appropriate prints, such as "Launching the Life-Boat," decorated the walls. The windows were simply square holes cut in the sides of the boat and filled in with small panes of glass, and on the sill of one or two stood some pot plants which gave a touch of color to the interior. "It's no unco big, but it's gey snug, an' the auld boat has stood mony a hard batterin' at sea, and mony an ugly blaw on the land without showing it much," remarked my hostess. A large family Bible, with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles lying on top of it, looked as if it knew much the same experience as the one in Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," while in what was originally the bow of the boat slumbered a peat fire. This peat is a sort of turf, or bog, which is cut at a certain time every year and stored round the house for winter use, and makes a bright fire, with little or no smoke. After wandering around the town, which is, by the way, the largest in the domains of the Duke of Argyle, or MacCallum More, as he is usually called here, and taking in all

that was to be seen — among other things a cross standing in the main street, bearing a Latin inscription which was brought here from the, at one time, famous ecclesiastical island of Iona — I hurried off to my friend's house to keep my engagement. I found him waiting for me, and on his floor, covering a large area, were some sailor's toggery, consisting of a coat and pair of pants of a heavy blue material, a "bonnet," or glengarry, and a heavy pair of shoes, the whole evidently being the outfit of some fisherman.

"What are you going to do with these?" I inquired, and was not a little surprised when he told me they were for my use. I quietly told him that if I knew myself, I would not be seen dead in the aforesaid articles, and thoughts of what my friends in New York would think of me if they saw me rigged up in such stunsails, made me righteously indignant at the very idea of my donning them. Upon his pointing out, however, that complete and absolute ruin would certainly be the end of any other suit I might wear when on my fishing excursion, I gave myself up entirely to the mercies of my mentor, promising to obey him implicitly, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, I was surrounded by the most voluminous suit of clothes I ever dared hope to possess. A pipe, pouch of tobacco, box of matches, and a *very large* pocket pistol of Campbeltown's very best fire-water completed my outfit, and when we walked down to the end of the quay to meet the skipper in whose care I was consigned, I found myself actually rolling in my gait, although I was painfully evident of the fact that the color of my face and hands belied my rig. On arriving at the end of the quay my friend singled out from a group of fishermen, one whom he introduced to me as "Captain Dugald." The captain was a typical Scotch fisherman, considerably *under* the average height of men, but then considerably *over* the average width, with a face as tanned as the sail of a fishing boat, and a fist the size of a ham, and which caught mine with a grip of iron, a trial which I would much rather have dispensed with. Telling Dugald I was a stranger in a far land, my friend handed me over to his care, assuring me that I was in good hands, and that the *Catherine and Agnes* was the fastest boat in the harbor. This last remark was well aimed, judging from the pleased expression on Dugald's face, who thereupon remarked he was pleased to take me out,

and that we had better get under weigh at once, or we should miss the last of the ebb tide.

Accordingly, I bade my friend farewell, and stepping into a small boat with the skipper, was rowed out to the *Catherine and Agnes*. On reaching her, I scrambled on board and found her a large, roomy craft, of great depth, as it seemed to me at the time, perfectly open, with the exception of a small deck, extending from the bow to about four feet beyond the mast. Under the deck was the forecastle and cooking-galley combined, and piled up in order all along the floor were the nets, with their attendant sinkers and floats. Her ballast consisted of about three tons of stones, which is found to be the most convenient ballast these boats can get, as it can be jettisoned at pleasure, should the catch of herrings be large enough to warrant this. Mainsail and jib constitute the rig, and under it these boats are very fast as well as able, as indeed they require to be to stand the angry seas from the Irish channel which sweep up the Firth of Clyde after a sou'west gale. Generally, these boats, which, with nets and everything complete, including one skiff or wherry, cost from £200 to £350, are owned by the skipper, who pays the crew, usually four or five men, a regular wage and a small percentage of the catch. The skiff, or wherry, is a double-bowed boat about eighteen feet long, which is towed out to the fishing-ground and sent home with the first of the catch, if it is a large one, to supply the demand of the town. I have seen these boats come in with scarcely three inches of free-board, so laden with herrings were they, and for sixpence you could have a pail full of these fish. The larger boats follow the skiffs home as soon as they get all the nets on board, their cargoes being bought by the wholesale dealers, who pack the fish in layers of salt and send them by the morning's steamer to Greenock and Glasgow, the largest percentage being shipped thence by rail to Liverpool, London, and England generally, where the fish sell at twopence per piece on the day after they are caught. I may remark here that he who wants to know what a Scotch herring really tastes like, should cook and eat it the same morning it is caught.

After being introduced to the crew by a comprehensive wave of the skipper's hand, and the announcement that I was the American gentleman who wished to spend a night with them at the fishing, the crew

at once began hoisting sail, and in a few minutes the *Catherine and Agnes* was gliding down the harbor or "Loch" amidst a fleet of over one hundred and fifty boats, some larger and some smaller than herself, all making for the open sea. Campbeltown Loch is about three miles long by one and a half broad, and is almost entirely land-locked. An island named Devaar, on which is a lighthouse marking the entrance to the loch, seems to have been dropped right in the mouth of the loch, as a sort of after-thought, and has only left a passage on one side not more than two hundred yards wide at some parts, while on the other side one can walk to the mainland at low water by using a sort of road of sand and gravel which seems to have been made for the purpose, but is really only the result of the action of the tides. The loch is a most picturesque sheet of water, and is sheltered on all sides by hills, which keep the worst of the winter gales from the shipping, and, as the anchorage is of the best, it is a favorite resort of storm-bound vessels. The entrance to the loch is defended by fortifications quite as obsolete as those of New York harbor, but which are maintained more as a training-ground for the militia, than for anything of a more bellicose nature.

There is much rivalry among the fishing smacks as to their respective sailing qualities, and races in going out and coming in are always in style. The *Catherine and Agnes* proved my friend did not exaggerate when flattering the skipper, as we slowly hauled up and passed boat after boat, until she was among the foremost when the fishing-grounds were reached, a couple of hours after leaving the harbor, when down came the sail and the nets were gotten ready to cast. It was a most animating sight to see the water dotted all over for miles around with the fleet, on which every man and boy was now busily occupied in keeping the nets from getting entangled or caught on anything while getting them overboard. Each boat takes a position at a respectable distance from its neighbor, as they are not anchored, but are moored to the nets and drift with them. As the tides are not strong the distance covered is inconsiderable, but care must be taken not to approach too near any other boat, nor poach on its ground. The nets are very long and cover a large area of water, being supported by large cork floats fastened at intervals along the upper edge, sinkers on the lower edge keeping them perpendicular.

The meshes are large enough to allow the herring to get his head into them, when he is caught by the gills and held prisoner.

After the nets had all been cast the crew gave themselves up to getting supper ready, and in a few minutes one of the crew had kindled a peat fire in the forecastle, and "the hungry edge of appetite" was considerably sharpened when a savory odor of fried herrings reached our end of the boat. The fish being cooked were those caught the preceding night, and were done to a nicety, Peter, our boy *chef*, priding himself that fried herring was his *pièce de résistance*. Some oatmeal cake and a steaming can of tea, was all these humble toilers of the sea had for their supper, but I must say I did full justice to the meal by "backing up my cairt," as Peter called it, for another herring, and thereby gladdening that worthy's heart by this tribute to his cooking. Two large, fat herrings make a thoroughly sufficient meal, and I felt at peace with all mankind after finishing mine. When the supper was over I had, for the first time, an opportunity of looking around me and taking in the view, and such a view it was! The sun was just sinking into the water, and threw his rays across the waves in a broad band of gold, causing the somber-hued fishing boats within his trail to stand out *en silhouette*. Away over by the shore of Arran, innumerable steamers and sailing vessels were creeping up the Firth on their way to Greenock and Glasgow, while Aisla Craig, the

"Craggy ocean pyramid"

of Keats, stood up in majestic loneliness in strong relief to the Arran shore with its peaceful farms laid out in almost geometrical precision. Aisla Craig is a rock, about midway between the shore of Arran and the Mull of Kintyre, and rises perpendicularly on one side for hundreds of feet into the air, while on the opposite side it begins at the level of the sea and slopes up to its highest point. Its population consists of one man, who keeps a few sheep on the rock, and sea fowl, thousands of which latter are ever circling around its craggy brows, but there is some talk at present of the British Government fortifying it. Certainly it could be made a second Gibraltar. Right opposite us lies the town of Ayr, which, according to Burns, is celebrated for its comely lasses, and following the coast-line in a southerly direction, we can trace the Galloway coast fading away into an indistinct purple line, blending at last with the colors of the setting sun. I have

often since wondered why American tourists, with whom time is not the first consideration, do not take the more northern route by the Anchor or State line steamers to Glasgow, in preference to the Liverpool route. The scenery along the north coast of Ireland, passing the Giant's Causeway and round the Mull of Kintyre, up the broad Firth of Clyde with its varied scenery, now grand and rugged, now quiet and peaceful, is far ahead of that offered by the Liverpool steamers. Besides, if the trans-Atlantic lines found a disposition among travelers to take this trip, they would put their finest steamers on this route, and he who visits Britain without seeing the Scottish highlands, replete with romance of love and war, simply misses the most magnificent scenery in Britain. On putting my pistol of Campbeltown whisky into circulation, the usual reticence of the Highlander began to melt like the mist on his native hills before the rising sun, and stories and songs enlivened the evening. I was much struck with the excellent ear for music these men have, and their songs, all in Gaelic, and treating chiefly, as the skipper informed me, of the bloody frays between the clans in bygone days, were weird and interesting to me. The Highlander is naturally of a fighting proclivity, and one watching the effect on the crew of one song in particular I remember, I could not wonder at the glorious record of the Highland regiments in all of Britain's wars. One enterprising youth in a smack about a quarter of a mile from us struck up some music from that wonderful instrument, the bagpipes, and I must admit that were I compelled to live within sound of this instrument all my life, I should prefer to have it served up to me in just this way, "distance lending enchantment," most decidedly, in this case. Nevertheless, I noticed the crew kept perfectly still all the time the youth was playing, and Dugald informed me that the pipes could stir up a man to fight quicker than anything he knew of, a sentiment in which I quite agreed with him. In answer to a request for a song, I scored a decided success in singing "Annie Laurie," and "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," as an encore. The audience were astonished at the idea of any one from America knowing a Scotch song, and I imagine I rose in their estimation accordingly.

Nothing strikes the American visiting Britain in summer more than the long twilight, and on this particular evening I could with ease read a newspaper at ten

o'clock without straining my eyes in the least. I believe that it is greatly owing to the fact that the British are such a sport-loving people, as I noticed that cricket, lawn-tennis, and other out-door games, were indulged in much more after supper than before it. Thus clerks, whose business prevents them from exercising during the day, have quite three or four hours after supper in which to indulge their tastes. At last the darkness came down, and with it hundreds of lights came into existence, not suddenly, but like the stars, silently one by one, until the Arran shore twinkled with them and the lighthouses sent their warning gleams across the water. The crew now sought an opportunity to snatch an hour or two of sleep, but the scene had a peculiar charm for me, and as the skipper was going to keep watch, I decided to keep him company.

After lighting our pipes and passing round the flask, Dugald became very communicative, and gave me many interesting details regarding his profession—how that some years the fishing had not been good, and others the fish were too plentiful and consequently too cheap; how he had been compelled, one summer, to run from his nets before a gale and lose them, narrowly saving the boat. The storms are not the only enemies the fishermen have, however, as Dugald told how sometimes the porpoises would run through the nets in schools, wrecking them completely; and even the bottle-nosed whale would pay them a visit occasionally and do the same. These fish are generally about thirty feet long, and travel like a steamer, so that no nets can withstand them. From plain business facts the skipper went on to the supernatural, and had I been a believer in the uncanny, his earnest manner and evident belief in his subject would have gone far to make "each particular hair stand on end" on my head. Superstition has a strong hold on the Scottish fishermen, and they do not care to have any one make light of their belief in this subject. Many were the stories and legends my host told me that night, the themes being chiefly about the ghosts of drowned sailors and smugglers who met their death at the hands of the coast guard while carrying on their nefarious business, illustrating his tales the while by pointing out the coves which were their strongholds a hundred years ago. But this was not a night for spirits to be abroad, and Dugald predicted a great catch of herrings when we drew the nets in the morning. A large

number of yachts bound up channel to take part in the Royal Clyde Yacht Club regatta passed us with white wings outspread, stealing along noiselessly like ghosts, and among them was one which Dugald pointed out as the one that was going to cross the ocean to try and wrest the "America's Cup" from us. She was a thing of beauty, and pleased the eye immensely, and the skipper said he had seen her leave the Clyde and cross the channel to Ireland on a day when the steamers dared not venture outside. She was a Clyde-built boat too, and Dugald was "vera proot pecase she bate a' thae English boats." I was so interested I scarce noticed the time slip past, until the eastern horizon assumed a gray appearance, and by 2.30 A.M. it was light enough to allow the lighthouses to douse their glims. About this time the crew were called, and preparations were made to begin hauling in the nets. As the skipper had predicted, the catch was very large, and the nets were heavy to handle, but before long our skiff was filled with herrings—great big fat fellows—and started home before a spanking breeze to catch the first of the market. We continued hauling in the remainder of the nets, which seemed one mass of shining silver, and now I saw the wisdom of my friend in providing me with a suitable outfit. I was lending a helping hand, and before I knew it I seemed to be one mass of scales from head to heel, and the smell to which my nose had become somewhat accustomed, was now increased one thousand fold. It was all our crew, now three men, two having left with the skiff, could do to get the nets on board, and we had to suspend operations for some time until we had jettisoned two-thirds of our ballast to make room for the catch. While one of the crew was getting the nets clear of an obstacle which had caught them, he impatiently gave them a tug which tore them considerably, for which imprudence the skipper rebuked him by remarking: "Hoots, man! die' ye no ken that naething should be done in haste, but gripping fleas," which I afterwards found out was a proverb well known to the Scotch, and which contains a great deal of truth. The sun now lifted his head out of the water like an inquisitive sea-god trying to find out what we were doing with all his finny subjects, and as he lighted up the picture with his genial warmth, I regretted not having the talent nor appliances wherewith to depict the scene.

At last all the nets were on board, and we were running before the ever-freshening breeze for the harbor, laden down away below the water-line with the harvest of the sea. The effect on the crew was very noticeable, each one looking happy and in good spirits, no doubt calculating how much his share of the catch was going to amount to, while the skipper challenged and raced everything going our way, which enlivened the journey home immensely. Soon the mouth of the loch was reached, and we could hear the hum of the town as it began another day's labors, and by the time the town clock was chiming six, we were fast to the quay, while the skipper was bargaining with the wholesale dealers for his cargo, which was ultimately bought by a man who repeatedly informed Dugald he was paying him far too much for it, and

that he would not have given that amount to any other man, etc., etc. He was a London Jew. I remained long enough to see it packed in salt and shipped by the morning steamer to Glasgow, and after thanking Dugald for his kindness to me and treating him and the crew to their "morning" (*i. e.*, eye-opener), I made for my friend's house. Here I saw the cook clean my string of herrings and put them in the frying-pan actually jumping, and after a swim in the sea in front of the house and a good scrubbing afterwards, in a vain attempt to remove the fishy odor from my person, I sat down to a breakfast, "fit to serve a king," with an appetite equal to the occasion, which was, I think, a very pleasant drop curtain to "A Night with the Scotch Herring Fishers."

*R. K.*

#### A FAIR HORSEWOMAN.

Th' October sun lies mellow  
On a winding country lane,  
Where the leaves are dropping yellow  
Like a gust of golden rain;  
And from out the glow and glory  
Shines the empress of my heart,  
Fittest theme for verse or story —  
Dolly in her village cart.

Such a blossom of a bonnet  
Beams above her dimpled face,  
Where she sunlight strikes upon it,  
And the dainty ends of lace  
Draped about her pretty shoulders,  
Falling th' least bit apart! —  
She bewitches all beholders,  
Dolly in her village cart.

O, her gown's severest clinging  
But reveals my true love's charm,  
A trim waist to notice bringing,  
And the roundness of an arm.  
From the whip in her swift fingers  
Shows a bit of ribbon smart,  
Where beside the road she lingers;  
Dolly in her village cart.

Is she lost in some sweet dreaming  
As she pulls upon the rein?  
Or is most audacious scheming  
Born within her busy brain?  
Can she know I am behind her?  
Does she wait? — Be still, my heart!  
Always kind, to-day be kinder,  
Dolly, in your village cart!

*Ruth Hill.*

## OUR FLORIDA CANOE CRUISE.

THERE were five of us, all members of the A. C. A. We had waited for several days for the weather to clear, and finally one bright morning in March we completed our preparations and got away.

We were bound to the north with Homasassa as an objective point. As I said before, there were five: Neidé, the genial secretary of the A. C. A.; Ellsworth, of Canton, N. Y.; Reid, of Toronto; Phinney, of Boston, and the writer.

We swung out the Anclote River with a fair wind and bright weather. As we stretched away up the coast, the wind hauled ahead, the clouds gathered, and by the time we had made ten miles on our way, the weather looked "owley." A short council was held, and by mutual consent the fleet bore up for the Kootie River. A short distance inside we found a campground, and at once made preparations for bad weather—none too soon, for the tents were hardly pitched when the clouds opened, and we were treated to a specimen of the weather that drove Noah into the ark. Our camp was on a point of a shell beach, backed by a large grove of cabbage palmettos; in front, the gulf; on the right, the river, and on the left, a bayou.

Our first night in camp was one of almost uninterrupted rain, yet we suffered no discomfort, for we were all old cruisers.

Our tents were comparatively dry, provisions were plenty, and our spirits good. Supper eaten, there came in the interval between supper and sleep, that measure of enjoyment known only to those who have cruised and camped long enough to know that the frowns of nature are sometimes as sweet as her most gracious smiles.

Of course we told stories; they were all true: no lying allowed in that camp! We discussed the latest canoe news, criticised the various new models, argued on the sneak-box question, and—smoked.

Morning came at last, wet, foggy, and a general appearance of—can't break camp to-day. Breakfast fully discussed, the party settles into the day's work. Phinney and Reid, in the *Peterboro*, start an exploring expedition up the river, Ellsworth investigates the growth and general construction of the cabbage palm, the doctor tries fishing, while the other fellow busies himself around camp.

Noon comes, and with it comes Phinney and Reid; they bring in a small "gator"

and a fat chicken. (They say they bought the chicken.)

More rain, and then some more rain. For four days we did not have four hours of sunlight. Our patience was nearly exhausted. We visited all the "Cracker" families near-by, fished, hunted and went oystering, and finally, on the fifth day, we made sail and stood out to sea. Made a run of some twenty-five miles, and camped on Pine Island, near Bayport.

This is an old fishing station. The old shanty is in ruins now, but there is wood, and we have the shelter. Making camp is not much trouble where there are five to take hold, and all are tolerably expert. We have a pleasant evening, a good night's rest, and, morning coming, we are busily engaged in steaming for a start. After getting all in order, an extraordinary whim seizes the five minds, and they all decide to run back some five miles to Bayport to see the town. No sooner said than done. We are soon away, and in a short time, land on Battery Point, so named from the fact that this place was fortified during the war, a field-piece and thirty-five men being stationed on this very spot. We find Bayport a quiet, sleepy little place, and decide to leave; but when we are ready to start, the wind has risen to half a gale, and we decide to wait awhile.

Bayport stands at the mouth of the Weikawatchee River, a stream about thirty yards wide, and some four feet in depth, twelve miles in length, and just as big at the head as it is at the mouth, the river rising at a large spring—born full-grown, as it were. Two canoes start up the river, but find the current too strong for comfort, and soon turn back.

The place is soon exhausted, and if it were not for some of the officers of U. S. S. *Bache*, who are here surveying, we should have been lonely. As it was, we managed to worry away the time until night, and then we could sleep.

Morning comes, but more wind with it, so the doctor and Ellsworth decide to take the "Cracker Express" across country to Homasassa. The bargain is made, and about noon they climb into the "coach," and, with a hearty good-bye, are off.

The weather looks bad; there is more rain coming, so we get the camp in order for a storm. Night comes, and with it, the rain, gently at first, then faster, faster,

until it is coming in torrents, while the wind is blowing a gale. We had forgotten to ditch our tent, and now have to organize an engineer corps and attend to business.

That was a damp camp that night, damp and uncertain, for the tent was pitched on ground but a few inches above high-water mark, and a high tide might make mischief.

Fortunately, however, all the water we were troubled with came from above, and

we found ourselves at daylight about where we were the night before.

The wind had moderated greatly. We gathered up and packed up, and at half after nine were on our homeward way.

Thirty-five miles, and a bad sea on; but we made it in five hours, getting home tired, hungry, and wet. On the whole, however, we were satisfied that we had had a jolly time.

*K-noo.*

### TOBOGGAN.

O, she was coy thro' merry May!

Of love, the light enchanter;  
And down the winding orchard way  
No word of mine might tempt her;  
Its argent arch of apple-blooms,  
Its light-throbs knit with leafy glooms,  
Its bee-provoking blossom fumes!

O, she was coy thro' jolly June!

Its roses, ruddy crew, hid  
An imp who durst not crave a boon,  
A frolic, frighten'd cupid.  
Nor by his ruddy ambush, she  
Would trip, demurest dear, with me,  
When stars danc'd on the dancing sea!

O, she was coy thro' rich July!

And August far'd no better;  
September found the fair one shy  
Of Cupid's star-link'd fetter.  
October pav'd the forest mold,  
With leafy tiles of red and gold;  
Still, still, Love's story stay'd untold!

O, she was coy! November days

Were dark, and dun, and dreary!  
December brightened in the blaze  
Of back-logs red and cheery.  
The bare boughs burst in di'mond buds,  
Down the long lights of frozen floods,  
All silver-shod, the skater scuds.

O, she was coy! Chill Cupid grop'd

All shiv'ring in a fog—an  
Idea came—(then first I hop'd)  
It breath'd the word "toboggan!"  
Sweeter than pipe of Pan's soft flute:  
I bought a brave new blanket suit,  
I lur'd her to the moonlit chute!

O, she was coy! But where the drift

Curl'd like an ostrich feather,  
The sly toboggan shy'd, and left  
Us sitting close together!  
It chanc'd that after that glad spill,  
As we re-climb'd the silv'ry hill,  
I said "Will you?" she said "I will!"

*Isabella Valancy Crawford.*



## SNIPER SHOOTING ON THE AMERICAN PRAIRIES.

BY FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

IF you are a sportsman, with stout legs and a merry laugh, come with me to Elbow Bend Prairie; it is the finest bit of spring snipe ground in America, and as yet comparatively virgin of gunners. It is there where those true cosmopolites, the English snipe, who seek their fortunes with the sun, tarry on their north-bound trip. From New York it is fifty hours in the cars, and five hours of jolting over miniature ravines and hillocks, called by courtesy a road. Not that the wagon ride is absolutely necessary, for the finishing touches in the journey to Elbow Bend can be made by patronizing that great march of improvement the "narrer gouge," which stretches forth from the main line, over hill and dale, into the dim horizon. But the sportsman who desires to kill snipe before he dies gives the rickety "narrer gouge" the widest kind of berth.

After leaving the cars, our way lies over an undulating country fringed in the distance with "deadenings"—as the tree-girdled woodlands are called—and scrubby underbrush. Only at intervals we catch a glimpse of a rude log-cabin, in some timber-sheltered nook, which, though inhabited, reveals no signs of life. The man who has come for us with his double team, and at whose house we are to stay, is uncommunicative, for being a Norseman and speaking only his native lingo, we understand him not. He appreciates this and is silent. But he shows signs of life behind his great hide coat, however, when the flask is put about, and accompanies the gurgling of the liquor with a guttural grunt of satisfaction, while he thongs his pair of scrubs into a trot, and we bump up and down "more than iver."

At best the outlook is not cheerful. It's delightfully easy with your head on a down pillow and the rest of your person inclining on a spring hair mattress at home, to sooth yourself to sleep with the fancy that it is but a charming reminiscence to turn in on a bag full of corn-stalks in a cabin; but when the corn-stalks and open-work hut loom up as a reality, the idea is not so very refreshing to contemplate. But the last sharp turn in the alleged road dissipates all such thoughts of hardship, for there, perched high and dry on a pointed knob,

is a huge square house with a cupola on top, with a look of "taters, tart, and tidiness" spread about it on every side. This is to be our home, and a most comfortable one it is, as I can vouch, having washed it down with a dozen years' experience. And what hearty greetings welcome us, equally distributed between old friends and new! The big, square-shouldered giant who carries in our gun-chest—fully 250 pounds burden—as if it were as light as a band-box, was no taller than the blue heron out on the marsh when I first discovered Elbow Bend. The pretty, rosy-cheeked maiden with bobbing flaxen braids, who touches my hand so lightly, and nods so coyly to you, did not know how to blush so charmingly when I first visited Elbow Bend. If memory serves me right, Miss Gretchen then regaled herself by riding to market on my knee. But the hospitable mistress of the household has not succumbed to the march of improvement; she still remains unwithered and unwrung—and don't she know what's what! For she dives down a very creaking pair of stairs into the family vault, and comes panting back with a tickled look and a treasure—a bottle of home-made wine, of such good stuff—that it goes right to the spot at once and makes us with every glass feel more and more at home.

It is fast growing night, though, and I long to show you a glimpse of my old shooting-ground before the sun sinks behind the gaunt and leafless timber. Come with me, then, across the winter wheat-field which covers the crest of the ridge as with a crown of emerald green. The lane to the marsh, so deep with gullied ruts, which leads down the hillside and winds among the water-willows until lost to sight in their recesses, will be our way to-morrow. Stand with me on this high bluff and look to the westward. Our sight stretches above the willows which frame the L-shaped marsh on all sides. Those glimpses of water, left by the receding floods, which catch the last rays of fading light, look like strips of glistening silver tinsel in the rushy bottom. Belts of black, loamy mud, twist and twine, like huge snakes, across the marsh. Here and there are warm spots in the marsh, which begin to bristle with the blades of

tender grasses. As far as the eye reaches the marsh spreads, though intersected at wider distances with strips of willows. As the fires in the west die out, the marsh begins to be enveloped in a smoky mist. Then, far away in the pale golden light, a speck like the cinder of a burning reed, floats across the sky. It is a flock of belated mallards winging their way to the river-bottom to the north. A chilly air springs up as night shuts in, and we briskly make our way home, to sup and smoke; and then to dream of countless snipe that spring far out of reach, of dogs that will not point, and triggerless guns that will not fire.

This was Elbow Bend Prairie, as I was first shown it by a very short man by the name of Mr. Long. May the best of luck attend him, and may his hogs never die of cholera! Thus I wish him all the blessings from his standpoint this world dispenses. Moreover, for my own satisfaction, I have cherished him with such completeness, that, in an enthusiastic moment I have promised him that when he died I would fire blank cartridges over his grave and erect a flag-pole to his eternal memory.

As Elbow Bend Prairie was then, so it is to-day. Known but to very few sportsmen—not that there are none in the land, for their name is legion, but they stream by it on all sides, perhaps knowing of other ground fully as good, of which I know nothing. It was in April, the 10th the date, that I first made my trip there. I had been told by Mr. Long, when turkey hunting in the vicinity the autumn before, that such a marsh lay hidden in the wilderness to the westward, and that in April it was a great haunt for jacksnipe. My informant was seemingly so extravagant in his account of numbers, that I am ashamed to confess I fancied he was stretching it; but my curiosity had been excited, and I determined to see for myself, and as it turned out, Mr. Long was but a most modest *raconteur*. On my first venture the land was covered with a dense fog which came rolling off the river, raw and piercing cold. There were three other sportsmen at the house, two from St. Louis and one from Cincinnati. They were three snipe enthusiasts. We had come in the same train, and put up at the Norwegian farmer's together. That night the two St. Louisians took turns every hour in stumbling about their room to find out if it was time to get up. The Cincinnati man said at breakfast he had not slept a wink for

fear of oversleeping himself. It was pitch dark when the trio sallied forth. All had haversacks to hold their ammunition—the Cincinnati had succumbed to the young giant's accounts that "th' birds were knee deep;" and he actually staggered under the weight of 350 cartridges. Mr. Long, who had come over to shoot with me, said we would take the young giant and drive down on the prairie, that in case we got lost we would have some one to halloo to. The other gentlemen eschewed the use of dogs, but I had brought along an old stand-by, who was a fine retriever.

It had been light for some time when we emerged from the willows and made our splashing way across the prairie. We had not gone one hundred yards from the edge, when small whisps of snipe began to flush under the horses' feet. The fog was so dense, however, that we could only catch shadowy glimpses of them; and far more often only heard their "skeap! skeap!" As yet we had not heard a shot fired, and this decided us to drive across to the timber and build a fire, until the sun should dispel the mist. On reaching the higher ground, the fog was less thick, which enabled us to kill some thirty birds that were found scattered along its edges. But the snipe were wild, and went corkscrewing through the fog so that it was impossible to mark them, so we went back and gladly hugged the fire again. While thus employed, the three sportsmen loomed up and joined us. They had beaten up the prairie to where we were and had not moved a feather. The tall Cincinnati, who was covered with mud to the waist, said that the thumping bag of cartridges on his back had acted like a spile-driver, and nearly planted him out of sight.

It was a long wait before the fog lifted, but then the sun came out bright and a southerly breeze stirred the rushes. Spreading out into a line, we commenced beating down the prairie. Save a pair of mallards that rose from one of the pools and went quacking off to a safer haunt in the willows, and a great flock of golden-plover that streamed by far out of shot, not a bird was seen in the first half-mile. The outlook was most disappointing. Yet the ground was in admirable order, and innumerable fresh markings showed that countless birds had recently been on the range. Could it be possible that they, too, had risen with the fog to pay tribute to the sun, just as is said the woodcock to the moon in midnight hours ascend? It seemed dreadfully like

it, and the skirmish line was on the verge of a revolt, when, with a wild rush up into the air, went a dancing flock of snipe; twisting and turning, flaring and skimming, and, as quickly dropping back again into the rushes: all but one wild rascal, who, towering wild, twists back over the head of the long Cincinnati, who in wrenching himself into position for a shot almost gets a curvature of the spine for life, and would, no doubt, but he rolls over on his back and fires No. 1 of the 350 in mid-air. From that moment the marsh is alive with birds. In thousands they rise a hundred yards away, alighting and re-rising, and rolling over each other as blackbirds are wont to do. It would take a national debt line of noughts to approximate their number. It seems as if every snipe who has been wintering in the Gulf States, has assembled on Elbow Bend to hold a witches' Sabbath. The skirmish line opens fire, and my setter settles on a perpetual point. To oblige the skirmishers and not delay proceedings, I send him, by Mr. Long, back to the wagon. The smoke belches out from the four guns and drifts lazily off before us. The guns become almost too hot to hold. The St. Louisians, who are old hands at the work, keep tolerably steady and take but few chances, and shoot in great form. As for myself, I become demoralized, and several long-kills reduce me into still more remote attempts, which are lamentable failures. But the Cincinnati? His wake is strewn with empty shells. He is a miracle as a rapid loader. No snipe is safe from his aim. It matters little if he is two yards away or two hundred; whether the bird is skimming low down over the marsh, or circling with its chattering fellows high up in the clouds. His gun is a marvel at pointing. No sooner is it reloaded than its owner picks out some artful dodger from the many, and covers him with it. Then, through all the intricacies of its winged maneuvers the muzzle persistently follows that snipe's flight. Up the marsh and down the marsh; if the bird towers, up goes the gun; if it flies far above his head, the gun sticks up like a liberty-pole; if the bird swoops down, down comes the gun to a level again. At indefinite and uncertain periods it is discharged, according to the erratic impulses of its owner. His haversack grows rapidly lighter. He has achieved a bag of a baker's dozen, when pursuing his universal system of concentrated aim, the snipe he has selected ducks suddenly between the Cincinnati and his next door neighbor on his right. At the

exact moment it crosses the skirmish line, the gun is unluckily discharged. The St. Louisian utters a wild yell, totters backward and sits down on a muskrat house. The almost distracted Cincinnati drops his gun, and rushes, flask in hand, toward his victim. The other St. Louisian runs to join his friend. As for me, I am now on the far side of a pond, too deep with treacherous quicksands to wade. I must retrace my steps for several hundred yards before I can make a crossing to the scene of the accident. As I hurry along, the Cincinnati yells to me:

"They are all in his stomach!"

"Either 49 or 50," halloos the unpeppered St. Louisian, in his intense desire to be as accurate as possible as to the pattern.

"Have you a knife?" shrieks the Cincinnati, "I guess I can pick 'em out. It won't hurt much, old fel'"; he adds, to the wounded man, who answers with a roar.

When I reach the party, I find the animated target spread out on top of the musk rat house, complacently awaiting amateur dissection.

"Gowdy! I had a close call," is all he says to me. He is faint from the shock, but I find that although the pattern is excellent, the penetration is not first-class. The Cincinnati, who is gifted with wonderful recuperation, points to the shot-marks, and with a satisfied look, whispers:

"No dern snipe could get through that —th' best gun in th' United States; jist put her up."

The young giant and Mr. Long, who have guessed correctly what's up, now come with the wagon, and the three western snipe skirmishers are driven home and are seen no more.

The tantalizing snipe are now left as my exclusive property. I have my dog again, and we take it easily. The birds continue to alight down the prairie where the dead grass is matted in bunches, and there they pitch and some lie well. But for all that they are as strange acting snipe as ever I have seen. While the great majority are wild and non-get-at-able, there is a sprinkling of those that are quite gentle. It seems that some of them have come from the famous shooting-grounds in the South, and others have dwelt in some secluded section where they never heard a gun. The tame birds do not run much, and bother the dog but little, yet, when flushed, they are wild flyers, up to all the dodges of their craft. A mile below where the accident occurred is a sharp turn in the

prairie which gives it its anatomical name. It is walled in on one side by a high bluff, and on the other by a vast "deadening," which skirts the river bottom. At the base of the timber-covered bluff lies a narrow pond, half a mile in length and about two gun-shots across. In the closing hours of winter this sheet of placid water is the resort of both geese and mallards. They have long since invaded their boreal home with their attendant retinue of gray-ducks, widgeon, and teal. But the *oi polloi*, a lot of coots—called "crow-ducks" by the Elbow Benders—and a pair of buffle-headed ducks are disporting themselves with some pretense to aristocratic bearing, by bowing and scraping, and ruffling their feathers. On the far side of the pond a single shoveler conducts himself with Turveydrian deportment, and is too gallant a bird to hobnob with his dirty-colored inferiors.

The edge of the pond on the prairie side is a wide sheet of black, loamy mud, juttied with small peninsulas of tufts of young grass. This is covered with vast quantities of snipe. They rise up at my approach and drop back into the mud where scores can be seen running about like rats. After several shots are fired among the leaving ones, great flocks of snipe whirl across the pond and alight on the steep side of the bluff, or disappear beyond its top. The high land on the bluff is newly plowed ground, the deep furrows being an inch deep with water. Hundreds of birds alight in these fields, where later on Mr. Long finds them, and by beating backward and forward at right angles to the furrows, has splendid shooting at close ranges.

It seldom happens to the lot of the sportsman from the East to hit the great migration of the graceful and stylish looking waders, during short visits to the western prairies. Of course, he will meet with good shooting between the 1st of April and the 20th of that month, and, if the birds are not harassed too much, even into the last of May; but the quality and quantity of the sport hinges on a number of contingences: the water must have drained from the land just prior to the flight from south to north; or else moderate rains must fall to keep it moist, for the western bottom-lands, from the absence of springs, are quick to parch and crack. The storms, too, from the northward must be followed with balmy, southerly winds; moreover, the birds must select the route of their aerial voyage contiguous to the ground where you are

located. But be lucky enough to get in their track, on one of the many western grounds and the sport is almost incalculable. On the ground I speak of, I have heard that an accomplished western shot once bagged in one day's shooting twenty-three and a half dozen snipe—282 birds. I believe the story true; its source being unquestionable. Other immense bags are claimed, and when we consider the astonishing proficiency which a large number of shooting men have attained since the introduction of the breech-loader, and the great number of birds on these grounds, and that the day is nearly thirteen hours long, and that occasionally several birds are killed with one discharge, we are forced, in spite of ourselves, to countenance the reports. Still, the maker of the 282 bags, admitting he shot from dawn to dark, had to kill and retrieve one bird every three minutes, no account being taken for misses or birds shot down and not gathered. Without the assistance of a man to carry ammunition and birds, and the killing of several every now and then at one shot, I doubt if this extraordinary feat could be performed.

At the far end of the pond I was joined by Mr. Long. He reported that the two St. Louisians had set sail for home, and that the Cincinnati had sent with them an order for more ammunition, and was at present busy loading cartridges at the house, during which occupation the cautious Norwegian and his *frau* had adjourned to the barn for safety.

The long shadows of the giant oaks had begun to steal across the bottom, and the sun was leaning over in the west, when I began to retrace my steps for home. It was one of those charmingly mild and hazy afternoons in spring, which atone so much for the rigors of winter not yet forgotten. We had not gone far when, without the slightest warning, an immense flock of golden-plover swept by with whirring wings; then a still larger flock, and another, and another. All over the prairie they circle, in black-looking bunches when they turn, and in long, scattering strings after the "doubles" have been made. These flocks are the advance-guard of a great army of plover which have started on their annual northerly migration. Wherever the eye rests in the cloudless sky great flocks of these birds appear, and then fade out of sight. Thus on until dark myriads of "golden-backs" go streaming by, every now and then

throwing off detachments to explore for camping-grounds where the battalions may rest and feed. Such were the incidents that heralded my advent to Elbow Bend Prairie. Since then I have had over 200 good shooting days there, but never since have I seen as many shootable birds in one day as on that of which I write. And now, my shooting and, I trust, sportive friends, be not beguiled into snipe-shooting trips in the East when the great grounds of the West lie before you. A thirty hours' ride in the cars from the city of New York will carry you to southern central Illinois. There explore and discover an Elbow Bend for yourself. One hundred dollars will cover all expenses for ten days' shooting, of course not counting for ammunition and "partikler wanities." If you fancy loading your own shells, carry your powder with you; shells, wads and shot you can procure at or near to the shooting-grounds. Although there is fine snipe-shooting in the vicinity of Carlisle, Ark., I do not think it is necessary for the Eastern sportsman, to whom this article is particularly addressed, to go so far from home. Magnificent shooting is to be had within fifty miles north of St. Louis, and also good shooting, as I have said, in Southern Illinois. In the same State there are good spots along the railroads which run between Indianapolis, Indiana and Havana, on the Illinois River. Owing to extensive drainage in this section, large tracks of marsh land have been reclaimed for farming purposes and the establishment of great cattle-yards. This has only been done within the past five years; and a few days' shooting in the vicinity of Mason City, early in the season several years ago, while on my way back from the Illinois River, where I had been canvas-back shooting, convinced me that good sport was to be had there at the proper time. One thing the Eastern sportsman should remember, and that is, that the best snipe-shooting seasons in the West are those when great spring floods occur.

In 1882, according to the report of a Memphis (Tenn.) government official, 68,000 square miles between Memphis and Vicksburg alone were submerged. Entire counties were under water. The covering of so much snipe ground, of course, concentrated the birds on the marsh lands on higher grounds back from the great river bottoms. Undulating prairie lands are the most likely places, then, to find birds, because they provide the most wet edges as

the water drains from them. There is no guesswork about this, and the Eastern sportsman who posts himself at the end of March as to the condition of affairs in the West can decide whether to go to the low river bottoms or the high prairie marches. This season the shooting will be distributed over the whole country bordering on the Mississippi, Illinois and Wabash rivers. The best shooting, therefore, will be along the great watercourses, and, except in sunken lands, not in the interior. These points are well worth remembering, and nine times out of ten will be found to work advantageously in the selection of grounds, when reliable information is not obtainable. Also the frost is out of the high grounds before it is out of the bottoms, therefore the birds are apt to visit them somewhat earlier. The sportsman on his way west after passing Columbus, Ohio, can form some opinion from the car window whether the river lands are inundated or not, and much valuable information can be had as to the condition of the water by asking the baggage masters on the incoming Western trains at either Indianapolis or Vincennes.

Formerly there was magnificent snipe-shooting in the vicinity of Francesville, Ind., but the glory of these grounds has now departed, owing to the raids made every season by market shooters. Among the number was an old New Jersey sportingman, who resided there. He was a good shot, and for years averaged his 100 plover and snipe a day during the season. When I first met him he was in the sear and yellow leaf, twisted with rheumatism and generally out of kelter. His house every spring was the trysting-place for a few choice spirits from his former home. The old fellow was a great wag. One morning he said to a couple of guests who had just arrived:

"There's no need of taking your dogs along to-day, birds are plenty, and my old horse there will point all the snipe you want."

The visitors knew their host too well to bet against the horse's performing some wonderful exploit, so they drove off to the prairie with both eyes open. On reaching the snipe ground, they had not gone far before up jumped two snipe from under the horse's feet, and he at once came to a dead stop. The fact was, that the old nag was so accustomed to being shot over out of the wagon, that he had learned to "whoa" when he either saw or heard birds rising

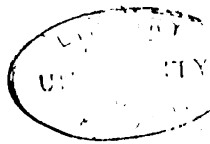
about him. And this was the old man's joke about his pointing horse.

In those days the coming of the snipe was looked forward to earnestly, and their appearance hailed with rejoicings. They were no despised factors of commerce, and exchangeable everywhere in trade. It took two full-chested snipe to procure a full-flavored Havana (Ill.) cigar, and a 10x8 porous plaster to draw it, for eight more. While the flight lasted, the chink of silver was not heard in the land, and even snipe were the groundwork for many promissory notes. People owed other people snipe, and, as is uncustomary in business transactions, many of the debtors were given a year to pay. But the snipe collectors prospered. They barreled the birds, and shipped them to Chicago and New York, where they brought a slight profit, and then the game dealers put them in their refrigerators, and hooked them out the following spring and sold them for freshly-killed early birds, for \$3.50 a dozen. Thus there have been millions in the snipe trade; for the profits were enormous. So great, in fact, that people went snipe-mad, and traveled from one shooting-ground to another in their collecting trips. For buying snipe for two cents a piece, freezing them for a year for two more, leaves quite a respectable margin of profit, when the same bird is disposed of for nearly thirty cents. I know a man who built a \$14,000 house and barns, every dollar of which came flying to him on the fickle wings of the dainty little waders. The result is, that nearly every available piece of snipe ground in the West is shot over every day in the season. On some of them there are over fifty guns. Within the last few years the St. Louisians have been leasing the snipe country to the north of them, and are religiously preserving it. Other western city sportsmen are doing the same.

The law, in its infinite majesty, permits the shooting of all aquatic birds just prior to the season of nesting. It's all wrong, of course, and will lead to their eventual

extermination. However, after twenty-five years of vigorous protesting and self-denial, without having, to my knowledge, saved the life of a single little teeter, my advice is to go and make merry, for to-morrow we die. In other words, go spring snipe-shooting if so inclined, and defer the pricking of your conscience until you get home—or go to the legislature.

One word about dogs, as a wind-up. While a great many western sportsmen do their shooting over dogs, yet birds are abundant enough to admit of big bags being made without them. In the East, the snipe is unquestionably the best bird to train and work dogs on, especially when the grass is well up and affords good lying cover. In the West, it is the opinion of many sportsmen that dogs are in the way, and it has been my experience that more birds can be killed by leaving the dogs at home. The grounds there have become so thoroughly tainted with scent, that all dogs, and especially young ones, are apt to become dazed and keep on a continual point. This must lead to pottering, if not indifference, and unless birds are scarce the dogs have no chance to range and quarter in the way we all know adds so greatly to the enjoyment of shooting over fast and yet reliable animals. I said something of this kind in *The Field* (London) some years ago, and since then I have seen nothing to make me change my mind. For a low-headed dog, the wet snipe meadows are the places to break him of his objectionable habit, for the splashing made by his forefeet will compel him to raise his head to save his being blinded with the water. It is really astonishing how soon a naturally good dog will learn the habits of the birds he hunts, and measure the distance of his cautious approach. For me there is far more pleasure in shooting my birds over well-trained dogs, but for all that I will no doubt be found this spring at Elbow Bend, skirmishing for snipe with others of the shirmishing fraternity.



## NEW HAMPSHIRE FOR THE BICYCLE.

BY C. D. BATCHELDER.

NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE, especially that portion about the White Mountains, is not a desirable locality for winter habitation; yet its hardy people seem to enjoy and make the best of it for the long five or six months of snow and ice.

It would be a wonder to a stranger visiting this northern country in winter, why such a cold, cheerless, rocky and altogether rough country should ever have been settled; and I may here add that it was only after long suffering and hardship that a permanent settlement was established. But let this same visitor from a more salubrious and equable climate visit here in summertime. What a change! The snow-mantled hills will have taken to themselves a coat of green even to their summits, except now and then an occasional peak; the long, narrow, winding valleys, which in winter gave only a semblance of barrenness, will have become rich fields of grass and grain instead; the rough hillsides will be seen covered with rich pasture and woodland, and all signifying a country of thrift and prosperity.

This part of New Hampshire seems to be shut out from the rest of the State, as it were, by a grand and stately mountain wall; and three passes, or "notches," as the people of this locality term them, are the gateways leading to the south, where, as a speaker said, "sand is more plentiful and potatoes grow less luxuriantly." South of this great natural barrier (the White and Franconia Mountains) we shall not attempt to take our readers, but confine them exclusively to the region north.

Although the roads are generally rough and a good deal mountainous, we know of no better way of doing this interesting country than by wheel. Surely no better means of learning the people, their manners and customs, and their country, can be presented.

A tourist, contemplating a trip through this portion of New Hampshire, need look no farther than Lancaster for a place to make his headquarters, it being centrally located, possessing excellent accommodation, good streets for the wheel, and a live club of cyclers, styling themselves the Pilot Wheel Club.

During our three years' experience we have found July as good a month as any for wheeling in New Hampshire, and the country is seen at its best at that season.

For the tourist about to visit this "Switzerland of America," here are a few things to be remembered: The roads are rough, as we have said (do not ride too large or too light a machine); loose stones are not an exception, ruts are common, and water-bars are numerous; have the saddle well back. There is a deal of hill-climbing to do on the mountain roads, and sand to overcome by the rivers; use a good long crank-throw; six miles an hour is good traveling, and eight is enough on the best roads; do not attempt a record; remember there are wheelmen who live among these hills. As to luggage, condition of wheel, etc., we will suppose that no man will attempt to do such a country without a thorough knowledge of these things.

The first three or four days can be profitably spent in and about Lancaster itself. Certainly there is enough of attractions in its surroundings to engage the attention of a cyclist who tours to see. Good accommodations are low in price, thus giving the man of moderate means an additional incentive for visiting this picturesque region.

A trip to the summit of Mount Prospect is full of interest, and many a pleasant memory will stay with the cyclist who may visit this delightful spot. The little mountain lies three miles in a southerly direction from the village, and although the distance is short, an afternoon is none too long for a good visit. Mounting at the hotel, near the center of the village, the rider almost immediately commences a climb of two miles by wheel—straight up the old Portland road for a mile, then a sharp turn to the right for another, or until the toll-gate at the beginning of the road leading to the summit is reached.

This old Portland road, which is well traveled and in fair condition, was, in days gone by, yet in the memory of the older inhabitants, the road over which nearly all the supplies for this northern country were brought from Portland, Me., *via* the famous Crawford Notch. In those times



it took days to accomplish the journey; now a few hours suffice.

Up, up, up! the wheelman climbs — a regular muscle grind — and if he is not an exceptionally strong rider, he will puff and blow and perspire, and make wry faces, and twist and hitch in his saddle, with his efforts at tugging at the handles; and it will not be surprising if more than a single rest is taken before reaching the toll-gate. Mount Prospect is a little more than 2,000 feet above the sea, and 1,000 above the streets of Lancaster. The rise from town to the toll-gate can be no less than 400 feet, yet nearly every foot of the distance has been ridden by local wheelmen. Reaching the toll-gate, the wheels can be left in charge of the gatekeeper, while the cyclist moves on afoot up the steep carriage-road — steeper than that of Mount Washington — stopping occasionally, perhaps, to pick the delicious berries that grow by the roadside in abundance, or to drink from some of the many rills of cold water that find their way out of the side of the mountain. A mile of this up-hill work, and the summit is reached. Here will be found a small, neat hotel, modern in its construction, and possessing all the comforts and conveniences of a city house.

Away to the southeast can be seen the White Hills, running southwesterly, and mingling with the Franconias. Mount Washington, plainly visible from base to summit, and La Fayette, away in the south, raising its peculiarly shaped head far above its neighbors. In the east is seen the beautiful wooded Pilot Range, fifteen miles in length, and of very even height, some 3,500 or 4,000 feet. To the north the numerous hills of Upper Coör show themselves, among them Cape Horn and Percy Peaks, the latter being two twin-like cones, easily distinguished by their bare, white summits. To the west the low hills of Vermont appear in the foreground, while beyond them, plainly outlined against the sky, the Green Mountains themselves are distinctly discerned, and beyond, a peak or two of the Adirondacks, in New

York. Within a radius of a few miles lie the summer resorts of Jefferson, Lunenburg and Bethlehem, and nestling quietly at the foot of Prospect is the beautiful village of Lancaster. The winding Connecticut can be traced for forty miles, as it crooks and turns in and out through the fertile meadows till lost to sight behind a distant hill. All in all, it is a beautiful panorama. The mountains, hills, valleys, rivers, ponds, farms and woodland combine to make a scene never to be forgotten.

A sunset from Mount Prospect is a beautiful sight, but a stay till sundown would spoil an exciting coast. If the cyclist is very cautious, there is no occasion for dismounting from the time of leaving the toll-gate till the village is reached. Instead of retracing his steps, the cyclist should keep straight on to the Whitefield Road, then turn to the right, and keep the main road to the village. The half mile leading to the Whitefield Road is somewhat rough, and a little down grade; but the moment the turn is made, down-brake and back-pedal will be the order of things for all but a half mile or so of the two miles to town. Woe betide the man who disregards this precaution. The road is somewhat stony, and in places very steep, and crossed by high water-bars, a common fault with northern New Hampshire hill roads.

It was on this grade that the writer's wheel ran away, on a dark and rainy night; where Corson ran into a washout and parted with his machine for a seat among the wet bushes by the roadside; where Rowell, of the Pilot Wheel Club, had his hair rise when his tire slipped the wheel and the machine rushed like mad down the decline; where still another, of the same club, ran against a huge rock in the road and suddenly parted with his favorite mount for a faster means of locomotion in mid-air. But these are exceptional cases; and a careful wheelman will run safely down, arrive home, and feel a thousand-fold repaid for his short, exciting, and interesting trip.

## A BEAR HUNT IN MEXICO.

BY C. H. BUFFETT.

IN the early part of the past summer I started from our camp in the Cananea Mountains for Ojo de Agua, a ranch on the head-waters of the Sonora River, for the purpose of getting ash timber to use in repairing our ore wagons. I took with me a sixteen-mule team, two teamsters, and Manuel, a Mexican guide. It was soon after the outbreak of the Apaches, and the possibility of a brush with them gave a touch of excitement to the trip. It was a glorious morning when we passed through the cañon and out onto the *mesas* beyond the Cananea ranch. The air in these high altitudes is wonderfully clear, and the mountains were sharply outlined against the blue empty sky, only the most distant—such as the Baboquiveri Peak, one hundred and forty miles away—having the dim haziness which a very few miles suffice to give in the Eastern States. Fifteen miles to our north rose the Huachuca Mountains, bold and rough; to the northeast the San José range, with smooth, gently rising ridges centering in one high peak; in front of us the great Ajos, broken here and there by deep, dark cañons; stretching away to the south, range after range of the rugged Manzanal and Bacanuchi mountains, while behind us, and fairer than all, the precipitous peaks of the Cananea and Maraquilla ranges, clothed with pine and mountain oak. Ojo de Agua lay fifteen miles away to the eastward, and as a mule team is rather the reverse of speedy, it was a full day's drive. Part of the time I spent scouring over the *mesas* on my buckskin mule, part lying in an improvised hammock in the wagon smoking cigarettes and listening half understandingly to the tales of Apache horrors, of which Manuel apparently possessed a full complement. At about five o'clock in the afternoon we passed into the bright green valley where the waters of the Rio Sonora first sparkle and gleam in open sunlight. Hundreds of cattle were quietly browsing among the rich grasses, a large band of sheep and goats was scattered over the hill-sides, while near the corral and buildings belonging to the ranch a number of hogs were rooting in the rich black loam. The ranch was owned by the late General Pesqueira, who for many years held the

gubernatorial chair of the State, regardless of elections or the claims of would-be successors so long as he had in his own hands the exchequer and retained the fealty of the State troops. He was prominent in the war with the French, and always had a wonderfully strong hold of the hearts of the people. To return, however, to the ranch. There are there but three or four buildings, made partly from *adobes* and partly from lumber brought from the general's mill in the Cananeas. Across the narrow valley, having a commanding position on the crest of a small steep hill is an old *muralla*, where, from behind the thick *adobe* walls, the Mexicans have many times in years past withstood the attacks of hostile redskins. It is now tenantless, and a picturesque object it is, its barren, windowless, clay-colored walls and the dry sandy hill on which it stands forming a strong contrast to the living green of the valley at its base. At the ranch all was excitement. A courier had been sent from Tombstone warning the people along the Rio Sonora that a band of Apaches was bound that way, and the fear of an Indian is as hereditary in the ordinary Mexican as is his disregard of the cleansing properties of pure water. They had been intending to leave the stock and take refuge in the Cananeas, but our arrival reassured them, and with the addition of four to their number they grew very brave and apparently would have welcomed an attack. We brought the wagon to within a few rods of the buildings, unhitched and hobbled the mules, and set about cooking supper. And having fasted since early morning, our bacon, fried potatoes and *tortillas*, supplemented with a large jack-rabbit that I had knocked over while on the road, formed a meal that was little less than a feast. A large piece of cake, that had been tucked in with our supplies, I sent to a dark-eyed señorita, of whom I had caught occasional glimpses at the house, accompanying it with as profuse compliments as my limited knowledge of Spanish would permit. My messenger soon returned bringing me a large slice of soft colorless Mexican cheese and an invitation to the house, of which I availed myself after finishing supper. While eating, three or four *vagueros* sat around us

watching with great interest the way in which we disposed of the edibles, and accepting gratefully whatever we chose to offer them. Going to the house I was cordially welcomed by Romo, the *mayordomo* of the ranch. And would you know the style in which this *mayordomo* lived, a man having control of thousands of acres of fine land and over four thousand head of cattle? Picture to yourself a frame building about eighteen feet long by twelve or fourteen wide, built of rough boards, with but one door, no windows, and but the ground for a floor. And in this barn-like room lived the *mayordomo*, with his wife, sister-in-law, daughter and three small children, and to this came also the *vagueros* for their meals. A small hole in the ground in one corner served as fireplace, the smoke escaping through the numerous cracks and chinks in the sides and roof of the building. There was one large rickety table, two rough chairs, and a small bench—other furniture there was none. Beds were made on *petates* laid on the floor. Yet the *mayordomo* was as pleasant and genial a man as one would want to meet, and a very jolly evening we made of it. In spite of their hard life of hunger and privation, there are few classes of people that can get so thorough an enjoyment under adverse circumstances as these Mexicans. Early the next morning we started for our timber. After following the river for a mile we turned to the west through a broad cañon, coming out into a round little valley; half a dozen steers were luxuriating in the grass. Crossing this we came to a narrow cañon where a thick growth of underbrush barred the further progress of the wagon. To this point we intended to snake out the timber, and leaving the men to unhitch the team I rode down to where we would do our cutting. For a few rods it was difficult to force my way through the dense brush, but beyond that the growth was larger and the ground comparatively clear. Stopping besides a tiny stream that was carefully picking its way through the cañon, I dismounted, made the mule fast, and taking my small saddle carbine from its sheath, laid it at the foot of a tree. Turning again to the mule I took off the bridle, hanging it on the horn of the saddle, and was just loosening the *cincha* when I heard behind me a succession of low deep grunts. Quick as thought I sprang for my carbine, and as I turned, saw, not over fifteen yards away, a large black bear waddling toward me in his slow,

sluggish fashion, his head almost touching the ground and rolling from side to side, while his keen little black eyes shone like two sun-touched beads of jet. With a slight tremor I grasped my gun, sank on one knee, and taking careful aim at his left shoulder, fired. With a growl he fell to his side, turned himself half round, and then was up and away, not very sluggish now, and heading down the cañon. Not so quick was he, however, but that I had thrown another cartridge in the barrel of the carbine, and before he had gone six feet I fired again. You can imagine with what joy I saw where my bullet barked a cottonwood six inches above the bear, and a few feet beyond. At full speed I followed the bear, getting a flying shot just as he turned into a narrow box cañon. I went to the entrance of it, noted the tracks, as big as a man's, with here and there a drop of bright red blood. Certain that he would not return to the mouth of the cañon, and be even less liable to take to the open *mesas* above, I hastened back after the men, partly because I feared they might think I had run foul of an Apache nest, partly because I might find the bear in a lair from which it would be ticklish work to dislodge him. I met the men half way back to the wagon, and returning tracked the bear some three hundred yards up the box cañon over rocky, almost impassable ground. Coming then to an almost perpendicular cliff we saw in its face, some fifty or sixty feet from the bottom, an opening, well protected in front by a couple of large boulders. Up to this from one side ran a narrow steep trail, almost inaccessible to man, and at the foot of this were marks of blood. "We've corralled him now," said one of the men, "but how'n the devil we're a-going to get the cuss out o' that hole is more'n I know." But the other teamster was carefully climbing the opposite side of the cañon to get on a level with the hole. "Stay where you are," he at last shouted, "I see him." "*No es bueno*," muttered Manuel, and he started up the cliff after the teamster in order to be farther from the bear. The remaining man and myself kept our places, though for my part I confess I hardly enjoyed the prospect of having that bear come down almost on top of me. Bang, went the teamster's rifle, and a snarl and a growl told us that the bullet had probably found its mark. Bang! "Damn it!" we heard him exclaim. Bang! "Look out!" he yelled, and at the same instant out jumped

the bear, coming down with the speed of a locomotive. Three bullets from my *compadre's* Colt's revolver and two from my carbine met him on the way, and when within fifteen feet of the bottom, his legs gave way under him, and rolling over and over he brought up at our very feet. He made one last effort to rise, but his strength was gone, and a bullet through the brain quieted his struggle. Then we sat down for a rest, the perspiration trickling down our faces and our hearts seemingly scoring something over a hundred beats to the minute. When we reached the ranch that night great was the admiration of the

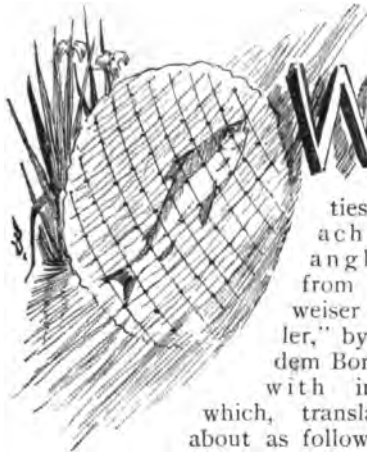
Mexicans, and greater still their gratitude, when we gave them the forequarters of the bear. Early next morning we started on our homeward way after saying good-bye to Romo and his family. I saw Romo but once after that. On the afternoon of the 20th of July word was brought into camp that Gilliam, a prospector, had been killed or wounded by Apaches down in the terrible Jaralito Cañon. That night about eight o'clock fourteen of us started out to find him. At midnight we came across his body, and near it that of Romo, lying cold and still in the silver moonlight. Both had been struck down by Apache bullets.



READY FOR THE START.

## TROUT FISHING IN THURINGIA.

BY E. L. MORSE.



WHEN I sought to discover the capabilities of Eisenach in the angling line from "Wegweiser für Angler," by Max von dem Borne, I met with information which, translated, ran about as follows: "The Nesse flows by Eisenach from the right into the Hürsel. . . .

The brook is an exhaustible stream and contains chiefly grayling of little value, but also heavy trout."

We were to spend two months in Eisenach last summer, and this seemed to give a promise of sport; so I got out my trusty rod and reel, looked over my fly book and laid in a new assortment of English flies. Pretty little things, but the gut is too fine; they are only good for drop flies.

Having made all these preparations a week or two before the date set for our departure, the air of Berlin began to get oppressive, for the first breath of spring sends a fever coursing through the veins of the true fisherman, and makes him pine for the woods and the brooks. The hot pavements of the city burn his feet, and he longs to cool them in a trout stream. The sounds and the smells of the city irritate him, and he sighs for the aromatic breath of the pines and the murmur of the wind through the lofty branches of forest trees. But alas! I could not get away and fly to the mountains until the end of July, and, meanwhile, I gazed on the brown, opaque waters of the ponds in the *Thiergarten*, and tried to conjure up visions of the Catskills; I hung over the bridges and peered into the filthy waters of the canal, and thought of the Adirondacks. There are fish, too, in this canal—poor, wretched things they must be, the very guttersnipes of the finny tribe. At last, the day of emancipation arrived, and we shook the dust of Berlin from our feet and started

for Thuringia, to explore its mountains, its forests, and its streams.

The first view of Eisenach was decidedly encouraging. The town is jammed into the mouth of a rather narrow valley, which overflows into the rolling country and stretches away to the north.

The rolling country, cultivated to the highest degree, with a patchwork of the most absurd little fields of grain, placed together after the fashion of a crazy-quilt, of course gave no promise of trout-streams; but to the south stretch the beech and pine-clad mountains of Thuringia, which vividly brought to my mind my beloved Catskills. There, I thought, must flow the Nesse; in the shady depths of the narrow valleys must lurk those cool, dark pools which trout do most affect. There could I, in the green solitudes of the forest, drink in the beauties of nature and with American wiles lure the sturdy German trout to destruction. Alas! for human wisdom when applied to German trout-streams; alas! for my visions of green solitudes and clear mountain brooks and darkling pools.

Hardly waiting to get settled in our rather primitive quarters at the hotel, I turned my back on the open country and plunged into the mountains, bent on a tour of inspection. For miles I walked up hill and down dale. Charming valleys there were in profusion, but no streams at the bottom of them. Where the water goes to that falls here I have not yet found out, and that water falls in quantity I have had practical proof of, but it seems to vanish into the bowels of the earth; for valleys such as I have seen supporting streams twenty or thirty feet wide, are, in this neighborhood, either absolutely dry or drained by an insignificant brooklet that a minnow would scorn.

My first explorations being decidedly barren of results, my next move, certainly the wisest under the circumstances, was to make inquiries as to where in the vicinity the heavy trout that I had read of might be concealed, and to my surprise I learned that the much sought Nesse flowed through the despised rolling country, and that among the crazy-quilt fields, and not in the forest primeval, must I commune with nature and seek the shy, retiring trout. On

going to call on the Hoffischer, to whom I was directed for information, I learned still more about trout-fishing in Germany, at any rate in this part of Germany. There are, of course, some localities where the methods here employed would be impracticable.

The Hoffischer of Eisenach, Herr Bonnewitz, owns the right to fish in the Nesse for about five miles of its course, and in the Hörsel, into which the Nesse flows, for about the same distance. He also owns many carp ponds in the vicinity. All the fish belong to him, and he sells them, having large tanks at his house for the purpose of keeping the fish alive until sold. The Germans, like the Chinese, prefer to

have their fish cooked as soon after being killed as possible, in which fancy they show their solid good sense, and to this end they insist on seeing with their own eyes that the fish is alive and kicking before they will buy him. In the market places of Berlin and other German cities, the big tubs full of live carp and pike and other favorite German fish, make an imposing display, and a most interesting one to all lovers of fish and fishing.

But to return to Eisenach: I found that permission to fish was readily granted on the payment of a tax of 60 pfennige (15 cents) for the season, but while this is all that it costs to fish, whenever one goes, one must notify the Hoffischer



A CURIOUS FISHING PARTY.



AT THE GERMAN TROUT STREAM.

beforehand, and he sends a man and a wheelbarrow along with the angler. The man trundles the wheelbarrow near the stream, to land the fish and to watch over the precious life of the fish when landed. This interesting wheelbarrow has a tin pail or barrel attachment to hold the water in which the fish are kept alive, and the man also carries a landing-net with an abnormally long handle. As may be imagined, I was rather taken aback at all this panoply of war, but I was resolved to go ahead to the bitter end, and catch trout or die. Being, of course, impatient — what true fishermen after an enforced winter's rest is not anxious to hear again the familiar click of his reel? — I made inquiries about going that very afternoon. The Hoffischer was sorry, but the men were all busy; however, he could send the boy. The boy would be satisfactory to me, so it was all arranged.

Behold me, then, one fine afternoon in August, setting forth with my retinue along the dusky road that leads to the haunts of the Thuringian trout. My attendant was a microscopic specimen of a son of the soil, but, having gotten over my nervousness lest he should faint by the way or lose his balance and fall into the pail, I found he was a sturdy youngster and quite equal to the by no means easy task of wheeling the barrow for several miles through the fields

along the stream. It was after a walk of about a mile and half along the dusty road that we came to the Nesse. This I found to be a sluggish stream, averaging about twenty feet in width. The water was opaque and of a bluish-gray color. The banks were high and lined with bushes, and the water was quite deep. I now saw the necessity of the long-handled landing-net; without it, it would have been almost impossible to have landed a fish. However, I was not daunted, but joyously adjusting my tackle, for the first time I cast a fly on German waters.

The bushes made it difficult to cast, but I found that at intervals these had been cut away so as to make it possible to reach the water. Alas! how cut and dried all this seemed when compared to true trout-fishing in a wild mountain stream at home. My first day's sport was nothing to brag of. I found that grayling were decidedly more plentiful than trout, and I captured about a dozen of the former to only two of the latter. I had heard a great deal of the grayling as a game fish, and expected fine sport with them, but if those in the Nesse are a criterion, I think they are over-rated. They rise well to the fly, and must be delicately struck, as they have a tender mouth; but when hooked, they content themselves with standing on their heads for a few moments, and wagging



their tails out of water, and then, after a few powerless dashes, they give up. Sometimes I got hold of one that was a little more full of life, but, as a rule, they are not very game. They run from a quarter of a pound to two pounds in weight.

The trout, on the other hand, in this very unpromising stream, are game to the death, and even a half-pounder (a small trout here) will give one capital sport. A true fisherman is nothing if he is not patient and persevering, and having heard that there were trout of two three and

even four and five pounds in weight in the stream, I determined to stick to it until I should have captured a big one, but though I went many times, had generally poor luck. Having to make my arrangements beforehand, I invariably struck on a bright, sunny day when the trout disdained a fly, or at any rate, a fly cast by an American. Sometimes the Hoffischer's professional fisherman would go with me, and he would occasionally land a pound trout, but me they scorned. Now please mark the thoroughness of German methods. A



thrifty Yankee who sold trout for a living would undoubtedly capture them with the labor saving, but unsportsmanlike net. In Germany, however, where labor is cheap, they have a professional fly fisherman who captures them in the most difficult but correct manner. The one who went with me was a skillful angler, but as he made work of it and went very fast along the stream, and as I had to keep up with him in order to be near the man with the net, the pleasure was gone, as I could not do or go as I pleased.

At last, however, the gods smiled on me. One perfect afternoon, overcast and warm, I determined, although I had not made arrangements beforehand, to go to the Hoffischer and see if he could send a man with me. As usual, he was sorry, but the men were all busy, and the boy was at school. However, as a great favor, he would let me go alone if I would throw back those fish that I did not need and buy those that I kept. Of course I readily acceded to these terms; indeed, I was overjoyed at the idea of being able to go alone. I knew of several pools in the Hörsel where I could land a fish without help if I had a short-handled landing net, and armed with such an implement, which the Hoffischer lent to me, I went rejoicing on my way without boy or wheelbarrow. My first cast showed me that the fish were rising well, and I soon landed a pound grayling which I religiously returned to the water. Then I took a half pound trout which I kept. In another pool I took several white fish, a species of dace. They are more active than the grayling, and one which weighed nearly two pounds took me about ten minutes to land. Then I came to a long pool by a bridge. Pools by bridges somehow always seem to be the best. There was shoal water away on the other side of

the pool, and right near the bank I saw a large fish swimming. I did not know if he were trout or grayling or white fish or pike (these were all to be found in this pool), but I let out line and made longer and longer casts, and finally reached where he lay. At the second cast he rose. I hooked him, and he was away up the pool like a flash. I then saw that I had got hold of a big trout, and my blood was up. He took out more than half the reel full of line, jumped clear of the water and shook himself like a black bass. Then he made a dash for the bank and tried to get himself twisted up in the bushes. He rubbed himself against the stones at the bottom, and, in fact, went through all the manœuvres of a well-bred trout.

After a long struggle he gave in, and I brought him gasping to the surface. A kindly native, who had watched the struggle with interest from the bridge, volunteered his services in helping me to land him, and nearly lost me my fish by insisting on putting the net over him instead of under him. But finally he was landed, and I found by my pocket scales that he weighed just two pounds and three-quarters. It is needless to say that I did not throw this fish back. After a few more casts I hooked another trout which I found, on landing him, weighed a pound and a half.

A large pike was much interested in the struggles of this fish. He followed him about in his efforts to shake himself free, and I expected every minute that he would strike. Fortunately, however, he did not.

The shades of evening were now falling, and after throwing back a few more grayling and white fish, and keeping another half pound trout, I returned quite satisfied with my four hours' work, and convinced that trout-fishing in Thuringia is not altogether a snare and a delusion.



## ALL ABOUT SANTA BARBARA.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

WITH its face to the Pacific, and nestled in a narrow, mountain-guarded valley, stands the little town of Santa Barbara. Sailing along the coast of California between San Diego and San Francisco, one would pass by this village of natural picturesqueness, without imagining that a town of its attractions existed on shores so rugged and seemingly neglected. Gazing landward from the steamer's deck California seems to one little likely to have much that could tempt him to linger there, or that would cause him to be at a loss for adequately forcible adjectives to describe the attractions. The land rises sharply from the water's edge in dull blue masses, and the waves beat against sombre-hued rocks. Far inland are high mountains, sharply outlined against the sky, and ridge presses upon ridge until it seems as though there could not possibly be a valley anywhere in existence.

Leaving San Francisco late one afternoon we sailed through the Golden Gate, passed the seal rocks, and turned sharply southward on our way to the famed resort of Santa Barbara. In the distance rose a mass of yellow sand-hills, beyond which San Francisco is built. To our right stretched the blue Pacific, with a few white sails dotting its surface, and the smoke of an incoming steamer from Australia polluting the cloudless sky. We knew that in the east—for the papers had told us so in the morning—that the snows were deep and the weather was cold. But here with us, as we sailed along, the air was as mild as it is in New England in June. In San Francisco the roses were in bloom, the grasses were green, the trees were thick with foliage. Steadily we breasted the white-capped waves; slowly but surely we left the sand dunes and sailed past rocky shores, back of which the Sierra Nevadas were visible. At sunset warm bright rays of vari-colored light came to us over the waste of waters and the distant mountain peaks, some white with snow, others blue and bare, glowed with the hues that nature painted. And then came night, when phosphorescent lights flickered about the bow of our ship, and the stars were reflected in the waters over which we glided, and the air was soft.

Could the month be January? we questioned. Could it be possible that ships on the Atlantic were even now coated with ice? For hours after sundown we sat upon the deck, listening to the swishing of the waves, watching the white caps rolling toward us out of the darkness.

In the morning we were at Port Hartford, and half way to Santa Barbara. A fog-bank hid the lower edges of the shore, but above it rose rounded hills, green as those of the Emerald Isle. Watching the sea-gulls as they fluttered about us, on the lookout for bits of food, the hours of early morning passed, and with them departed the fog. Now the air was clear again, and the sunlight warm, and the Pacific lay glistening before us, reaching far away to the horizon, and creeping up to the shores, and into the little bay in which we lay at anchor. Discharging our cargo, we sailed once more, and all the afternoon followed the low shore. The Pacific was calm—it is not always so—the sky was clear. Now we passed a steamer, northward bound, now overtook and left behind a full-rigged ship. Again the sun set in its watery bed, again the stars came out; and at last, far ahead of us, a light streamed over the sea, and near it another light, a red one, stood blinking at our approach. Rounding a sharp point of land, now barely visible in the dusk of early evening, we sailed into an unruffled bay; our cannon woke long continued echoes along the shore, and Santa Barbara, 250 miles south from San Francisco, was reached.

On landing at the little wharf that juts far out into the bay, we drove through the darkness, up the one main street of the town to the hotel. There was nothing to be seen, except a line of shops, dimly lighted, but even with such an introduction the feeling came to us that here at last we had found something that was satisfying, that was new and quaint. Possibly it was the hotel that made us feel so contented. It was a comfortable, homelike place, with flowers in the wide windows, and a spacious balcony and a reading-room with open fireplace, in which a few sticks of wood were burning—for effect more than for use. Or it may have been the peculiar conditions attending our landing

that at once endeared Santa Barbara to us. As we neared the wharf, the mountains that guard the town were faintly visible in the darkness; the air was soft and warm; the little bell that hung beside the red light toward which we steered, sent peals of warning out to us and called the idlers of the village down to meet our ship. There was something foreign about the scene, something that was purely local and individual, and we went to sleep at last, firmly convinced, though we had seen so little, that Santa Barbara was the place we had been seeking, but which, so far, we had seen only in imagination.

And in the morning how our ideas were realized! The sunlight came stealing over the bay into our room and called us to the window. Before us lay a patch of green grass, dotted with rose-bushes in full bloom; beyond it lay the town, still asleep, listless, and composed of white-faced cottages set in the midst of trees. There was the bay, half encircled by long points of land, and beyond it the Pacific, mellow and still, but colored a deep, rich blue. Away to the left and right rose twin ranges of hills, with rounded tops and slopes covered with live-oak trees. Such a vale one would expect to find in southern France, and on the shores of Italy; and when we found it in Southern California, and realized that the month was January, it is hardly strange that not a doubt remained but that we had found a region worthy of our best encomiums. As the days passed away, we still lingered; as spring came, and summer followed—as the guests of winter departed, and the hotel grew deserted, we lingered on. There was little change in temperature between January and August. We went in bathing down on the yellow sandy beach in February, and we went into the surf in August. The flowers never left us, the birds were never absent. The grasses were greener and the trees were fresher during the winter months, when we had an occasional rainy day, than later in the season. But the change was slight; the pleasures we had never varied; life was forever the same gay, free, happy existence.

We were out of doors continually. Now it was a stroll upon the beach, now a ride up the valley past the old Franciscan Mission, now a picnic in the cañons of the Santa Ynez. We did the same things over and over again, but never grew tired. We studied nature continually, but she never disappointed us. Day after day the sky

was clear of clouds, blue and brilliant; day after day the soft fresh breezes came from over the Pacific. Noticing at first, and wondering then how those who made Santa Barbara their home could be contented to live in the town forever, we gradually came to believe with them that no other place was its equal, none other so quaintly picturesque. Time flew, but we took no note of its going. The busy, bustling, active world seemed far away. We were in and were enjoying that of which formerly we had only dreamed. We had come for a month and remained six; and it was harder to go away then than it had been to leave our home. We were not sentimental enthusiasts, and neither were others who had come with us; and yet they were as loth to go as we were. It was difficult to say just what the particular charm of the place was, and it is as difficult to do so now. At one moment one is inclined to believe that it is the air of Santa Barbara that captivates; at another one believes that it is the view of the ocean had from the hills rising behind the town.

But after all, perhaps, it is only the naturalness which this little town, settled by the Pacific, has that renders it so attractive. It is free of all affectation. One dresses as he pleases, does as inclination prompts. Winter is the livelier season, but in summer more and more strangers linger every year. Practically speaking, there are no seasons. The days of January are as warm as those of August, and the mercury stagnates from lack of incentive to move either up or down. Located eighty miles from a railway, and having not a single manufacturing establishment to break in upon the all prevailing stillness, Santa Barbara gives that rest of mind which is so often sought, but so rarely found. People pay little attention to dress, and obey only such rules of society as they please. The residents, those who have adopted the town as their own, have erected cottages and laid out gardens, and their homes lend yet another beauty to the place. A sojourn at Santa Barbara is one long holiday, during the continuance of which one eats and sleeps, rides, drives, walks and lounges as he best sees fit, disturbed by no rules, interfered with by no one. No matter how hot the sun may shine, in the shade the air is ever fresh and cool. There is all the softness in the air which the near presence of an ocean always begets, but there is none of the dampness. The climate is that of an

elevation of 5,000 feet, bracing and invigorating ; and yet it does not wear upon and tear the system as it does in Colorado. Many invalids visit and live in Santa Barbara because of the good effects the climate has upon them, while the healthy and the strong are benefited as well. There is no business in the town beyond the small retail trade that is kept alive by the housekeepers, and yet people are content to live in Santa Barbara knowing that they cannot make a dollar. And the absence of business is an attraction. One finds himself constantly thinking less and less of bargaining and barter and money-getting, and indulging, as he never before seemed to have time for, in that contemplation of nature, pure and unadorned, which gives, after all the greatest pleasure and the most lasting satisfaction. Men who have never before noticed a sunset notice those of Santa Barbara. They cannot help observing. The hues of departing day are so beautiful that they force one to recognize their existence and to acknowledge their charms. Bankers and merchants, accustomed for years to know and to care only for the counting-room and the office, become devoted admirers of the wild cañons, the bits of yellow shore, the vistas of the wide blue ocean that Santa Barbara affords.

As there is more time for thought and for reflection, the mind gains strength and the understanding is quickened.

The history of Santa Barbara is uneventful. No fierce wars were ever waged for its possession, and no tales of valiant men are connected with it. Before the year in which Spanish eyes first beheld it the valley was inhabited by Indians, who had a settlement on the spot now occupied by the town, and who lived as savages usually do, creating nothing that was not absolutely necessary, and contented if they had enough to eat and little to do. In 1542 a Spaniard claims to have visited the tribe and to have spent several months in the company of the indolent aborigines, who are now so scattered and forgotten. In 1602 another Spanish captain, Sebastian Vizcaino, rediscovered the Indian village while sailing up the California coast, and was as impressed and fascinated as his predecessor had been. He wrote home glowing accounts of the valley, and created so much enthusiasm that in the following years his countrymen entered the region in great numbers. Gradually, but none the less surely, the newcomers displaced the primitive huts with adobe cottages, and at last created a town

that bore strong resemblance to the cities that Cortez and his followers had established in the lands of Montezuma. The Indians were utilized as laborers. Under the direction of their masters they tilled their fields and built their houses.

Once firmly established at Santa Barbara, the Spaniards had little difficulty in gaining full control not only of the lands, but of the people as well. And the aid the captains had was furnished by the Franciscan Fathers. These brothers of the Order of St. Francis followed the earlier settlers, and in good time were temporal as well as spiritual rulers of the land. Under their administration, the Indians worked harder than ever, and were paid with priestly benedictions. They cultivated the valley as it never before had been cultivated, built a Mission that still stands overlooking the town, and erected cabins for themselves, which until very recent years stood beside the white-walled church. From 1786, when the Fathers began to build the Mission, until 1834, when the Act of Secularization was passed, and by which the property of the Church was confiscated, Santa Barbara enjoyed its greatest prosperity. The Mission was rich, the valley was under a high state of cultivation, the town itself was large and prosperous. Vine-clad cottages were gathered about the Presidio, and Spanish galleys lay at anchor in the Bay. The village was a bit of Spain, washed across the seas to this valley looking out upon the broad Pacific.

Had one seen Santa Barbara in 1834, he would have found even a more picturesque village than exists to-day. Every house was of adobe, painted white and half hid beneath a mass of trailing vines ; a thick-walled fort formed a center round which were gathered the most imposing looking houses ; Spanish-speaking people were the only residents. The present listlessness existed in an intensified form. In the warm, genial climate all did as little manual labor as possible. Except when ships arrived from home or departed for Spain, there was masterly inactivity. There was simplicity personified. The Mission bells called the people to Mass, a few soldiers guarded the fort, the pleasures were of the simplest sort. Visit to-day some remote towns in Spain, and there will be found the counterpart of Santa Barbara as it was before the Americans began to come into it and the Fathers lost their wealth.

How delightful the place must then have been ! Stand upon the mountain side and

see. Below one, a sheltered valley, extending from a land-locked bay up a gentle slope toward a range of hills rising blue-hued in the distance. At one end of the narrow vale, green here and yellow with growing crops there, a stately Mission, with wide façade and a pair of graceful towers; at the other, the harbor, filled with calm blue waters pressing upon a stretch of yellow sand. And midway between the bay and the Mission, the town itself, quaintly built, nestled in the midst of flowers, looking out upon the quiet sea, and up to the mountains gathered about it. Look! From around Rincon Point, forming the southern limits of the bay, comes a white-winged ship bringing news from distant Spain. The vessel has been expected for days, and now that she is discovered, the town is all astir. Down to the shore run the children, and sedately walk the elders. Bright-eyed *señoritas* whisper together of the rich new gowns the ship is bearing them; *padres* are anxious for new ornaments to decorate the Mission altar with; *señors* and *señoras* are hungry for the letters, now so near at hand, from absent children. Joyously the church bells ring; happy are lovers, separated for months and now to meet again.

In the evening, when the ship is at anchor, and her boats have brought ashore the crew and passengers, the festivities are continued. Dances are held at every cottage, the Indians are feasted, laughter and music are heard on every side. The town is wild with joy. Questions are asked and answers given; vows are plighted over again; new conquests are made. Goblets of home-made wine are drunk; the mandolin and the guitar are strummed; the valley echoes with the merriment.

And now, in 1885? Well, the vine-clad, adobe cottages have nearly all been destroyed; no Spanish galleons ride at anchor in the bay; the Indian huts have disappeared. In place of the Santa Barbara of half a century ago is a new town, bearing the name of the old one, but composed of modern wooden houses, and having only a suggestiveness of Spain. A few cottages of long ago are standing, a few Spanish-speaking people are met with on the streets. But the Americans have captured the village and have modernized it. It has grown in population, and its pulse has been somewhat quickened. The Mission remains, but it no longer is a power. The fields are cultivated, but the *padres* do not own them. A long and

narrow wharf reaches far into the waters of the bay; stately homes are scattered about the valley.

And yet the region of sheltered restfulness itself has changed but little. The hills, rising from the Pacific and descending by gentle slopes into the valley are still dotted with live-oak trees, and have patches of yellow grain growing upon their sides; the mountains of the Santa Ynez, tall and majestic, guarding the valley on the north and penetrated by deep cañons, are as picturesque as ever, and the bay, soft and beautiful as that before the town of Naples, has lost not an atom of its charm. Standing on any one of the many peaks overlooking Santa Barbara, one has an extended and varied view of the surrounding country. There lies the Pacific, holding on its bosom two mountain islands that keep and form the Santa Barbara Bay; there lies the town, set down in the midst of trees, creeping down to the waters' edge and back to where the Mission stands. Far in the south is Rincon peak, huge and pointed, blue in the distance; and reaching from it to Castle Gate, that guards the western limits of the bay, stretches a sanded shore, curving like a crescent from peak to Gate. The coloring is exquisite. Brown-hued edges rise above green trees, yellow acres lead away from fresh and verdant ones. The sea is blue, the distant hills are blue, the sky above is blue, and only the houses of the town below are white. Nature has been most lavish in her decorations. One may often find grander and more extended views in California than he will when going into Santa Barbara valley, but never will he discover a region that is so picturesque. The peculiar beauties of three countries are combined. With the Swiss suggestiveness of the mountains, there is the Scottish flavor of the valley; while the bay is that of Naples, blue and sparkling, and sending bits of foamy white upon a yellow shore, pressed down upon by rounded hills of everlasting green. No wonder the Indians of prehistoric times were loth to leave the region; it is not strange the Spanish *padres* rebelled against the invasion of *Los Americanos*.

The population of the modern Santa Barbara is said to be about 5,000. Judging from general appearances, the estimate seems to be correct. The town is a city in name, though in reality it is only a village. In 1849, and until perhaps 1855, it ranked equal in size with San Francisco, and was a far more important place than its neighbor,

Los Angeles. But the Argonauts of '49, who settled in Northern California, sounded the death-knell of the southern portions of the State for a time, and Santa Barbara was soon left far behind. To-day Los Angeles is a thriving city and San Francisco is a metropolis, and this "modern Eden," as Santa Barbara has been called, has settled down to becoming a resort, a snug retreat, where business and trade have not the heart to enter. In late years the cañons leading from the central valley have been utilized by fruit-growers, and the valley itself has been laid out in productive farms. But the increase of farmers has not disturbed the ancient quiet, and the present cultivation only makes the region more closely resemble its appearance during the *régime* of the Franciscan fathers and the Spanish dons.

Santa Barbara proper is not an imposing-looking place. The wooden and brick blocks that have replaced the cottages of the Spaniards and Mexicans are far from picturesque. Extending from the wharf, a long street reaches up the valley toward the Mission, and bordering this, at its lower end, are the few small stores in which the unimportant trade of the town is carried on. From this thoroughfare other streets branch off at right angles, past the homes of the people. Formerly the best houses were in the lower part of the town, but in late years the upper end of the valley has been adopted, and there to-day one finds the most picturesque cottages. And the selection has been wise. The valley has a quick rise from the bay, and its upper end commands an extended view of the sea and of the surrounding mountains. The air there is fresher, and as for the homes one sees as he wanders aimlessly about through the shaded streets, they are the very embodiment of good taste. The cottages are small, but of artistic design. Each has its bit of ground, laid off into green lawns and trailing vines that never lose their freshness, cling to the porches and grow over the deep balconies. In the gardens are flowers—rose-bushes, rugged and rank as lilac shrubs in New England, orange trees, with yellow fruit gleaming through the leaves, geraniums, filling the air with fragrance, broad-leaved palms, cactus plants, lilies and the delicate pepper trees. The vegetation is truly Southern, half hiding the houses, the home of singing-birds. The pride of the residents is in their homes. Each one tries to improve upon his neighbor, and the result of all the

exertion is that Santa Barbara has more tastefully decorated places than any other town in California. In a year, one's grounds have the appearance of being laid out a much longer time. The climate accelerates growth. Every variety of tree and shrub will thrive, and gardens contain not only the pines, and maples, and elms of New England, but the oleander, the cactus and the palm of Mexico.

It is sometimes thought that Santa Barbara suffers for being located eighty miles from a railway. One does not live long in the place before believing, with the residents, that the reverse is true. Because of its semi-isolation, the town is particularly attractive. No rough element exists in it, and there are no disturbing conditions. Unlike the majority of watering-places, this has no annoying picnic parties to destroy the quiet of the beach or the beauty of the cañons. A stage runs once a day to Newhall, where connection is made with the Southern Pacific Railway, and steamers that run between San Diego and San Francisco call at the little wharf twice a week. A few visitors come to town by stage, but the majority by steamer; and "steamer days" are the only ones on which there is even an attempt made to excitement. But no sooner is the sound of the wharf-bell heard, announcing that a steamer is in sight, than the "bus" men drive furiously about the town, collecting what passengers they can, and the "Arlington," the palace hotel of the place, begins to exhibit signs of life. Many who have nothing better to do follow the regular visitors to the wharf, for the scene there is always interesting. Usually a steamer reaches Santa Barbara at eight or nine o'clock in the evening. At such an hour, the bay is wrapt in darkness, but far out from shore are lights that come slowly and silently toward the red light of the wharf. Suddenly a cannon is discharged and mighty echoes go rumbling along the mountains, and later the ship, with passengers peering from her deck, runs beside the wharf, and the stranger is introduced to the little town. Many a time have I walked down to see this strange, fascinating picture of a steamer coming in, and I have always been impressed, for the arrival makes Santa Barbara seem isolated from the world and peculiar to itself.

As for the stage ride from Newhall to Santa Barbara, it has its charms, even if there are discomforts connected with it. The road leads through pleasant valleys,



shut in by mountains, and when nearing its end, follows the shore through Ventura and Carpinteria, towns that both look out upon the bay. Those who dislike the sea, with its rolling waves and accompanying sickness, can have no reason to neglect Santa Barbara, for the eighty-mile ride may be broken, or can easily be taken by a private team, when one can select his own stopping-places.

The attraction that Santa Barbarans particularly pride themselves on possessing is the old Franciscan Mission. Set on high ground at the upper end of the valley, and overlooking the town and its surroundings, it is conspicuously visible from the sea, and from any portion of the city. The heavy stone walls of the ancient edifice are white, and are clearly outlined against the hills of the Santa Ynez range, rising behind the church, while from the wide steps that lead to the doorway in the façade, a view is had that for beauty and picturesqueness can hardly be excelled. Below one is the town, with the bay beyond, and round about are cultivated fields that stretch far up the valley, and lead the eye to distant heights of blue. In early days gorgeous processions used to pass in and out the ample doorway, and the Indians of the valley lived in cabins that stood grouped about the church. But to-day the cabins are in ruins or have disappeared altogether; the Mission has lost its treasures with its power; and the walls begin to show the ravages of time. But yet the church has much that is attractive. In its yard is a fountain-basin filled with cool, clear water; there is a garden across the street where one may often see a sandal-shod and shaven-pated monk wandering among his vegetables; and the building itself, with its sombre interior, its cloister, its corridor and small, cell-like rooms, delights every visitor. Wandering through the historic place, one can easily imagine himself in a foreign land where churches, such as this, are not such rarities. There are the same musty smelling alcoves, the same pictures and carvings, the same dark shadows and devoted monks. The Santa Barbara Mission has had hard usage, but the zeal of its fathers has not waned. Those remaining to-day are as zealous in their work as ever their predecessors were. The bells in the tower still peal forth their call for prayers; devout worshippers, whose fathers perhaps bowed before the altar years ago, still whisper their petitions before the tawdry ornaments.

In the cornice over the doorway chattering swallows have their nests; pigeons flutter about the walls; there is a quiet in the garden, which the fathers alone make use of, that tempts one to meditate and ponder. Every day the Mission has its visitors. Some sit upon the rim of the fountain and enjoy the view of sea and valley; others wander about the corridors of the church, speculating on the scenes of long ago.

The Mission was founded in 1786, two years after the death of Father Junipero Serra, at Monterey. He had selected the spot and name, however, before his death, and work on the church was probably begun in 1784. Upon its completion, the Mission was placed in charge of two fathers, one of whom was Antonio Paterna, under whose supervision the funds granted by the Viceroy of Mexico, by authority of the King of Spain, were expended, and the work of civilizing the Indians continued. By the year 1800, the church at Santa Barbara was very wealthy. The Indians were converted and taught to labor, lands were tilled, the fathers were beloved. They were earthly parents to their people. It was their decision that settled disputes; it was their commands that made the laws of the valley. There is no more touching picture in history than the sublime faith had by the Indians in the Franciscan Fathers. They were not merely their masters, but were their friends as well; and when the Act of 1833-4 was passed and the Mission lands were confiscated, and the Fathers driven away, the Indians were the ones who suffered. Never afterward did their good days come back. Gradually but surely the tribes were scattered, and to-day only a few piles of stone remain of their former habitations.

From 1834 to 1854 the Mission was neglected, and rapidly grew dilapidated. But in the last mentioned year, a religious house of the Order of St. Francis was established with headquarters at the parish church of Santa Barbara. Later, the Mission building, being better adapted because of its size, to the requirements of the Order, the monks moved to it, and the old church is now an apostolic college for the education of youth for the Order and as missionaries. The Community to-day numbers twelve brothers. They live secluded lives and conduct regular services, and have done much toward preserving the building.

The plan of the Mission is rambling and uncertain. Rooms have been added when

and where they were most needed, without regard to unity of design. Flanking the façade, that rises to a point above a heavy cornice and two high towers of solid yet graceful design, while to the left of the church, there has been added a wing, used as a dormitory by the brothers, and in front of which is a piazza whose roof is supported by pillars. The walls of the church are thick, and are made of adobe and stone. In former years the roof was made of tiles, but the modern one is shingled. In the enclosure formed by the main body of the church and the wing, is a secluded garden, with winding walks leading through masses of flowering shrubs, and radiating from a central fountain. None are allowed to enter here who belong to the female sex, and the spot is the adored loitering-ground of the fathers, who read and study there, surrounded by their flowers and busy swallows.

The two suburbs of Santa Barbara are Montecito and Carpenteria. The former is wedged into a valley that extends into the Santa Ynez range, and the latter is pressed down upon the shores of the bay, and is protected on the north by the mountains. Both the suburbs are attractive, but Montecito has the larger number of pretty cottages, and is the more picturesquely located. From almost any of the homes, set in the midst of live-oak groves, one may look through the dark-green foliage of the trees to the Pacific, glistening, blue and fresh, in the sunlight; or may see, up the narrow valley, the towering heights of the Santa Ynez brush, grown and oddly shaped. In Carpenteria, the land is less hilly than in Montecito, and there are farms and groves of considerable size. The location, too, is far from commonplace. In one direction is a stretch of water, extending to the islands of the bay, and beyond them to the horizon that the Pacific forms; in another, the yellow beach leads the eye to Rincon Peak, that overlooks the region as Vesuvius does that of Southern Italy. Many whose health have necessitated their residence in California, have adopted either one or the other of the Santa Barbara suburbs, and those who see how they live are inclined to wish that fate had decreed for them a home so beautiful. Day after day the weather is unchanged. There is a wealth of sunshine and abundance of flowers. The Montecito valley opens into that of Santa Barbara, and the two are only separated by a group of hills. Carpenteria is distant some twelve miles from town,

but is reached by an easy drive either along the beach, or over a well-made road.

The things one can do at Santa Barbara are manifold. First and foremost, there is the morning bath. By eleven o'clock, the beach is covered with bathers and lookers-on, and for an hour the bath-house keepers know no leisure. The water is warm, and the shore is sandy. There is rarely a high surf, but the waves roll landward with a placid movement. A diving-post has been built a few rods from shore, and farther out is a raft to which the more venturesome swimmers go, and on which they rest, looking like cousins of the sea-gulls they scare away.

Another popular recreation is picnicking in the cañons. The Santa Ynez range is full of narrow gorges, leading far into the mountains and following the many turns of limpid streams, and the picnic grounds are usually selected at some place where the foliage is particularly thick and the stream especially full. In such retreats, shut in by deep hedges and with vistas of the valley and sea beyond, the entire day is passed in gossip, reading, flirting and strolling, and on the return at evening, there is the ride or the drive down the valley, now flooded with mellow lights. One may go a-picnicking every day in Santa Barbara and never tire of the sport. Each cañon has its individual charm; each picnic has its own attraction. But better than the bathing, even better than the picnics—think of a picnic and a bath in January!—are the rides. Everybody rides. Young and old, lean and fat, good riders and bad. And such rides! To-day it is up Mission Cañon, with its narrow trail winding into the range, now by the side of Mission Creek, now clinging to the hillside far above it; this moment giving one a glimpse of the sea, at another revealing the valley, with its fields and trees. To-morrow it is up the valley, past the Mission to Hope Ranch, and over it to the shore, along which one gallops over the hard sands to Castle Gate and into town. Here the chosen road leads to the extended ranch of Colonel Hollister, a pioneer of the State, and a man who has done the most for Santa Barbara, and to the olive-groves of Mr. Cooper; or it may be to Carpenteria, or through Montecito to the Hot Springs, located in the Santa Ynez, and on a bit of high ground from which all the valleys are visible, and from which one looks through vast green trees and verdant fields out upon the wide Pacific.

## A FAMOUS CALIFORNIA PASSAGE.

BY CAPT. R. F. COFFIN.

"Speaking of California passages," said the old sailor the other day, "'minds me of one I made once which I supposes was the most remarkable one that ever were made; and I don't care much to speak about it, for it were the most uncomfortable trip I ever took since I have been goin' to sea. The skipper of that ship got a deal of credit for goin' to San Francisco in less than ninety days and he's welcome to it, for it was him as done it, and not the ship, nor any particular good luck, and anybody else can do the same as likes to tear his ship all to pieces and kill his crew adoin' of it. In the old *Mersey*, although we was a long time agoin' and didn't git nowhere, I'll say this, we was blessed comfortable; whereas, into this ship, though we wern't long a makin' of the passage, and got our regular \$12 a month, we never seen a comfortable minute from the time we left New York until we got to San Francisco — hardly had a dry thread onto us for the whole passage. I don't want for to say anythin' hard agin the old man; he were bound for to make a passage, and he took the only way of makin' one; but I wouldn't care for to go with him agin', no how.

"Let me overhaul a range of my recollection, and see when it were that I made this v'yage. It were in 1849 that I went out in the *Mersey*, and then I went across to Manilla in the bark *Syren*, and from there to New York with manilla, and so it must have been in 1851 when I left agin in this here ship, and somewhere along in the early part of June. She were a full clipper ship, built down East somewheres, expressly for this trade, and they called her the *Flyin' Cloud*, and the old man's name it were Creesy. We was towed down and the pilot left us outside of the bar about three o'clock in the artemnoon, and we clapped everythin' onto her, stunsails alow and aloft, and all light kites, headin' her off about southeast by east, with the wind to the west'ard, a good whole-sail breeze and fine weather. We soon seen that she was a mighty fast craft, and at six bells, arter we got the decks cleared up a bit, we hove the log, and found her agoin' ten,

and with scarcely wind enough to blow a candle out. All the next two days we had a continuance of this light weather, and were busy as bees gittin' everythin' to rights, for she were a new ship, and there was everythin' to do aboard of her. On the fourth day we got our first breeze, and it come a howlin' from nor'west. We was then on the southern edge of the Gulf, and it soon kicked up a ugly sea. It breezed on all the artemnoon, and at dark blowed half a gale of wind, but not a rag had yet been took off of her, and she was a wallowin' along with all three royals, and fore and main t'gallan' stunsails, agoin' about fourteen knots, and a heap sight more of her under water than there was on top of it. When our side come on deck at eight bells, a chummy of mine, named Dick Armstrong, says to me as we was a wadin' aft up to our middles in water, to try and find some little refuge in front of the cabin, says he: 'Tom, this here old man's either drunk or crazy, one or t'other, or he'd never carry sail in this way; somethin' must go soon,' says Dick, 'for mortal spars can't bear this strain, and the sooner they goes the better, or else this here ship will be druv under.' Well, we was in the mate's watch, and he were not long on deck afore he sung out for to clew up the fore and mizzen royals. I ain't often palled at anythin', leastwise I weren't then, but the idee of goin' up to stow that there fore-royal, if so be as it should come to me for to do it, weren't pleasant, and I jumped for the mizzen. As we was a clewin' of it up, the old man come up and asked the mate what the — he were a takin' the sail off the ship for? 'It'll take itself off pretty soon,' says the mate; and the old man, he says, 'She shall carry it, by —, or drag it, one of the two;' and the mate says, 'All right, sir, let her drag it, then;' and so, of course, he wouldn't take nothin' more off of her. The riggin' bein' all new, of course, got stretched all out, and the lee t'gallan' and topmast backstays was a flyin' in a bight out to leeward, so you could have took a sheep-shank into 'em. The wind were about two pints on the quarter, and she

runnin' so fast, of course lessened its force on to the spars, and everythin' held on till about seven bells, when a big sea hit her under the quarter, and the men at the wheel not catchin' her quick enough, she come to a bit, and the strain of the t'gallan' stunsail and the t'gallan'-sail together, was too much for the main topsail-yard, and it went right in the slings, and the surge snapped the main t'gallan'-mast right at the cap, and that, as it went over the side, took the mizzen t'gallan'-mast along with it.

"There were a snarl for you! there were a all night's job. Well, we swung her off afore the wind and got everythin' trimmed for'ard, afore we touched the wreck stuff, so as not to lose a bit more of the fair wind than could be helped and then we turned to a gittin' the stuff down from aloft.

"The orders was, 'Don't cut nothin',' 'cause you see, we had a long journey afore us, and we couldn't afford to lose any of our riggin', and we jist takes a top-block aloft and lashes it to the main topmast-head and reeves a five-inch manilla line through it, and bends it onto the stump of the t'gallan'-mast which were caught on the topmast crosstree. Then we lets all the gear unreeve, and comes up with the backstays both sides, and lights 'em over for'ard of the topsail-yard, which we still kept aloft, and let the whole trash come down together for'ard of everythin'. It wern't so much strain on the mast rope arter all, cause you see all the gear and the backstays took a part of the weight, and we got him down nicely, steadyin' him with trippin' lines to both sides of the deck as he come down, and when he got down low enough, we took the royal off of him, and then t'gallan' sail and yard and so arter a while got him fore and aft the deck.

"You musn't think, sir, that all this here were done as fast as I am a telling of it, not by a heap, for it's slow work gittin' a spar down when it's carried away, and especially when you can't cut anythin'; first it's this thing gits foul, and then it's that, and then it's t'other, and it comes down a inch at a time; and it were three o'clock in the mornin' afore we got the main t'gallan'-mast on deck, and was ready for to go at the topsail-yard, which had come down for'ard of the mainyard, and had been lashed to the mainstay for to steady it, the upper part bein' secured to the main-topmast riggin'. The mizzen t'gallan'-mast, of course, had

been got down easy, 'cause there wasn't nothin' onto that but its own two sails, and so all hands was at liberty to clap on, and git the main topsail-yard on deck. The topsail clewlines went to the cap, and so we kept the topsail halliards fast, and hauled up the weather clew of the sail to the mast-head, and then unbent the sail from the weather yard-arm, which was lashed up and down the riggin', and hauled the slack-sail into the maintop. She bein' agoing off afore the wind, of course the mizzen topsail becalmed the main, and there wern't much slat to it. Then we settled the t'other part of the yard down onto the cap and unbent the other yard-arm and sent him down. We didn't have much bother with the topsail-yard anyway, 'cause we had daylight at four o'clock, and that were as good as a dozen extra men; but it were eight bells afore we got all through and everything snugged up.

"Well, we chaps what had been up all night thought, of course, we'd git our forenoon watch below; but no, it was 'all hands to breakfast' arter 'splicin' the main-brace,' and then arter breakfast it was 'all hands' agin. There was some growlin', you may be sure; but still, as we'd had our grog, we didn't refuse duty, but went on deck and turned to with a will. There was lots to do, you may be sure. We had a spare main t'gallan'-mast, and the first thing was to put a strong gang onto that, for to get it aloft. We sent the riggin' up first and laid the eyes over the cap for the spar to run through, and then rove off the mast rope, and took it to the capsan to hyst him up. Sendin' a t'gallan'-mast on end when your ship is a layin' quietly in dock, is easy enough, but with a ship lumberin' along with a fresh breeze and heavy sea on her quarter, a lurchin' her lee anksheer under at every roll, and occasionally takin' a 'green one' over the weather waist, it's another matter. However we got a tail-block on to the weather mainyard-arm, and rove one trippin' line through that, while we had another led down to the lee clew of the mainsail, and so, as he were agoin' up, we kept him as steady as possible. Still in spite of all he would swing some, and it ain't no joke to have a piece of timber weighin' more'n half a ton a swingin' about loose. However, we got him pinted at last, and the mast rope doubled, and then we soon had him on end and fidded, and went to work settin' up the riggin'. That didn't take

long, and afore it were done we had the main t'gallan'-yard across, and some hands aloft bendin' the sail, and by seven bells, we had the main t'gallan'-sail bent and the yard-rope rove for to send up the main royal-yard. Then we 'spliced the main-brace' agin, and went to dinner.

"While some of us had been a sendin' up the main t'gallan'-mast, the rest had been a lendin' the carpenter a hand, a fittin' a new mizzen t'gallan'-mast, out of the old main one, and a shiftin' the iron-work from the old topsail-yard onto the spare spar; so you see, sir, there wern't none of us idle this forenoon. The old ship hadn't been idle neither all this twenty-four hours, and when the old man pricked her off at eight bells, he found she had run by observation 293 miles.

"The wind continued from nor'west, but moderated arter dinner, and backed in to west-sou'west, and there was the starboard booms to rig out, and the stunsails to shift over, besides our other work. The carpenter had got the mizzen t'gallan'-mast ready, and we turned to and sent that up with its yards, and by four o'clock had the mizzen royal onto her agin. The main topsail-yard wasn't ready yet, 'cause the irons didn't fit and the sheave-holes wern't cut, and so at dark the carpenter knocked off, and we made all secure till mornin'.

"There wern't much of a watch kept that night, I can tell you, jist the wheels and lookouts was served, and the rest of us laid right down on deck and went to sleep. The wind kept moderate from west-sou'west, the sea smoothed down, and the decks got dry for the first time in about thirty-six hours. There was a bright moon shinin' through the night, and many of the chaps got moon-struck a sleepin' out on deck, and was half blind for a week arter. But we got a good sleep anyway, and that was somethin' that didn't come often in this trip.

"Bright and early in the mornin', we turned to agin, all hands, and by the time we had got the decks washed down, the carpenter had the main topsail-yard ready for to send aloft, and we rove off a gun-tackle purchase and hooked it on to the quarter of the yard and nearly amidships. Then we rove off a single yard-rope and bent it onto the yard-arm for to cant him with, and that, sir, is the way for to send up a topsail-yard at sea when the mainsail is set. Heave right up onto your single rope, until you gits your yard up and down, and

then, when you have got to take the whole weight of him, heave away on your gun-tackle purchase, still keepin' him up and down with your yard-arm girtline, till you gits your braces and lifts onto him, when you may let him run square as soon as you like. Arter we got the yard across, it didn't take long for to bend and set the topsail, and when we went to dinner that day, we had main royal and main t'gallan' stunsails set, and she were a ship once more.

"Now, jist have this here glass filled up with hot rum and I'll get outside of it, and then spin you the rest of this yarn.

"The day we got her rigged up agin was the first time we got anythin' like a head-wind, it backin' in from the west-'ard to about south, half east; and with everythin' trimmed fore and aft by the wind, upon the starboard tack, a headin' east by south, half south, I seen that ship go eleven knots by a fair log, and with scarcely any wind to speak on neither; and for three days that we was on a wind in this light weather, I recollect she made 206, 209 and 256 miles. It were so wonderful that all hands was a talkin' about it, and that's the way I remembers it. We was now agoin' through the 'horse latitudes,' that is, from the latitude of 30° down to 25°, and we had the usual calm and bafflin' weather; but that there ship never stopped, and the worst day we had, when it was dead calm all day, she made fifty-four miles, though how she done it has always been a mystery with me.

"When we was eleven days out, we discovered that the mainmast was sprung about a foot below the hounds. Of course, it must have got sprung on that same night when we lost the t'gallan'-masts, 'cause, you see, we hadn't had no heavy weather since; but sprung it were, and we had for to turn to and fish it. We had some four-inch oak plank aboard, and the carpenter cut up some fishes, and we got 'em on, and made the mast as strong as ever it could be.

"As to the northeast trades, we never got 'em at all. In about 25° north we got a pretty steady breeze from south-east by east, which we held with slight variations down to 5°, where we struck the equatorial calms in about longitude 33° west. We was into these three days, makin' as near as might be, a south course across 'em, and got the southeast trades in 2° north and 33° west, and next day was across the line and in 2° south, havin' run 216 miles on a taut bowline the whole

day, and havin' made the run from Sandy Hook to the line in twenty-one and a half days. The trades was well to the east'ard, and we didn't have no difficulty in clearin' St. Roque, but we come mighty nigh runnin' onto the Rocas shoal, right off the coast there, and had to make a short board to the east'ard to clear it. We ought to have carried the trades up to beyond  $20^{\circ}$ , but we was unlucky agin and lost 'em in about  $11^{\circ}$  south, when, arter a short spell of calm, the wind come in about south, bringin' us down to single-reefed topsails, with main t'gallan'-sail set over 'em, and that, in that ship, meant double reefs in any other. It is really astonishin', sir, for to see what spars will stand; I thought I had seen some carryin' on in the Liverpool trade, but this here skipper beat all. It were terrible squally, and sometimes in the hard squalls we'd settle the t'gallan'-yard down for a bit, but the minute it was over, it was clap on to the halliards agin and hyst him up. The wind weren't exactly steady at the south, and it were constantly to keep her onto the tack where she would make the most southin', no matter if all hands was called twice in a watch for to tack ship. But for the matter of that, it was nearly as comfortable on deck as it were below, for she were under water most of the time, and the chists was a floatin' about the forecastle deck with a perfect looseness, and every stitch of our dunnage was as wet as if it had been overboard. It were beautiful, and a thing to look at for to see the way that there ship worked in stays under this canvas. They worked her with the mainsail, and never used for to think of startin' anythin' for'ard till she was up in the wind and everythin' shiverin', and you could swing the after-yards as soon as they took aback, and long afore she were head to the wind, and this giv' us time for to git the main tack down and the sheet aft afore it were time to haul the head-yards. We had to keep the helm up arter she got around and let her wipe off till the leech of the foresail lifted, or else in that breeze we couldn't swing the head-yards at all; then she'd come to and bend to it agin, and off she'd go at the rate of ten or twelve knots, smashin' through the sea and sendin' the spray as high as her lower yards and chock aft to the taffrail.

"This here sort of thing continued, sir, for four or five days, the wind continuin' to the s'uth'ard, and we fightin' agin it, a drivin' of her all she'd bear and more

too, and we got away in onto the Brazil bank in seventeen fathoms water, and with the land plain in sight. In the latitude of about  $20^{\circ}$  south, we got a breeze from the no'theast, and it lasted five days: a reg'lar no'theast trade, only very much out of its latitude, and we made some rippin' day's work, runnin' one day 300 miles, which were the best day we had since leavin'. Most of the time this day we was a carryin' whole topsails, with main t'gallan'-sail set; with terrible weather—thunder and lightnin', and continued heavy rain. The next day arter this, we got the hardest gale we had had for the v'yage. It were right off the River Plate, where it can blow; but it were not a pampero, but were just a continuance of the breeze of the day before, which had shifted gradually round by the west to southwest. That is the cold wind, you know, sir, in them latitudes, same as our nor'westers up here, and it were now the middle of July, which are all the same as the middle of January up hereabouts, and this here were the first cold weather we had had. No wonder, sir, that some of the chaps, the way they had been worked day and night all the time, when they struck this here cold weather and this here hard gale of wind, got discouraged and kind of give up. We had got her down to double-reefed topsails and reefed courses shortly arter eight bells at noon. At two bells it came on tremendous and blowed both fore and main topmast-staysails out of the ropes, and then we had to clew down and close-reef the topsails and furl the reefed mainsail. There were a brig in company with us to leeward under close reefs, and while we was aloft close-reefin', we seen both of her topmasts go over the side; and to make it worse, comin' down from the mainyard, we seen that the mainmast was sprung in a new place. She was one of the most uncomfortable beasts in a seaway that ever was, and she was now laborin' terribly, not only shippin' a good deal of water over all, but leakin' pretty bad as well, and we had to turn to and keep one pump constantly agoin'; and I can tell you what it is, sir, things was a beginnin' to look blue to such of us chaps as were sailormen. If anybody had a wanted for to buy the key of my chist that artemoon, I'd a sold it to him cheap, for I didn't think she'd live out the night. She'd fall off till she got the wind about abeam, and then she'd run as if the devil had kicked her on end, and then as

she'd come to, she'd take whole green seas aboard, sweepin' everythin' fore and aft, and obligin' the men at the pumps for to be lashed, to keep from bein' washed away.

"I'd a'gin all my old shoes for to have been aboard of the old *Mersey* in this here gale and sea. She would have laid to in it like a duck and never shipped a drop of water, 'cept that it might be the spray from the curl of the sea. She would have just bobbed up and down to it, driftin' bodily to leeward, gittin' over sich seas as she could and goin' round the others; whereas, this brute would head-reach, do what you would.

"As soon as the old man heerd that the mainmast had sprung agin, he giv' orders for to send down royal and t'gallan' yards and all stunsail-booms, and here it were that some of the chaps giv' out, and said they'd be damned if they'd go aloft onto that wounded mainmast that was likely for to go over the side at any time. Well, then, there was a row; the old man and the officers come for'ard and sailed in with steel knuckles and slung-shots and belayin'-pins, and in a little while, the fore-castle were like a butcher's shop.

"Well, there weren't much fight in the men, for they were simply beat out and used up, and arter poundin' 'em for a while, them as still wouldn't turn to, was put in irons, and the rest of 'em went to work gittin' the spars down. Lucky for me I were at the wheel, but, if I hadn't abeen, I'd a turned to, 'cause you see I know'd the only chance we had of livin' out the gale, were to get this top-hamper down. I and the other chap with me was relieved soon arter the muss were over, and when the old man asked us whether we'd go aloft and send them spars down or have our heads broke, we said as how we'd go aloft, and we done so.

"It were a awful job, sir, a gittin' them t'gallan'-yards down, but we done it at last, and by four bells in the dog-watch, we had her all snug, with every blessed stitch off of her, except close-reefed maintopsail and reefed foresail. We had about as much as we wanted for to do all the rest of that day to keep her afloat, for she had strained herself till she leaked like a basket.

"All the next day the gale continued, and we kept both pumps agoin' constantly, and needin' all hands at the pumps, the old man let the chaps out of irons, with the understandin' that they'd be took care of on arrivin' at San Francisco, if so be we

ever got there, which didn't jist then look very likely.

"At the end of the second day it moderated, and jist as it begun for to do so, we begin for to make sail. We had no more than got whole topsails onto her than the topsail-tie parted, and down came the yard by the run. Same time, away went the truss-band round the mainmast. This here took place about six o'clock in the evenin', about two hours arter dark. We undertook for to repair the damage with the watch, and so had to leave the pumps for a little while, and, come to sound her at eight bells, there were nineteen inches into her; so the watch was kept up to pump ship.

"Luckily the weather moderated, and next day was fine and we was kept busy sending the light spars aloft and clearin' things up, generally. She didn't leak so much, of course, and we only had to give her a jog out every hour. She'd kep' agoin' all this while, you may depend, and on the forty-third day out we was nearly up with the Falkland Islands, and we spoke the ship *Harriet Raymond*, a craft what had left Boston four days afore our ship had left there, for to go to New York to load.

"Here were a beat, sir, as will show you what carryin' sail will do, not but what our ship was faster than the *Raymond*; but that wouldn't account for it—it was jist sheer knockin' down and draggin' out that done it, and no mistake, for we hadn't had remarkably fair winds, and both the trades had failed us;—but it was jist keepin' her head, on all occasions, as near the true course as the wind would permit, and then drivin' of her to the last degree that the spars would stand. Anybody that does that, sir, will make a passage. It may not be a very quick one, but, at any rate, he'll stand a good chance to beat all the crafts that sails agin him. I don't mean by carryin' sail, sir, to tear your ship all to pieces, as this old man done; there's reason in all things, and there's no seamanship in carryin' away spars. So at last we got down to the Horn."

"I ought for to say up to the Horn, I s'pose, but somehow I can't never make it seem like up; though, in course, it are up, all the same as we say 'up to the Arctic.' Well, we'd had two or three days of most miserable weather, very light airs south-east, with drizzlin' rain and fog, very cold and raw and uncomfortable. We were a headin' down for Cape St. Diego, at the entrance of the Straits of Le Maire, and



expectin' for to make it the next day. The day began with a light breeze from the north'ard and fine weather—I mean the sea day, which always begins at noon. Gradually it hauled to about east no'th-east, and the weather clouded up, and at 3.30 in the afternoon watch we rigged out the booms and set all the port stunsails. It were dark by four o'clock, and it were very dark this night, 'cause it were overcast. The wind kep' a pipin' on, till at eight bells it were a blowin' what in a decent ship would have been called a half a gale of wind, and here she was a staggerin' along with all three royals and topmast and t'gallan' stunsails set, headin' south, with the wind two pints abaft the beam, and runnin', without a word of a lie, about sixteen miles a hour.

"Why didn't we lose somethin' that night? I'm blessed if I know. There's a cherub, or some blessed thing or other, they say, that's a lookin' out for spars on dark nights, and he were on duty with us that night, sartin. At two bells the order were for to clew up the royals, and soon arter that we took the t'gallan' stunsails off of her and rigged in the booms, 'cause, you see, anybody could tell with half a eye it were comin' on a regular hard gale of wind. At four bells the weather was very bad—very hard squalls with rain and sleet, and everythin' about the ship aloft was a gittin' iced up, and so they took in the topmast studdin'-sail. Mind you, we still had all three t'gallan'-sails onto her, and this in weather that no other mortal man except this old man would have dared for to show more'n doubled-reefed topsails to. The watch went below at eight bells, in pretty bad humor, you may depend, for they know'd with sich carryin' on as this, there weren't agoin' for to be any chance of a watch below, and the old man wouldn't a felt at all flattered if he'd a heard the remarks what were passed upon him in the forecabin. One chap says:

"I hope the sticks will all go out of her next time, so as we can cut and make clean work of it."

"'Twould be a good deal better,' says another chap, 'if the — ship would run under at once and save us all further trouble. I wouldn't mind goin' to blazes, if so be as this old man could go along with me.'

"He's the greatest fool to carry sail I ever were shipmates with,' says another chap; 'he ain't got no more sense than Johnny Newman.'

"He might have shortened sail at eight bells, seein' that it's got for to be done pretty soon,' says another.

"Oh, what does he care for us,' another growled out; 'he wouldn't care if we never didn't have any more sleep; he's jist drunk or crazy two-thirds of the time, and that's my opinion of him.'

"It were nigh about two bells, and we was jist about gittin' quieted off, when there comes 'All hands ahoy! shorten sail,' and out we had to come. Well, there weren't no foolin' about it, this time; the old man had become convinced that he had carried onto her long enough, and particular with a lee shore right handy, and so we clewed up all three of the t'gallan'-sails, and then, afore layin' aloft to furl 'em, we clewed down the topsail-yards, and put two reefs into the topsails at the same time that we furled the t'gallan'-sails. The wind seemed to increase as fast as we took the canvas off her; and I give you my word, sir, she were goin' jist as fast under her double reefs as when she had the whole sail onto her.

"It were about five bells when, once more, we got below, and we flattered ourselves now that we might git an hour's sleep arter we'd had our smokes; but no, at seven bells it were again 'All hands ahoy! shorten sail.' When we got on deck it were a blowin' now, you may well believe. I ain't seen many harder gales than that in all my goin' a-fishin', and it weren't no use, the old man had for to come to it, and make her snug, and there weren't no time to spare neither. So we jist hauled the main-sail up first; then we rounded in the main and maintopsail braces, and clewed down the topsail yard and hauled out the gear for to close reef it. Then, instead of goin' aloft, we went for'ard and done the same with the foresail and foretopsail. Then we wiped her off, and got the jib in; the watch had took in the spanker and crochick afore we were called, and had close-reefed the mizzen topsail; so all we had to do arter the jib had been muzzled were to close-reef the two topsails and furl the courses; this were done by two bells in the mornin' watch, and, for the first time since leavin' New York, we had brung her down to snug canvas without losin' anythin'. Arter daylight, which didn't come on much afore eight o'clock, the wind blowed harder, if anythin', than it had through the night, and had hauled to about southeast. The weather was very cold, and the sleet and snow had iced the ship up so that her

standin' rigin' was swelled to double its natural size, and the runnin' gear was so full of ice that makin' sail would have been almost as much of a job as takin' it off of her. We kept the braces as clear as possible by slackin' 'em up once in a while, and haulin' of 'em taut agin; and 'twas jist as well we did, for at eleven o'clock we seen the land about a point on the weather bow, and all hands was called for to wear ship. It was the first time we'd had to wear her since we left, and the land were so close aboard that the shorter we could git her round onto her heel the better. There were a devil of a sea on, and she were a laborin' hard and with only the three close-reefed topsails onto her; she were not ahead-reachin' much. The first idea were to give her the 'goose-wing' of the foresail; but it were froze so stiff that it was found that it would take too much time, and there weren't any too much time to spare; for the land were a loomin' from a p'int on the weather bow away round to about a p'int for'ard of the lee beam, so the weather main and the lee crochick braces was manned, and we stood by for to git her round.

"It's a pretty nice job, sir, a wearin' a long ship like that under sich short canvas, and in sich a gale and sea. You see, sir, if you puts your helm up afore you rounds in your yards and she gits agoin' off, you can't budge your yards in till she's away off afore the wind, and when she gits off with the wind a pint or so abaft the beam, why she'll run like a racehorse miles afore she'll go round any further, and when land is jist in that direction, that is jist what you don't want her for to do; whereas, if you checks your after-yards in first, and they git aback, she loses her way and wont go off at all. So you see, the fellow that tends the lee braces needs for to have his brains into the right end, and to mind what he is about. You wants to jist slack a little, jist enough to shiver the sail, and then put the helm up jist a spoke or two; you don't want the rudder across her stern, not at first, 'cause that tends for to deaden her way, and you wants all the way onto her you can git first along; then, as she starts off, give her more weather helm, and keep a roundin' in onto your weather-braces, keepin' the sails nicely liftin', never lettin' 'em fill, and neither lettin' 'em take aback. As she goes off, and gits the wind abaft the beam, heave hard up the helm, for she'll be runnin' like a struck dolphin now, and the more you kin stop her the

better; but don't try, as I've seen done, for to stop her by bracin' the after-yards aback; that won't deaden her way much, and it will prevent her from goin' round; and what you want for to do is to git her nose pinto the other way, if so be as you're on a lee shore. Then, jist afore the wind gits dead aft, have some hands to the head-braces and let the foreyards run in square, as soon as the wind is dead aft. That prevents the foretopsail from gittin' aback, you see, and a-preventin' her from comin' to arter she gits the wind on the other quarter, and two or three men on the fore-braces then, if they're put there in time, will brace the yards about with ease, whereas it would take all hands to budge 'em if so be as the topsail once took aback. You must look out, though, that they don't git adrift with you. With the foresail furled I've seen head-yards a playin' 'Isaac and Josh' in the act of wearin' in a seaway and a tearin' things all to pieces, while she were a-rollin' off afore the wind, and afore she come to enough to steady 'em. As soon as the wind is got on the other quarter, the after-yards can mostly be left for to take care of theirselves; jist a few hands to leeward to take in the slack, and a hand at the weather topsail-brace to ease it off, that's all you need, till you git the head-yards braced up sharp and the weather brace taut, then come along aft, brace up the mainyard, haul the weather brace taut, and there you are haulin' the weather lifts taut as you go for'ard.

"That were the way we weared that ship that day; but nice as we was about it, I thought the brute would have run her nose onto the rocks afore ever she got round. She were such a beggar to run the very minute she got off and the wind abeam, she were off a-flyin', and it seemed to us, lookin' at the land ahead, that she never would bring the wind onto the starboard quarter. It weren't half as long as it seemed, and we had more room than there looked to be, 'cause the land is high down there, and that made it look nearer than it really were; still it were a comfort to all hands when we got her nose east-no'theast, and felt that she might make a no'theast drift for a month or so if she liked and she couldn't touch nothin'.

"Goin' ashore, even if it's down round the Bahamys, and done jist for to sell the ship, ain't pleasant, but goin' ashore up in this region, means bein' drowned first and eat up by the natives arterward, if so

be as how you floats ashore, and therefore it's a thing to be avoided, if possible.

"We kept her head off shore till midnight of the next day, the wind continuin' a livin' gale from southeast, with rain, snow and sleet, and then we wore her round agin to the s'uth'ard. She leaked like a sieve all the time, and we had to keep the pumps agoin' constantly. The next arternoon at four o'clock the weather cleared up a bit, and we saw Cape St. Diego bearin' southeast about fifteen miles, and at five o'clock we wore her round agin, and kept her head off shore all night; then at six in the mornin' we put her head to the s'uth'ard once more and begun for to make sail, 'cause the gale had broken since midnight. Well, sir, that were a job; we had to go up with heavers and belayin' pins and pound the ice off of the gaskets of the foresail, and then when we got 'em off at last, we took the sheet to the capstan and would heave a little on it, and then shake her up a bit for to shake the ice out of it, and then heave a little more; and so, little by little, we worked away at it, till we got him set. The top-sails was jist the same—all froze up, but by noon we had the t'gallan'-sails onto her, with Cape St. Diego west ten miles, and was a-enterin' the Straits of Le Maire, jist fifty days from New York.

"We passed through the Straits that arternoon, and got clear of the land at six o'clock, with a fine breeze from the east'ard; and next mornin' at eight o'clock Cape Horn was a-bearin' north from us about five miles off; all the whole coast, so far as we could see, covered with snow, and ten hundred thousand dozen wild ducks a-flying all around us.

"Arter we got round the Cape, of course, it were all plain sailin'; the wind hung on from the east'ard for a couple of days, and we went away to the north'ard and west'ard at a great rate. Then we got the wind to the s'uth'ard and west'ard, and very light. We had some good days where we made over 200 miles; but there were one or two days along here when it were so nearly calm that we made less than 100. It were about six days arter passin' the Horn, and in latitude 42° south, that we got a good breeze from the east'ard, which proved arterward to have been the southeast trades; leastwise it turned into them, though it come in about no'theast, and with everythin' set and trimmed sharp by the wind for all but the last four hours of the day, that there ship run 284

miles. The latter part, as I said, the wind hauled to the east'ard, and in the first part of the next day to southeast, which were the beginnin' of the regular trade, and it cum in heavy. Of course we hung on to the stunsails as long as mortal man could; but at four bells in the dog-watch we had for to take in the lower and t'gallan' stunsails and the fore and mizzen royals. There was a devil of a sea runnin', and the decks was swept constantly fore and aft; but if you'll believe me, sir, we never took another stitch of canvas off that ship till four bells in the middle watch, and then only the main royal and topmast stunsail. I ain't tellin' you a word of a lie, sir, I've been with skippers that would a-thought they were a-carryin' sail if they had showed as much as double-reefed top-sails that night, a-runnin' afore that wind and sea. We hove the log once to see how fast she were agoin', and found she were a-runnin' eighteen knots, and she would have gone more if we had had more line, but that were all there were on the reel; but at the end of the day the observations told the story—374 miles, an average of over fifteen for the whole day.

"There were sailin' for you! but the wind kep' on increasin', and at six o'clock the next night it were so bad that even this old man had to come to it, and we took in the t'gallan'-sails and double-reefed the fore and mizzen topsails. It has always been a matter of wonder to me why we didn't lose every blessed stick that arternoon afore we shortened sail. I've seen spars go when they didn't have half as much right to go; but these here held on, and we never carried away a rope-yarn. Of course we had preventer backstays to the masts, and preventer braces onto the yards; but the main thing were her beautiful steerin'. That were what done it, sir, no doubt; and she were lovely to steer. A child could handle her; and on a wind in a light breeze, many's the time when I've had the 'gravy-eye' I've gone fast asleep and never woke up till wash-deck time. So in all that drivin' and carryin' on, with the wind and sea right arter her, she jist went along as straight as a dart. Of course she shipped a deal of water—it stands to reason she surely would and her a-rollin' her plankshears under at every lick—but she took 'em in along in the waist, and as the bulwarks had been pretty much washed away long afore this, it did not take long to free herself.

"As it frequently happens, we had

carried sail all through the gale and then reefed her down when it begin for to moderate, and so in the middle watch we made sail agin. At the end of this day we found we had run 334 miles, which were 708 miles in two days, and the next two weren't to be sneezed at, one being 264 and t'other 206.

"Well, now, from here down to the line, we did have a little spell of beautiful weather lastin' about ten or twelve days, and I can tell you, sir, we sorely needed it, for we was all broke out with salt-water boils, from continued exposure to the wet and cold, and scurvy was a beginnin' to show itself, so that the old man giv' orders for to stop our salt grub entirely, and feed us on them there slops what they puts up in cans—fresh soup and boulle they calls it—but we didn't find it bully soup, and we pined for our salt horse. Howsever, this here spell of fine weather put us all to rights agin. It's only arter you round the Horn, sir, and passes through all the heavy Antarctic weather, that you appreciates the trades; but arter all that knockin' about, to come sudden to a region of perpetual fine weather, is wonderfully lovely. Day arter day, jist the same, a moderate breeze from about east-southeast, a temperature about 70°, bright, sunshiny days and starry nights, a continual smooth sea, with constant flocks of flyin'-fish playin' over it, and, sometimes by accident, flutterin' on the deck or into the channels; the albatross, cape pigeons, and Mother Cary's, all left behind with the stormy weather, and in their place, sailin' high up in the air, the beautiful tropic bird which we sailors call the 'boatswain,' because his long-tail feather looks so much like a marlin'spike. To be able to come on deck in the daytime, with nothin' on but dungaree pants and jumper, and be sure of keepin' dry all the watch, to lay down on deck and sleep, knowin' that not a rope is to be touched—you've got to go through the bad weather, sir, to enjoy all this. You have it all when you are comin' up with the Horn, but you don't value it as you ought to, and as soon as the temperature gits down to 40°, you goes a mopin' about the decks, with pea-jacket and mittens on, a swearin' at the weather; but arter a couple or three weeks of Cape Horn weather, temperature from 10° down to zero, you gits around and gits her head pintoed to the north'ard, and every day gits warmer, and by and by you strikes 40° agin, then—hurrah! what

lovely weather it is, no pea-jackets nor mittens now, but you are washin' decks barefooted, and goin' round all day in summer rig.

"I've sometimes thought, sir," the old sailor continued, as he took a heavy pull at his hot rum and passed the glass to be refilled, "it's struck me as how troubles in this world was a good deal like Cape Horn weather, and you've got to pass through 'em in order to properly value your comforts. There's lots of folks goes growlin' through life a believin' they're awfully unfortunate and miserable, and the temperature ain't below 40° with 'em day nor night; and it's my opinion, sir, that they needs a touch of Cape Horn weather for to make 'em ashamed of their pea-jackets and mittens.

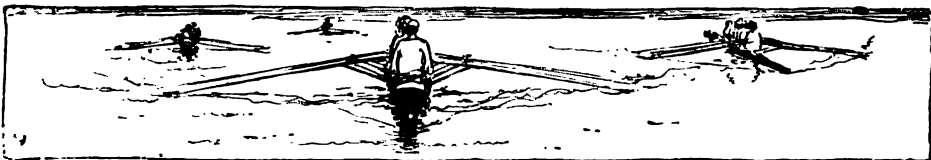
"I mind the day well when we crossed the line on the Pacific side; it were August 12, and we was then seventy days out. We crossed in 124° of west longitude; and I mind this, because it were so far west. Some of the chaps for'ard what thought they know'd all about it, said as how the old man had missed it, and that he ought to have hugged the Galapagusses and passed along in 94° or 95°; but, you see, sir, this old man know'd what he were about, and he know'd if he got away in the bight there, alongside of the Isthmus, he'd very likely git becalmed, and so he let her go to the west'ard, even if he did arterwards strike the no'theast trades far to leeward: what were the consequences? We didn't git no calm on to the line, and we carried the southeast trades away up to 12° north. And now, jist to show you how that there ship could sail when she got a chance, it's a livin' fact, sir, that for twenty-six days right along, she averaged 227 knots a day, the biggest day's work in that time bein' 374, and the smallest 93; and you must understand, sir, that 374 of our miles at sea is equal to 433 of the small miles what you have on shore.

"When we did get the no'theast trades, which were in about 14° north, we got 'em away to the north'ard of no'theast, and then the 'Jerry Croakers' said, 'I told you so; if he'd a crossed where he'd ought to, we'd a been well to wind'ard now, whereas, here we be away to leeward, and we'll go half way across the Pacific afore we gits north of these trades.' They knows a heap, sir, does sailors, about other people's business, jist exactly like folks ashore, but the fact is, to my mind, the old man know'd where the wind were, and he

went arter it and got it, 'cause he know'd he couldn't do nothin' in a calm, and when he got the trades so far to the north'ard, he cussed a bit, and then kep' her a good cap-full, with topmast-stunsail set, and let her bile through 'em, which she done arter a while, goin', hows'ever, away to 142° west. What of that? We spoke the bark *Amelia Pacquet*, 180 days from London to San Francisco—about 100 days more than we'd been. We had hard luck arter we lost the trades, and for five days we had it dead in our teeth, with nasty squally weather most of the time, and we tacked continually whenever we could make a p'int by doin' so; and it were right along here I come mighty nigh losin' the number of my mess, and was scared out of a year's growth, anyway. It were along about four bells in the middle watch, and the word were to clew up the royals, there bein' a ugly lookin' squall gatherin' to wind'ard. I went up for'ard, along with a chap named Johnny Allen, and we got the sail gathered up, and jist a passin' the bunt gasket when the squall struck her, and the next thing we know'd we were agoin' over the side along with the fore-t'gallan'-mast. It fetched up with a devil of a jerk and shook us both off the royal yard, and the next thing I know'd I found myself in the bight of the foretop-sail reef-tackle, with the wind nearly knocked out of me. Johnny went overboard, and never writ to his friends arterwards. It were a hard squall, and they had to git all hands out and clew the t'gallan'-sail up; and to ease her, they shook her up in the wind, and here were I jammed in between the lower reef-tackle block and the leech of the sail, with the very life bein' shook out of me. I hailed the deck for 'em to keep her full, but the wind was aroarin' so that nobody didn't

hear me, and so there I hung until the squall were over. Luckily, they set taut onto the reef-tackle on deck for to steady it, and they hauled the slack of the seat of my trousers into the reef-tackle block, and there I were hung fast, so long as the trousers stood; and as they was new ones, made only a day before, out of canvas I had got from the last ship, I weren't much afeared on 'em. I don't know whether the mate had missed us or not—but likely not in the flurry of the squall—but as soon as they got a little snug, they come for to clear away the wreck of the fore-t'gallan'-mast, and then I made 'em hear me, and the mate hailed me for to come down; but, you see, I couldn't, 'cause the slack of my trousers were into the reef-tackle block. Arter a while I made 'em understand what were the matter, and then Armstrong, my chum, come down onto the reef-tackle, and cut me clear. I suppose he couldn't help it, 'cause, you see, he had to hold on by the eyelids, as they say, and had but one hand to work with; but I was mad at the time, because in cuttin the trousers clear, he sliced off quite a bit of my quarter gallery.

"Of course, it were all hands from this time till we got another mast up, which we did and got the fore t'gallan'-sail set agin, by four bells in the forenoon watch. The next day at four bells in the middle watch, we hove to off the Farralones, eighty-nine days, eleven and a half hours from New York. At four bells in the morning watch we made the South Farralones, bearin' about no'theast, half-east; at six bells we got a pilot, and at seven bells in the forenoon watch, we anchored in San Francisco harbor, arter a passage of eighty-nine days and twenty-one hours—the quickest ever made."



## SPORTS AT THE HOME OF THE CARNIVAL.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

ONE of the most melancholy sights in Italy—and I do not except the debased and defaced ruins on the Campagna and in the Roman Ghetto, nor the suppressed monasteries on their lonely mountain-tops—is that of Italian schoolboys taking their recreation. I was always moved to pity when I saw them at it on the Pincian in Rome, where they looked so miserable in their tall hats, white ties, dress coats and long, double cloaks, over which the youngest, scarcely able to toddle along, stumbled at every step, struggling at the same time with the hats that threatened to extinguish them altogether. When they were not walking two by two on the broad carriage-road, they were standing behind the ilex trees, listening to the music with a dignity worthy of older men. But whoever has been in Italy has seen these sad school processions, solemn as the daily walks of Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen. Indeed, apparently in Italian schools, as in the Blimber hot-house, nothing happens so vulgar as play. Once I asked a young Roman if Italian boys never played games in their school-days. "Oh, yes," he said, "sometimes;" but, to use his own words, "They never had games with accessories."

This, of course, seems strange to us. We are so accustomed to the well organized sports and games of American and English schools and colleges, that in studying those of any other country, we naturally turn first to consider their development in the national schools. An American or English athlete would conclude that since Italian schools are without games requiring the formation of clubs, the wearing of uniform, the observance of a set of rules, the use of definite instruments, and the appropriation of a building, a piece of ground or a stretch of water, therefore there can be no national sports in Italy.

The truth is that the absence of systematized games from the schools is not uncharacteristic of the country. Italians amuse themselves as thoroughly as, if not more than other people. But they are apparently inactive enough not to care to turn their amusement into the most serious work of the day, as was the case with the nautical enthusiast Mr. Stevenson met in Brussels. A certain amount of trouble must be taken by all who belong to base-ball nines and cricket elevens. But what could be easier

than to drop into a café by one's self, and when one pleases, to there spend a pleasant hour drinking coffee over the checker-board or a pack of cards, with the first friend who chances to come that way? Indeed the mere cup of coffee is to most Italians as invigorating as a pull up the river or a base-ball match is to an American. Still, checkers and chess, and backgammon, and dominoes, and cards are favorite café pastimes. Out of doors for the peasants loafing in the sun, for the beggars after a profitable morning, for models on the Spanish Steps—in a word, for all that large population that lives out of doors in the happy summer time, there is always *Morra*, whose interest has never flagged since the days of the Cæsars, or for that matter, since the time of the Pharaohs, even until the present day; though the Italian Government, with little respect to antiquity, has put a stop to it whenever it could. Not that peasants and beggars do not understand cards and the other great café games. They can and do play them in their dark little wine-shops with as much spirit and interest as the gold-laced officers and elegant young clerks at Florian's in Venice, or at Doni's in Florence, or at the Nazionale in Rome. I have seen the veriest *gamin* in the dingy café of Civita Castellana spending his last sou for the use of its well-thumbed pack of cards. But *morra* is good for all leisure moments and costs nothing, save the sums which are deliberately gambled away. Neither does it call for any preparation, or the purchase and hire of any tools, since all that is needed is the hand with its five fingers. It seems almost superfluous to describe *morra* here. So many descriptions have been written, that even people who have never been to Italy know how the two players, facing each other, suddenly dart out their right hands, which before have been closed in front of them, extending one or more of the fingers, and at the same time calling a number which they hope will correspond to that of the fingers extended. Whoever guesses the right number makes a point; if both are right or both are wrong, neither wins nor loses. Five points, count of which is kept on the fingers of the upraised left hand, usually constitutes a game. Insignificant as *morra* is in itself its universal popularity is so

great, that in thinking over the national games, it is the first to suggest itself.

Though Italians are indifferent, as a rule, to organized forms of amusement that call for physical exertion, they are not wholly without them. They have at least one game that belongs essentially to Italy, and that is so difficult to master, and requires such great activity and strength that it has been called the "game of giants." This is *Pallone*, from *palla*, the Italian word for ball, and *one*, the Italian augmentative, which, added to any noun, expresses increased size or greatness. Hence *pallone* means *great ball*, and is, as the name shows, played with a very large, heavy ball, so heavy indeed, that woe betide the unwary player who does not know how to get out of its way as it comes at him on the fly. It is made of cowhide, inflated with air. The Romans used to play with inflated balls, so that there is not much doubt that *pallone* is the mediæval and modern form of a classical game. Now, as this ball was thought in Martial's time to be adapted merely to boys of tender age and old men, but is to-day considered a fitting plaything for giants, it is evident that the game, in changing, developed and did not degenerate. While the Colosseum was going into ruins, and Maccus was playing his last joke by modernizing himself into Pulcinello, and heathen deities were being transformed into Christian saints, the *Follis Pugillatorius* of the old Roman boys was quietly evolving into the *Pallone* of the new Italian men. It would probably be as interesting to follow this growth as to trace that of Maccus into the favorite Neapolitan jester, or of the old divinities into the Virgins and Sebastians of the Christian world. But there is really so little clue to its history that, as the Venetian Scaino wrote in the sixteenth century in his book about the *Ginocco della Palla*—game of ball—it would be "to waste oil and labor (as they say) with obscure, intricate and uncertain discourse."

All we know is that the Romans had a game in which they knocked an inflated ball backward and forward with the hand, and that it was popular enough to be referred to by Plautus and Martial to point a moral, just as it has been during the present generation by Leopardi. We know, too, that during the Middle Ages many different games of hand-ball were played, so much so, that there were not a few castles in which the open space set apart for ball was as important as the tower raised for

defense. Though every town bristled with towers as San Gimignano does to this day, and every house was a fortress, and every man fought his neighbor, time was still found not only to play but to improve the favorite games. It is supposed by most authorities that the Italians were the first to protect their hands with a glove for tennis, and that from this glove the racket was gradually developed, and also the *bracciale*, used in *pallone*, which will presently be described more fully. The very fact that Scaino in his day thought it worth while to write an elaborate treatise about these ball-games, shows in what great favor they were held. He describes in addition to *pallone*, which had already reached a high degree of its modern perfection, tennis, which is now all but unknown in Italy. These amusements had the clerical sanction as well, and the words of at least one cardinal can be quoted in their praise: "May I perish if I do not prefer your games, discourses and literary skirmishings to all the honors and dignities of Rome!" exclaims Cardinal Bembo in a letter to Christopher de Longueil, after expressing his approval of his friend's ball-play before dinner for health's sake. But beyond these few facts and suppositions, little is actually known of the history of Italian games of ball in general, and much less of *pallone* in particular. It is, therefore, well to follow Scaino's example, and consider the latter in its present form.

*Pallone* is not unlike tennis in its main principles. The players are divided into two sides, separated by a line or net, across which they strike a ball backward and forward. Whichever side allows the ball to drop loses a point. But here its resemblance to tennis ends. The court, the ball, the *bracciale*—which corresponds to the racket, the counting, the strokes—all are different. In the first place, the ball, as I have said, is made of cowhide and inflated. It is about five inches in diameter, formed of four separate pieces of hide sewn together, and is blown up like a football. It is struck with such violence that there is always in the court a *pallonaio*, or man, whose sole duty it is to prepare fresh balls for the players. The *bracciale*—literally, bracelet or gauntlet—takes the place of a racket, and is a hollow wooden tube, nine inches long by eight inches wide, studded on the outside with wooden spokes, an inch and a half in height; and having inside and at the farther end of the tube, a round piece of wood which is



grasped by the hand. A *bracciale* weighs about four pounds, so that it is not the pleasantest gauntlet to wear. The court is oblong and much larger than the tennis court, but, like it, divided into two parts. These are sometimes of equal, and sometimes, as in Bologna, of unequal length. In the latter case, the players whose duty it is to serve, take up their position in the longer side, at the very extremity of which is the *trapolino*, or spring-board, where the *battitore*, or batter, and usually the best player, stands to begin the game. When the sides are of the same size, there is a *trapolino* at each end. The advantage of the difference in length in the model court of Bologna, is that extra space is secured for the side which serves. This is really needed for the batter, his *bracciale* lifted high in the air, who has taken his place on the spring-board with the pitcher, twenty-five yards in front of him, gives the latter the signal to pitch by starting to run down the board. He thus meets the ball half-way, and strikes it with tremendous force. If the ball is too low or too high to suit him, he can refuse it, not only once, but as many times as he chooses. When the court is divided by a line and *cordino basso* (low line) is played, there are three players on a side, two of whom stand far back to return the high balls, the third, farther in front to look out for the low balls. When there is a net for *cordino alto* (high line), there are but two players on each side, since there are then no low balls, the object of the game being not to strike the net, which is stretched across at an elevation of fifteen feet, and has hanging from it twelve small bells which the slightest touch sets to ringing. A point is lost by the side which lets the ball fall, or which sends it without the limits on either side of the court. But, on the other hand, a point is gained by the side which strikes the ball over a low railing at the opposite end of the floor, this stroke being called a *volata*, or volley. Four points—the two first counting fifteen each, the two last ten each—make a game. In so many towns the favorite courts have been close to the city wall, that a wall has come to be almost as necessary to *pallone* as to the wall-game of foot-ball at Eton. The players, who stand to one side, and not facing it, strike the ball against it, so that the latter bounds obliquely to the opposite players, and is thus more difficult to return. This is thought such a help, that some years ago when a company of

professionals accustomed to the wall in the court of Bologna, went to Paris to play, they could not do without it, and had a wall of planks and thick plaster set up for the purpose. Of course the players wear the lightest, thinnest clothes, the usual uniform consisting of a ruffled jacket open about the neck, and with the right sleeve shorter than the left, knee-breeches, long stockings, canvas shoes and, on the arm or around the waist, a silk sash whose color is the only distinguishing mark of each side.

Whatever may be said of the apathetic character of most of the Italian amusements, no fault can be found with *pallone* on that score. It requires so much activity and strength that it seems as if it monopolized the little physical exertion the people can spare for their recreations. It is much more violent than base-ball or cricket, and, though not as rough as football, affords almost an equal amount of exercise. Tennis is mere child's-play compared to it. The heavy ball is struck to a distance of two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet, and to the height of fifty or a hundred. When it is well played, the ball flies backward and forward ten and twenty times before a point is made, the players running and leaping to reach it with their *bracciali*. Indeed, there are few more exciting sights than a game of *pallone*, with the men rushing up and down the long arena, shouting their orders or their points, the *bracciali* waving in the air, the ball scarcely seen in one place before it has been sent to another, the lookers-on applauding and encouraging, and chattering, and laughing as only Italians can; while most probably the whole scene—players and applauders, court and sky above—fairly glows with the golden light of sunset, for in this land of hot suns and noon-day heats, *pallone* is best played in the late afternoon. There is a special arena for the game in almost every town, that of Bologna with its galleries at either end, its busts of two famous players, and its marble slab to commemorate the "disinterested benevolence" of Josephus Tibertinus who built it, is perhaps the finest. At Rome, during papal times, there was a court in a circus in the Barberini Gardens, which has now, however, disappeared, like so many other old landmarks, to make way for the straight streets and tall, characterless apartment-houses of the new government. There is an amphitheatre, too, in Florence, outside the Porta Pinti, decorated with

another bust of a great player. But I think the pleasantest playing-grounds are those in the high hill towns, where, if you are but a looker-on, you can forget the game with all its movements and excitement to look, if in Siena, down from the fortress wall above the court, past the quiet, peaceful olive gardens, to the city climbing up to its tall cathedral and campanile; or, if in Cartona, beyond the old Etruscan wall and across the fair Valdichiana, with its vineyards, and olives, and golden grain, and shining lakes.

Goethe, during his travels in Italy, saw *pallone* played in Verona, and watched it with what Heine calls his objective eyes. The account he then wrote of it is interesting, not only because it comes from him, but because it gives such a clear description of the game. It is well worth quoting in full.

"When I again left the Arena (*i. e.*, the old Roman amphitheatre), I came to a modern public spectacle, about a thousand paces from the spot. Four noble Veronese were playing ball against four people of Vicenza. This pastime is carried on among the Veronese themselves all the year round, about two hours before night. On this occasion, there was a far larger concourse of people than usual on account of the foreign adversaries. The spectators seem to have amounted to four or five thousand. I did not see women of any rank.

"When, a little while ago, I spoke of the necessities of the multitude in such a case, I described the natural accidental amphitheatre as arising just in the manner in which I saw the people raised, one over another on this occasion. Even at a distance, I could hear the lively clapping of hands, which accompanied every important stroke. The game is played as follows: Two boards, slightly inclined, are placed at a convenient distance from each other. He who strikes off the ball stands at the higher end, his right hand is armed with a broad, wooden ring, set with spikes. While another of his party throws the ball to him, he runs down to meet it, and thus increases the force of the blow with which he strikes it. The adversaries try to beat it back, and thus it goes backward and forward till, at last, it remains on the ground. The most beautiful attitudes, worthy of being imitated in marble, are thus produced. As there are none but well-grown, active young people, in a short, close, white dress, the parties are only distinguished by a yellow

mark. Particularly beautiful is the attitude into which the man on the eminence falls, when he runs down the inclined plain, and raises his arm to strike the ball—it approaches that of the Borghesian gladiator.

"It seems strange to me that they carry on this exercise by an old lime-wall, without the slightest convenience for spectators. Why is it not done in the amphitheatre where there would be such ample room?"

The game called *Tamburello* is but a milder form of *pallone*. It is played in precisely the same manner, often in the same court or arena, but a tambourine made with a strong frame and covered with substantial vellum is used instead of a *bracciale*. It is much lighter than the heavy spiked wooden gauntlet, and therefore, much easier to use. For this reason *tamburello* is gaining ground while *pallone* is losing in popularity. The former is a great deal played by the peasants and the common people, and even by the merest boys who could not manage the *bracciale*, but who can strike wonderfully good back-handed blows with a *tamburello*. I have also seen exactly the same game played by knocking the ball with the hand wrapped in a handkerchief or a piece of cloth.

But still more popular is *il ginocco delle Boccie*, or the game of bowls. Wherever you go, you are sure to see men playing it—in front of all the roadside *osterie*, outside the city walls, in the shady avenues that so often run around them, in whatever green spaces there may be within the city limits. It is as slow as *pallone* is rapid. I have never known an out-of-door game require deeper consideration. The most careful player of quoits would grow restless over *boccie*. But first to explain the game. It is played between two sides, there being no special limit to the number of players. One begins by rolling a small ball which is left wherever it may chance to stop. Then the players, each of whom has two much larger balls, pitch these in turn, according to their respective sides, the object being to bring them as close to the little ball, or *lecco*, as possible. After all the balls are pitched, a point counts for the side to which the ball lying nearest to the *lecco* belongs. Much of the interest of the game arises from the fact that a player is allowed not only to send his ball into as good position as possible, but to scatter the balls already thrown by the opposite side. For this reason, there are two

different ways of pitching. A curious, back-handed twist, which I have never seen outside of Italy, is very effective in dispersing the balls. About one hundred and twenty points usually count as game, but their number is as variable as that of the players. The easiest way for one who does not know *boccie* to understand it, is to imagine quoits played with movable pegs.

*Boccie* does not necessitate violent exercise, and for this reason probably, and also, because unlike *pallone*, it can be played any where and needs no "accessories" but the balls, it is in greater favor with the multitude. Everybody plays, from the old men down to small children, and at all hours, in the early morning, at noon, and in the late afternoon. I have watched the game in many places; in little Buon-convento between the tall trees, shading the old, weed-grown city walls, and the fields stretching away to the bare hillsides; in Siena, near the high fortress; outside of Rome, in the gardens of the little pink *osterie* that stand here and there along the old Roman roads; and always I have found the same intensity of interest in the players, the same eager enthusiasm in the crowd gathered to look on. *Boccie* is unquestionably the game of the people.

Turning from land to water sports, the Italians show themselves scarcely more energetic. There is some boating to be had among them, of course. Even in Rome there is a boat-club, but its aim seems to be less to encourage rowing on the Tiber than to give its members a chance to ape the English. Boats, club-names, uniforms are all importations from England. In certain cities, however, as in Genoa and Venice, there is necessarily a strong boating element. In Venice, if the people had not gone to the lagoon for exercise and amusement, they must have dispensed with them altogether. The gondoliers and the young men of the town alike, amuse themselves with races and regattas. To these they bring a character of their own, not caring, like the Romans, to borrow the fashions of other nations. They are Venetians—that is enough. Who could teach them anything, where life on the water is concerned? Their racing boats are peculiar to Venice, being long like gondolas, which they do not pull, but push over the water. Even the names of their clubs are essentially Venetian, the *Bucintoro* being one of the principal. The gondoliers race not with foreign clubs, but with each other, thus fighting over again, year after year, the

old, never-ending battle between the Nicollotti and the Castellani, the two rival factions into which the people have been divided since those remote ages before the little town of Rialto had grown great as Venice. The regatta held by the boating clubs every summer is the scene of a great pageant which, with its gay crowd on the Grand Canal, its tapestries and rare embroideries and rich brocades hanging from palace windows, its procession of wonderful and fantastic boats clearing the way for the racing gondolas, could never be seen anywhere but in Venice. But still, races and regattas and boating clubs are in themselves very much the same the world over. Besides, these sports peculiar to Venice, cannot be included among *national* games. Therefore, interesting as they are, a detailed account of them would be here out of place.

It would be equally useless to say more than a few words about 'cycling which is rapidly increasing in popularity, but is not, after all, an Italian sport. There are clubs in Milan, and Verona, and Rome, and many of the other larger cities, and in the matter of club-houses, Italy ranks next to America, being far ahead of England; there are races and a 'cycling column in *Lo Sport*, the Italian sporting paper, and, indeed, a 'cycling paper, *La Revista Velocipedistica*, published in Turin. It is characteristic, I think, of the national tendency to make recreation a pleasure rather than hard work, that so far there has been more touring than racing among Italians.

But if 'cycling and boating are pastimes of the few, comparatively speaking, field sports are the amusements of the many. There is hardly an Italian who does not delight in hunting and shooting. And so devoted is the sportsman to these pleasures, that he will shoot whatever comes in his way. Every bird that can be shot at is legitimate game for his bag. Owls make as good a target as woodcock, sparrows as quails, and consequently are not only bagged but eaten, too, finding their way into the city markets and hence into the city *Mattorie*. Boiled owl is indeed a Roman dish. His broad views on the subject always make the sportsman certain of a good day's shooting. He is rarely known to come home empty-handed, unless, as in the case of a young Roman I met once at Tivoli, he had merely put on the huntsman's dress and gone off with his dogs and guns for the sake of picturesque

effect. In walking or traveling through the country you are continually reminded of the universal love of this sport. In almost every vineyard and olive orchard is the notice, *E vietata la Bandita*, which, if you do not know much Italian, you take to be a warning about bandits, but which a little learning proves to be equal to "No trespassing allowed." In the loneliest parts of the Campagna about Civita Castellana or Ostia, or in the heart of the chestnut woods in the mountains near Siena, or Lucca, or Montepulciano, when you may not have seen anyone for miles, you are certain to come across indefatigable sportsmen or hear the near reports of their guns. In large cities, in Rome especially, if you are up early enough on Sunday mornings and near the railway station, you will see numbers of them starting off for a day's pleasure; or toward evening you will meet them on their way home. As a French writer says, every one in Rome is a sportsman, from the street cleaner to the great lord, not excepting the priests.

The fox hunts that are held on the Roman Campagna during the winter, cannot now truthfully be called Italian. In the old days, cardinals and priests did go fox-hunting, but then there were many foxes on the Campagna and few English in Rome. At the present time matters are reversed, and if the English continue to increase as they have of late years, the probability is that foxes, before long, will have to be imported. Englishmen arrange the meets and keep the hounds, and only those Italians who suffer from the English fever attend the hunts. The appointed days for the meets are announced in the English Circulating Library, together with the dates of the principal Roman Church festivals, so that the same tourists who monopolize the ceremonies in St. Peter's or the Lateran, in San Clemente or San Agnese, follow the hounds.

Boar-hunting on the Campagna, however, is solely and wholly Italian, and a fine sport it is for those who think a chance of danger gives zest to the hunt. The great stretches of marshland about Ostia and Fimmicina, and the forests of Cisterno and Nettuno are the chief haunts of the boar, and the huntsman must be ready to risk an encounter with a really savage animal as well as prepared to put up with hardships and discomforts. Even an Englishman must admit that boar-hunting is "quite as tough as deer-stalking in the Highlands

or even as shooting tame birds in an English preserve, with trained dogs to point game and his sisters to look on and applaud his skill."

But the game of games, the sport of sports in Italy is the Carnival. This it is which makes the Italian indifferent to milder forms of excitement. If the necessity of exercise is one great cause of out-of-door and active sports, two others are the craving to be amused and the absolute need of an occasional outlet for superabundant energy, which, I think, are common to most men and women. In a warm climate like that of Italy, regular exercise is not as imperative a necessity as it is in northern countries. The Carnival provides both the desired amusement and vent for excessive animal spirits. People who once a year plunge into the follies and gaieties of a ten days' Saturnalia, surely need no further outlet. The carnival balls and masqueradings, mad street revels and burlesquings, *confetti* fights and flower throwing give the Italian his choice of the pleasures he loves best. He is by nature an actor. He has but to throw on the white clothes and black mask of a Pulcinello, or the parti-colored garb of a harlequin; he has but to transform himself into a courtier of the olden time or a monk of the present—in a word, he has but to borrow a dress that is not his own, and he is free to act to his heart's content. He loves intrigue. He may go to the masked ball at night or join a band of masked revelers by day, and it is his. He delights in combats of wit, in improvisations, in gay satire, in clever sayings. Let him but listen to the first lively Pulcinello who comes dancing down the street. It is his happiness to sing, to dance, to make music, not according to the set forms of the concert and ball-room, but rather with the freedom and spontaneity of birds twittering and hopping and rustling in the branches at the first breath of spring, or of children left to their own devices. A wandering musician, at all seasons, will, with his mandoline, set the people to dancing. As has been said, once you see the improvised dances in the city gardens or in the meadow-land without, the dance of Miriam and Donatello in the Borghese Gardens seems no longer mythical. With the first warm nights young men in the towns put by their work to sing to their mandolines as they wander through the streets. Peasants sing and pipe on their way to the fields. The carnival is one long song, one long dance,

one long outburst of music. Italians, too, take infinite pleasure in human society—in talking or merely being together. They like just to meet in their piazzas. It is the same in the remote country village as in the large town. The little piazza of high Marino or of far-away Burano has its hours when it is filled with the sound of many voices and of laughter as well as the spacious piazza of St. Mark's or the Piazza Colonna with its groups about Hadrian's column. During the carnival this cup of pleasure can be drained to its every dregs. The whole world turns out, everyone is hail fellow well met, sociability can go no farther. Moreover, the genuine Italian has a child's fondness for a show. He may miss the comedy at the beginning of a theatrical performance, but he is sure to be in time for the ballet. The carnival is the finest of all spectacles and one in which the gay scenes are forever shifting, in which there is endless movement and life, and in which, better still, whoever chooses can take part.

When there is excitement or danger in the show, then is it even more to the taste of the people. This is why the best part of the Roman Carnival was the race with which every day's amusement ended. Music and dancing and pulcinellos and witticisms and jests and *confetti* and flowers were forgotten, when at six the great cannon boomed and the riderless horses were let loose from the Piazza del Popolo, and, maddened by the little sharp wheels so fastened as to prick them at every step, tore through the Corso, between the eager crowds on the narrow pavement and in the gaily decorated balconies above, to the Piazza Venezia, almost under the shadow of the Capitoline Hill. But just as the old races that preceded these and which forced wretched Jews from the Ghetto to run the entire length of the Corso, were put an end to when Christians grew more merciful, so modern authorities refuse to allow even the horses to race, since sometimes too eager men and women rushing into the middle of the street to look, were thrown down and killed by the wild racers.

The true Roman will tell you that because of this new regulation the carnival now is worthless. It has lost all the old danger and the chief excitement that gave it zest. It must be admitted that the carnival is not what it used to be. It is continually being restrained and limited and many old favorite features besides these

Roman races have been done away with altogether. But in its degenerate form it has not entirely lost its popularity, and nothing as yet threatens to take its place as the most beloved of all sports. There still exists the society which has in charge the carnival pageants and revels, and whose many branches throughout the country send their deputations and representatives to Rome and the other great carnival headquarters. Compared to it *pallone* and cycling and boating clubs are of but little account. It is when we know and have considered the character of the pleasures that appeal so powerfully to the Italian during the carnival, that we can understand his general indifference to athletic sport. In his ideal of amusement two of the essentials are gaiety and freedom.

In another race, old as the Roman which still survives, *viz.*, the *Palio* of Siéna, this gaiety at least has full play. The *Palio* is very characteristic of Italian sports in their natural uninfluenced development. It is so wanting in actual merit as a horse-race that the American or English jockey would laugh it to scorn. And yet it is such a goodly show and so exciting because of the old interest attached to it, that it is the principal event as well as sport of the Sienese year. The race is run between representatives of the *contrade* or sections into which the city is divided. Each *contrada* has its name of Giraffe, or Sheep, or Forest, or Wave, or one of thirteen others equally appropriate, and this it gives for the time being to the jockey who races for it on his small Sienese pony. The second and more important of the two yearly races come off on the 15th of August, when the sun is shining its brightest and the winds are stilled in the city that is called theirs. For two or three days beforehand the scarlet and purple, and green and gold, and azure and silver of many banners, waiting a blessing, give unwonted color to the black and white wall and arches and dim aisles of the cathedral. On the day itself, townspeople and peasants from the country and near and far villages pour into the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, where the race is run, as it has been for more than two hundred years, with the same tall brick palaces and still taller tower of La Mangia looking down upon it. To anyone who knows the race-course only by lessons taken at Coney Island or Jerome Park, or Epsom Downs, the Sienese track formed by the paved

carriage-road running all around the curiously-shaped Piazza, for the time being covered with sand, but so full of steep ups and downs that mattresses must be laid to break the fall of a reckless rider, is a surprise. It is also a surprise to see the course cleared not by policemen or a man with a bell, but by pages in satins and velvets and plumes with waiving banners, by men in armor, by triumphal chariots and by bands of music forming a procession as mediæval in character as the Palazzo Pubblico from whose court they came marching out. And so the way is prepared for ten violent jockeys who all are determined to win by fair means or foul, and who rely quite as much upon soundness of blows as sureness of speed, and who have as slight respect for Æsop's Fables or for natural history as for the ordinary laws of the race-course. Since, but too often it turns out that it is the sheep who comes in wolf's clothing, to be rolled over on the mattresses or on the stones by the Sheep of the *contrade*. The Giraffe pounces down on the Panther and kills him, as far as the race is concerned; the Owl outspeeds the Eagle; and "Ecco!" you are likely to hear the people cry, "The Shell sweeps away the Wave!"

The excitement over the winnings of a Maud S. is not greater than that over the jockey who has successfully used his whip, not on his pony but on his rivals, and who has managed to cling to his saddle during the three rounds of the Piazza, while the other jockeys have been thrown or disabled. The men and women of the *contrada* which he represents, fall upon him and his horse and carry both off into their parish church and up to the very altar in a frenzy of thanksgiving. For it is not only a race that has been run, but a battle that has been fought, just as is the case with the gondoliers in their races on the Lagoon.

I have dwelt upon the *palio*, though it is a purely Sienese sport, because it is typical of a large class of amusements in Italy, some of which are wholly secular, while others have borrowed or retained a religious coloring. And these diversions that, like the carnival, have all the attraction of a great spectacular performance, that are full of life and music and are animated by an excitement peculiarly personal, rather than games whose interest depends upon the physical strength and activity, are the true sports in the Home of the Carnival.



## FORM IN ROWING.

It happens not unfrequently that the conscientious and sincere amateur oarsman is pained and saddened by the untoward success of some crew of rugged and horny-handed sons of toil, who, without any particular training, and exhibiting the worst possible form, persistently splash their way to the front, through the regattas of the season, casting despite upon all the traditions of the art. The unthinking public, on the other hand, usually view this successful disregard of rule with peculiar pleasure. It is much easier to do anything in a hap-hazard, slipshod way, and according to the light of nature, than to learn the right method, and the average man, who feels that he is not expert in any particular department of physical exercise, is delighted to view the achievements of the untrained, because he is thereby enabled to lay the flattering unction to his soul, that, if he chooses, he has only to take off his coat and try, and somehow the same good luck will be his, without the troublesome preliminaries of learning how to do it. Therefore the attractiveness of that style of rowing which the Western press has aptly named "the git-thar stroke."

To the thus wounded spirit of good form I venture to offer some consolation in the following brief considerations.

In the first place, the exception proves the rule. The thing does not happen often. As a general thing the worst crew comes in last, or does not finish at all, providentially breaking a stretcher, or slipping a seat, or running into the bank. The gentlemen who professionally follow the practice—much to be reprehended—of wagering sums of money on "events," will be found, in the absence of any previous record, to lay the odds in favor of the more skillful oarsman, and although their judgment in matters pertaining to boat-racing is more often at fault than in any other department of sport, their action indicates the sincere belief, founded on experience, that the mystical something called "form" is the element that wins races. It is the sensational aspect of the thing—the unexpectedness of it—that gives it its popularity with the spectators.

It will be found, moreover, that the untutored children of nature who have thus "mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave," are invariably superior

in physical development to their competitors. They are always boatmen, fishermen, artisans, men who work with their hands. Now the ordinary amateur crew is made up of bank clerks with a leavening of recent college graduates, and their muscles are only toughened by what work they do in the boat, nor does the small amount of science which they possess compensate always for their inferiority in natural advantages. I say it does not "always," for we know that very frequently it does; perhaps in the majority of cases it will conquer the brute strength of a boatful of unhandy though muscular men. But we are speaking of the exceptional successful exponents of bad rowing, and it will be found that they are always exceptionally strong—coming from a strong class of men, and stronger than the average of that class. I have in mind such a crew, who, for several seasons, dominated over their home water, and won many victories in other parts of the country—a crew in whose backwash I have several times labored painfully down the river. It was composed of a gentleman who tended the draw of a railroad bridge, another who drove an ice-wagon, and two favored beings who in the winter labored fitfully in one of the great manufactories which line the river banks, but who in summer toiled not, save at the oar. They averaged about one hundred and seventy pounds. They lived on the water during the rowing season. What could crews made up of young clerks, who came tired from their desks at six o'clock in the evening for their only exercise during the day, do with such fellows? It was play for them to row away from us, and from such as we were. It was only the little science that we possessed that enabled us to finish within a quarter of a mile of them. But there came a time when the two best men of this phenomenal crew sat in a pair-oar, in line with one of Mr. Cook's disciples from Yale and an able first substitute from the Cornell crew of '77 (I think that was the year). The college men were younger and lighter, but were big strong fellows too, and had pulled together long enough to reconcile their seemingly unreconcilable styles; and they rowed down their great brawny opponents from the start. They had a little more muscle and a great deal more science than the bank clerks, and they vindicated good form, as it



always will be vindicated when other things are nearly equal.

It will be remembered that a few years ago one of these extraordinary crews—four French Canadians, I think they were, although from some of the Western States—after a brilliant career of victory on this side of the water, went to England, and rowed at Henley. They started in a heat with the London Rowing Club four, and thus had an opportunity to measure their peculiar method with the best style of rowing. They could not stand the pace, and prudently ran ashore some distance before the finish. This same London four were, by the way, beaten at Philadelphia, in 1876, by one of the “git-thar” crews, by a yard or so, one of the disheartening exceptions, and due, as was said at the time, to the punishing work the Englishmen had undergone in beating the Yale men in the previous trial heat.

It may also be laid down as a rule that the oarsmen who succeed in spite of a vicious method invariably appear in short distance races. They are always “quarter horses.” The reason is obvious. They commonly row a very fast stroke, and even they cannot sustain it over a long course. Most rowing races of a mile or a mile and a half straightaway are won in the start. A powerful man, starting at the flash of the pistol, and driving his boat furiously through the water for the first two minutes, will get such a lead that he can even permit himself to row more slowly than the men behind him for the rest of the distance, knowing well how long is the time and how fierce the struggle demanded to reduce the thirty or forty feet advantage that he has gained. Moreover, bad form to be successful must always be ahead. It cannot row a waiting race. The discipline, the force of habit that keeps the skilled oarsman, in spite of all the roar of encouragement, exhortation, imprecation from the crowded shore—in spite of the mad excitement in his own mind, steadily and methodically going through the same motion at precisely the same rate, with his eyes fixed on the back of the next man aft, the swirl of the water going by all that he can see or know of the enemy—that discipline, that force of habit is wanting in the men who know no rule but to row fast and hard. How soon, when once they are passed, do the oar-blades begin to rise and fall unevenly, the heads to toss, the bodies to meet the hands before the stroke is rowed out. Pass them once, by ever so hard a

struggle, let them feel the wash from your boat eddying back among their oars as you cross into their water, and lo! in a few seconds the short half-length by which you have scraped ahead is a length, two lengths, half a dozen lengths, and you may row home panting and contented, but quite at your ease.

Perhaps the finest exhibition of a waiting race ever seen was the match between Harvard and Oxford, at London in 1866. Our college boys row better, and would tell a different story now—witness Columbia a few years ago; but the plucky Harvard men, who represented their college and country in that race, rowed, it must be confessed, a most unscientific, though a pretty stroke. On their first appearance on the Thames they astonished the beholders by their tremendous pace on spurts, and caused such favorable comments from the uninitiated as filled the hearts of their countrymen with joy. The experts, however, granting that the American gentlemen were very clever at a short distance, pointed out that the race was to be rowed from Putney to Mortlake, four miles and a furlong, and not over the Henley course, and that it was highly improbable that great speed over a hundred yards would at any time materially affect the event. Various mishaps befell our brave young men—the story of the race has perhaps been never fully told—and they came to the post not in the best condition; but they did show great speed at the start, and lead for nearly half the distance—but the wrong half. When they had thoroughly rowed themselves out Oxford went to the front, and there remained. During the hot twenty-two and a half minutes from start to finish, the American stroke-oar changed his rate of rowing some twenty odd times; in fact, the race was one succession of spurts. He had to do it, for every time that he slackened Oxford, rowing the same even swing, came up on him. The phlegmatic gentleman who pulled stroke in the Oxford boat, on the other hand, changed his stroke exactly once, and that was when he made up his mind that it was time to pass his opponents. It is related that as he passed under Hammersmith Bridge, and Harvard, putting on the steam, went springing away from him, still gallantly keeping the crimson ahead, the crowd, adjuring this typical Britisher by name, and crying that the Yankees had him beaten, begged him for a spurt—“just one little one”—whereat he turned, looked critically at the

fleet Americans, and then, with a shake of the head and a grin, went steadily on at his work without quickening a fraction of a stroke to the minute. It was as fine a thing, in its way, as Cardigan leading his six hundred down on the guns at a trot, or as the silent, long-suffering British squares at Waterloo.

But, finally, we may observe that these much to be regretted brethren, who win so irregularly, have, unknown to themselves and unseen by the thoughtless crowd which cheers them on, one virtue of good form, and that the cardinal virtue. Every crew of this kind which I have seen have possessed in a marked degree the art of getting a very hard, sharp "catch" at the beginning of the stroke, always dropping their oars into the water all together and well back, and beginning the stroke with great force. Let any crew do that, and it will take a good deal of rolling about, and meeting the hands, and other vices, to counteract that one virtue. For that means that they practically keep good time, and that they apply the power at the proper moment. No men who row the first third

of the stroke in the air, and finish it with a heart-breaking jerk of the arms after their weight is all off the oar-handle, can hope to win races, be their backs never so flat and their swing in the boat never so regular. But then, for most ungifted persons, it is easier to acquire and to sustain through a long pull that severe, rhythmic catch at the water, with a flat back, and a regular steady slide and pull, than with shoulders humped, head drooping, and arms half extended. Yet the phenomenally successful duffer must combine all these or other faults, with that single excellence, for, lacking the faults, he becomes a mere commonplace good oarsman, or, lacking the virtue, he is the sorriest of duffers, beaten always by any one who can keep his boat going on an even keel.

The day of the duffer is at best but short; virtue in the long run is triumphant; and we may serenely anticipate that in all the best races of the season, from the great struggle at New London to the contests at Jones' Wood picnics (in Whitehall boats—half a mile with three turns), good form will win. W.





## OUT-DOOR CLUBS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

IN the January and February numbers of OUTING we have published as full a list of the out-door clubs of this country and Canada as we then had cognizance of; but as corrections and additions to the list are constantly coming in, we have decided to keep this very useful department open each month. We shall, therefore, be obliged to all presidents or secretaries desiring to have their clubs enrolled in OUTING'S list, to forward the same addressed to "THE RECORD EDITOR," and they will be inserted in the following month's issue. Readers will doubtless notice that some sports preponderate in the matter of clubs represented; but this is not intended to convey the impression that such sports are more favored in our literature, or that more attention is given to foster or develop

them, but simply shows that the votaries of that sport are more systematically banded together, and are more alive to the necessity of pushing their interests before the public. Thus it comes about that, while bicycling, canoeing, curling, lacrosse, lawn tennis, road and gun, and yachting are fairly represented, we have been hitherto unable to get information relative to the organizations that are devoted to the equally popular pastimes of riding, driving and coaching, skating, fencing and racquets, but more particularly athletic clubs and associations. We shall hope, therefore, to hear from lovers of these sports, and we invite the co-operation of all sportsmen, to make OUTING'S list as valuable and complete as possible in every branch.

### ATHLETIC CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>              | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i> |
|---------------------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| Lafayette College . . . . | Easton, Pa. . . .      | W. A. Cummins.  |

### BASE-BALL CLUBS.

|                           |                           |                  |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|------------------|
| Lafayette College . . . . | Easton, Pa. . . .         | W. A. Cummins.   |
| Williams College . . . .  | Williamstown, Mass. . . . | L. L. Lewis, Jr. |

### BICYCLE CLUBS.

|                                   |                           |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Auburn Cycle Club . . . .         | Auburn, N. Y. . . .       | L. V. Cock.                         |
| Berkshire County Wheelmen . . . . | Pittsfield, Mass. . . .   | P. O. Box 916.                      |
| Bruce County Wheelmen . . . .     | Port Elgin, Ont. . . .    | Sam'l Rolther                       |
| Grand Rapids . . . .              | Grand Rapids, Mich. . . . | Frank Coleman.                      |
| Hartford Wheel . . . .            | Hartford, Conn. . . .     | M. J. Grace, <i>Times Building.</i> |
| Kings County Wheelmen . . . .     | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .     | 159 Clymer Street, E. D.            |
| New Castle Cycle . . . .          | New Castle, Ind. . . .    | O. E. Evans.                        |

### BOATING CLUBS.

|                 |                     |  |
|-----------------|---------------------|--|
| Dolphin . . . . | Auburn, N. Y. . . . |  |
|-----------------|---------------------|--|

### BOAT AND ROWING CLUBS.

|                                          |                           |                               |
|------------------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Centennials . . . .                      | Detroit, Mich. . . .      |                               |
| Chippewa Lake . . . .                    | Big Rapids, Mich. . . .   | Wm. P. Wyman.                 |
| Gognac . . . .                           | Battle Creek, Mich. . . . |                               |
| Detroit . . . .                          | Detroit, Mich. . . .      |                               |
| Excelsiors . . . .                       | Detroit, Mich. . . .      |                               |
| Grand River . . . .                      | Lansing, Mich. . . .      |                               |
| Grand Ledge . . . .                      | Grand Ledge, Mich. . . .  |                               |
| Hillsdale . . . .                        | Hillsdale, Mich. . . .    |                               |
| Northwestern Ama. Rowing Assoc'n . . . . | Grand Rapids, Mich. . . . | G. H. Leshner, Detroit, Mich. |
| O-Wash-ta-Naug . . . .                   | Grand Rapids, Mich. . . . | C. W. Chauncey.               |
| Port Huron . . . .                       | Port Huron, Mich. . . .   |                               |

### CANOE CLUBS.

|                    |                         |                                        |
|--------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Sandusky . . . .   | Sandusky, Ohio. . . .   | E. Mills Johnson, 212 Columbus Avenue. |
| Stillwater . . . . | Dayton, Ohio. . . .     | W. A. Black, 129 West 1st Street.      |
| Washington . . . . | Washington, D. C. . . . | James R. Lake.                         |

## OUTING FOR MARCH.

## FOOT-BALL CLUBS.

| <i>Name.</i>                | <i>City and State.</i> | <i>Address.</i>                  |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Camden . . . . .            | Camden, N. J. . . .    | F. N. Stiles, 643 Market Street. |
| Lafayette College . . . . . | Easton, Pa. . . . .    | W. A. Cummins.                   |
| McGill University . . . . . | Montreal, P. Q. . . .  | W. J. Hamilton.                  |

## HARE AND HOUNDS CLUBS.

|                                   |                        |                                     |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| American A. C. Harriers . . . . . | New York City . . . .  |                                     |
| Crescent A. C. Harriers . . . . . | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .  |                                     |
| Eureka Harriers . . . . .         | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .  |                                     |
| Harvard University . . . . .      | Cambridge, Mass. . . . |                                     |
| New York . . . . .                | New York City . . . .  | H. H. Smythe, 54 Pine Street, City. |
| New York University . . . . .     | New York City . . . .  |                                     |
| Prospect Harriers . . . . .       | Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .  |                                     |
| Spartan Harriers . . . . .        | New York City . . . .  |                                     |
| Westchester . . . . .             | Harlem, N. Y. . . . .  |                                     |

## LACROSSE CLUBS.

|                              |                         |                                           |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Dorchester Reserve . . . . . | Dorchester, Mass. . . . | G. H. Webster, Mill Street.               |
| New York Junior . . . . .    | New York . . . . .      | Edwin S. Chapin, 221 West 44th St., City. |
| Peninsular . . . . .         | Grand Rapids, Mich. . . | Leo. S. Godfroy.                          |
| Fen Follet Juniors . . . . . | Grand Rapids, Mich. . . |                                           |

## LAWN TENNIS CLUBS.

|                              |                         |                                  |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Camden . . . . .             | Camden, N. J. . . . .   | C. W. Taylor, 310 Market Street. |
| Entre Nous . . . . .         | Grand Rapids, Mich. . . |                                  |
| Lafayette College . . . . .  | Easton, Pa. . . . .     | W. A. Cummins.                   |
| Fen Follet Juniors . . . . . | Grand Rapids, Mich. . . |                                  |

## ROD AND GUN CLUBS.

|                                          |                          |                  |
|------------------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------|
| Au Sable and Osceola Game and Fish'g     | Osceola, Mich. . . . .   | John Herengar.   |
| Bay City Shooting and Fishing . . . . .  | Bay City, Mich. . . . .  |                  |
| Bay Point Shooting . . . . .             | Erie, Mich. . . . .      | A. J. Keeney.    |
| Bay County Sportsmen . . . . .           | Bay City, Mich. . . . .  | C. C. Fitzhugh.  |
| Detroit Hunting and Fishing . . . . .    | Detroit, Mich. . . . .   | John H. Bissell. |
| Game Protection . . . . .                | East Saginaw, Mich. . .  | V. Kindler.      |
| Iosco Game and Fish Protection . . . . . | Tawas City, Mich. . . .  | S. G. Taylor.    |
| Kalamazoo Gun . . . . .                  | Kalamazoo, Mich. . . .   | S. S. Cobb.      |
| Kent and Ionia Hunting . . . . .         | Grand Rapids, Mich. . .  | Guy Johnson.     |
| Kent County Sportsmen . . . . .          | Grand Rapids, Mich. . .  | Fred. Avery.     |
| Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting      | Detroit, Mich. . . . .   |                  |
| Marshal Fish and Game Protection         | Marshal, Mich. . . . .   | C. J. Fletcher.  |
| Muskegon Gun . . . . .                   | Muskegon, Mich. . . . .  |                  |
| North Channel Shooting . . . . .         | Detroit, Mich. . . . .   | J. Lathrop.      |
| Osceola Co. Game and Fish Protection     | Reed City, Mich. . . . . | T. J. Armstrong. |
| Point Moullie . . . . .                  | Detroit, Mich. . . . .   |                  |
| Pottawattamie Hunting . . . . .          | Grand Rapids, Mich. . .  | Geo. Davidson.   |
| Sportsmen's Club . . . . .               | Battle Creek, Mich. . .  | A. Osgood.       |
| Sportsmen's Club . . . . .               | Howell, Mich. . . . .    | H. D. Wilber.    |
| St. Joseph County Field and Sporting     | White Pigeon, Mich. . .  |                  |

## SKATING CLUBS.

|                                   |                    |                      |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| National American Skating Assoc'n | New York . . . . . | P. O. Box 938, City. |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|

## SNOW-SHOE CLUBS.

|                           |                           |                 |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Gunnison County . . . . . | Crested Butte, Col. . . . | E. R. Warren.   |
| Langlade . . . . .        | Worcester, Mass. . . . .  | Alex. H. Clapp. |

## TOBOGGAN CLUBS.

|                                     |                          |                 |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Toledo Cyclers . . . . .            | Toledo, Ohio. . . . .    | J. M. Tryon.    |
| Upper Canada College . . . . .      | Toronto, Ont. . . . .    | G. A. Badgeron. |
| Worcester (late Langlade) . . . . . | Worcester, Mass. . . . . | Alex. H. Clapp. |

## YACHT CLUBS.

|                   |                           |                                   |
|-------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Pacific . . . . . | San Francisco, Cal. . . . | Geo. A. Kohn, 108 Sansome Street. |
|-------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|

# THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA FOR WHEELMEN.

EDITOR OF "OUTING,"—There is evidence in your columns that the attractions of the Valley of Virginia are not unfamiliar to wheelmen; but they are not yet as well known and appreciated as they should be. Parties and single tourists come from the East every summer, spring and fall, and, I think, in increasing numbers. Were, however, the merits of the roads and the charms, historical and scenic, of the country, as well blazoned in the press as are those of some other regions of far inferior claims, the single 'cycles would grow at once into couples and the couples into dozens. The horses, a large majority of them already on easy terms with the bicycle, would as little think of shying at it as at each other. The small group of resident wheelmen have pretty well accustomed them to the once novel spectacle.

Assuming that the excursionist has reached the Susquehanna via Buchanan Read's "ancient road that wind'st deserted through the level of the vale," otherwise the Philadelphia and Columbia turnpike, he may stretch to the southwestward either along the beautiful Cumberland Valley or by York and Gettysburg; in either case making Hagerstown his objective point. There he strikes the unbroken chain of smooth macadamized road leading four hundred miles through Virginia into Tennessee. These roads are metalled with old Silurian limestone, hard and tough, but cementing compactly into a surface only surpassed by asphalt. The Western limestone is of a different geological formation, and much softer; weathering and crushing rapidly into a deep, white mud or dust, as the weather may determine. The local needs of a dense population ensure the keeping of the great Valley Pike in good repair, notwithstanding its being closely paralleled by the railway throughout its length—so closely that at many points the wheelman and the engine-driver can exchange not merely whistles, but chaff, and brisk races with freight trains can easily be run.

At Hagerstown choice may be made of two routes, equally smooth. One passes by Martinsburg to Winchester direct, forty-two miles, traversed the other day by an amateur in four hours. The other traverses the battle-field of Sharpsburg (or Antietam), to Shepherdstown and Smithfield, passing the homes of the Revolutionary Generals, Gates and Charles Lee, and not far from the temporary abode of Andrew Jackson's parents—where, indeed, it has been claimed in some quarters (*not* South Carolinian), that the victor of New Orleans was born. At Smithfield, instead of taking the direct road to Winchester, seven miles of the fifteen being unmacadamized, though generally good, the wheel may be turned toward Charlestown, seven miles away over a splendid pike, crossing two railroads and passing "Harewood," the seat of a brother of George Washington, and the ivy-clad ruins of Norborne Church, where the general was wont

to worship when sojourning in this vicinity. From Charlestown, noted for its associations with the late Mr. Brown, one anxious to dive more deeply into reminiscences of that worthy may run down to Harper's Ferry, over eight miles of macadam. Then retracing his steps, or his wheel-track, he goes to Berryville, twelve miles southwest of Charlestown, hard by which handsome and thrifty village he may drink from Washington's spring in Washington's land-office, close in front of General Daniel Morgan's house, "Soldier's Retreat."

Ten miles more of turnpike takes him to Winchester, skirting on the way the battle-field of September 19, 1864. But it is all battle-fields now, and there is no use citing any particular one. The wheel will climb to the fortifications overlooking the city, whence the whole lower valley expands before the eye, and the Blue Ridge is distinctly visible for fifty miles to the south and a somewhat greater distance in the opposite direction.

The tourist has here choice of nine graded roads, all macadamized but one. The three leading westward into the mountains soon part with their pavement, but beyond remain still excellent summer roads that may be followed by the wheelman to the upper Potomac and the Ohio. For the first thirty miles on the State road, or Northwestern turnpike, there is a curious succession of parallel ridges, calling for alternate climbing and coasting; but where a daily stage runs the wheel may go.

Of the Valley Pike to Staunton, ninety-two miles—the "King of Roads," as travelers term it—needs not to speak. It cost \$6,000 a mile, and is not inferior, except in breadth, to the National Road or any other in the Union. A turnpike diverges to Luray on the east, and others to a string of watering-places at the foot of the North Mountain on the west. One is seldom out of sight of a village, and accommodations are abundant. B.

## ARRIVAL OF STEVENS IN YOKOHAMA.

OUTING offered, in July, 1886, a series of prizes to the eight best guesses on the date of Thomas Stevens' arrival at Yokohama. The result of this offer was a deluge of letters from all parts of the world; guesses foolish and guesses shrewd. Some thought he would turn up next May; some expected him last September, and a few came very close to the mark.

Where two guesses were for the same day, we have given precedence to the letter first dated; and where two guesses for the same day were mailed at the same time, we have given the same prize to each of the competitors. The following is the list of prize winners:

1. Harry H. Allebach . . . Emlenton, Pa., 8 vols. of OUTING.
2. Frederick Carter, New Haven, Conn. . . . Last 7 vols.
3. E. Sturges, New York City . . . . . Last 6 vols.
4. Clayton E. Davis, Florence, Mass. . . . . Last 5 vols.
5. { Ed. Hornbostel, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . . Last 4 vols.
- { Herbert A. Kellum, New York City . . . . . Last 4 vols.
6. D. Sherman Smith, Lancaster, Penn. . . . . Last 3 vols.
7. J. E. W. Currier, Ottawa, Canada . . . . . Last 2 vols.
8. E. E. Miller, Canton, Ohio . . . . . Volume VIII.



### HISTORY OF THE YACHT OUTING.

In the autumn of 1886 the editor of *OUTING* received a number of letters from a gentleman connected with the Kingston *Freeman*, expressing not only a desire to make a voyage around the world in a small yawl, but an unbounded confidence in his ability to accomplish this purpose. *OUTING* thought that the journey of Thomas Stevens was quite sufficient for one magazine at that time, and politely declined entering upon the enterprise; but F. A. Cloudman would not take no for an answer. He expressed himself as so confident in his ability to accomplish what he projected, and showed such a strong determination to go, whether for *OUTING* or not, that he was finally invited to give his views on the subject, together with a statement of what he deemed to be his qualifications for the command of such an enterprise.

On the 6th of November, 1886, we received the following interesting biographical sketch:

MY LIFE—FROM "CATHEAD" TO "BUMPKIN."

1850.—I was born in Portland, Me., November 28, 1850, of the traditional "poor but honest" parents.

1851.—Shortly after this very interesting event my parents removed to Newburyport, Mass. My earliest recollection of having an existence is of being used as "ballast," in lieu of a stone, in the bow of a small gunning "float," in which my father generally passed the spring and fall months, hunting and fishing on the lower Merrimack River. In this manner the rifle, oar and tiller became more familiar objects to me than the marbles, tops and kites of my schoolmates. At a very early period of my existence I became imbued with an uncontrollable desire to adopt a seafaring life. My wishes were strongly and emphatically opposed by my parents, but, like a good many other boys, I believed that I was wiser than they. Strong in this belief, I left the parental roof, and, having secured a position as cabin-boy on the clipper ship *Dreadnaught*, I made

my *début* as a son of Neptune. In this capacity I made two voyages, to San Francisco and Liverpool, arriving home at the outbreak of the Civil War.

1861.—Upon the first call for troops I joined the 6th Massachusetts Volunteers as drummer, and participated in the first conflict of arms on the memorable 19th day of April, 1861. Serving with the regiment until its term of service (three months) had expired, and having tired of shore life, I shipped in the Navy as wardroom boy, and was assigned to the sloop of war *Brooklyn*, in the Western Gulf Squadron, serving until the close of the War, in 1865.

1865.—Soon after my discharge from the Navy I shipped on the fishing-smack *S. C. Noyes*, Captain Pearl, for a run to the coast of Labrador. Heavy weather and bad luck detained the *Noyes* until she was caught in the ice, compelling us to winter in Frobisher's Bay. Released by the return of spring and warm weather, the *Noyes* arrived at Newburyport in the early summer of '66.

1866.—I next shipped on a coaster bound for New York, where I met a former messmate, who was rated as first-class boy on the China clipper *Surprise*, Captain Ranlet. The *Surprise* was short one boy, and upon the recommendation of my shipmate Captain Ranlet placed my name upon the ship's articles. I made one voyage in the *Surprise*.

1867.—Three days after my discharge, and while on my way home, I was "shanghai'd" on board the whaling bark *Eudora*. The life of a blubber hunter had no charms for me, and I took "French leave" of her while in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. I found a hiding-place and employment on a coffee plantation some miles inland from the port, where I remained about three months before returning to the States. Upon my arrival at Boston I secured a billet as second mate of the African bark *Black Squall*,

- 1868 Captain Reed, bound to St. Paul de Lando, and a trading voyage up the coast. On the outward voyage the chief officer died, and I was at once rated as first mate. When about ready to sail for the States, Captain Reed, who had been in a beastly state of intoxication, became violently insane, and I was forced to place him in confinement in his own cabin and assumed command of the bark, becoming nominally master, though not yet eighteen years of age. My success in bringing the bark safely home brought a golden reward and showers of praise from the owners, who promised me the command of the bark upon my becoming of age. The next voyage was to Bahia, under command of Captain Carver. When off the Amazon River the bark was dismasted in a heavy squall, and foundered. I was picked up and taken to Para. While at Para I joined a party of Americans and ascended the river to its source.
- 1870 Leaving the Americans at Quito I returned to Newburyport, having matrimonial intentions. My long absence, however, had materially cooled the affections of the lady in the case, and I became utterly disgusted with all humanity (as is often the case with lovesick individuals). I determined to leave the States forever. Being the owner of a fine sloop yacht, I at once fitted her out for a long voyage, and taking one man as a crew, I sailed for Para in the summer of 1871. Good luck attended me, and I arrived at Para after a voyage of fifty-five days. My common sense had now returned, and placing my boat aboard of the schooner *Ocean Pearl*, I took passage for the States, arriving at New York late in the fall. My parents urged me to relinquish the life of a sailor and remain ashore. I soon obtained a position as reporter upon the staff of the Brooklyn *Union*.
- 1872 I became fascinated with telegraphy, and soon became proficient as an operator, and secured employment in one of the great telegraph offices in New York city, attaining the position of Night Manager of the General Office at 135 Broadway.
- 1882.—While in this position a number of papers (I had retained my position as correspondent) sent me to Mexico on journalistic duty. While in Mexico I was appointed Superintendent of Construction of Telegraph Lines in the States of Michoacan and Queretaro, where I remained until the work had been completed.
- 1884 Returning again to the States, I was appointed to the Staff of the Kingston *Daily Freeman*, which position I now hold, in addition to that of regular correspondent of several metropolitan dailies.

F. A. Cloudman.

RONDOUT, N. Y.,  
November 4, 1886.

F. A. Cloudman, in this biography, sets forth an infinite number of qualifications for any nautical trip, however hazardous. He laid particular stress upon the fact that he was owner of a sailboat, called the *Henrietta*, harbored somewhere down East, which boat he had cruised in for many years in most dangerous weather, which was fully equipped for sea, and could be made ready at a moment's notice. As the boat was ready, the navigator eager to start, and the season propitious, the editor urged the matter strongly upon the Board of Directors of the OUTING Company, who yielded to his way of thinking, and decided to be responsible for the expenses of the journey.

The route has already been sketched in a past number of the magazine. Panama was to be crossed on a freight car, and the Pacific to be crossed during the summer of 1887 in the neighborhood of Behring Straits, from whence the Asiatic Coast was to be coasted, the Mediterranean reached by way of Suez, and the North Atlantic by way of Iceland, making the complete journey to last two or three years.

On the 11th of November, 1886, the following telegram came to the office of OUTING, subsequent to the navigator's visit to his boat after he had received orders to go ahead and fit her for sea.

"*Henrietta* worse than a wreck. Can purchase elegant keel sloop, 24x10. Perfection, ready to sail, requires nothing to complete equipment, save 60 per cent. of purchase. Strongly advise purchase. Advise.

(Signed) F. A. CLOUDMAN."

This telegram was something of a surprise as it was dated South Boston, while our navigator's alleged boat, the *Henrietta*, had been spoken of as being at Newburyport; but it appeared that his father lived in South Boston, and he had repaired thither after finding out that his own boat was not equal to the emergency. On receipt of this telegram the Editor of OUTING posted to Boston to have an interview with Mr. Cloudman, and arrange for the purchase of the new property. The boat was spoken of as splendid in every respect, just what F. A. Cloudman desired, and with the assistance of Mr. G. F. Clark, the yacht agent, the price was satisfactorily arranged, as well as all the details of her transfer from Boston to Savannah by the steamship line, from which point she was to be started on her great journey.

The boat we inspected was a handsome sloop, a little more than four and a half tons burden, built by J. W. Tuttle, of South Boston, in 1882, at least, so the certificate stated. It was sold to OUTING by Dr. L. S. Carter, of Boston, and was represented to us as being very staunch, and having won every race of its class for which it had entered. Its former name was *Gertrude*. It had also the distinction of being the first yacht of its size ever registered by the United States government for cruising in foreign waters, and certainly no vessel ever commenced its voyage with a better equipment, or so high eulogies from its prospective commander, as did the yacht



*Outing* by F. A. Cloudman. Not only was it materially well equipped, but through the kindness of the Hon. Chas. S. Fairchild, assistant secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of State furnished our expedition with a general letter, commending its master to United States Consuls in all parts of the world.

There was a week to spare between the day of purchasing the vessel and the day of the sailing of the steamer for Savannah, which was deemed more than sufficient by the commander of the *Outing* to get everything in order. We were therefore gratified, on the 18th of November, to receive the following telegram:

"Everything in prosperous shape; will get off three o'clock. O. K.

(Signed) CAPT. F. A. CLOUDMAN,  
Yacht *Outing*."

On the 23d of November our navigator had reached Savannah, whence he telegraphed: "Arrived and hard at work. Expect to sail Friday." It should be mentioned in parenthesis that Mr. Cloudman professed himself a great believer in Friday as a day on which expeditions were to be undertaken with the greatest prospect of success. On November 25th, Thanksgiving Day, he telegraphed: "Ready for sea, awaiting cheque. Answer." The money was, of course, telegraphed on, and we were beginning to breathe more freely, anticipating a rapid run down the coast and some interesting letters from the tropics. On the 7th of December Cloudman telegraphed from Brunswick, Georgia:

"Ashore in breakers; heavy fog; towed here; lost anchor; rotten cable; provisions spoiled.

(Signed) CAPT. CLOUDMAN."

This communication made us feel uncomfortable, for it indicated that he had started with a rotten cable, a thing which did not reflect high credit upon his seamanship, as we thought. The cost of towing his little boat into harbor was put down to us at fifty dollars, and we began to speculate as to how much the trip would cost if he was to be towed many more times. However, we cabled him the money he needed and awaited his letters. These came in a few days, speaking of his yacht as deficient in many regards. He complained that many things were missing, which the owner had represented as being included in the purchase; that she was too heavily canvased; that she leaked, was deficient in ballast; that her cordage was defective, and so on, and so on. We, of course, having given Mr. Cloudman the selection of his boat at his own price, as well as ample time to see that everything was in order, could not understand how it was that he failed to find out all these defects until nearly a month after concluding the purchase. However, as he professed to be able to make everything good at Jacksonville, we sent him the money he called for and waited to hear that at last the voyage should begin, his letters stating that he could make everything good in a short time, and we having sent him instructions on no account to leave Jacksonville until he was quite satisfied with everything. On December 10th, writing from Fernandina, he again speaks of being able to repair all defects in a few days. In

fact, on December 17, writing from Jacksonville, he says: "The sail area is too large, but it is not necessary to spend a cent to reduce it. I am doing that now; also her spars." And in answer to a suggestion on our part that he should have discovered all imperfections before he closed the bargain for the boat, implying that he was possibly deficient in the experience he claimed, he used this language: "I positively swear that I am competent and willing to make all ordinary and many extraordinary repairs to the boat, and perfectly able to handle her as well as any other man that ever trod her deck. I again say her hull is all right and in four days her rigging will be also. All money asked for by wire received."

At last, we thought, the journey is to begin in earnest, for Cloudman has had experience of the boat in every possible way; he surely will not start with anything lacking. But to make assurance doubly sure, the Editor posted down from New York to Jacksonville to personally see the expedition under way, and find out just exactly what was needed. In his heart of hearts he had misgivings in regard to the competency of Cloudman from the fact that he had had already two shipwrecks before reaching Jacksonville and appeared to be very foggy in his own mind as to the actual condition of his craft. Rather than abandon the expedition, however, it was determined to give him one more trial.

The little sloop was found in Jacksonville moored next to the yacht club, its commander walking about with the handsome uniform which had been presented to him by *OUTING*, while his father and a friend were at work upon the boat. Mr. Cloudman once more protested that we had been unduly alarmed in regard to her condition; that she was a splendid boat, that he only had one day's work more, when he would hoist sail for the Bahamas; that he was more confident than ever of his ability to conduct the enterprise, that he had all the money he wanted, that he had all the stores necessary, including spare canvas. On the 24th of December *OUTING* received the following telegram from Jacksonville. "Ten o'clock, under way for Nassau. In fine shape." From that time nothing was heard from our intrepid navigator until, on the 25th of January, more than two months after his start from Savannah, the telegram reaches us announcing the total loss of the boat, but the safety of the commander and a companion. On receipt of this funds were immediately sent to bring Cloudman back to his home, with the information that we no longer desired to continue the journey around the world.

The loss of the boat is, of course, a serious one, but, happening as it did, gave us reason to be thankful that it was so near land and did not involve any loss of life. The expedition was fitted out exactly as its commander desired, with every instrument that could be of service to him; in fact *OUTING* was more strenuous in insisting that the vessel should not leave port until he had everything ready than the commander was himself. We are sorry to deprive our readers of a series of articles penned from the cabin of this yacht, but shall try and atone for it in other ways.



WE translate from an interesting letter just received from a correspondent in Paris, the following, which cannot fail to interest the Anglo-Saxons :

PARIS, January 7, 1887.

There has just been formed here a lawn tennis and bowling club of the most select nature, the members being representatives of various foreign colonies here ; American, English, Austrian, Spanish, and so on, as well as some French. To defray the expenses of the club, shares have been issued of \$100 each. Among the stockholders are John Monroe, the Viscount de Janzé, M. La Montagne, and Julian White, Esq.

So prosperous has the organization proved that it has now rented grounds on the Seine, near the Pont Neuilly, a part of an island belonging to the Rothschilds, and have just completed the construction of a tasteful club-house. They have space enough for four or five lawn-tennis courts of the regulation order. One asphalt, one dirt, and one turf one are already made, and the rest are in construction. Besides this the club owns a small flotilla of row boats. James Gordon Bennett has placed at their services his steam launch, a picture of which I notice in the April OUTING. It has not been decided to accept this gift for fear that the finances of the club might not be able to meet the additional expense.

Ladies are eligible as members provided that they are endorsed most completely. There is already a strong representation of the graceful sex and many applications.

Concerts are given periodically, and it is likely that an excellent restaurant will be added, which will soon furnish the members an out-of-door meal at any hour of the day.

The officers are : president, Viscount de Janzé ; vice-president, M. La Montagne.

The club is too young yet for even a christening, and goes by the name of the Lawn Tennis and Boating Club.

### MANLY CHRISTIANITY.

OUT of the 988 Young Men's Christian Associations reported in 1886 as carrying on their good work in Canada and the United States, 98 have gymnasiums, and give more or less attention to physical development. If the Y. M. C. A. keep the proper relation of physical and spiritual growth well in mind, they will next year report a larger percentage of gymnasiums ; and we may confidently predict a larger share of manly spirit among the members. If true reports could be obtained from the colleges of the country, parents would learn that the men who exert the greatest and most wholesome influence in a class are the men of athletic taste and manly bearing ; not the bullies nor the mere gymnast, but those whose physical temperament predisposes toward generosity and acts of courage. The most useful class deacons we can remember when at college were boating-men ; and their example was effective, particularly because they had every temptation to neglect their religious work in favor of more pleasing duties.

Let the good work of gymnasium building go on, therefore, even if it is confined to a few Indian clubs and a ladder. Young men whose day has been spent in an office, have far greater need of strengthening their backs than poring

over books. Take our advice, young men about to enter the Y. M. C. A. Don't enter until you are sure of two things : OUTING and—gymnasium.

### THE WALTON MONUMENT.

CENTURY CLUB, NEW YORK.

Editor of OUTING :

Dear Sir,—As an angler of more than a quarter of a century's practice, I beg to express surprise that American disciples of Izaak Walton have shown so little alacrity in offering something toward the monument about to be placed in Winchester Cathedral. It does not appear that the newspapers have taken any interest in the matter, and even our so-called sporting press appears to have carefully avoided giving anglers any information on the subject. Perhaps money would flow more rapidly if Winchester Cathedral were nearer home ; but surely, when a man like Walton is concerned, we should forget everything but our common debt to the father of all good anglers.

### THE WHEEL AROUND THE WORLD.

[Extract from letter of Thomas Stevens, dated January 5, 1887.]

"I REACHED Yokohama, 10 A. M. December 17, 1887, after a very pleasant tour of some 800 miles on Japanese roads. Approximate distance traveled entirely with bicycle, 12,500 miles."

### AN ANGLER'S INVITATION.

AT a recent 'possum dinner, held at Tompkinsville, the following poem was read, being the invitation sent to Dr. Wyman by Francis Endicott, whose facile pen is often recognized in the pages of OUTING :

WISest of leeches, sapientest of doctors,  
Prince of good fellows and of punch concoctors :  
Learn that marsupials, with tails prehensile,  
Defy alike the powers of pen and pencil ;  
For 'possum hot, when served with currant jelly,  
*Quant. suf.*, will grease the chops and fill the belly ;  
Smooth from your phiz its many wrinkled furrows—  
So come and dine with me this eve, at Burrows',  
*Sans cer.* ; six sharp's the special hour appointed  
To have the long-tailed 'animile' disjointed.  
Don't let your well-known modesty betray you,  
Nor plead *non possumus*, I beg and pray you ;  
But drop your pills, your Fowler and Magendie,  
And you'll confer a boon on

Yours, EFFENDI (COTT).



CYCLEDOM is the Christmas number and year-book of *The Cyclist* for 1886-7, and sold for one shilling (25c.), by Iliffe & Son, 98 Fleet Street, London. The illustrations by Moore are worth the price of the book, which, besides an alleged bicycle journey through England of a Chinaman, contains much 'cycling information of importance. The calendar would have been more conspicuously valuable had the start of Thomas Stevens around the World been mentioned among the great 'cycling dates. The volume, however, reflects credit upon a publication already justly celebrated for enterprise.

"CHESTNUTS" is the Christmas annual of *Wheeling*, likewise from London, but devoid of illustrations and valued at sixpence. The work is one of the numerous burlesques on "Sandford and Merton," and our readers unfamiliar with British humor may want to know how much of the same is necessary to raise a British chuckle. The title "*Chestnuts*" is not bad, seeing that this work is a broad imitation of the "New Sandford and Merton" published in this country nearly ten years ago—a very clever thing by the way. However, here is a random extract from this book of cockney humor. Mr. Barlow, after tumbling into the *Wheeling* office with his pupils, is requested to take a stool:—

"Thank you!" replied Mr. Barlow, austere; "I shall be indeed glad to rest myself." The stool having only three legs, the unfortunate gentleman had no sooner seated himself than he rolled into the fender, whereat all those present—including, unhappily, his pupils—laughed heartily. "Sir!" said Mr. Barlow, "you are a low fellow!"

"No, sirree! That is Mr. Low, that grey-headed old bounder over there, with a dirty chin and the ace of hearts up his sleeve. He is not beautiful to look at, neither is he honest; he has a good heart, but bad understanding; or you can take your choice of 'em. The little cus in the corner, munching a cigarette, and afraid to play poker because he's married, is Mr. McCandlish, also known as Macmacmac and Junius Junior. He is an abusive little devil, and you can fall downstairs with him when you please. I, sirree, am Harry Etherington, proprietor—sole proprietor, you old cuckoo—of *Wheeling*, the only paper that has proved its circulation 10,000 a week. One penny weekly—got the lead, and keeps it, by thunder! The best advertising medium—the most go-ahead, don't-care-a-red-cent-for-anybody paper known to this or any other age, and don't you forget it—CHESTNUTS! And while I'm warm on it, that pretty gentleman over there is Mr. Blackman. He looks quiet, but it ain't his nature. Like me, he is married, and glad of it; but I assure you, sir, before that happened he was a tomtart. What's the matter, you little devil?"

In spite of all this the work is full of clever hits at local lights of the 'cycling world, and the Yankee wheelman will find himself in this way readily introduced to much valuable information

touching the feelings of our wheeling cousins on a variety of subjects.

THE PRACTICAL HORSE-KEEPER, by Mr. George Fleming, Principal Veterinary Surgeon of the British Army, is the last work on the subject, and for its size, a convenient small 8vo, very much the best work we know. It is written by a practical man, in a practical way and for a practical purpose. Space is not wasted in expanding erudite arguments; the subjects are well classified; the index is complete, and you or I or any one else owning a horse, can hunt up, without waste of time, just the hint we want to fit our immediate need. Write to Cassell & Co., 739 Broadway, who publish it.

J. HARRINGTON KEENE is perhaps the clearest and most valuable contributor to angling literature of our time, and his last published work "*Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout, etc.*," does nothing to weaken our opinion in this respect. This 12mo work of 112 pages, treats of the vision, hearing, taste and smell of fish—that is, the angler's fish; the various styles of rod, reel and line; the making of trout flies; trout-fly dressings, etc., etc. The whole is embellished with colored plates of great value, as well as some specimens of material for fly-making. Published by Judd, New York, 1887.

SCRIBNER'S MEXICAN GUIDE tells the reader that it is "the only practical, accurate guide-book of Mexico." This is much to say, and we can assure the reader, that with an experience behind us of nearly every guide-book published, Scribner's Mexico is quite the best so far. The book is of the Baedeker size, large type, and arranged in the manner most convenient for rapid reference.

APPLETON'S HANDBOOK OF WINTER RESORTS for 1886-7 is timely and gives complete statistical information to the traveler seeking refuge from our sleet and slush of March. 150 pp. 12mo, paper cover, 50c. For sale at all reputable book and news stands.

FLORIDA FOR TOURISTS, INVALIDS AND SETTLERS is the title of an attractive duodecimo red cloth-bound volume by Geo. M. Barbour, published by the Appletons of New York. The work is designed not merely to guide the tourist, but also to give practical information for the invalid and that larger class who go there with an idea of planting an orange grove. The author knows his ground thoroughly and is a safe pilot. Had we not been there recently ourselves, we would hesitate before saying so much in praise of it.

The *American Angler* under the management of William C. Harris, is a paper in which we fishermen have reason to take pride. With the new year there is an increase in the number of pages, and Mr. Harris goes so far as to predict improvement in the material. Was it not enough already, Mr. Harris, to be able to say that yours was the best angling paper in the country?

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP, the author of "Detmold," is to be congratulated upon the publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of his latest work, "Golden Justice." It is a story; it has a plot; the plot assists in the development of the characters, and the characters show that Mr. Bishop has powers as a writer of fiction beyond the average of to-day. "Golden Justice" has a great deal to say about labor agitators, and introduces us to political methods practised by would-be social reformers so forcibly that we lose all relish for any more practical acquaintance. In regard to the books, dress it is praise enough to mention the publisher's name.

YALE UNIVERSITY Catalogue for 1886-7 is a new departure in the direction of more information in better shape. While Yale remains the same, whether called college or seminary, still she is a university in the fullest sense; and to keep on calling her "college" is as unreasonable as to call New York a village. We wish President Dwight prosperity and happiness.

AARON WATSON is the author of the article in the July, 1886, *OUTING* called "Famous Oarsmen of the Tyne." He is also widely respected in England as the editor of the *Shield's Gazette*, but as a poet his name has yet to be more widely heard. "Waifs and Strays" is the title of a collection of verse just received, which contains so much of humor, so much of sadness, so much of stirring ambition and so much of satire, that we can with difficulty reconcile the production of such work to the manager of a matter-of-fact "daily." Mr. Watson's little volume is full of good bits: let me give you one, and you will agree with me:

TO A POLITICIAN.

Who called you Judas? What similitude  
Exists between you and the great betrayer  
Who waited for his Lord to rise from prayer,  
Ere with a kiss, but with no gesture rude,  
He indicated to the multitude  
The Master who had seen his heart all bare,  
Yet chosen out and taken to his care,  
This one, whose hands were in his blood imbrued?  
Judas repented! Down in Judas' soul  
No hate was seething, nor revenge, nor pride,  
Nor any passion but the love of self.  
Judas, dismayed that he'd surrendered whole  
The Master who had placed him by his side,  
Went straight away, 'tis writ, and hung himself.

The only criticism we make to this poem is that Mr. Watson leaves us in painful suspense as to whether he did not select his politician from some of our metropolitan centers. If we are right in our conjecture, we must beg the poet to spare us next time; we do not care to have the truth shoved upon us in so undraped a manner.

THE JERSEY CITY ATHLETIC CLUB printed during the winter a large pamphlet in connection with their Fair. On the cover was a reproduction of a cut by W. A. Rogers, representing Thomas Stevens on his wheel, published in *OUTING* for April, 1885. This cut was taken without our knowledge or permission, and while we cannot but admire the taste of our Jersey athletes, still they ought not to lose sight of the example to the young which they are expected to set. The periodical in question is, otherwise, only noticeable by reason of some very handsome cuts from *OUTING*, which the editors have in some instances failed to acknowledge; but this was probably an oversight on their part. Good athletes are not always good editors, and for that reason we trust they will engage competent assistance next year.

CHARLES F. ORVIS has a very high standing among fly fishermen, so high indeed that we read his trade catalogue almost as a treatise on the sport rather than a bid for orders. His catalogue No. 14 has just reached us, a well illustrated, attractive work.

POPULAR SYNONYMS is a vest pocket, cloth-bound volume of 90 pages, giving 25,000 words in common use. Sold by The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

WORDS CORRECTLY SPOKEN is the title of a similar volume from the same house, laying down some excellent rules to guide us in our treatment of parts of speech.

CASELL & Co.'s Beecher Calendar for 1887, exhibits a striking portrait in color of the great American preacher, together with pictures of his birthplace, his home at Peekskill, and the two churches with which his name is conspicuously associated.

PHILIP HICHBORN, Naval Constructor, U. S. N., has rendered conspicuous service to the Government in his "Report on European Dockyards," recently printed at Washington. He made the grand tour of Europe for the purpose, and collected a vast amount of valuable and fresh material, which now lies before us in one volume, replete with illustrations.

THE MARTYR OF GOLGOTHA is a story suggested by the title, from the Spanish of Enrique Perez Escrich, published in 2 vols. by William S. Gottsberger, of New York.

HEINRICH OSCAR VON KARLSTEIN has published a paper railroad book called "Gotham and Gothamites," for sale by Laird & Lee, Chicago.

ILLUSTRATED TABLEAUX FOR AMATEURS is the title of two little volumes, with illustrations, intended to assist those seeking to get up, at short notice, a most agreeable form of indoor entertainment. The author is Martha Coles Weld, the illustrations are by Susan M. Barstow, and the publisher is Harold Roorbach, 9 Murray street, to whom you may send fifty-five cents in exchange for the two volumes.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BICYCLE CLUB, Philadelphia.  
—Officers elected for 1887: Isaac Elwell, president;

C. D. Williams, vice-president; Lee R. McKinstry, secretary; W. S. Harper, assistant secretary; E. M. Aaron, treasurer; C. A. Roberts, captain. The above, with Messrs. H. B. Worrell, John A. Wells, and W. D. Supplee, form the board of directors.

THE NIAGARA FALLS BICYCLE CLUB, Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Annual election resulted as follows: H. W. McBean, president; W. A. Shepard, captain; W. S. Campbell, lieutenant; Geo. G. Shepard, secretary-treasurer; A. G. Reeve, color-bearer; Otis Phillips and Neil Campbell, directors.

THE WALTON BICYCLE CLUB, Walton, N. Y.—Officers elected for the ensuing year: J. W. St. John, president; F. A. St. John, vice-president; Geo. C. Seeley, treasurer; John P. White, secretary; E. L. Guild, steward; Geo. S. Fitch, captain.

THE HYDE PARK RAMBLERS, Hyde Park, Mass.—Officers elected: T. A. Walter, president; F. E. Norris, secretary-treasurer; H. S. Pearce, captain; John Walters, color-bearer; Wm. Scott, first lieutenant; F. G. Head, second lieutenant.

THE GREENFIELD WHEEL CLUB, Greenfield, Mass.—Officers: F. R. Hollister, president; G. H. Wright, captain; F. A. Smith, secretary-treasurer; H. E. Ames, first lieutenant; R. S. Bascom, second lieutenant; C. H. Field, standard-bearer; F. L. Gaines, bugler; G. H. Wright, F. A. Smith, F. A. Gaines, executive committee.

THE BOSTON (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB have elected officers for 1887 as follows: President, E. C. Hodges, re-elected; secretary, E. W. Hodgkins, re-elected; treasurer, C. W. Fourdrinier; captain, E. G. Whitney; first lieutenant, Theodore Rothe; second lieutenant, W. E. Jones; club committee, active representative, C. P. Donahoe; associate, H. H. Gage, re-elected; W. W. Keith, re-elected; W. Crafts; J. R. Chadwick, re-elected.

THE MURFREESBORO (Tenn.) BICYCLE CLUB elected the following officers for the first half of the year 1887: R. L. Jetton, president; H. L. Fox, vice-president; Chip Henderson, secretary-treasurer; J. W. Sparks, Jr., corresponding secretary; J. B. Smith, captain.

THE CENTURY WHEELMEN, of Philadelphia, Pa., held their annual meeting January 7, and elected following officers for 1887: President, Kirk Brown; vice-president, Frank Read; secretary, H. W. Brown; treasurer, A. G. McGlathery; captain, A. D. Pedrick; directors, R. C. Swayze, J. C. Eastlake, Thos. Hare, and Wallace Mayhew.

THE BOSCOBEL BICYCLE CLUB, of Lynn, Mass., held their semi-annual meeting on January 7, and elected the following officers: President, Robert J. Heron; vice-president, Philip McCarty; treasurer, Henry Forsythe; secretary, William L. Lewis; captain, Edward Trusdale; first lieutenant, Geo. A. Leison; second lieutenant, Joseph Rowley; color-bearer, Thomas Stevens; bugler, E. A. Packard.

THE SALEM (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB has elected officers as follows: President, A. G. Webb; vice-president, John J. K. Cooker; secretary, A. N. Hill; treasurer, Lewis F. Allen; captain, D. E. Hunter; first lieutenant, R. H. Robson; second lieutenant, H. A. Whippich; bugler, E. P. Symonds; executive committee, W. H. Hart, J. Flint, and J. G. Waters.

THE LONG ISLAND WHEELMEN, Brooklyn, N. Y., held their annual meeting January 4, the election resulting as follows: President, W. W. Share; vice-president, E. A. Bradford; secretary, M. Furst; treasurer, J. D. Huggins; trustees, G. W. Mabie,

W. H. Hoole, L. G. Wilder, A. L. Brown; captain, C. H. Luscomb; first lieutenant, R. M. Chichester; second lieutenant, G. G. Teller; lieutenant of tricyclers, C. E. Jayne; first color-bearer, H. F. Donaldson; second color-bearer, C. F. Pray; first bugler, E. T. Fisher; second bugler, I. M. Clapp; surgeon, F. P. Hudnut, M.D.

THE SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CYCLING CLUB elected officers for 1887 as follows: President, Fred Brigham; vice-president, Clarence W. Wood; secretary and treasurer, L. S. Wilson; captain, Carl G. White; members of club committee, Robert S. Hamlin and Ed. I. Rice.

THE LYNN (Mass.) CYCLE CLUB is officered by T. A. Carroll, president; J. H. Young, vice-president; F. H. Hitchcock, secretary; Wm. Wheeler, financial secretary; F. A. Lindsay, treasurer; Fred Barnett, captain; T. F. Fully, first lieutenant; Eben Young, second lieutenant.

THE POTTSTOWN (Pa.) BICYCLE CLUB organized with a membership of eighteen. The officers are: Rev. A. J. Arnold, president; Hugh J. High, vice-president; A. M. Scheffey, secretary; W. S. Crubb, treasurer; Hugh J. High, captain; and A. M. Sheffey, lieutenant.

THE ALLEGHENY (Pa.) CYCLERS' officers for 1887 are: Dr. G. W. Beane, president; W. C. Coffin, Jr., secretary-treasurer; W. O. McConnell, corresponding secretary; W. D. Bunker, captain, re-elected; Hugh Fleming, Jr., first lieutenant; J. F. Gray, second lieutenant; F. A. Minnemyer and C. E. Minnemyer (both 56-wheel), color-bearers; F. T. Hoover, guide; J. K. Ewing, bugler; Dr. G. W. Beane, surgeon.

THE RAMBLER BICYCLE CLUB, of Baltimore, Md., held its annual meeting, and the following officers were elected for this year: H. W. Barrington, president; Wm. H. Miller, vice-president; Robert Dryden, secretary; Dr. Wingo, treasurer; J. Turner, captain; Mr. Jones, sub-captain; S. R. Boyd, Jr., sub-captain.

THE NEW HAVEN (Conn.) BICYCLE CLUB held its annual meeting in January. The officers elected for the year are: William M. Frisbie, president; Henry W. Redfield, secretary; W. H. Hale, treasurer; W. H. Hale, captain; C. E. Larom, first lieutenant; C. S. Shepard, second lieutenant.

THE WALTHAM (Mass.) RAMBLERS' BICYCLE CLUB chose the following officers for 1887: W. E. Sawyer, president; M. H. Gilbert, secretary; O. H. Lowell, treasurer; I. H. Cole, captain; J. Silva, first lieutenant; O. H. Lowell, second lieutenant; H. Duddleston, Jr., color-bearer and guide.

THE MELROSE (Mass.) CYCLE CLUB elected the following officers for this year: N. R. Jones, president; U. C. Stevens, treasurer; F. P. Pierce, secretary; B. F. Eddy, captain; J. N. Hopkins, first lieutenant; B. F. Eddy, C. L. Sprague, H. L. Johnson, club committee.

THE LANCASTER CYCLE TOURING CLUB, Lancaster, Pa.—Officers elected January 6, for the ensuing year: John A. Burger, president; Geo. F. Kahler, vice-president; C. H. Obreiter, secretary-treasurer; S. B. Downey, captain; D. S. Smith, lieutenant; Geo. F. Kahler, bugler; John A. Burger, color-bearer.

THE BAY CITY WHEELMEN, San Francisco, Cal.—Officers elected for the ensuing six months: C. C. Moore, president; W. W. Whitson, vice-president; Emilio Fahrbach, secretary; R. M. Welch, treasurer; W. M. Meeker, captain; F. V. James, first

lieutenant; P. E. Haslett, second lieutenant; C. C. Moore and L. W. Cole, buglers; F. E. Browning, color-bearer.

#### CANOE RECORD.

THE GLOUCESTER C. C. was formed on January 1, 1887. Officers: Commodore, Chas. Zihn; vice-commodore, Michael J. Welch; secretary, Wm. Blinkhorn. The members are all residents of Philadelphia, but own boat houses and gunning skiffs at Gloucester, N. J., and propose during the season to give canoes a fair trial.

THE ARLINGTON C. C. held their annual meeting January 4. Officers elected for 1887: Commodore, C. V. Schuyler; vice-commodore, Richard G. Molloy; secretary-treasurer, Irving V. Dorland.

THE PATERSON (N. J.) C. C. held their annual meeting December 29, residence of Commodore A. S. Pennington. Officers elected for 1887: A. S. Pennington, commodore; C. R. Blundell, vice-commodore; J. N. Blundell, secretary; C. K. Burdan, treasurer.

THE SHATTEMUC C. C. held their December monthly meeting December 27. Officers elected for 1887: Commodore, Col. Franklin Brandreth; captain, G. Fisher Secor; purser, H. M. Carpenter.

THE FLORIDA C. C.—Annual races contested January 1: Sailing, class B, *Madeleine* winner. Sailing, class A, *Enola* winner. Paddling race won by *Ida* C. B. H. Barnett, V. H. Hubbell and R. M. Call were in the winning canoes. *Madeleine* scores a second victory for the cup, which is to be raced for eleven times (semi-monthly). *Louise* has scored one victory. Officers for the year, elected at business meeting: Captain, Bion H. Barnett; mate, R. M. Call; secretary-treasurer, A. Wm. Cockrell, Jr.; executive committee consists of mate, secretary, and C. S. Adams; club totem, a Pelican.

THE KEYSTONE C. C.—Annual meeting held January 7. Officers for 1887 elected: Captain, W. T. Norgrove; mate, George Boshart; purser, Richard Binder, 635 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE QUAKER CITY C. C.—Semi-annual meeting December 30. Officers elected for 1887: Commodore, Samuel L. Leary; vice-commodore, J. C. Meinchen; secretary-treasurer, J. A. Barten, 138 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—Annual meeting January 13. Officers elected for 1887: Commodore, Henry Stanton; vice-commodore, E. W. Brown; secretary, E. C. Griffin, 54 Duane St., New York City; treasurer, M. G. Foster.

THE MOHICAN C. C., Albany, N. Y.—Officers elected for 1887, at annual meeting January 7, were: Commodore, R. S. Oliver; mate, Henry R. Pierson; secretary, W. Howard Brown; executive committee member, H. Lloyd Thomas.

THE MOHAWK C. C., Troy, N. Y.—Annual meeting, January. Officers elected: Captain, Geo. H. Rich; mate, Arthur G. Vier; secretary, Geo. C. Bascom; purser, Wm. R. Halses. A new club-house just completed.

THE WASHINGTON C. C.—Officers for 1887: Commodore, J. B. Linton; vice-commodore, Nat. Selsbee; secretary, J. R. Lake.

THE HARTFORD C. C., Conn.—Annual meeting January 18. Officers for 1887 elected: President, Dr. Geo. L. Parmele; commodore, L. Q. Jones; treasurer, W. B. Davidson; secretary, J. D. Parker. Financial condition such that four club-house bonds were called in.

THE RUCKAWA C. C., Dayton, O.—Annual meeting and dinner January 26. Officers elected for 1887: Captain, T. P. Gaddis; mate, O. A. Woodruff; purser, H. H. Crawford. Money provided for the building of a new club-house. Five gentlemen admitted to membership.

THE OSWEGO C. C., N. Y.—Officers elected for 1887: J. B. McMurrick, captain; Geo. A. Burt, mate; W. G. Thrall, purser.

THE RONDOUT C. C., N. Y.—Annual meeting January 18. Officers elected: Commodore, C. V. A. Decker; vice-commodore, J. S. Paynter; secretary, F. B. Hibbard; treasurer, Guilford Hasbrouck.

#### CURLING.

##### THE INTERNATIONAL BONSPIEL.

The grand contest between the curlers of Canada and the United States took place at Toronto, Ont., January 12. The result of the competition was an overwhelming defeat for the visitors, who won at only seven rinks. The score was as follows:

CANADA.—Moss Park, 27; Barrie, 33; Collingwood, 16; Brantford, 18; Thamesville, 38; Brampton, 14; Seaforth, 19; Sarnia, 32; Old Scarboro', 13; Thistle, Hamilton, 40; Peterboro, 33; Maple Leaf, Scarboro', 23; Granite, Toronto, 28; Heather, Scarboro' 36; Orillia, 28; Markham, 27; Chatham, 33; Whitby, 38; Bowmanville, 31; Waterloo, 25; Lindsay, 26; Niagara, 19; Caledonian, Toronto, 40; London, 32; St. Mary's, 23; Aurora, 26; St. Catharines, 25; Caledonian, Hamilton, 30; Toronto, 17. Totals, 790.

UNITED STATES.—Thistle, No. 2, New York, 10; St. Andrew's, New York, 17; Milwaukee, No. 3, 23; Milwaukee, No. 1, 28; Milwaukee, No. 2, 19; Thistle, No. 1, New York, 28; Moshulu, New York, 21; New York, 18; Thistle, No. 3, New York, 23; Caledonian, New York, 17; Caledonian, New York, 12; Ogdensburg, 23; Albany, 12; Caledonian, No. 1, Buffalo, 9; Caledonian, No. 2, Buffalo, 16; American, No. 1, New York, 13; Burns, Ogdensburg, 13; St. Andrew's, New York, 12; Utica, 18; Caledonian, No. 3, Buffalo, 20; Yonkers, No. 1, 14; Caledonian, No. 4, Buffalo, 20; American, No. 2, New York, 9; Caledonian, No. 3, New York, 7; Yonkers, No. 2, 19; Jersey City, 18; Manhattan, New York, 24; Caledonian, No. 5, Buffalo, 13; Caledonian, No. 6, Buffalo, 25. Totals, 501.

THE NEW YORK CLUB CALEDONIAN CLUB (Highlanders) played their annual point game for prizes on Van Cortlandt Lake, N. Y., January 20, Chief William Hogg and thirty of his clansmen participating in the match. Mr. G. Anderson took first prize with 11 points. Mr. John R. Smith was second with the same number, losing in the play off. Ex-Chief Charles G. Nicholson, third prize, with 9 points. Mr. D. Foulis, secretary National Club, acted as umpire.

#### FISHING.

THE COLUMBIA COUNTY (N. Y.) ROD AND GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting of this club, held on January 3, 1887, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. A. DuBois; vice-president, Philip H. Sheldon; secretary, Henry A. Feroe; treasurer, Luther Shute. Directors—Henry DuBois, Grosvenor B. Rossman, Alexander D. Lathrop. Legislative committee—William H. Hart, Jonathan Bixby, Peter A. Brusie. Attorneys—Charles M. Bell, Charles F. T. Beale, Mark Duntz.



**THE EASTERN NEW YORK FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.**—At a recent meeting of this association, held in Albany, the following gentlemen were elected to fill official positions during 1887: President, Dr. Samuel B. Ward; first vice-president, A. N. Cheney, Glens Falls; second vice-president, G. E. Vincent, Catskill; secretary, W. W. Byington, Albany; treasurer, J. H. Quinby, Albany; counsel, F. M. Danaher, Albany. Executive committee—W. W. Hill, chairman, Albany; Robert Lenox Banks, Albany; W. F. Bentler, Albany; Frank P. Wright, Albany; James H. Manning, Albany; Henry L. Smith, Albany; J. L. Van Valkenburgh, Albany; James Ten Eyck, Albany; Dayton Ball, Albany; William R. Winehell, Albany; Watts T. Loomis, Little Falls; George Witbeck, Nassau; James Shanahan, Tribes Hill; D. P. McQueen, Schenectady; Dr. Lewis Balch, Albany; Henry A. Strong, Cohoes; Lansing Hotaling, Albany; Dr. Herman Bendell, Albany; L. B. Pike, Saratoga Springs.

**THE NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION** held a meeting at Mr. E. G. Blackford's laboratory, Fulton Market, New York, January 8, and the following committees were appointed. On arrangements—Hon. H. P. McGown, James Benkard, E. G. Blackford, S. M. Blatchford, Dr. E. Bradley, Martin B. Brown, Henry F. Crosby, D. W. Cross, Francis Endicott, C. B. Everts, James Geddes, Wm. C. Harris, Dr. J. A. Henshall, Thatcher Magoun, Jr.; C. H. Mallory; Fred. Mather, J. C. McAndrews, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Isaac Townsend, Jas. L. Vallotton, J. S. Van Cleef, C. Van Brunt, Ed. Weston, Locke W. Winchester, Louis B. Wright, H. L. Ziegenfuss, D.D.; John Roosevelt, T. B. Stewart, M. M. Backus, Wm. Dunning. On grounds—Martin B. Brown, Francis Endicott, and H. P. McGown. On rules—J. A. Roosevelt, Fred. Mather, and Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss. On prizes—James L. Vallotton, C. G. Levison, H. P. McGown, and T. B. Stewart. The president, Mr. H. P. Wells, and the secretary, Gonzalo Poey, are ex-officio members of all committees.

**NEWPORT (R. I.) FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION** held their annual meeting, and the following officers were elected for 1887: Captain J. P. Cotton, president; Rev. F. F. Emerson, vice-president; W. H. Hammett, treasurer; F. H. Wilks, secretary. Board of directors—Col. W. P. Sheffield, Thos. Burlingham, G. W. Swinburne, Jr.; W. A. Armstrong, B. M. Thurston.

**THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION** held their annual election at Boston, December 27, and these officers were nominated: President, E. A. Samuels; vice-presidents, Hon. Daniel Needham, William Brackett, Hon. Charles Whittier, J. T. Stetson, H. H. Kimball, Walter C. Taft, Col. H. T. Rockwell; treasurer, F. R. Shattuck; secretary, H. J. Thayer.

**THE BAY VIEW FISHING AND GUNNING CLUB**, of Philadelphia, held their annual election, December 9, at 1936 Columbia Avenue. The officers elected were: President, Jacob Frishmuth, M.D.; vice-president, Edwin Middleton; secretary, Joseph P. Young; treasurer, Lewis A. Mehler. Trustees—George M. Roth, John B. Walsh, and William E. Beetem.

#### FENCING.

**OTTAWA (Ont.) FENCING CLUB:** President, Dr. L. C. Provost; vice-president, M. Holland; secretary, M. L. N. Richard; treasurer, M. Labelle; assistant, M. Gauthier.

#### FOOTBALL.

**THE MANITOBA (N. W. T.) COLLEGE FOOTBALL CLUB:** President, John C. Saul; vice-president, Wm. B. Argue; secretary-treasurer, D. H. Urquhart; captain, F. L. Davis.

**THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL UNION** held their annual meeting at President C. M. Smith's office, January 21st, and the championship pennant for the season of 1886 was unanimously awarded to the Crickets of Stevens' Institute. F. L. Sevenoak, of the Crickets, was elected secretary and treasurer, in place of W. Halsey, of the Brooklyn Hill Club, resigned.

#### HARE AND HOUNDS.

**THE CRESCENT (Brooklyn, N. Y.) ATHLETIC CLUB** had a paper chase January 22d. The hares, John Lamarche and W. C. Herring, had five minutes' start. The run home was made in the following order: E. Stevens, P. Hicks, M. Lamarche, Boughton, Ford, Chapman, Smythe, Stroud and Austin. The actual time consumed was about 44 minutes by the hares, as they started at four P. M. and finished at 4.43:50. The hounds started at 4.05 P. M. and the first one finished at 4.54:45.

**THE SPARTAN HARRIERS**, New York city, had a run from Mount Vernon on January 22. The hares, Messrs. W. E. Knox; L. R. Sharp and A. Kitchell, started ten minutes before the hounds. The run was won by Ed. Weinnacht, with Charles Renner second, J. H. Bell third, John Hatton fourth, and the rest in the following order: R. Hanbold, S. B. Marks, H. Braun, J. J. McDermott, Charles Nissen, John Knox, A. Jaeger, W. W. Doyle, W. C. Montanye, C. M. Ams, and A. Fleischman. The hares arrived home at three minutes past five P. M., and the first hounds at twelve minutes past five, thus gaining one minute on the hares. The Spartan Harriers elected the following officers for 1887: President, W. E. Knox; vice-president, Charles E. Nissen; secretary, Charles Renner; treasurer, Charles M. Ames; captain, E. Weinnacht; lieutenant, A. Fleischman. Trustees—H. Brown, A. Jaeger and A. Kitchell.

**THE CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB**, of Brooklyn, L. I., held a paper chase January 15. H. H. Smythe and Juan Smith were the hares, and, starting at 4.07 P. M., they finished at 4.52:20. The first of the pack, M. J. Lamarche, arrived at 4.53:17, followed in order by E. Chapman, W. Stevens, J. Lamarche, G. Ford, M. J. O'Connor, and L. Lamarche.

#### ICE-YACHTING.

**CARTHAGE LANDING ICE-YACHT CLUB.**—A new club has been formed at Carthage Landing, with the following officers: Commodore, Captain John Pinckney; vice-commodore, Stephen Glass; secretary, James H. Brower; treasurer, Harry Meade; measurer, R. V. Robinson. Regatta committee—Stephen Glass, V. P. Robinson, George Brower, Wallace Suydem, and Fred. Ward. The club owns twelve sloop yachts and two lateens, as follows, the two first named being lateens: *Scud*, J. B. Weaver, length over all, 54 feet; *Jim*, Merritt Brothers, 36 feet; *B. W. Van Voorhis*, J. W. Pinckney, 38 feet; *Always Ready*, M. Collyer and H. Meade, 38 feet; *Ella*, Captain D. Bradbury, 35 feet; *White Wings*, J. Sturgis and J. E. Meunger, 34 feet; *Phantom*, J. Van Wyck, 30 feet; *Dart*, F. and R. Collyer, 28 feet; *Ethel*, B. Miller, 30 feet; *Whiff*, T. Bodine, 31 feet; *Vesta*, L. Hart, 28 feet; *Alert*, B. Merritt, 25 feet; *Carte*, Miller Brothers, 24 feet, and *Mischief*,

Captain W. C. Drake, 39 feet 6 inches. The club color is a swallow-tail burgee, blue centre, red border, with white letters in the centre of the blue, "C. I. Y. A."

THE NORTH SHREWSBURY ICE-YACHT CLUB inaugurated the first series of races January 7th, at Red Bank (N. J.). There was a good stiff breeze from the northeast, and very fair time was made, over a course of twenty miles. The entries were: First class—*Grover Cleveland*, Captain George Cooley; *Uncle Bob*, Captain Gus. Haviland. Second class—*Kittie*, Captain James B. Weaver; *Zero*, Captain Ed. Throckmorton. The winners were: *Grover Cleveland*, time, 39m. 52s.; *Kittie*, time, 40m. 20s. The same boats raced again on January 18th and 19th. Course 12½ miles. The best time was made by the *Kittie*, 24m. 7s.

The North Shrewsbury Ice-Yacht Club held three races on January 28th—namely, the race for the championship pennant for boats in the second class; a match race between the *Ship of State* and *Snow Bird*, and a prize race. The following boats started in the first race:

| YACHT.        | CAPTAIN.                   | OWNER.          |
|---------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| Kitty .....   | L. Doughty .....           | J. B. Weaver.   |
| Georgia ..... | Charles Throckmorton ..... | C. Irwin.       |
| Zero .....    | Edward Throckmorton .....  | Ed. Coley.      |
| Star .....    | William Keller .....       | C. Hendrickson. |
| Typhoon ..... | R. Chandler .....          | W. Chandler.    |

The race was over the usual course of the club, one and a half miles up and down, with five turns around the stake flag. The time of start and finish were as follows:

|               | START. | FINISH.  |               | START. | FINISH.  |
|---------------|--------|----------|---------------|--------|----------|
|               | H. M.  | H. M. S. |               | H. M.  | H. M. S. |
| Kitty .....   | 10 53  | 11 33 15 | Zero .....    | 10 53  | 12 06 00 |
| Georgia ..... | 10 53  | 11 33 30 | Typhoon ..... | 10 53  | Withd'w. |
| Star .....    | 10 54  | 11 45 00 |               |        |          |

The match race followed, resulting in a victory for the *Snow Bird*. In the prize race there were three starters—the *Breeze*, the *Star*, and the *Snow Bird*. The course was 15 miles, and the *Star* won the prize, coming in 1 minute and 20 seconds ahead of the next boat, the *Snow Bird*. The sport ended with a race for the club's cup and other silver prizes offered to first and second class boats. For the cup the *Grover Cleveland* and *Uncle Bob* were the only boats entered. The *Cleveland* won the cup, sailing the race, 12½ miles, in 43 minutes 20 seconds, the *Uncle Bob* being 6 minutes later.

#### ROWING.

TRITON BOAT CLUB, Newark, N. J.—Their annual meeting was held January 4, the election resulting as follows: President, A. P. Holbrook; vice-president, F. Phillips; secretary, S. C. Dodd; treasurer, S. J. Macdonald; captain, T. F. Keer; lieutenant, W. G. Coats; logkeeper, R. M. Phillips. Board of trustees—G. H. Phillips, H. C. Rommel, J. W. Morrell. Delegates to the P. R. A. R. A.—H. C. Rommel, F. Keer, A. J. Massey. The club membership is sixty.

THE MUTUAL BOAT CLUB, of Detroit, has elected the following officers for the first six months of 1887: President, George Brando; vice-president, T. W. Foster; secretary, W. West; treasurer, F. Nadra; captain, G. West. Trustees—G. West, A. Moore, J. Roberts.

THE ALCYONE BOAT CLUB, of Newark, N. J., elected officers for 1887: John D. Barr, president; Edwin L. P. Coleman, vice-president; Charles E. Wetton, recording secretary; William Gillies, financial secretary; Abram B. Haughwout, captain; Harry D. Wilson, lieutenant.

THE IONA BOAT CLUB, of Philadelphia, elected the following officers for 1887: President: Eugene Zieber; vice-president, James A. Carrigan; secretary, Harry V. Mageoch; treasurer, H. B. Langworthy; captain, H. A. Davis. Executive committee—Charles E. Cattell and W. H. Hanson, and delegates to naval board, Eugene Zieber and W. R. Armstrong.

#### SKATING.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—After the total failure of 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884 and 1885, the National Skating Association has at last held a race for the amateur championship on January 1st, at Cowbit Wash, near Spalding, Lincolnshire. Course, a mile and a half, with three turns—twice up and down a straight stretch of 660 yards, the skaters turning right about at either end. In the final heat R. Wallis, Jr., of Thorny, and W. Wadley, of Wisbech, were left in, and after a most exciting race Mr. Wallis secured the championship in 5m. 45 1-5s. Wallis, who weighs 179 pounds, is 6 feet 1½ inches in height, and only nineteen years old, has been known as a runner, but this was his first skating race. He walked from his home to the course—10 miles—on the morning of the race and back again after the race.

AMATEUR SKATING RECORD.—A number of professional skaters gathered on the smooth ice which covered the Hackensack River, N. J., January 20, to compete for prizes and to break records. The first race, 220 yards, had six starters: R. Maslin, of Montreal; G. C. Walton, the secretary of the association and the one hundred yard champion skater; F. W. Craft, of St. John, N. B.; S. D. See, of the Brooklyn Athletic Association; C. O'Brien, of New York city, and G. D. Phillips, of the New York Athletic Club. Phillips won in 20 3-5 seconds, O'Brien second, a yard behind. The second race, one mile, had nine starters, they being, in addition to the above, with the exception of Phillips, Tim and Joe Donohue from Newburgh on the Hudson, C. A. J. Queckberner of the New York Athletic Club, and C. Pfaff, Jr., of New York. The course was straightaway, with the wind, and all started evenly on the fourth attempt. F. W. Craft was leading at the half-mile point, which he made in 1m. 33s. Tim Donohue then began to press him and the race was hot and exciting from then on. "Tim" soon passed Craft and reached the end of the mile in 3m. 12 2-5s. This time established an amateur outdoor record; the rink record is 3m. 26s. Craft was beaten by only three yards. Tim Donohue used a skate of his own make, being very low, with a wooden body and blade nineteen inches long.

#### SHOOTING.

THE CALEDONIAN PARK GUN CLUB, Newark, N. J., had its yearly meeting at the headquarters, Caledonian Park, and reorganized for the year 1887. The old officers were unanimously elected as follows: President, E. Flocken; secretary, M. Ulbright; treasurer, C. Reinhard; referee, Geo. Herrmann; scorekeeper, Wm. Yaufmann.

THE UNKNOWN (N. Y.) GUN CLUB officers elected for the season of 1887 are: President, H. Knebel; vice-president, John Akhurst; treasurer, Henry van Staden; secretary, J. L. Doyle.

THE WASHINGTON GUN CLUB, Long Island, N. Y., has elected officers for the season of 1887 as follows: President, A. C. De Graw; vice-president, W. S. Newton; secretary, F. G. Feldhus; treasurer, A. Rockefeller; captain, H. Hedeman.

THE BROOKLYN (N. Y.) GUN CLUB elected officers for 1887: President, Henry F. Aten, M.D.; vice-president, John L. Hill; secretary, John E. McEwan; treasurer, I. C. Monroe. Executive committee—Gustave Walter, James M. Bloomfield, Samuel F. Prentiss. Trustees—Hon. Calvin E. Pratt, Freling H. Smith.

### SNOW-SHOEING.

THE EMERALD SNOW-SHOE CLUB, Montreal, P. Q.—January 10, annual green steeplechase; over the Mountain course; snow deep and drifted—W. Wray, 22m. 17s.; P. Ogilvie, 23m. 18s.; T. Malone, 26m. 48s.; T. Conroy, 4; J. Richardson, 0; B. Lamave, 0; E. Leubon, 0.

THE POINT ST. CHARLES SNOW-SHOE CLUB, Montreal, P. Q.—Their fourth annual steeplechase was run January 14, over the Mountain course; track in miserable condition—W. Turnbull, 31m.; J. Dougherty, 32m. 25s.; C. Hoit, 35m.

THE OLYMPIC SNOW-SHOE CLUB, Toronto, Ont.—Officers for 1887: President, A. Dickie; secretary and treasurer, F. Tushingham; whipper-in, H. Dubois.

THE SARINA (Ont.) SNOW-SHOE CLUB: President, A. C. Clark; vice-president, R. T. Geary; secretary and treasurer, J. L. Boyd; leader, F. W. Kittermaster; whipper-in, S. F. Mitchell.

THE LE MOHAWK SNOW-SHOE CLUB, Cohoes, N. Y.: President, Dr. J. L. Archambault; vice-president, Moses A. Granger; recording secretary, Arthur Hebert; corresponding secretary, S. Lebreque; treasurer, J. U. Charbonneau; captain, Dr. G. U. Peltier.

THE GUNNISON COUNTY (Col.) SNOW-SHOE CLUB elected officers for 1887: President, E. W. Burton; vice-president, A. A. Johnson; secretary, E. R. Warren; treasurer, T. A. Boughton.

### YACHTING.

THE SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB held their annual meeting at Delmonico's. The following officers were elected for 1887: Commodore, A. C. Canfield, of the iron sloop *Priscilla*; vice-commodore, R. Centre, of the sloop *Medusa*; rear-commodore, R. N. Ellis, of the *Regina*; secretary, R. F. d'Orémieulx; treasurer, W. B. Simonds; measurer, J. Hyslop; fleet surgeon, Dr. J. W. Roosevelt; fleet chaplain, Rev. G. A. Van de Water. Sailing committee—L. P. Bayard, F. O. De Luze, L. F. d'Orémieulx, J. A. Montant, M. M. Howland. Trustees—W. B. Simonds, R. L. Belknap. There are 99 vessels in the club fleet, viz., 14 steamers, 18 schooners, 22 cutters and yawls, 22 cabin sloops, and 23 open sloops. The membership numbers 209.

THE HULL (Mass.) YACHT CLUB's annual meeting took place on the 7th January, at the Parker House, resulting in the election of the following officers and delegates: Commodore, C. V. Whitten; vice-commodore, Harry E. Converse; rear-commodore, John J. Henry; secretary, Peleg Aborn; treasurer, C. C. Hutchinson; assistant secretary, F. C. Brewer; measurer, Ambrose A. Martin; executive committee, C. A. Perkins, Fred. Pope, B. L. M. Tower, Gelston Whittemore; membership committee, E. H. Tarbell, J. L. Chadwick, J. E. Bayles, J. J. Souther; delegates to the New England Yacht Racing Association, C. A. Perkins and Harry Hutchinson.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB elected officers for 1887: Commodore, Elbridge T. Gerry; vice-commodore, C. Coolidge Haight; rear-commodore, Frank C. Lawrence; secretary, John H. Bird; treasurer, F. W. J. Hurst; fleet surgeon, Dr. Morris J. Asch; measurer, John Hyslop. Regatta committee—Gouverneur Kortright, Alexander Taylor, Jr., Stephen Peabody. House committee—D. Henry Knowlton, Elijah A. Holton, H. M. Durant, James W. Winslow. Committee on admissions—Chester Griswold, John S. Dickerson, Henry C. Ward, G. L. Haight, George L. Ingraham.

THE AMERICAN YACHT CLUB have held their annual meeting and elected officers for this year: Commodore, William H. Starbuck; steam yacht *Tillie*; vice-commodore, Arthur E. Bateman, steam yacht *Meteor*; rear-commodore, Charles H. Osgood, steam yacht *Narwhal*; secretary, Henry A. Taylor; treasurer, William B. Dowd; measurer, Charles H. Haswell. Trustees—Jabez A. Bostwick, steam yacht *Oriente*; Joseph C. Hoagland, steam yacht *Lagonda*; John P. Kennedy, steam yacht *Viola*; Henry A. Taylor, steam yacht *Sphinx*; Frank R. Lawrence, William B. Dowd, and Washington E. Connor. Regatta committee—George W. Hall, Thomas Manning, Thomas L. Scovill, Edward S. Innet and Ezra S. Connor.

THE YONKERS (N. Y.) YACHT CLUB held its annual election for officers on Thursday, January 13. The following were elected: Commodore, A. J. Prime; secretary, William R. Davis; treasurer, John Nesbitt; fleet captain, John Dixon; measurer, William H. McVicar; steward, George Ryder; trustee, John F. Brennan.

THE KNICKERBOCKER YACHT CLUB, of Port Morris, N. Y., held its annual meeting January 5, and elected the following officers for 1887: Commodore, G. W. Rosenquest, sloop *Mayotta*; vice-commodore, R. W. Rathbone, cutter *Surf*; treasurer, C. W. Lamb; secretary, A. Varian; measurer, Charles Coughtrey, cutter *Nanita*; fleet surgeon, Dr. Ringer, sloop *Supervisor*; steward, Augustus Wagner, sloop *Maggie*. The trustees elected were M. J. Greeley, chairman; W. Potter, Jr., George T. Charlton, I. Paxon and J. Harris.

THE SANDY BAY YACHT CLUB.—Commodore, L. M. Haskins, sloop *Louette*; fleet captain, Howard H. Paul, sloop *Petrel*; regatta committee, H. H. Paul, C. T. Margeson, Frank N. Griffin, George A. Lowe, of Rockport, C. E. Cunningham, Melvin Haskell, I. H. Higgins, and A. T. Gifford, of Gloucester; treasurer, C. W. Mills; secretary, Robert Hearn.

THE EAST RIVER (N. Y.) YACHT CLUB.—Commodore, J. F. Sullivan; vice-commodore, William Mac Mannis; secretary, H. T. Lewis; treasurer, Edward Grissine; measurer, J. J. Driscoll; sergeant-at-arms, Peter Gillen; regatta committee, H. T. Lewis, A. Lamb and H. Campbell; trustees, Edward Grissine, M. J. Charde, H. Campbell, John Clifford and A. Lamb.

THE PAVONIA (N. J.) YACHT CLUB elected for 1887 the following officers: D. W. Kohn, commodore; A. Curtis, vice-commodore; L. Mittelsdorf, secretary; J. Weinheimer, treasurer; J. Kerymeyer, measurer; and H. Behrens, steward.

THE ROCHESTER (N. Y.) YACHT CLUB has been organized with the following officers for their first year of 1887: Commodore, George H. Newell; vice-commodore, Matt Cartwright; captain, E. M. Walbridge; secretary, Charles A. Worts; treasurer, E.

Ocuppaugh; fleet surgeon, Dr. W. S. Hall; measurer, J. J. Leary; directors, H. S. Tomer, W. N. Oothout, George P. Goulding, C. A. Phillips.

THE BUFFALO (N. Y.) YACHT CLUB held their annual meeting January 6, 1887. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Commodore, Harry D. Williams; vice-commodore, Robt. W. Chisholm; secretary, M. C. Provost; assistant secretary, Harry L. Chisholm; treasurer, W. C. Cowles; measurer, John H. Swanson; fleet chaplain, C. F. J. Wrigley; fleet surgeon, Dr. H. Mickle.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[*This department of OUTING is confined entirely to answers to correspondents seeking information on subjects appertaining to all sports which the magazine makes a specialty of. No replies will be made to questions having reference to any bets.*]

**Hare and Hounds.**—Yes. A movement has been started to organize a league of all the cross-country clubs in New York and vicinity, and a call has been issued for a meeting of delegates from all the clubs, by the Spartan Harriers. Your second question it is hardly possible to answer, as no one can tell the effect of the league until it is organized.

**Tobogganer.**—The rate of speed varies according to circumstances, condition of the chute, weather, weight of the load, make of the chute, elevation, grade, etc., so that it is impossible to give exact figures; but, from authentic records, there is no doubt that, at certain points on many toboggan slides where the velocity is the swiftest, a speed of a mile in one minute, or even faster, has been attained.

**Sprinter.**—You are mistaken in your supposition, as Mr. L. E. Myers has undoubtedly gone to Australia. As to your other questions, his trainer will doubtless be hired in Australia. Mr. Harry Fredericks, the mile runner, accompanies him; but whether as trainer is doubtful, as Fredericks is an amateur.

**Athlete.**—The amateur record is still ten seconds for a hundred yards. The performance of which you speak does not break it, although Montagne ran 101 yards in ten seconds; yet, as he was not timed at one hundred yards, the record stands.

**Freshman.**—College records have improved so much in the past few years that they compare very favorably with the National Association records, and in some instances are faster.

**Bowler.**—The only bowling league is that of the Amateur League, which is limited to clubs having their own alleys. You cannot join it or play in its games unless you are a member of a club belonging to the League.

**F. C. S.**—The exercise mentioned will develop your biceps, but whether it will enlarge it to a given number of inches it is impossible for us to say.

**Havergal.**—When that course came to be measured it was found that the distance was but 842 yards, instead of 880; and although the record is not good for a half-mile, it is perfectly authentic for the former distance. The exact time is 1m. 48 3-5s., not 1m. 48 2-5s., as you write it.

**Anna C., Jersey City.**—We cannot give you the name of the most rapid dry plates, as there are a number claiming to be the quickest, almost any of which will give you good results for instantaneous pictures. The best way to determine, is by actual tests; but any dealer can show you the results of the

various makes. ~~The~~ **light** you have strike the plate at the instant of ~~exposure~~ the better your picture is likely to be.

**W. S. W.**—The fact that the record was not broken in the race does not affect the championship. The winner holds the championship, no matter what the time was, and is entitled to be called champion.

**Magdale.**—Your friend is correct. There was a 100-yd. sack race over ten hurdles, eighteen inches high, which was won by J. M. Nason, in 21 3/4 s., September 29, 1883.

**Happy Jack.**—The skates worn by the long-distance skaters is a long, low skate, with a half-inch blade, and flat, narrow edge. Straps are worn or not, as convenient or necessary. For sprinting, a smaller skate is preferable.

**Wheelman, Dakota.**—The League of American Wheelmen has members in nearly every State and Territory. Ask some member for the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, which will give the information required, or write to P. O. Box 916, Philadelphia.

**Flying Jib.**—We cannot give you the name of the fastest ice-boat, as there are so many circumstances upon which the records depend that the correctness of any conclusion, based upon comparisons, would be doubtful.

**Skipper.**—The fastest indoor record for a mile walk is 6m. 55s.; E. D. Lange.

**Ching.**—The device you mention is not to give force to the spikes, but to lengthen the stride. A flat piece of lead is inserted between the soles, against which the flat sides of the spikes rest. It also acts somewhat like the toe-weight of trotting-horses.

**Susie Irene.**—1. We cannot tell why your pictures taken on the water are better, unless it is that there is more light reflected. 2. We have seen fairly good instantaneous pictures which were taken in a snow-storm. 3. It is impossible to take a good picture by moonlight. The picture you saw was made by daylight, with a piece of smoked glass in the lenses.

**G. D., Hartford.**—What sizes of flies are used in Florida?

Large sized black bass or lake flies. Dr. Ferber tied a fly on a 9° needle-eyed O'Shaughnessy hook. It was a monstrous nondescript, but caught more fish as a troll than any of our metal spinners. It was attached to the line by a short piece of steel wire.

**Currituck.**—It is impossible to say what the bird is, from your description. If you can send us the specimen, we can answer definitely. We judge, however, that it is the red-breasted snipe or dowitcher in winter dress. At that season they are ashy colored, the red being absent, and would hardly be recognized by those who see them in their summer migration.

**B. B., New York.**—Deer are quite plentiful in portions of the State you mention (Alabama), but they are not to be killed as easily as cattle in a barnyard; it requires a great deal of experience, and withal, a quick eye and accurate aim to achieve success. There may be occasions when you will find yourself within short range of a deer without having used any precautions; but our experience has been that the surprise was about equally divided, and that we possessed all the requisites except a gun.

**L. C. J., Brooklyn.**—What size shot do you consider best for ducks and geese?

For ducks, we use No. 6 with first barrel; No. 4 with second. For geese, Nos. 3 and 2.



## THE BAGGAGEMAN AND THE BICYCLE.

BAGGAGEMEN, as well as wheelmen, will appreciate this story of a down-east Saratoga-trunk-thrower's encounter with a real, live bicycle. It should be remarked at the outset that "Lem" was one of those "tarnation smart" Yankees who never can be told anything, and who always come just a little short of setting the world on fire by their brilliancy.

The bicycle was quite a large one, and it looked very innocent and guileless as it leaned against a pillar, on the platform, waiting the arrival of the train for Boston. In due time the train rolled in, and, after attending to the regular baggage, Lem started for the wheel.

"Get aout the way thare!" he yelled to a bevy of loafers who had surrounded the graceful machine; and with a flourish and a wink at the expressman, he grabbed the nearest handle; but as the bar was behind the pillar, the wheel wouldn't budge an inch.

"Get up, Billy!" he sung out, releasing the bar, and giving it a vicious yank forward. The next instant the little wheel was gyrating around in mid-air, in dangerous proximity to the astonished baggageman's face, the entire machine finally turning a somersault, and spreading itself out over the platform like a great circular gridiron.

The crowd of loafers laughed, and Lem looked decidedly cross as he stooped down and carelessly grasped the backbone just behind the saddle-spring, and began to raise the thing. As soon as the bar was fairly clear of the platform, however, the big wheel shot out sideways, and, rolling around behind the baggageman, in its own peculiar orbit, "caught him foul" just back of the knees, and he sat down very suddenly, with the wheel under him.

"Consarn the dev'lish thing to thunder!" he exclaimed, picking himself out of the network of spokes; "mebby I can't git a holt on it."

"Grab the handle, Lem," put in the expressman.

"Grab the old Harry!" he returned, as he walked around behind the machine very cautiously, and took hold of the bar. With a tremendous upward jerk the light piece of mechanism flew to an upright position, passed the perpendicular, and was about to topple over in the opposite direction, when the man made a lunge for the saddle, to catch the wheel in its flight. It was a long reach, for Lem was short, and in the effort he stepped into the rim, catching his foot between two spokes; the bar flew around sideways, knocking his hat down over his eyes; he lost his equilibrium, and in another moment man and wheel came down together in a heap, Lem, this time, on top, while the crowd laughed uproariously.

"Hurry up that bicycle!" shouted the conductor; "we're behind time now."

"Gosh dang the pesky thing to Halifax!" screamed the hero of a hundred bursted Saratogas, as he crawled over the machine on his hands and knees, regaining his feet awkwardly, and, without stopping to secure his hat, carefully brought the wheel once more to the perpendicular.

"Better lead her, Lem," put in a bystander. "Take a holt o' th' bridle, and she won't kick."

"Go t' th' devil, wunt ye?" the baggage-man retorted angrily. "I guess I know what I'm abaout."

It was plain to be seen that Lem was now thoroughly mad. He resolved to pick up that wheel bodily at the point that offered the best "holt" and pitch it through the car door, regardless of consequences. There was fury in his eye and determination in the set jaws, as with one hand he grasped the fork rigidly, almost up to the head, while with the other he laid hold of the nearest pedal, savagely, and began to lift. The crank arm was down, of course, and the

next instant the wheel was seen to make a rapid half revolution — each spoke, as it passed the man's knuckles, on the inside of the fork, taking off a piece of meat. Down came the wheel to the platform, and the baggageman freed his mind in graphic, exclamation-pointed language.

Then a young gentleman in a natty cycling suit pushed his way through the crowd, grasped the two handle-bars carelessly, tilting the little wheel high in air, and, rolling the large wheel to the door of the baggage-car, ran it lightly in; it was seized by a man inside, the conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the train moved off.

"I tell ye, Lem," the expressman remarked, as the crowd began to scatter, a bisickle 's just like a woman for all the world—darned easy to handle when you know how; but *you'll* never learn, Lem."

"Gol darn a bisickle to everlastin' Goshen, anyway," the baggageman replied, as he grabbed a trunk which had just been put off, and threw it ten feet toward the baggage-room. "Dummed if I don't wish they'd hev a strike in the shop whare they make the pesky critters that'd last till th' day o' judgment. I do, by gosh!" But Lem is biased.

*Charles Richards Dodge.*















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